THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

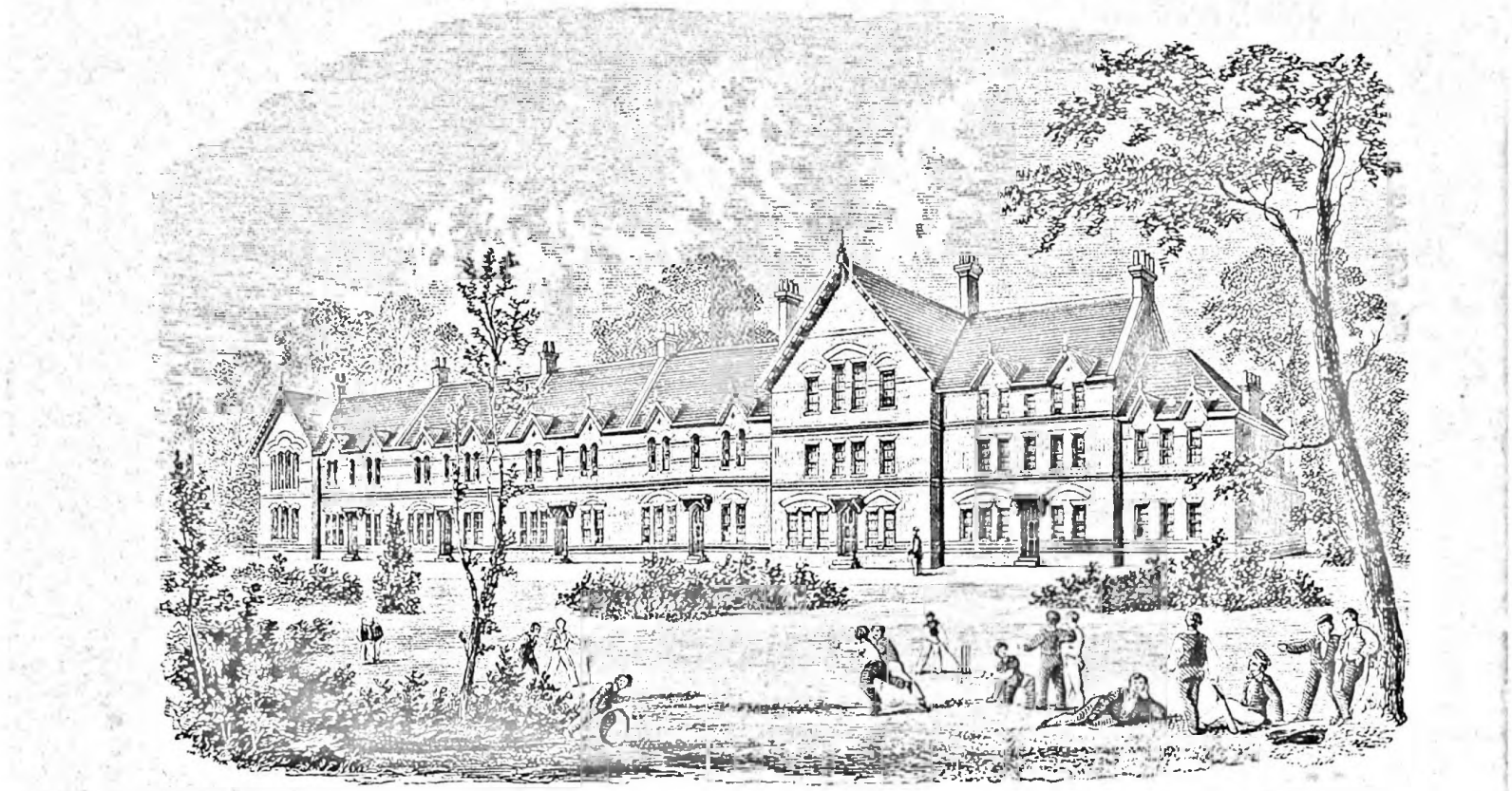
COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1868.

"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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PREFACE.

ESTEEMED READER,

Take thought of mortality from the gliding away of the years. It seems but yesterday that the bells rang in the young 1868, and now in the sere and yellow leaf, shivering with old age, we must lay it in its tomb. What a rapid wing has life!

Time's an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-lived fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepared, O man, to die!

The gentleness of the Lord has brought us to another halting-place in the pilgrimage of life, and as we conclude another volume of our Magazine, it is well to sit down on the milestone to consider many things of the past, and debate with one's self on matters which dimly shadow themselves in the future. It is of little use idly to regret what might have been done in that period which is now numbered "with the years beyond the flood;" but to shame ourselves into increased activity by the painful remembrance of neglects and lethargies may be of lasting benefit. To weep over the sepulchres of dead days will bless no one, unless the tears are salted with holy repentance, and help the eyes which shed them to see the duties which are crowding all around. That we have not done what we ought to have done is certain: to sin again after the same fashion is easy; to gird up our loins for the future is a pressing necessity. It is a sweet mercy from the God of grace when we can honestly feel that our days have not been absolutely barren. If some glory has redounded from us to our Redeemer, and some benefit to his church, let the Spirit of God have all the praise. From the sovereign grace of God we derive our spiritual life itself, that which comes of it is therefore not ours to glory in; by the overflowing bounty of heaven we are daily renewed in strength, all therefore which is wrought by that strength, must be ascribed unto the Lord our helper.

What more can be attempted for our Lord in the remaining portion of our lives? If there be a possibility of more, let us search it out. Wise husbandry and greater diligence may yet increase the harvest of the Great Owner of the vineyard. Cannot each of us pray more, give more, work more, love more?—that last word will be the insurance of all that went before it. This being settled, what matters it what strange

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apparitions rise amid the mists of coming years! New trials await us, doubtless, but if our Beloved is ours and we are his, and are daily proving the double fact, by our consecrated lives, what cause is there for anxiety? All must be well if the heart be right with heaven. It is true we know not the future, and it has been well observed that "we can become familiar with a landscape; we know where to find the waterfall, and the shady ledge where the violets grow in spring, and the sassafras gives forth its odours; but we can never become familiar with our life-scape; we can never tell where we shall come upon the shady dell, or where the fountains will gush and the birds sing." Yet one thing we know, yonder stand the everlasting hills of divine faithfulness, and if heaven and earth shall pass away, these are among the things which cannot be shaken. There they stand in solemn majesty: and we will lift up our eyes to the hills whence cometh our help.

SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS,

We are glad that we have won your lenient judgments during another year. It certainly has not been by any reticence of our peculiar views. We have waged determined war with Popery, for ours is pre-eminently

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE,

But we fight against doctrinal Popery, not in Rome alone, but at Oxford too. To us the sacramentarianism of the English Church is not a thing to be winked at. We hold that he who hates Popery because of its antichristian teaching, will never stay his hand because it assumes a Protestant dress. The English Church is so Popish in its catechism, its baptismal service, and much of its ritualism, that it must not so much be reformed as transformed. These are not times to keep this matter in the background, and we have not done so.

In all ways we have sought to aid honest Christian work wherever we have seen it. Our desire is to stimulate the zeal of believers and lead them on in the aggressive policy which is bound up with true religious life. The Magazine has fostered the young movement of English Colportage, destined in some more earnest day to be one of our mightiest agencies. Thanks to unflagging friends, the College remains in unabated vigour, and derives no little aid from the *Sword and Trowel*, which brings it before so many minds and hearts. Last but not least, the Stockwell Orphanage, the child of the Magazine, bearing the Sword and Trowel over its entrance, owes a large amount of its contributions to our generous readers. That work as to the buildings, will be completed in a few weeks, but the dear children must be supported, and we cannot do better than close our preface by reminding our readers that it will make Christmas all the merrier if in every household a portion is set apart for our orphans.

The Lord bless and keep all his people. Brethren, pray for

Your willing servant,

C. H. Spurgeon

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1868.

A Happy New Year.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SOUTHEY, in his "Solemn Thoughts for New Year's-day," bids the melancholy moraliser gather a dark and wintry wreath to engarland the sepulchre of time, "for" saith he,

> "I pour the dirge of the departed days—
> For well the funeral song
> Befits this solemn hour."

His muse is, however, interrupted in its sombre meditations by the delightful peals which hail "the consecrated day," and the poet exclaims—

> "But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
> With clamorous joy to welcome in this day."

The interruption was most opportune: "the dark-stoled maid of melancholy, with stern and frowning front," may very fitly be dismissed until a more convenient season, for there is much that is cheery and exhilarating in the advent of "that blithe morn which ushers in the year." Hope, earth's one abiding angel, whispers of happiness now arriving, and makes our sluggish blood leap in our veins at the thought of *the good new year*. We feel like sailors who have finished one voyage and are commencing another amidst hurrahs and joyous shoutings: we are full of anticipation of the future, and are relieved by the departure of the past. The kindly salutation, "I wish you a happy new year," rings sweetly with lingering chimes of Christmas, and harmonises well with the merry peals which bid adieu to the departed, and welcome the coming Son of Time. The vision of thought in which we see "the skirts of the departing year," is viewed with sober cheerfulness, and the foresight of better days to come fills the house with social glee. Human nature is so fascinated with the bare idea of novelty, that although time runs on like a river in whose current there is an unbroken monotony, yet the arbitrary landmarks which man has erected upon the shore, exercise a bewitching power over the imagination, and make us dream that on a New Year's morning the

prepare for that day of days for which all other days were made. Returning from the solemn meeting we have felt as he did who wrote—

"The middle watch is past! Another year
Dawns on the human race with hope and fear:
The last has gone with mingled sigh and song,
To join for ever its ancestral throng;
And time reveals
As past it steals,
The potent hand of God, the Everlasting,
Guiding the sun, with all his blazing peers,
And filling up the measure of our years,
Until Messiah, Prince, to judgment hasting,
Shall roll the darkness from this world of sin,
And bid a bright eternity begin."

Wisdom is not content with sentiment and compliment, but would fain gather solid instruction: she admires the flowers, but she garners the wheat, and therefore she proposes the enquiry, "What is the message of the New Year to the watchers who listen so silently for the bell which strikes the twelfth hour of the night?" O thou newly-sent prophet, hearken to the question of the wise, and tell us what is the burden of thy prophecy! We are all waiting; teach us, and we will learn! We discern not thy form as thou passest before our faces, but there is silence, and we hear thy voice, saying, "Mortals, before ye grow weary of me, and call me old and long, as ye did the year which has passed, I will deliver to you my tidings. As a new year, I bring with me the promise of *new mercies*, like a golden casket stored with jewels. God will not forget you. The rock of your salvation changes not; your Father who is in heaven will still be gracious to you. Think not because the present is wintry; that the sun will never shine, for I have in store for you both the lovely flowers of spring and the ripe fruits of summer, while autumn's golden sheaves shall follow in their season. The black wing of the raven shall vanish, and the voice of the turtle shall be heard in your land. Providence has prepared surprises of gladness for the sorrowful; unexpected boons will it cast into the lap of the needy; therefore let hope, like a dove, bear to the mourner the olive branch of peace, for the waters of grief shall be assuaged. Fresh springs shall bubble up amid the wastes, and new-lit stars shall cheer the gloom; the angel of Jehovah's presence goes before you, and makes the desert blossom as the rose. He who makes all things new will send his mercies new every morning, and fresh every evening, for great is his faithfulness. Yet boast not yourselves of to-morrow, nor even make sure of to-day, for I forewarn you of *new trials* and novel difficulties. In the unknown future, the days of darkness shall be many; rains will descend, floods will arise, and winds will blow, and blessed shall he be whose house is built upon a rock. Crosses will be laid upon you for every hour, and cares will molest every day. Pilgrims of earth, ye must hold yourselves ready to traverse thorny ways, which your feet have not trodden heretofore; have your loins well girt about you, lest the trials of the wilderness should come upon you unawares. Your road leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vex'd height, and anon it dives into the swampy sunless valleys, and along it all you must bear more or less of

waves of time roll onward with a fresher force, and flash with a brighter sheen. There is no real difference between the first of January and any other day in the calendar—the first of May is lovelier far—and yet because of its association with a new period, it is a day of days, *the day* of the year, first among three hundred and more of comrades. Evermore let it be so. If it be a foible to observe the season, then long live the weakness. We prize the pensive song in its season, but we are not among those "to whom all sounds of mirth are dissonant." The steaming flagon which our ancestors loved so well to drain, the lambs' wool, and the wassail bowl are as well forgotten, and other of their ancient New Year's customs are more honoured in the breach than in the observance; but not so the cheerful greetings and warm good wishes so suitable to the hour. We feel jubilant at the prospect of the coming day, and are half inclined to sing a verse or two of the old wassail ballad, and pass our hat round for our Orphan House.

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

Good master and mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of those poor children
Who are wandering in the mire."

English life has too little of cheerful observance and festive anniversary to relieve its dulness; there are but two real breaks in the form of holidays in the whole twelve months of toil; birth-days and new-year's-days are at least semi-festivals, let them be kept up by all means, and celebrated by every family. Strew the path of labour with at least a few roses, for thorns are plentiful enough. Never may we cease to hail with pleasure the first day of the first month, which is the beginning of months unto us. Let not old Time turn over another page of eternity and truth, and find his children indifferent to the solemnity, or ungrateful for the longsuffering which permits them to enjoy their little span of life. If others decline to unite with us, we are, nevertheless, not ashamed to confess that we adhere to the cheerful custom, and find it not inconsistent with the spirit of the church of God. We meet together at the last hour of the year, and prayerfully await the stroke of midnight, that we may consecrate the first moment of the new year with notes of holy song; then, having dropped each one of us his offering into the treasury of the Lord, we return to our homes in the clear frosty air, blessing the Preserver of men that we have shared in the devotions of one more watchnight, and have witnessed the birth of another year of grace. If we do not hasten to the houses of our friends with presents and congratulations, as our lively French neighbours are wont to do, yet, with many an honest grip of the hand and cordial greeting, we utter our good wishes and renew our friendships; and then in our private devotions we "breathe low the secret prayer, that God would shed his blessing on the head of all." Nor does the influence of our midnight worship end with the motion of our minds towards friendly well-wishing, for the devout are quickened in the way of godly meditation, and led to

affliction's heavy load; arm yourselves with patience and faith, for you will need them every step of the march to "Jerusalem the Golden." So surely as "the wintry wind moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove," tribulation will await you frequently, for man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Adversity is an estate entailed upon the sons of Adam. Learn this before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass, ye may not be surprised with any amazement. Be not, O children of God, dismayed at my message, neither let your harps be hung upon the willows, for I bring you tidings of *new grace*, proportionate to all your needs. Great is the strength which your covenant God will give you in the hour of your weakness, so great indeed that if all the afflictions of all mankind should meet upon the head of any one of you, he should yet be more than a conqueror through the mighty Lord who hath loved him. Onward, soldiers of the cross, where Jesus has led the way. The eternal God is your refuge, and underneath you are the everlasting arms. You are not called upon to go a warfare at your own charges, neither are you left alone in the battle: the banner which waves over you bears the soul-assuring motto, 'Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will provide.' Labourer in the vineyard of the Lord Jesus, I bring to thee *new opportunities* for usefulness; I introduce thee to fresh fields of service. Many great and effectual d ors shall be opened during the twelve months of my sojourn, and they who are wise to win souls shall have grace to enter. The moments as they fly, if taken upon the wing, shall yield a wealth of sacred opportunity: the frivolous shall ruin himself by suffering them to pass unheeded, while the watchful shall earn unto himself a good degree, by regarding the signs of the times and improving every occasion for promoting his Master's glory. Therefore with earnest tones, I warn you that I bring *new responsibilities*, from which none of you can escape. For every golden moment you will be held responsible. O stewards of the manifold gifts of God, waste not your strength upon trifles, cast not away your priceless opportunities, fritter not away your precious hours: by the remembrance of eternity, I charge you live with an ardour of industry which will be worthy of remembrance in another world. O child of time, lay not up for thyself misery in the remembrance of misspent years, but live as in the presence of the all-seeing God. Believer in Jesus, gather jewels for his crown, and irradiate his name with glowing honours, so, as I pass away, thy record shall be on high, and thy reward in heaven. FAREWELL."

Heard but not Seen.

THERE is a spot on the Lago Lugano, where the song of the nightingale swells sweetly from the thickets on the shore in matchless rush of music, so that the oar lies motionless and the listener is hushed into silent entrancement; yet I did not see a single bird, the orchestra was as hidden as the notes were clear. Such is a virtuous life, and such the influence of modest holiness; the voice of excellence is heard when the excellent themselves are not seen.—*From my Note Book.* C. H. S.

How to Know Men.

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

"Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more."—2 Cor. v. 16.

MY dear friends, if any of you are "in Christ Jesus," you are "new creatures." If you know what it is to be "in Christ," you will also know what it is to have Christ dwelling in you. If you know what it is to sit under his shadow with great delight, you will also know what it is to have his fruit sweet to your taste. If any of you have truly come to Jesus, you will not only have pardon of sin and acceptance with God, but you will be made "new creatures;" your very *understanding* will be changed; you will be made entirely "new creatures." When a man comes to Christ, he does not get any more new faculties than he had before; but yet, for all that, he is a "new creature." If any of you were now lying dead, you would have all the features of a man; you would have *eyes*, but no power of sight; *ears*, but no power of hearing; *limbs*, but no power to act; and just because they would be all dead. But, suppose it were possible to put life into that body, so that the eyes began to see, the ears to hear, and the limbs to move; would not all say, that man "is a new creature"? Ah! it is the same when a man comes to Christ. Before, he had been a dead sinner; but now, the whole man becomes living. "Now I live," says Paul, as if he had said, "Hitherto I have been dead in trespasses and sins, but now I live." Ah! sinner, can you say that? I fear the most of you cannot. Can you say that such a change has passed on you? If so, then you are "a new creature." I wish to speak to-night on one of the most remarkable changes of the "new creature." "Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh," etc. You know that man is a social being. We were made to accompany one with another; but when God gives man a new life, he also gives him a *new knowledge*. He lets him see that he has been knowing men hitherto after the flesh, and that he must henceforth know them in that way no more. Now, my dear brethren, I would in the first place, show you WHAT IT IS TO KNOW MEN AFTER THE FLESH. It is just to know them as unconverted men know one another. They love one another; but it all proceeds upon an earthly ground: they know one another after the flesh. You and I, before we knew the Lord, knew one another in this way too. The world loves those who have beautiful countenances. They are well accomplished, and they look well in the world's eye; it loves them for this reason; and this is what it is to know men after the flesh. That is the way we used to love one another when we were Christless—before we had looked on the visage marred more than any man's. At that time we knew men after the flesh; we loved those who were wise and witty, and had much

* Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. An Address on Monday Evening, April 18th, 1842.

wealth; and the reason was, because we loved them after the flesh. This is the world's friendship. They have no higher motives than the motives of this world; and, therefore, when the man turns poor—when he loses his natural accomplishments—then the world draws back, and begins to love other company. This is this world's friendship. Ah! you that have hope because you have friends and admirers, little know what rotten bread you live upon; you little know how soon they will leave you, and turn their backs on you altogether. But, not only does the world know one another after the flesh, they even know God's children in this way too. There were many who knew Christ after the flesh: many a one followed him from place to place, just because they admired his person; because they saw something so amiable in his holy countenance. The wonder is, that all the world did not follow him, and fall down and adore him. Oh, he must have been a beautiful one! and I have no doubt that many followed him for that very reason; and the world follows godly ministers still, just because they admire their persons. It may be they love them for their eloquence, or their sweet voice, or their manner; they love to go and hear them; they like it well; but ah! all the while it is knowing them after the flesh. I once knew a godly minister, now gone to his rest and his reward: many people followed him; they loved well to hear him speak; but, ah! it was because he had a holy voice, and a holy appearance, and because he spoke with such eloquence.

Let me now, my dear brethren, leave with you a few pastoral directions.

1st. *You are now not any longer to know the unconverted world after the flesh.* I have no greater joy than to know that my children are walking after the truth. It is sweet to see you obedient to the truth; but ah! it is better to see you bearing the image of Christ. I do not say you are to go out of the world; but you are to walk through it as Christ did. You are not to know the world because of their beauty, or because of their earthly accomplishments; but you are to look on their faces in the light of eternity, of the judgment, of heaven, and of hell. Oh! when you see an unconverted man, think of the load of sin that is on him; think of the hell that is in him, of the hell that is before, and the wrath of God that is hanging over him. That is the way you are to know men now; not after the flesh; but you are to look upon them in the light of eternity. Again, brethren, you are not to make bosom friends of the unconverted world. Christ did not do this, and therefore, you are not to do it either. And another thing is this: *you are not to form connections for life with the unconverted.* How often will I have to tell you about this? You are not to *intermarry* with them. If you do, it is against God's holy word. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." How can you be happy? You may say they are good tempered, and they look well; but that is loving them after the flesh. You should say, "Am I to join hands with one who is to go to hell, when I go to be with Christ in glory?" Let it not be so, brethren; love no one after the flesh.

2nd. *Love believers, but not "after the flesh."* You are very apt to deceive yourselves in this. The Bible tells us to love one another. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love

one to another." John xiii. 35. You may say, "I am quite set in loving this or that one; for surely they are saved." But still, remember you have wicked hearts yet; you are not to look at them in the light of time, but of eternity. Yea, even if you had known Christ himself, it should not be for his bright eye, his strange beauty, or his lovely voice; but for his holy nature, because he was the Son of God. Some may say, "How may I know whether I love the Lord's people after the flesh or not?" Well, I will tell you. Do you love those most who resemble Christ most; who have most grace? Ah, if this is not the case, you are loving them after the flesh; you are loving them for their fair features and beautiful countenances; but ah! this is not the way commanded here. If you have loved them in this way, you must now henceforth do so no more.

3rd. *Do not know ministers after the flesh.* I am deeply persuaded many of you are deceiving yourselves on this point. The Bible says it is right to love ministers; and the more you see the image of Christ in them, you should love them the more. I am afraid you do not love them enough in one way, and you love them too much in another. You love them too much because of something of their own; and too little because they bear the image of Jesus. O brethren, if you love us because of our preaching, our eloquence, or our manners, the less of this love the better; the better for me and the better for my brethren here. It shuts our mouths. If you loved us because we bear Christ's image, it would help us, it would lead you to plead with God for us. *Pray to love* ministers rightly; not to know them after the flesh, but that you may look upon them in the light of eternity. If you do this, it would be a great blessing to me, and also to you.

4th. *Do not know your relations "after the flesh."* Oh, strange it is, that after we are "born again" we belong to another family! You are to look upon your friends by the blaze of eternity. You are to look upon your friends in another way from what you did before. When a man and his wife are "born again," they begin to live in another way: their constant question is, "Will I ever see that face on the right hand of Jesus?" and "Will I see my sons and my daughters there too?" "Are they truly in Christ Jesus, and made new creatures?"

"If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature." O that we were made new creatures! O that I were a new minister and you a new people! We are but of yesterday, and know nothing. We soon pass away, and come not again. O that you could walk through this world in the light of eternity, and set not your hearts upon it! O be much with Christ, and that will keep you from loving men after the flesh! Look on the features of him who is fairer than the sons of men, and that will keep you from loving creatures after the flesh. You will then say, "I am journeying to a better country, even a heavenly. O my dearly beloved, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul! Live for eternity; live with it in your view; and live in sight of Christ. Amen.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. I.—CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THERE is a prominent organ of the face which, it is said, humanity invariably follows. It may be convenient that this useful organ should have so great an honour bestowed upon it; but it is not always desirable that in every step of our pilgrimage it should be exceedingly sensitive. In visiting certain fragrant nooks and corners of our vast metropolitan world, it may be well to nerve our symmetrical and highly-delicate nostrils by a little administration of some camphorated essence or otto of roses. And since it is impossible for us to refuse to follow nature's guide-post, we must endeavour, with that becoming patience which beareth all things, submissively to bend to our fate, in the hope that the application of a sort of moral smelling-bottle may restore us to our normal condition of sensitiveness. Yet we lack not nicety of judgment or taste in selecting a series of subjects for sketches that may offend the squeamish. We may not dislike the utmost delicacy, even when we bear with a few whiffs from an atmosphere less charged with pure oxygen than we would desire it to be, while it may be for the good of those who are compelled daily to breathe it, that we should learn something of their circumstances and unfortunate condition. We write for Christian hearts and minds, for those who can heartily say, in the words of a German commentator—"Although nothing further is said or heard of us in the world than this—That man takes pains to save sinners by the gospel, and his labour is not fruitless; here a sinner is apprehended; there one sighs after grace; there one rejoices over the peace of his soul, that one walks according to the gospel, and all regard the man as a faithful example—that is an abiding praise before God."* To gratify the curious is not our aim. Whatever may tend to enlighten the Christian public on the spiritual wants of the poorest of our London poor, will be considered and pressed into service. Our sole desire is to honour our divine Master, by pointing out special and unlooked-for means of Christian usefulness. Our work shall be conscientiously done, or not done at all. We have no man's interest or praise to serve.† As far as possible, the facts we give shall be fresh and verified by observation. There are thousands of poor people living in London, working at all kinds of odd trades, who have scarcely as yet been touched by religious agencies. There is a vast quantity of activity abroad—some of it of a very questionable character, but the major portion is the result of earnest, honest, self-denying Christianity. But with all the machinery, voluntary and paid, that is put in motion, the fringe of London's vice and ungodliness has only been

* Lange's "Acts of the Apostles," Vol. I., 424.

† It may be necessary to state, that we respectfully decline, and must continue to do so, writing upon any one's work, however excellent it may be, at their request. We are bold enough to invite ourselves, and are independent enough to refuse our brethren's invitations. To write about every one would be in many cases to elevate mediocrity, and make ourselves untrustworthy chroniclers.

touched, and the heart of the evil has not been reached. We desire that our series of papers this year may be a practical contribution to the interchange of thought on one of the most frequently-discussed questions, namely, "How to get at the masses."

We begin with a chat on the chimney-sweepers. Even a dark subject may be fairly treated, and while there is much that is disagreeable to relate, there is something encouraging to reveal. For though sweeps are nigrescent subjects of her Gracious Majesty—developing naturally day by day by some professional law of progression from "innocent blackness," "dim specs," and "young Africans of our own growth," into genuine disciples of King Ebony, yet they are getting to be of more cleanly habits. Unlike Mr. Disraeli, the sweep must not declare himself to be on the angel's side, for it would only suggest a cruel question as to which type of angel it might be. He resembles the Negro in his love for oleaginousness, though with the introduction of sweeping-machines, he has lost some of his inclinations for greasy and fatty food. Like most trades, there are several classes of workmen, and if we deal largely with the lower class of sweeps, it is not because we prefer them most, but deem them most needing missionary effort.

Dear reader, you doubtless recall to memory the dismal dreams you had in childhood of these youthful lovers of stifling darkness rather than cheerful light! What pictures of prospective misery were painted on your susceptible retina! horrors which would surely be realised if you did not submit to the servant-girl's dogma of good works. Charles Lamb tells us that when a child it was a mysterious pleasure to him to "see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that 'now surely he must be lost for ever'—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (oh, fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious, like some flag waved over a conquered citadel." Far less poetic was our experience. We were to be good—and it was hard work—or we were to be reduced to a servitude not particularly pleasant to the youthful mind. The present generation of impressible boys is not subject to these nursery demons. The young climbers of a bygone age of moral gloominess are gone. In their place we have grown-up men still more horrid in their grim conventionalities. These fully developed chimney-sweepers constitute a new order of creation. They are unrelated to society. It does not acknowledge them as brothers—veritable flesh and blood. Who can sympathise with soot? Who can associate with these sable knights of the telescopic rod and soot-bag? So society uses them, pays per swept chimney, and allows them to depart in peace. They do so depart, for sweeps are not a quarrelsome, discontented, or ungrateful race. They go home with "the vile dust" they have gathered, and, so far as the public is concerned, they are "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." Our missionary and anti-alcoholic friends are left to try their powers of persuasion with them, and in some cases, they have well succeeded.

Most of our London chimney sweepers are not distinguished for

respectability. They work well, fare better, and swear best. The minority consist of rather intelligent men, whose business is confined to the upper and middle classes of dwellings (and presumably of chimneys). The master-men are frequently intelligent, and a certain test of respectability is to be found when you have discovered where they keep their soot. None but the poorest would store soot in their bed-rooms; and among the higher classes of sweeps, a cellar or shed is always provided for the reception of their sacks. Mr. Mayhew, who has contributed more than anyone to soot-lore—some of it being rather apocryphal—has made a proper classification of these individuals, and has very graphically described their mental, moral, and social condition. He found what, from enquiry, we have learnt to be largely correct, namely, that they are a short-lived people, which we believe is to be attributed to their drunken habits; that many suffer from a cancer peculiar to the trade, which probably has its origin in uncleanly habits, for it is rare to find a sweep washing himself once a day; and a sweep has informed us that the majority of the lower class never wash more than once a month. Some sweepers acknowledge that they have vomited balls of soot. The lower class have the same simple ideas of constituted authority as the costermonger. The police, to them, are the rulers of the world. Their sympathies are wholly with rioters. "The sweepers," says Mr. Mayhew, "have a sovereign contempt for all acts of parliament, because the only act that had any reference to themselves 'threw open,' as they call it, their business to all who were needy enough and who had the capability of availing themselves of it." They pick out their concubines—for the lower class is generally regardless of the marriage ceremony—from those street girls who have as little love for morality as their consorts. Their children, it is said, are few in number, and are brought up to be blackguards and street rovers. One of the fraternity, who had served an apprenticeship of seven years to the trade, made a statement relative to his class, in which he said:—"Our people don't care much about law: they don't understand anything about politics much; they don't mind things o' that 'ere kind. They only minds to get drunk when they can. Some of them fellows as you see'd in there niver cleans theirselves from one year's end to t'other." The men complain that their business is ruined by what they term "querying," *i.e.*, asking for work at different houses.

About two years ago we attended, one Sabbath evening, a meeting for sweeps at the Lambath Baths, that was organised by Mr. Murphy, of Southwark. It had been announced that the audience would be addressed by men of the class invited. There was a large attendance, although one-half of those present were not sweeps, but were working men generally. Hymns were sung, prayers offered, and we remember that during even the most devotional parts of the service, there were fallen women, who had mingled with the crowd, who were plying their infamous trade, while costermonger's lads were grinning and chattering irreverently in groups of three or four during the proceedings. One master chimney sweep—an intelligent young man, who spoke correctly and modestly—told the story of his own conversion, and very pleasantly entreated his "mates to accept the provisions of the gospel. He had tried the pleasures of sin for a pretty long season, but he had never

discovered true happiness until he found it at the Cross. The next speaker was a striking contrast to the previous one. He was about sixty years of age. His chubby head, receding forehead, broad jaw—always indicative of animal propensities—told plainly the characteristics of the man. The maternal washings, as Lamb would say, had long been effaced from the cheek, and there was but little trace of subsequent ablutions. He was a master sweeper, he said, and had known what it was to earn his five pounds a week. Until within the last few years he had been a very great blackguard—"no mistake about me"—and we thought so too. "I used to get drunk nearly every night. You knows that." Here there was an affirmative answer or two from his "mates" on the platform. "I went home at night, whopped (beat) my wife; my wife would have a little drink too, and she used to whop me back again." For some ten minutes or so, he went on describing the villanies of his life, showing how disgustingly low human nature may sink; but we need not follow him through revelations which shocked every sensitive ear. From his address we could not gather whether he had been converted by God's grace. He attributed his change of life to teetotalism, which he recommended to all his "mates" as the only thing that could lift them out of their degradation. It was essentially a temperance address—a glorification of total abstinence as *the* gospel for the working classes. Having been a rabid drunkard, he had become a rabid teetotaller. His God had been his belly: now his abstinence was his God. All sensible Christian abstainers must deprecate the exaltation of the gospel of teetotalism at the expense of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and we regret to observe the sad mistake made in certain places of hiring halls for temperance harangues on Sunday evenings. The third chimney sweep who spoke, wisely put the social principles he held dear in their proper place, and descanted on the importance of not being satisfied with a mere outward change—the leprosy of soul lies deep within. There are many who are trusting in the reformation of their social habits. "Are you a Christian?" you ask, and meet with the reply, "No, sir, but I'm a teetotaller."

Operative chimney sweepers, though frequently sharp-witted, have but little perception of the alphabet of religious truth. They manifest their ignorance in their speech. Indeed it is very sad to observe the curious notions prevalent among those who do not attend public worship, as to what Christianity is. A city missionary on one occasion was urging a poor, slatternly woman to teach her three dirty, shoe and stockingless children to call upon God in their youth, when he was interrupted by the remark, "Yes, sir, and do you know my children says their prayers every night! they have learned a werry nice prayer—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that I lay on."

And she wanted to know whether that was not a good prayer to teach her children. Dr. Livingstone's description of the curious beliefs of the Tette blacks might almost be applied to our heathen blacks at home. Both believe there are spirits in the air, and that drinking beer is the best way of propitiating their favour. "The uncontaminated Africans," observes the doctor, "believe that Morungo, the

Great Spirit who formed all things, lives above the stars; but they never pray to him, and know nothing of their relation to him, or of his interest in them." Our chimney sweepers have similar ideas as to their relation to the Almighty, who, they consider, cares as little for them as do their fellow men in superior positions of life. Indeed, our readers would be startled to listen to the confessions of ignorance of religious truth so frequently made by this unfortunate class. That we are not misrepresenting the character of the men of whom we are writing, we will give a speech made by a Bermondsey sweep, who was converted in the Victoria Theatre, and of the truthfulness of whose narrative we have received confirmatory evidence. He said, "I am well known to many of you here, and those of you who do know me, know that I have been one of the vilest of the vile. There are plenty living in Bermondsey who know me as being a drunkard and swearer, and everything else that's bad, and so I continued up to the time that I went to the Victoria Theatre. Well, the Lord Jesus took hold of me, a dirty, black, drunken, blackguard sweep, and saved me. A dear brother that's sitting over there, took a good deal more trouble with me than ever I took with myself. He came after me lots o' times to try to get me with him to the preaching at the Victoria Theatre; so after he had come so many times, at last I said, 'Very well, 'Whippy,' so I will.' So I went to the theatre this night, and sure enough, whilst I was listening to Mr. Carter, all the whole of my weight of wickedness came down upon me, all my sins struck me at once; so I'll leave you to guess how I felt, for I was, as I told you before, a dirty, drunken sot. I was all bad, and no good at all. You may depend upon it, I was miserable and wretched. So, after the preaching, I was in the pit of the theatre, and I felt as if I should soon be sinking in the pit of hell. Just then, Mr. Carter came and touched me. He put his hand upon my shoulder, and it seemed to me just as though it was an angel from heaven; for, in a moment, I felt such happiness and joy that I can't tell you. I saw Jesus plain enough though, and my sins was all gone; and now the Lord has made me happy, and the Lord has taught me to pray to God for my wife and many others. I bless God that now every night I kneel on my knees, and my wife too goes down on her knees to pray; but she keeps it all to herself, she does not let you hear anything that she prays [his wife is a Roman Catholic], but blessed be my Jesus, I am not so greedy; I don't mind letting all the people in the house hear me pray. Now, I'm not ashamed to own that, before I was converted, I lived with my wife, although she was not my wife; but as soon as ever I was converted I knew at once that was wrong, so I told her I would not live with her any longer unless we was married. My friend who first took me to the theatre asked me about sitting down to the table of the Lord and about baptism; but I said, 'No, not till that little job was done.' And now, my dear brothers and sisters, if there's any of you here that's living as I was, let me ask you to go and do as I have done. Come, be up to your work; and if you can't get the money together to be married with, borrow it of somebody, and then be honest enough to pay it back again."

There can be no doubt that "poor chummy" is an impressible being. He may be reclaimed. Indeed, teetotal principles have done

much for him. And those who have held special meetings for chimney sweeps, have reported favourably of the attention manifested, and the gratitude expressed for good counsels. It is curious to observe how simple and untechnical their language is when they describe their conversion. Theologically, as we should say, they are "nowhere." They have not had time to regard the five points. Indeed, they do not know what they are. But they can express themselves satisfactorily on this point, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." This simple testimony to us is a charm; to some hypercritical religionists, who never pardon doctrinal deficiencies, it is evidence of delusion or insincerity. Here, for instance, is a curious speech from a converted sweep, which will shock narrow-souled sceptics:—"Dear brothuren—When I fust cum into this 'ere hall, thurteen months ago, to a chimbley sweepers' tea-meeting, I was a hignorant, drunkin sweep; I used to spend all my money at the public-house, and my wife had to goo and work in the dustyard to get bread. When I cum to that 'ere sweeps' meetin, I know'd nothiuk about Jesus, I never heerd his name oney in swearin', and I never know'd I'd got a soul'd, but when Muster ——— lifted up Jesus and holler'd out, Eternity! eternity!! eternity!!! I felt horful, and cried wery much. Arterwoods, when the preacher spoke to me and told me that God loved me, and that Jesus died for me on the cross, I was wery glad to believe it. Well, I went home and got to bed, but couldn't sleep, so I got out o' bed agin' and for the fust time in my life prayed to Jesus. My wife ast me what was the matter wi' me, and I told her that I had bin to the sweeps' tea-meetin, and they said that I was conwarted; I didn't know what being conwarted meant then, but I do now tho'; I can read this here (holding up a Bible), and I know what the Lord Jesus said is true, 'You must be borned agin, and I know that I am borned agin, I am a new man. Why, I'm a changed man altogether, my wife knows it wery well. I dont goo to the public-house now, and I keeps my wife at home to see arter the house instid of working herself to death in the dustyard. Now, what the Lord has done for me, he can and will do for you, if you'll oney trust him. I hope the Lord ull save all on yer, that's all I've got to say."

Other similar stories might be recorded; but what we have given will indicate sufficiently the nature of the whole. So far as we have been enabled to discover, there are no special organisations at work for this class, nor do we care for such efforts as a rule. Our Christian activities should not be confined to any particular class of artisans, excepting under local circumstances. To do so is only to foster a spirit of trade isolation and a hateful feeling of caste. And as our chimney sweepers are to be found in all parts of London, it would not be easy to open mission-rooms for their special benefit. But evangelists, like Mr. Carter and Mr. Murphy, who seek to bring the men together to partake of a social repast, and to preach Jesus Christ to them, deserve all the encouragement which the Christian public can afford. Nor can we omit to add that the Primitive Methodists have been greatly useful in evangelising among the chimney sweepers of London: there can be no doubt that they have been far more successful in this work than any other denomination. In our description of the costermongers'

mission in Golden Lane, we gave the experience of one of the most singular cases of conversion among this class—a poor man who, when he sweeps a chimney, manages to talk to the servants of the love of his Master in heaven, who has condescended in infinite mercy to promise even a poor "chummy" a crown of glory.

The Family Pen.

UNDER this designation two volumes have recently been published which revive pleasing associations in many living, and give due honour to the dead. It has been said that it takes many quills to make a goose; but a man may make himself a goose with one. He may also, with one quill, wield a sceptre in the realm of thought. Metaphorically, an author may be said to write with one pen, and a family group of authors may be said to do the same thing. The pen may be more pointed at first, it may require at times to be mended, its feather may be curtailed, it may be dipped in ink more or less sable and more or less durable, and it may at length be worn out, and yet be one and the same pen. Such is this family pen. The family which alternately handled it, bears the title of "The Taylors of Ongar;" of Ongar, not because it was the only, but the principal, place of residence of the family; because it was most associated with its productions, where its genius best flourished; and because "of Ongar," would be more discriminating and unassuming than of places of greater note. This pen records its own history, which shows that a portion of its feather remains. We have in fact, the autobiography of a Family Pen.

The first that handled this pen was one Charles Taylor, whose father was an engraver of some eminence, and who himself had been brought up to that profession. He soon proved that he preferred the company of books to men, became librarian to a public library, said of books, "Behold my wife and children, my sisters and my brethren," and "kept himself awake," we are told, "towards all subjects, literary, or scientific, or political, or statistical, that might come in his way." He became, at length, too full of learning to keep it all to himself. The perusal of an original copy of Calmet's Dictionary, in French, was the occasion of its overflow. Its translation into English, with the addition of such improvements as his own researches might supply, presented the most favourable opportunity for self-gratification, and for permanent usefulness to others. It necessitated that sort of rummaging and ferreting amongst old books which would have cooled the ardour of others, but stimulated his own. It was working, too, in gold and silver mines, where each sparkling vein rewarded the past and enlivened the future. In biblical literature none labour in vain: even failure is success. If what is sought remains concealed, what is not sought is found. To this work Mr. Charles Taylor devoted the spare time of about fifteen years. It was illustrated by original engravings, in which, not less than in the hard literature, he found himself at home. The work, when complete, was in five volumes quarto. Its reception by the Christian

public was all that might be expected from its being the first great work of the kind in the English language; and from the amount of learned labour it displayed. It was spoken of as "a stupendous monument of literary industry." It was published anonymously. It had evidently, however, but one editor, and much curiosity was excited as to who it might be. What now is effected in the shape of Cyclopædias by several editors, was here accomplished by one. Who was he? "It was nobody, says the Family Pen, "that had ever been known at Oxford or at Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh or Dublin. Call, then, at the house where the parts are published, 108, Hatton Garden, and put the question. On the door-posts, either side, there is 'C. Taylor, Engraver.' Go in, and ask for the editor of 'Calmet.' You will never find him; or not *there*. Mr. C. Taylor, Engraver, may be spoken to, if you have any proper reason for asking him to come down into the lobby: but you will learn nothing from *him* about this invisible editor. His answer to this interruption would be a look of annoyance, impatience perhaps, but no clearing up of the mystery. You are as likely to get an answer from the colossal Memnon in the British Museum. To the end of his days, Charles Taylor refused to acknowledge himself as anything more than artist—an engraver, or at least he would not be addressed as the editor of 'Calmet,' or as the author of the 'Fragments.' The few men of antiquarian erudition with whom, at times, he conversed, could not fail to divine the secret; but at least he would give them no right to report it from his lips." In the year in which Mr. Taylor died, the fifth edition of his quartos was published; so that he was employed in this work, more or less, from eighteen to seventy years of age. This was the first contribution of the "Family Pen," and worthy to be so called in more senses than one.

Charles Taylor was the eldest of three brothers, the second of whom was the Rev. Isaac Taylor, and the third Josiah. The youngest left the business of authorship to his two brothers. The Rev. Isaac Taylor, assisted by his wife, transmitted the hereditary pen to their posterity. The father had considerable skill as an artist and engraver, which he combined with his ministerial office. He was a man of great practical wisdom and untiring industry. His writings were chiefly educational; and supplied several highly serviceable volumes. The mother's style of composition, judging from the specimens here given, shows a command of thought and of language capable of far more than had been accomplished. To the wisdom and diligence of the parents, their management of the household, and the encouragement given by them to intellectual pursuits, the literary eminence of their children is in no small degree to be attributed. Instead of what were considered to be the highest youthful accomplishments, the knowledge of history and science, and divine truth, was imparted by reading and conversation. Literary habits were early formed in connection with the poetic beauties of enjoyable country rambles, and of a loving household. Equal talent may have been in other families, which, instead of being evoked at the period of youthful sensibilities, has been suppressed. Solid wisdom, with genteel accomplishments, should be the business of the family. The former without the latter, if you please, but never the latter without the former.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor's family consisted of three sons and three

daughters, of which two of the sons and two of the daughters figured in the world as authors. The son, unknown to fame, transmitted an inkling of the family pen to a daughter, who in what is styled "Sabbath Bells," rung out, it may be, its merry peals in that direction; and two other authors of the family remain. The three who gave notoriety to the rest, and without whom the world would not have heard of "The Family Pen," were the three eldest in the family, Ann, Jane, and Isaac. Of the two sisters, Ann, of whom little is said in these two volumes, was the more intellectual and well-read. "She is a poet," says James Montgomery—no mean judge—"of a high order; the first, unquestionably, among those who write for children, and not the last, by hundreds, of those who write for men." The Rev. Joseph Gilbert, classical tutor at Rotherham College, fell in love with her intellect, and then with her person. Report says the engagement was first made and carried on in writing, and then, after the fashion that other mortals do. Jane is better known as a writer, as it became her sole occupation; and from being less the property of one she became more the property of all. There is an ease and naturalness, and subdued humour, in her writings, which makes her a general favourite. The two sisters first appeared as joint authors of "Original Poems for Infant Minds," "Rhymes for the Nursery," and "Hymns for Infant Minds." It was a good beginning. The field was unoccupied, except by the rankest weeds. "Watts' Divine Songs," were prepared for the nursery in Sabbath hours, and are unequalled to the present day; but, in playful moods, where playfulness should reign, "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Cinderella," "Mother Hubbard," with other similar productions, together with tales of ghosts and witches, held undisputed sway. To the firm of Ann and Jane Taylor, the last, and present, and all future generations, must be indebted for banishing those raw materials, and importing into the nursery articles of taste and civilisation, well adapted to gratify its inmates for the time being, and to fit them for higher spheres. We cannot follow the authors to their other works, unitedly or alone; suffice it to say, they attempted greater things, and enhanced their reputation by everything they undertook.

Of Isaac Taylor it would be more difficult to form a just estimate, and might perhaps be deemed premature, as "a memorial of his literary labours, based upon his own letters, and accompanied by selections from MSS. which he has left behind, is now in preparation." His already published works, however, are so numerous and diversified, that the literary position he has gained is not likely to be disturbed by any fragmentary remains. In him the literary ambition, which in the sisters and his uncle Charles was kept under wholesome restraint, was fully indulged. To be a man of mark in the literary world appears to have been the principal aim; which, though attained, was not, we fear, to the degree in which it had been sought. He had the elements of true greatness, and yet never became truly great. Whatever he undertook, some few steps were wanting to reach the summit. He essayed his powers in all directions. He first published upon mental philosophy; then upon ancient books; then upon "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," with two other volumes of the same kind; then appeared a translation of Herodotus; and interpersed with these, and subsequent

to them, works upon Theology and Logic. It will readily occur that, however excellent these productions may have been, the long concentration of thought and effort was wanting by which the highest pinnacle of greatness is attained. He laboured under some disadvantages of an external kind. The preparation of his Herodotus entailed researches not altogether to his taste; while attention to an invention in the art of calico printing diverted him for a long time from his studies, and disqualified him for them. His style of composition was seldom very flowing and attractive. He had, moreover, to write for the gratification of publishers as well as his own. Upon the doctrines of grace and church government he diverged in some considerable degree from the family type. The editor of "Calmet" was a Nonconformist, and an attendant in Fetter Lane to the end of his days. The Rev. Isaac Taylor was a Noncon. of the old school, both in doctrine and discipline, and the two daughters, Ann and Jane, kept the faith. That the most talented of the sons should remove the "Family Pen" beyond the limits of Dissent, may be accounted for, if not by the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," by the natural history of speculative Christianity. We speak of speculative Christianity in contrast with that which is practical. We think we have seen in all writers upon Christianity that write only, and especially in those of real talent and genius, an impatience of the simplicity of gospel truth. If we would know what real Christianity is, and what it is worth, we must see it in exercise in others, as well as feel it to be in exercise in ourselves. Mere theorists in any science are seldom to be trusted, and much less in that which was designed to be of the most practical use. A mere theorist in medicine, or mechanics, or any other practical art, is not the man we should choose for our guide. We do not suppose any true Christian can be theoretical only, but what we maintain is, that in proportion as the theory is studied apart from its practical application, in that proportion all Christians are prone to be doctrinally led astray. If the gospel be a scheme of adaptation to the greatest wants of men, it is best known, both in its several parts and as a whole, when seen in full and constant application to its end. "Then shall we know," is the teaching of Scripture, "if we follow on to know the Lord;" and again, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." It was not to be expected, therefore, that a mind metaphysically and æsthetically inclined, in a lone country retreat, seeing more of Christianity in books than in men, should be content with the simplicity of its doctrines and the purity of its worship. More grandeur of form was desired where less power was seen. The active soldier knows best the weapons that are needed for the fight. Christianity is not for the brains only; it is for the hands, and the feet, and the heart. Christian truths in all minds are best tested, and purified, and strengthened, by practice: they need a good airing. "Exercise thyself unto godliness." We have known some who were sound in faith, and untainted with formalism, while in active service for Christ, who, after giving themselves up entirely to the study of all the modern phases that Christianity has assumed, have not known where they were, except that they were not where they once were. We judge what Christianity is by what it does. The preacher knows more of it than the scholar, and most of all the preacher and scholar combined.

In this manner we may account for the theological goodness wearing away from the "Family Pen." It is enough, perhaps, for one family to become an extensive benefit to its own age, and to show how other families may benefit theirs. This meed of praise is justly due to "The Taylor Family of Ongar."

G. ROGERS.

Among the Moors.

BY PASTOR H. W. PERRIS, OF EGREMONT.

A MINISTERIAL holiday is, usually, rather a dull affair. Limited incomes necessitate short excursions; and the periodical visits of pale, threadbare, overwrought and badly-paid pastors to the nearest "watering-place" conduce but little, it is to be feared, to the more efficient discharge of their onerous duties. Conceive, then, the delight with which I received an invitation from a generous Christian captain to accompany him on a trip to the west coast of Barbary. Our vessel, a fast-sailing brigantine, left Havre May 29th. No unusual incidents marked the voyage, which was everything that a landsman could desire. A four-ton yacht might have safely followed in our wake, while a constant succession of sea phenomena relieved the tedium of the voyage. After a few day's slow progress, owing to light winds and frequent calms, we caught the trade wind, which blew steadily down the coast of Portugal, lost sight of cape Finisterre, and in a week's time found ourselves close to Saffi, the first port for which we were bound. My olfactories had anticipated the discoveries of the glass, and if I mistook not, those of the fine retriever on board had done so long before. The land breeze bore a peculiarly crisp, dry, aromatic odour, unlike that of any atmosphere I had before breathed. When the heavy mist which gathered during the night had been dissipated by the rising sun, we saw Cape Cantin, and soon afterwards the rocky headland which forms the north side of Saffi Bay.

I felt impatient to get ashore. Thoughts, traditions, and vague recollections rushed tumultuously through my mind. Authors, ancient and modern, from Sallust down to Washington Irving, had contributed towards the formation of ideas and expectations which were doomed to early destruction. Travel dissipates many illusions; romance differs from reality as the gorgeous cloud does from the drenching shower; and —the Moors are not what they were when "The last of the Abencerrages" kept court in the Alhambra.

We had no difficulty in entering and casting anchor in Saffi Bay. It is perfectly open to the sea, the full roll of the Atlantic swell breaking upon the rocky shore, and rendering it a very hazardous business to land in bad weather. The morning being fine we had a clear view of the place, which lies in a natural basin, and presents all the characteristics of an Oriental city. It is almost triangular in shape, and is surrounded by a high wall. The houses are all whitewashed and flat-roofed; and, were it not for the crumbling castle, which overhangs the town, and the mosque-minarets, which shoot up here and there, affording

some slight relief to the eye and diversity to the landscape, it might well be mistaken for a huge marble quarry, as its pearly surfaces glisten in the sunshine. The surroundings are just as novel and striking; there is hardly a familiar object in the whole field of vision; even the sky above, and the sea beneath, seem to present a changed aspect, corresponding with that of the sandy hillocks and burnt-up pasturages which go to fill up the picture. Of vegetation there is hardly any within sight. The tall and graceful palm, with its pendulous branches, the bushy olive, and the dark musky caroh, so common in the plains, have few representatives just on this part of the coast. No clouds of smoke overhang the houses: not a single chimney is to be seen. The only signs of life and activity are the tolerably decisive ones exhibited by groups of curious or interested natives who, having perceived the ship's arrival, stream out of the gates to watch or take part in the launching of a boat. *Boat!* did I say; well, I suppose one may condescend so far, for "what's in a name?" but it was composed of roughly hewn planks, daubed with tar and ochre, and nailed over a clumsy ribbed framework, peaked at each end. The short stiff paddles, cross-seats, and movable rudder, were of the rudest workmanship. Its occupants, with the exception of the pratique officer, were the wildest set of fellows imaginable. In pulling hard against the advancing tide, they rose from their seats simultaneously, turned sideways in order to get a long sweep, and then fell frantically backwards until they occupied a horizontal position, their feet often projecting into the air, and occasionally changing places with their heads. All this was accompanied by discordant cries from the men, and encouraging exclamations from the rais, or captain, who crouched upon the little raised platform at the stern of the boat. There was no time for hesitation when they got alongside, so in I jumped, endeavouring as far as possible to avoid personal contact with the grotesque and (regard for truth compels me to add) rather unsavoury crew. During subsequent passages to and fro, I had frequent opportunities of studying the character and habits of these boatmen, and I got to like them much. They are a hardy though an ill-fed race; dark, spare, and muscular; clad in a single coarse woollen garment, which allows free play to the limbs, and with a ragged cloth or turban twisted round the head. They are sportive as kittens, always laughing when not engaged in quarrelling, and upon the whole very obliging and affectionate to those who do not take advantage of them. Our passage through the surf and over the low reef which crosses the entrance to the landing-place, was safely, though noisily, effected. I reached the shore on the shoulders of a Jew, who speedily reminded me, by word and gestures, that here as at home, there was no getting on without money. I felt somewhat embarrassed under the gaze of the motley crowd which now surrounded us, but was relieved by the approach of several gentlemen, who in their light clothes of European cut, and turbaned straw hats, formed a striking contrast to the various costumes of the native Moors, Jews, Arabs, and Negroes, who were there represented. Hearty welcomes, warm shakes of the hand, and mutual enquiries followed, and we passed at once through the gates, after an introduction to the captain of the port, who sought and obtained information as to our cargo. This functionary was very civil

and friendly during our stay, always ready to smooth a difficulty, and condescendingly to accept a gift. Now, indeed, I had got into a new world altogether. The principal thoroughfare proved to be a crooked, unpaved road, lined with dingy houses and shops, the inhabitants of which lounged about, gazing at and often saluting us as we passed along. We soon reached the import store of Messrs. Perry, Berry & Co., the owners and consignees of the ship, and ascended the flight of steps which conducts to the residence above. By this time I had mentally discarded all previous similitudes, and settled that Saffi resembled a *bakehouse* more than anything else. There was no escaping the blinding glare and intense heat reflected from the limewashed surfaces around. We reclined upon the luxurious couch within, and were reminded that heat was not necessarily connected with motion ; we strolled out upon the terrace, but were beaten back by the vertical rays which fell pitilessly upon us. Drinking and washing were but palliatives at the best. Fortunately, our subsequent experience of Saffi was of a more tolerable kind : owing to the prevalence of a north-west wind, the thermometer rarely rose above 85°. As a matter of course we visited Mr. Hilton, the British vice-consul, who received us very kindly, and proffered his aid in any undertaking or enquiries which I might set on foot. As his house is a fair specimen of the better class of Moorish dwellings, I may as well describe it here. Externally, it presents a square block of greyish masonry, with occasional square openings above. Entrance is effected by a covered passage or vestibule, leading into a square courtyard, around which the cooking rooms, servants' offices, etc., are grouped. A flight of steps, formed of gaudy glazed pottery, conducts to the upper story, where the various dining, sleeping, and entertaining rooms are situated. These open into a square gallery, which rests upon stone columns, running from the basement up to the roof. A quadrangular aperture above corresponding with the open space below, admits light, air, and during part of the year, rain. This space is occupied by flowers, shrubs, and creepers, in the centre of which a large banana grows luxuriantly. The principal apartment is a very large and lofty one, whitewashed and latticed ; the tiled floor being partly covered by a Turkish carpet. The verandah, which covers the gallery, keeps out the direct rays of the sun, while the air from above enters freely, so that it forms as pleasant a retreat as can be obtained in this climate. Finding that the loaf-sugar and cotton goods which we had brought were not needed at Saffi, the captain decided to sail at once for Mogador, a distance of seventy miles. This we did, reaching that port betimes next morning. It was Sunday, and we longed to gather our countrymen for worship in this strange land. So we landed speedily, having experienced no difficulty in getting a safe anchorage in the bay. There was nothing to remind us that it was the Christian Sabbath. Groups of Moors, Jews, and Negroes, lounged about the gates, and a long train of camels, attended by Arab drivers, was just entering the city. We passed the principal mosque about noon. The shrill prolonged cry of the Muezzin, summoning the faithful to prayer, the picturesque costumes of the worshippers passing in and out, and the glimpse obtained of the interior, with its long portico, marble laver, and overhanging foliage, combined to produce an indescribable effect upon my mind. The streets of

Mogador are wider and more regularly laid out than those of Saffi, many of them being of quite recent construction. The sultan has availed himself of the services of an English engineer, and many public works of utility, with some very useless ones, are in a state of fair progress. Thus, large warehouses are being built to be let off to European merchants, while ill-planned fortifications seem to invite the crushing discharge of an Armstrong battery. A narrow aqueduct passes through the main thoroughfare, feeding several small covered reservoirs, in which, though used for drinking purposes, you may often observe a native performing his ablutions. Innumerable dogs lie basking in the sun. Camels, mules, and horses, with their attendants, sprawl about in every conceivable posture. They seem to have no understanding as to the "right side of the road," blockades and collisions being frequent, and often very serious in their results. A driver died from the effects of a camel-bite during our stay. We made our way to the British Consulate at once, but found that Mr. Carstonstein was absent, and that no religious services were held, though an English clergyman was staying on a visit. This gentleman stated his intention of setting out with a small caravan for the city of Morocco in a few days, and for a time I entertained the notion of accompanying him. As, however, he did not return within the prescribed period, it may be that I escaped loss and even danger. I had no reason to rely upon the faithfulness of the Jews with whom he travelled, did not care to sport the Moorish costume, and felt that a residence for several weeks in the principal seaports would prove more instructive, though less romantic, than the fatiguing marches and possible dangers of a journey into the interior. I am anxiously awaiting some tidings of my countryman.

The number of British subjects resident in Mogador does not exceed thirty, and of these several are Gibraltarians and Jews. These gentlemen (for the fair sex is hardly represented at all, more is the pity!) kindly afforded me every facility for enquiry and observation, placing horses, mules, and servants at my disposal, and extending their generous hospitality to me in this land where hotels are unknown. My favourite *cicerone* was a young Jew, who made a tolerably good interpreter, and whose regular features, frank, open countenance, and tidy dress, marked him out as rather an exceptional character amongst his poorer brethren. My first excursion was into the Jewish quarter, which is separated by gates from the rest of the city, though they are only closed now on the Mohammedan Sabbath during the principal hours of prayer. The general aspect, though improved since a recent visit of the philanthropic Sir Moses Montefiore, is sufficiently disagreeable. The houses are irregularly built, seldom rising above two stories, and often inhabited by several families, who make a common resort of the quadrangle below. Here are groups of women and children, many of the former being extremely beautiful, and the latter intelligent and vivacious. I held short conversations with them, and judging by appearances, the interest was mutual. They were variously occupied in sieving flour, washing linen, and making clothes. Many of the mothers were extremely youthful. At twenty years old they are quite matronly in their appearance, often very obese, lazy, and slatternly. Nevertheless they retain their bright eyes and delicate complexions much longer. Their dress is

usually a very becoming one. Unlike the Mooresses, in habits as in appearance, they show themselves in the streets without the slightest reserve. A Jewish wedding is rather an imposing affair, and despite the precarious tenure by which property is held here, becomes the occasion for a great display of family wealth. The bridegroom's friends assemble at his residence, and, after a sumptuous repast, adjourn with him to the house of the bride. Here laughter, feasting, and jollity are carried on; a slaughtered bullock, cakes, tea, coffee, and spirits, being consumed. The happy pair are placed side by side upon a richly-adorned couch, and the bridal gifts are freely exhibited and commented upon. These consist, in the case of a moderately wealthy man, of jewelled tiaras, necklaces, armlets, earrings, and anklets—the material being gold, silver, coral, and jet. The bride submits to the trying ordeal for three, five, or even seven days; during which time open house is kept, and gluttony is the order of the day. Intervals of devotion occur, several rabbis being usually engaged to chant prayers and traditional legends. Of course, the standard of intelligence amongst this people is very low, there being no scope for its exercise except in driving sharp bargains and scheming to evade Moorish extortion. The men have nearly all a cunning, suspicious look, indicative of their oppressed condition. They shuffle along the streets, while the haughty Moor walks erect and dignified. Their costume, compulsory until very lately, consists of a dark cloth robe or cloak, knee breeches, stockings, slippers, and a blue handkerchief covering the head and tied beneath the chin. True to their hereditary instincts, they eschew agriculture, live in the towns, and prefer barter and brokerage to any mechanical employment. I question whether there is any country where the poor Israelite has suffered more bitter persecution than in Barbary. The fact that many of the Moors are the descendants of the exiles of Granada, however it may have modified their policy then, does not operate in favour of the Jew now. There is no limit to Moslem insolence—indeed, whether Jew or Christian be the subject of it—one of the national rhymes expressing it thus:—

"*Eusara fi Senara; El hud fi Sifud.*"

"Christians on the hook; Jews on the spit."

The latter are still expected to bare their feet when passing a mosque, to give precedence at the well to the poorest Mussulman, and generally to cringe before their oppressors. The interesting youth before alluded to was very desirous to visit the ship, but feared to do so without obtaining express permission from the captain of the port. The cruelties of John Lackland have been repeatedly outdone by the sultans and their subordinates within the last century. In the interior Jewish life and property are never safe, and in the seaports ambition never soars higher than the vice-consulship of any little European state, whether paid or unpaid, a claim for foreign protection being thus established. Great excitement prevailed during the last few days of my sojourn, owing to the assassination of several traders by Arabs. The aggrieved relatives, including the wives and other females, crowded round the house of the kadi, and made the air resound with their lamentations.

If discovered, the perpetrators of the outrage would have to pay damages to the friends, and large fines to the governor of the province, the latter forming an important and tolerably reliable source of the state revenue, robbery and murder being frequent, and generally expiable in this manner. Truly, "money is a *defence*" here, only, unfortunately, it is an *offence* too. Its supposed possession excites the cupidity of the rulers, and an organised system of robbery and extortion prevails everywhere. From the throne down to the lowest official, it is to be feared that all (with, of course, a few exceptions) are implicated in schemes of wholesale spoliation. The taxation is a heavy burden on the fixed population, while the roving tribes escape with the payment of an occasional tribute. How the former manage to accumulate property is an unfathomable mystery. Landed property they cannot obtain in perpetuity, as the sultan is the sovereign proprietor; and by far the largest share of the produce goes to satisfy the demands of his ministers, civil and religious. The rights of conscience are ignored altogether, Jews and Christians being alike compelled to support and propagate a faith which they abhor. By the way, conversion to Islamism is by no means so infrequent as is commonly supposed. There are even a few English and French renegades, but they are principally composed of Spanish convicts, who have escaped from the *præsidios* of Ceuta, Tangiers, and Tetuan. I heard of one gentleman in a high position whose apostacy was only prevented by the combined opposition of his friends. In this case the hand of a Moorish lady was the promised guerdon.

To return to the Jews. I visited several of their houses and synagogues, which were tolerably clean and tidy, though not expensively furnished. They use tables and matting, with couches instead of chairs. The beds are placed in large recesses, resembling the berths in a ship's cabin. Scraps of parchment, upon which verses from the Talmud are inscribed, are nailed to the door-posts. They have not a single building which, by its architectural beauty or magnificent adornment, might excite the fanatical zeal of their persecutors. A railed and carpeted enclosure, within which the rabbis stand, the "ark," in which the sacred writings are kept, painted seats for the men, a latticed gallery for the women, lamps swung from the roof, and a few gilded symbols on the walls—these constitute the entire furniture, and they are of the plainest construction. In addition to the services, a sort of Sabbath-school is held, the principal accomplishment taught being a compound of vocal and physical exercise. The unfortunate rabbi, surrounded by his pupils, young men from seventeen to thirty, perspiring and well nigh exhausted, leads them in a monotonous chant, time being kept by the motion of the body forward and backward. The object of this is to commit portions of the Talmud to memory—not a very intelligent pursuit, judging by the tones and faces of those engaged. The ignorance of Old Testament history and doctrine evinced by my Jewish acquaintances, together with the levity and indifference which they exhibited, afforded proof of the sad degeneracy of this people.

But it is time for the reader to glance at Moorish life generally. What a picture does the view from the terraced roof present! Step out at five a.m., and you will find the narrow, tortuous, and partly covered streets quite lively, for the greater part of the business is done in the

morning and evening. The sun has risen, and the air, laden with exhalations from the neighbouring gardens, is deliciously soft and balmy; a perfect Babel of sounds rises from the principal thoroughfare below, where the market is being held; the dusky Berbers, or Amazigh, as the Moors call these mountaineers, are easily discernible from the Arabs, whose fine sinewy forms, tall and majestic carriage, and swarthy complexions, strike with admiration at once. They wear the turban; a large creamy-white robe or fine blanket, called the *haick;* a red morocco dagger belt, confining the under garments at the waist; and slippers of the same material. These children of the desert have never relinquished their primitive independence; and, in the absence of comforts such as the poorest European peasant enjoys, they have maintained a degree of refinement and general intelligence to which, deprived of liberty, the Jews and many of the Moors are strangers. I wish to speak with caution here, for very silly things have been left on record by travellers, some extolling the Bedouin as well nigh faultless, others representing him as an unmixed ruffian. He is very far from being either one or the other. Watch him as he drives a bargain with that Jew: he is not to be readily imposed upon, but the look of scorn which he casts on the shrewd Israelite contrasts strongly with the cunning light which glitters in the eye of the latter. The boy whose hand he holds will be a sheik some day, if he lives, and inherits his father's moral and physical intrepidity. Now observe the Moorish trader, as he reclines upon cushions in the centre of his little store, looking, at this distance, exactly like a picture set in a clumsy frame, and having an ill-chosen background. What a specimen of dignified indolence! It surprises one to know that the fellow sells anything, for he seldom condescends to solicit the attention of purchasers, deeming it quite a sufficient exertion to answer the enquirer, and display the goods which lie within reach of his hand. They consist of muslins, cotton cloths, turbans, skull-caps, girdles, beads, with a miscellaneous assortment of small wares. These, though mostly of imported material, are sold as cheaply as at home. The prices of eatables are so low, that I fear a quotation will inspire feelings of envy on the part of any British housewives who may honour this paper with a perusal. Beef and mutton sell at from twopence to threepence per pound; honey, fourpence to sixpence; fowls, sixpence each; eggs, two shillings a hundred. Grain is cheap, and might be more so, if the vast quantities of animal and vegetable refuse which defile the streets were utilised for agricultural purposes. Never was there a country for which Nature did more, nor one upon which man has expended less labour. The piles of melons, figs, grapes, pomegranates, etc., offered for sale in the shops at a price which to us appears merely nominal, sufficiently evidences the prolific nature of the soil. Even a visitation of locusts, terrible as it is, leaves no lasting effects behind, often, indeed, rousing the apathetic Moors to wholesome though temporary exertion.

(To be continued.)

John Ploughman's Talk.

FAULTS.

HE who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless:" of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's-cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so is all human good mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need very wide brims, yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of the ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks: wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

If we would always recollect that we live among men who are imperfect, we should not be in such a fever when we find out our friend's failings; what's rotten will rend, and cracked pots will leak. Blessed is he who expects nothing of poor flesh and blood, for he shall never be disappointed. The best of men are men at the best, and the best wax will melt.

> It is a good horse that never stumbles,
> And a good wife that never grumbles.

But surely such horses and wives are only found in the fool's paradise, where dumplings grow on trees. In this wicked world the straightest timber has knots in it, and the cleanest field of wheat has its share of weeds. The most careful driver one day upsets the cart, the cleverest cook spills a little broth, and as I know to my sorrow a very decent ploughman will now and then break the plough, and often make a crooked furrow. It is foolish to turn off a tried friend because of a failing or two, for you may get rid of a one-eyed nag and buy a blind one. Being all of us full of faults, we ought to keep two bears, and learn to bear and forbear with one another; since we all

live in glass houses, we should none of us throw stones. Everybody laughs when the saucepan says to the kettle, "How black you are." Other men's imperfections show us our imperfections, for one sheep is much like another; and if there's an apple in my neighbour's eye, there is no doubt one in mine. We ought to use our neighbours as looking glasses to see our own faults in, and mend in ourselves what we see in them.

I have no patience with those who poke their noses into every man's house to smell out his faults, and put on magnifying glasses to discover their neighbours' flaws; such folks had better look at home, they might see the devil where they little expected. What we wish to see we shall see or think we see. Faults are always thick where love is thin. A white cow is all black if your eye chooses to make it so. If we sniff long enough at rose water, we shall find out that it has a bad smell. It would be a far more pleasant business, at least for other people, if fault hunters would turn their dogs to hunt out the good points in other folks, the game would pay better, and nobody would stand with a pitchfork to keep the huntsman off his farm. As for our own faults, it would take a large slate to hold the account of them, but, thank God, we know where to take them, and how to get the better of them. With all our faults God loves us still if we are trusting in his Son, therefore let us not be downhearted, but hope to live and learn, and do some good service before we die. Though the cart creaks it will get home with its load, and the old horse, broken kneed as he is, will do a sight of work yet. There's no use in lying down and doing nothing, because we cannot do everything as we should like. Faults or no faults, ploughing must be done, and imperfect people must do it too, or there will be no harvest next year; bad ploughman as John may be, the angels won't do his work for him, and so he is off to do it himself. Go along, Violet! Gee woa! Depper!

THINGS NOT WORTH TRYING.

That is a wise old saying, "Spend not all you have; believe not all you hear; tell not all you know, and do not all you can." There is so much work to be done that needs our hands, that it is a pity to waste a grain of our strength. When the game is not worth the candle, drop it at once. It is wasting time to look for milk in a gate-post, or blood in a turnip, or sense in a fool. Never ask a covetous man for money till you have boiled a flint soft. Don't sue a debtor who has not a penny to bless himself with—you will only be throwing good money after bad, which is like losing your ferret without getting the rabbit. Never offer a looking-glass to a blind man: if a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him. It is of no use to hold a lantern to a mole, or to talk of heaven to a man who cares for nothing but his dirty money. There's a time for everything, and it is a silly thing to preach to drunken men, it is casting pearls before swine; get them sober, and then talk to them soberly; if you lecture them while they are drunk you act as if you were drunk yourself.

Do not put a cat on a coachbox, or men in places for which they

are not fitted. There's no making apples of plums: little minds will still be little even if you make them beadles or churchwardens. It's a pity to turn a monkey into a minister, or a maidservant into a mistress. Many preachers are good tailors spoiled, and capital shoemakers turned out of their proper calling. When God means a creature to fly, he gives it wings, and when he intends men to preach, he gives them abilities. It is a pity to push a man into the war if he cannot fight. Better discourage a man's climbing than help him to break his neck. Silk purses are not to be made out of sows' ears, and pigs will never play well on the flute, teach them as long as you like.

It is not wise to aim at impossibilities—it is a waste of powder to fire at the man in the moon. Making deal boards out of sawdust is a very sensible scheme compared with what some of my London friends have been aiming at, for they have been trying to get money by buying shares in companies: they might quite as soon catch the wind in a net, or carry water in a sieve. Bubbles are fine fun for boys, but bubble companies are edged tools that none should play with. If my friend has money which he can afford to lose, there is still no reason why he should hand it over to a set of knaves: if I wanted to get rid of my leg, I should not get a shark to snap it off for me. Give your money to fools sooner than let rogues wheedle you out of it.

It is never worth while to do unnecessary things. Never grease a fat sow, or praise a proud man. Don't make clothes for fishes, or coverings for altars. Don't paint lilies or garnish the gospel. Never bind up a man's head before it is broken, or comfort a conscience that makes no confession. Never hold up a candle to show the sun, or try to prove a thing which nobody doubts. I would advise no one to attempt a thing which will cost more than it is worth. You may sweeten a dunghill with lavender water, and a bad living man may keep up a good character by an outward show of religion, but it will turn out a losing business in the long run. If our nation were sensible, it would sweep out a good many expensive but useless people, who eat the malt which lies in the house that Jack built; they live on the national estate, but do it little service. To pay a man a pound for earning a penny is a good deal wiser than keeping bishops who meet together by the score and consult about the best way of doing nothing. If my master's old dog was as sleepy as the bishops are, he would get shot or drowned, for he wouldn't be worth the amount of the dog-tax. However, their time of reckoning is on the road as sure as Christmas is coming.

Long ago my experience taught me not to dispute with anybody about tastes and whims; one might as well argue about what you can see in the fire. It is of no use ploughing the air, or trying to convince a man against his will in matters of no consequence. It is useless to try to end a quarrel by getting angry over it; it is much the same as pouring oil on a fire to quench it, and blowing coals with the bellows to put them out. Some people like rows—I don't envy their choice; I'd rather walk ten miles to get out of a dispute than half-a-mile to get into one. I have often been told to be bold, and take the bull by the horns, but, as I rather think that the amusement is more pleasant than profitable, I shall leave it to those who are so cracked already that an ugly poke with a horn would not damage their skulls. Solomon says,

"Leave off strife before it be meddled with," which is much the same as if he had said, "Leave off before you begin." When you see a mad dog, don't argue with him unless you are sure of your logic; better get out of his way, and if anybody calls you a coward, you need not call him a fool—everybody knows that. Meddling in quarrels never answers; let hornets' nests alone, and don't pull down old houses over your own head. Meddlers are sure to hurt their own characters: if you scrub other people's pigs, you will soon need scrubbing yourself. It is the height of folly to interfere between a man and his wife, for they will be sure to leave off fighting each other and turn their whole strength upon you—and serve you right too; if you will put your spoon into other people's broth, and it scalds you, who is to blame but yourself?

One thing more, don't attempt to make a strong-headed woman give way, but remember—

> "If she will, she will, you may depend on't:
> If she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

The other day I cut out of a newspaper a scrap from America, which shall be my tail-piece:—"Dip the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; send up fishing-hooks with balloons and fish for stars; get astride a gossamer and chase a comet; when a rain storm is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a flea with a brickbat! in short, prove everything hitherto considered impossible to be possible—but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't."

The Attractive Statue.

YES, the people gathered in crowds around the statue, and looked at it again and again. It was not the finest work of art in the city, nor the most intrinsically attractive. Why, then, did the citizens of Verona stand in such clusters around the effigy of Dante on that summer's evening? Do you guess the reason? It was a fête in honour of the poet? No, you are mistaken: it was but an ordinary evening, and there was nothing peculiar in the date or the events of the day. You shall not be kept in suspense, the reason was very simple, *the statue was new*, it had, in fact, only been unveiled the day before. Every one passes Dante now, having other things to think of; the citizens are well used to his solemn visage, and scarcely care that he stands among them. Is not this the way of men? I am sure it is their way with us ministers. New brooms sweep clean. What crowds follow a new man! how they tread upon one another to hear him, not because he is so very wise or eloquent, much less because he is eminently holy, but he is a new man, and curiosity must gratify itself! In a few short months, the idol of the hour is stale, flat, and unprofitable; he is a mediocrity; there are scores as good as he; indeed, another new man, at the end of the town, is far better. Away go the wonder-hunters! Folly brought them, folly removes them: babies must have new toys.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

The Curate and the Cottager.

IT is a charming part of England where the interview between the curate and the cottager took place, and yet from its seclusion, it is only visited by a few, those few coming in the season of grouse shooting. It is in the extreme North-west Riding of Yorkshire, about eighteen miles due east from Windermere, surrounded by hills from one to two thousand feet high, and watered by three or four trout streams, the largest being the Lune, into which the others run and are borne along the Lune Valley to the Irish sea, which is entered a little below Lancaster. These streams are fed by the rain from the hills of as many different valleys, and they unite to form a very undulating landscape about a mile in width at its commencement, gradually widening, by about four or five in length, bounded on all sides by lofty hills. Into this basin come the Gars and the Dee, and after winding awhile among the undulations, they are received into the Rathay a little before it is spanned by an iron bridge of the Lune Valley Railway. In wet weather, these rivers are rapidly filled, and run like racehorses, but as quickly subside in dry weather. These three all run from east to west from ten to fifteen miles; but the Lune bears them to the sea from north to south. At the foot of one of the hills, called Winder, some fifteen hundred feet high, on the south side of this open space, stands the small town of Sedbergh, and at the foot of a hill on the opposite side may be seen a row of cottages, from one of which our cottager went to heaven.

These valleys are inhabited by small farmers, who keep from six to a dozen cows, the produce of which, and a few sheep on the fells, suffice both for their support and the rent of their landlord; and as very little of the land is ploughed, the family is generally sufficient, except in hay-time, to do what work is required on the farm. This will show how thinly populated the district is, and in what out-of-the-way places some of these farmers live. It is a pretty sight to climb one of the hills and look over the undulating surface and up these valleys, and see dotted in every kind of position the whitewashed farmhouses, generally protected by a few trees: some of the farmsteads are in the bottom of the valley, and their stock drink from the river; some are high up on the hill-side, but near a rivulet that feeds the stream below; others are picturesquely placed, one at the opening of a narrow glen, another on a hillock, and others embosomed among the hills, and only peeping out upon the landscape.

The religious teaching provided by the state for this district, is such as generally prevailed in the established church a hundred years ago, and which would puzzle us to group with any of the many parties now in the church of England. It has no zeal, and would not do for Ritualism; it would scarcely know enough of Maurice or Kingsley for the men of the broad gauge; it would not be mathematical enough for the party led by the ciphering bishop of Natal; nor clever enough to be owned by the chameleon of Oxford; and I fear would be *too low* for recognition by the evangelicals. I shall perhaps sufficiently describe it in saying, that it is to the state church of the early part of the last century what a surviving dodo would be to its race, or any other lingering species to the countless swarms long since passed away.

It has given me, therefore, real pleasure to be able, through the liberality of a worshipper at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to send amongst the population of these secluded valleys hundreds of the sermons preached in that place of worship. Six of them are sent to me every week, many of them given and lent by myself, and where I do not go, I send them through a pious but poor hawker, authorising him to sell them among the farmers at half-price, and keep the money for his trouble. In this way, on many a hill-side, in nook and glen, altogether out of the world's highway, has precious gospel teaching been introduced to scores of families remote alike from the gospel and from literature; and I know of some who have in consequence taken the sermons regularly.

Among those who delighted to read them was our cottager, a man some seventy years of age, a true Christian; and though only a poor peasant, with all

the sturdy independence of one who felt he was a man among men, be the men who they might; and while always respectable, would speak out his sentiments, let who would converse with him. His knowledge of the Bible was much above those in his station of life, and he was moreover shrewd and quick to observe what was not in harmony with its teaching. I often enjoyed "a crack" with him, as they here term a conversation, on some scriptural doctrine, or upon personal religion, and as often admired the wisdom and grace given him by God. What follows occurred, and was told me by himself, a few days before he died. It is an account of a visit made by the curate of the parish in which he lived, and who had once visited him while in his usual health, when the two had a warm controversy, from which time the old man had a low estimate of him as a guide in the things of God. Remembering, therefore, this former visit, the curate entered the lowly chamber not quite sure if he would be welcome, but being met by a smile from the old man, and received in silence by three women who were in the room, and stayed during the visit, he took a chair by the side of the bed, and began to speak thus:—

"How are you to-day?"

"I's nobbut waak, but my mind is strang."

"I have come to talk with you about religion and your soul."

"Ay; nowt but weel."

"I hope you feel well in your mind?"

"Ay, that I do, glory be to God; I feel he's pardoned a' my sins."

"No, no, no," repeated the curate, lifting up his hands in amazement or horror, "you must not say that, you must hope they are; you are quite under a mistake in saying that; I dare not say so."

"But I dar', glory be to God, I can sa it fra heart-felt experience."

"Well, I believe you have been a good liver, but you should not say that, you must only hope so."

"Ay, say ye sa? That's queer what y're sayin'. But why maun I hope, what maun I rest on for't?" This was a poser for the curate, who was so much puzzled with it that his best reply was—

"It may be compared to two steps: we stand on one, *and that is hope, and hoping* is the next step. Now, what can we do more?"

"Knock 'em baith awa', and then y'ell coom ta faith. They be twins; living faith and hope gang hand o' hand."

"Do you know of another man who can say what you do?"

"Anither! ay, a score m' appen, who can say t' varra saam."

"Well, you are quite above my profession; you talk of being forgiven, and of being certain about it; I can't say it, nor dare I; but you are quite under a mistake."

"Naa, I's under na mistak'; the blood of Christ cleanseth fra a' sin; fra a' sin!"

"You are wrong in being so confident, and in saying your sins are forgiven."

"But I will sa' it; I mean to stick tul it that my sins are a' forgi'en through my blessed Saviour. Whyar, what did David sa'? 'Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he's done for my soul.' 'And as far as t' east is fra the west, sa far hath he removed our transgressions from us.' 'And bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not a' his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.'"

"Yes; but there are no such cases now," said the curate; which so roused the old man that he exclaimed with great sharpness and warmth of feeling:

"Nin sic now! What, is God changed? Is our God a different God to David's? Will ye mak' God's word a lie, and him a liar? Are ye yan o' that mak'?"

"No, I am not; but you are under a delusion. I should be afraid to say what you say."

"But I's nin afraid. I gang up to the cross, and I lig my hand on't, and I sa', 'Through the blood of the Lord Jesus shed on the cross my sins are a' forgi'en.' And I bless God for the gift of Jesus Christ; and I bless God for the gift of the Holy Spirit, and for what he's done in me; and I sa' yance more, my sins are a' forgi'en, all! Hallelujah to Jesus! Glory be to God." And though

his left side was quite paralysed, he waived his right hand in sacred triumph, and either could not or would not restrain his sacred joy as he felt his salvation secure in Jesus, but kept on repeating, "Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Hallelujah to Jesus."

This outburst of holy fervour and sacred adoration was more than the curate could bear, and in the midst of it he caught up his hat and rushed down stairs and out of the cottage as fast as he could, neither saying farewell nor giving his blessing to the dying saint whom he saw no more. The women were greatly relieved by his absence, for their pent-up feelings of sympathy with their neighbour now found relief, while the ludicrous departure of the curate, and the bold and ready replies of our cottager to his ignorant assertions gave them the greatest satisfaction, and they said, "Thou's gi'en it him jist reet, George."

To which he replied, "He couldn't stan' glory be to God. Sic men are nin fit to visit sick folk; he'll lead sic as listen to his doctrine to the de'il. And there's plenty o' folk as ken na better, as he may persuade to gang on 'hoping' and never bring 'em to reet spot at all."

And as the "reet spot" in our cottager's theology is the Christ as revealed in the gospel, his joyous trust in Jesus was more than justified, since we doubt whether the faith of any believer ever rose to the height which is warranted by the oath-confirmed and blood-ratified promises of the New-Testament. Who could say, "God's word justifies no stronger faith than I possess? My consolation is equal to all that the promises afford"? The highest climber in Christian experience ever finds there are heights still higher, and says, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." So far, then, was my old friend from being wrong in his strong confidence in Jesus, that, full and blessed as it was, it was not even equal to the glorious truth on which he rested; that would both have borne and endorsed an intenser trust, a more rejoicing confidence, a louder shout of praise, a "Hallelujah to Jesus" that the worlds might hear.

Now, the hope of which the curate spoke was full of doubt and uncertainty, and to rise above this he deemed presumption and irreverence. Thousands are like him. They have no idea of the confidence of the old cottager, and would not hesitate to call it pride, or enthusiasm, or self-satisfaction. But how full of error such a notion is, will be seen directly you make the enquiry—What is presumption? For presumption is boldness without a warrant, or confidence without sufficient ground of reliance. But is he without a warrant who has God's declaration? Has not he sufficient ground of reliance who relies on the oath of Jehovah? Had Peter attempted to walk on the water without Jesus saying "Come," that would have been presumption; or had Israel ventured into the Red Sea without divine direction, that would have been presumption; but it was no presumption when God had assured them that they should walk through it on the dry ground. In short, we only then presume when we have no sufficient reason to trust. Had there been no promise to rest upon, then the most tremulous hope of pardon would have been the boldest presumption; but with these promises the most unwavering confidence of the penitent truster in Jesus has not in it even a tinge of presumption. If we doubt when anything is told us, it is either because we do not understand what we hear, or we question its truth. He, then, that finds fault with me for rejoicing in pardoned sin through Jesus Christ, should prove that saving truth is so ambiguously expressed that nothing positive can be derived from it, or that the gospel is not true. For to admit its simplicity and truthfulness, and then find fault with me for believing the good news, is to be convicted of the greatest absurdity. For confidence may rise to any height in proportion as her foundation is secure; let the promise be clearly expressed and of certain fulfilment, and he who relies thereon cannot be too confident, nor shall he ever be confounded. "Rejoice in the Lord," is the exhortation of Scripture. "I will trust and not be afraid," is the reply of the believer. If you ask the reason, he answers, "The word of our God shall stand for ever."

Sedbergh. THOMAS FAYERS.

Extreme Unction and the Church of England.

CARLYLE, the male Cassandra of the age, assures us that the straps which our ancestors invented to bind THE DEVIL, have one by one been cut, and that now hardly any limb of the great enemy has a tatter of rope or leather left upon it; in fact, he has become an emancipated gentleman, lithe of limb as in Adam and Eve's time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him tied any more. We are very much of Carlyle's opinion, at least, so far as ecclesiastical affairs are concerned, for it appears to us that the fiend has taken up his lodging in the Anglican establishment, with hoofs, horns, and tail complete, as of old; and yet, if we or others speak of things as they really are, all the sham charity and inert blockheadism, and pious cant of the nation are by-and-by offended, and cry, "Shocking, how fearfully uncharitable!" The dire fact that priestcraft grows bolder every hour, and gathers adherents daily, is undeniable; and a still more melancholy fact is quite as evident, namely, that the professors of evangelism within the establishment, evince more and more clearly their boundless capacity for dirt-eating, and their utter want of all capacity of every other sort. The Tractarian hunters have fairly chased the Evangelic hares out of their wits; they are bewildered, divided, powerless; and yet, if they would but dissever themselves from ecclesiastical connection with those whom they so much detest, their march to victory would be plain before them. If they would but come out of Babylon, they would not be partakers of her plagues: they ought to do so; they sin against God and the souls of men every hour they delay. It may help to nerve the timorous and arouse the indolent, if in a few pages, we give a specimen of Ritualism as it now is; we will present it with as little note and comment of our own as may be consistent, and it shall speak for itself. Two series of essays on questions of the day have been issued under the editorship of Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A.; most of them written by eminent Ritualists, and commanding the highest commendations of the "Union Review," and other high-church organs; a third series is now in course of issue, and may be had of Messrs. Longmans. We have read No. 7, upon "Unction of the Sick," and it is of this tract that we are about to give a *résumé*. The titles are our own:—

Unction of the Sick, its spiritual position.—"The personal union which we, the children of Jesus, contract with our Father, who is in heaven, by means of the 'sacramental system' of the church, may be broken. The sacrament of penance has been ordained to meet the contingency of our falling into mortal sin during the course of our lives on earth. Hence, our blessed Lord seats himself, in the person of his priests, on the tribunal of mercy.

"But, at the approach of our last moments, our union with Jesus Christ is exposed to danger more than ever. On the one side the terrors of death, the remembrance of past sins, and the fearful anticipation of the judgment of God, unite to shroud the soul in trouble, impatience, and discouragement—it may be, to drive it to despair. On the other side, the demons profit by these wretched dispositions, and aggravate the soul's peril. Knowing that he has but a few moments more during which he may fight, and lead captive and slay, the great enemy of mankind redoubles his efforts, and multiplies his artifices to attract or to frighten the parting soul into mortal sin, and so to separate it for ever from its Maker. Hence, another extension of the incarnation, in the sacraments of the church, is needful for the soul to meet this contingency also. . . . .

"There has existed in the church of God, from apostolic days, an usage of applying to the baptised, when grievously sick, and in danger of death, an anointing with oil, accompanied by prayers, in order to efface their sins past, and to strengthen them to endure the pains of sickness and the anguish of death. That this usage has so existed, and that it produces this effect, are the two main propositions which it is the end of our essay to establish and make plain."

The matter of the rite.—"As to its *matter*. Following the apostolic precept to which we have already so often referred, the church has always regarded *sanctified oil* as the matter of the sacrament. And by oil, oil of olives is meant, other liquors being called oil simply from their resemblance to it, from which they derive their name. . . . . But the matter of this sacrament is *sanctified* oil—sanctification being essential in order to its effect. . . . . St. Thomas observes, 'As in other anointings, the matter is consecrated by a bishop, so ought it to be also in this: in this, as in them, to make manifest that the sacerdotal power is derived from the episcopal. The efficacy of the sacraments descends from Christ, in whom it primarily resides, to his people in a due order. It descends to them by means, that is, through the mediation of his ministers who dispense his sacraments, and to his inferior ministers through the mediation of their rulers whom he has set over them, and who *sanctify the matter*. In all sacraments, therefore, which require sanctified matter, its first sanctification is effected by the bishop, although its use be in some of them committed to the priest, and this to show that the sacerdotal power is derived from the episcopal, according to the psalm:—It is like the precious ointment upon the Head, that is, Christ, that (first) ran down unto the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, that is, the episcopate, and went down to the skirts of his clothing, that is, the priesthood.'

"One of the most solemn, most magnificent, and most instructive of the ceremonies of the Latin church is the benediction of the holy oils, which takes place during the mass on Maundy Thursday, and may be traced up to the seventh century. The bishop officiating is seated before a table placed in the middle of the sanctuary. The deacons and subdeacons bring and place upon it vessels filled with the oils which are to be sanctified and blessed. There are the oils which are destined for the newborn infants, and there are those which are intended for the sick and dying; oils for anointing priests when they are vowed to God; and oils for anointing kings when they are consecrated and crowned. The bishop blesses them, praying that there may descend on them the Holy Spirit of God. He ought to be assisted by twelve priests, if possible all pastors, that is, having cure of souls, in order the better to represent the twelve apostles, and seven deacons, in order to recal the time when the college of sacred ministers was composed of twelve priests and seven deacons. After their consecration, the bishop and priests, in order, salute the holy oils, adoring thereby the Holy Ghost, the great Sanctifier of all God's creatures. Venerable in itself, this function is yet more venerable by reason of its high antiquity. It is mentioned in the sacramentary of S. Gregory the Great."

The effect of the rite.—"Its principal effect, and that for which it was primarily instituted, was to relieve the soul from the remains of sin.

"Every sacrament has been instituted with one principal end in view, that is, to produce one special effect, although it may produce, as consequences, other effects besides. The principal effect of a sacrament may be learned by observing what is symbolised in its administration; for the sacraments both signify what they effect, and effect what they signify. Thus, from their signification is to be ascertained their principal effect. Now, this sacrament is administered by way of medicine, as baptism is by way of washing, and as communion is by way of food. But medicine is intended for the removal of infirmity. And so, this spiritual medicine has been ordained and prescribed *principally* in order to heal the infirmity of sin. Hence, as baptism is a spiritual regeneration, and confirmation a spiritual strengthening, and communion a spiritual feeding, and penance a spiritual resuscitation from the spiritual sleep or death of sin, so is unction a spiritual curing of the wounds which sin has left in the soul. . . . The *principal* effect, then, of unction, is the removal of the relics of sin; its *consequential* effect, the remission of the guilt of any sin it may find in the soul.

The practice of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.—"At the first appearance of danger from sickness or accident, notice was forwarded to the parish priest.

It was his duty to obey the summons. No plea but that of inability could justify refusal or hesitation. The following is the order of proceeding marked out for him in the Anglo-Saxon pontificals:—Attended by his inferior clergy in the habits of their orders, he was to repair to the home of the sick man, to offer to him the aid of his ministry, to admonish him of the necessity of 'putting his house in order' before he was summoned to the tribunal of God. He then called upon him to give proof of his belief in Christ, by repeating the Apostles' Creed, and of his charity towards man, by declaring that he forgave all his enemies, as fully as he hoped to be forgiven. After these preliminaries, he received the confession of the penitent, suggested to him sentiments of repentance and resignation, and having exacted from him a second declaration that he would die in peace with all mankind, pronounced over him the prayer of reconciliation. The sacrament of 'Extreme Unction' followed. The eyelids of the dying man, his ears, nostrils, lips, neck, shoulders, breast, hands and feet, and the parts principally affected with pain, were successively anointed in the form of a cross; each separate unction was accompanied with an appropriate prayer and followed by a psalm; and the promise in the Epistle of S. James was read to him:—'That the prayer of faith should save the sick man, that the Lord should raise him up, and that, if he were in sins, they should be forgiven.' The whole of this religious ceremony closed with the administration of the Eucharist, under the name of the *Viaticum*, or 'Wayness,' the support of the soul on its *way* to another world. . . . When all these rites had been performed, the friends and relatives ranged themselves round the bed of the dying man, received from him small presents, as memorials of his affection, gave to him the kiss of peace, and bade him a last farewell. He was not, however, left even now without spiritual aid. In parishes the priest, or some of the clergy, in monasteries some of the monks repeatedly visited him, consoled him, prayed with him, cited or chanted the canonical hours in his presence, read to him the Passion of Christ from one of the Evangelists, and made it their care that he should again receive the holy housel when the moment of his departure was manifestly approaching. The moment he expired, the bell was tolled. Its solemn voice announced to the neighbourhood that a Christian brother was departed, and called on those who heard it to recommend his soul to the mercy of his Creator. All were expected to join, privately at least, in this charitable office; and in monasteries, even if it were the dead of night, the inmates hastened from their beds to the church, and sang a solemn dirge. . . . . .

'Such is an account of a religious death-bed in the early days of Christianity in this country, in the details of which the last anointing occupies an important and conspicuous place. The words that rise to one's lips on reading it, expressing the desire of one's heart, are those of Balaam, 'May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his.'"*

* Would it be possible to refrain from laughing at this new version of Balaam's very proper desire! To complete the picture, we ought to have had the funeral ceremonial, as a most desirable "last end." Something in the following style would be heavenly:—

"And see the portals opening wide,
From the abbey flows the living tide;
Forth from the doors
The torrent pours,
Acolytes, monks, and friars in scores,
This with his chasuble, that with his rosary,
This from his incense-pot turning his nose awry,
Holy father and holy mother,
Holy sister and holy brother,
Holy son and holy daughter,
Holy water and holy water;
Every one drest, like a guest, in his best,
In the smartest of clothes they're permitted to wear,
Serge, sackcloth, and shirts of the same sort of hair
As now we make use of to stuff an arm-chair,
Or weave into gloves at three shillings a pair,
And employ for shampooing in cases rheumatic—a
Special specific, I'm told, for sciatica.

Extreme Unction not wholly discontinued among Anglicans.—"While we admit with shame and sorrow, before our brethren of the Latin and Greek Communions, that the administration of this sacrament which is within their reach, cannot be *compelled* in our own; we yet maintain that its use has never been wholly discontinued in the church of England, and still less in another church—a church in visible and full communion with the See of Canterbury—the church of Scotland. We are informed that in that church the tradition of anointing has been continued in more than a single diocese, and that oil has been consecrated and used in unction within the last few years. The late Bishop Jolly of Moray, remembered for his saintly asceticism, and maintenance, according to the light of his day, of the Catholic faith as well as for his adherence to what he believed to be primitive and apostolic practice, was wont to anoint the sick. And he is said to be not without successors in the present day. It has been stated, on good authority, that 'there are two bishops, at least, in the Anglican Communion, who have consecrated oil for this purpose.' For this we are thankful; but we are by no means satisfied."

How to obtain the oil.—"We want to know how we may obtain the holy oil, and when, and where. True, a bishop of one diocese has no right to consecrate oil for the parish priests of another: but he has every right to do so for those of his own. And there is nothing to prevent a priest who has received consecrated oil from his bishop, giving a share of it to another priest or priests of his acquaintance in any diocese whatsoever. So that the oil has been blessed by a bishop, it does not matter by what bishop. Further, the consecration of oil for the sick, as has been stated, is not essentially confined to the episcopate. In the Eastern church seven priests assemble for the purpose. Therefore, if the English bishops resist all demands, there is an easy remedy at hand in the adoption of the rule which prevails amongst seventy millions of orthodox Christians."

How to restore the rite.—"But how is its restoration to be begun, and when, and where? When? At once. Where? Clearly in religious houses.

Distribution of the oil and spread of the rite.—"A large supply of oil consecrated by a bishop could certainly be obtained by one of the recognised houses. The Mother House and its various branches would form so many depôts where it might be obtained by parish priests, who were associates of the order, or any, in fact, who desired it.*

"Again, the confraternities, and associations, and third orders, connected with these religious houses, would cause the practice to spread with ever-increasing rapidity.

"Then a demand for its administration would arise among the members of

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Through groined arch, and by cloister'd stone,
With mosses and ivy long o'ergrown,
Slowly the throng come passing along,
With many a chant and holy song,
Adapted or holidays, high days and Sundays:
Dies iræ, and *de profundis*,
Miserere and *domine dirige nos*—
Such as I hear, to a very slow tune are all
Slowly chanted by monks at a funeral,
To secure the defunct's repose."

* The idea of holy oil shops is amusing. We think we see sisters of mercy serving out bottles of the marvellous unguents to their clerical customers at the usual 1s. 1½d., and gently reminding them that there is a great saving in taking the larger sizes. It is to be hoped in the interests of immortal souls, that no base imitations will be palmed upon the public, the bishop's signature in red letters upon a green ground (to imitate which is forgery), should be placed around every phial, which should be sold only at the episcopal depôt under the immediate superintendence of the sacred vestals.

our better instructed and more advanced congregations. The demand would, in the nature of things, produce the supply; and the supply, according to the ordinary law of action and re-action, would produce the demand.

"By-and-by, as the practice spread, and threatened to become general, it would attract the notice of the world. Through the newspapers the world would abuse it, and condemn it, and laugh at it. At the same time, this very process would advertise it, and bring the subject before men's minds. In the language of the newspapers themselves, it would be well 'ventilated.' And of course, as to the issue, there is only one event possible: it would be accepted and valued by all who accept and value the sacramental system which Jesus Christ instituted and revealed."

The Office to be used at the Unction of the Sick has been reprinted by Mr. Masters, and may be had at his publishing house. As we are not anxious that any of our readers should waste their money on such precious rubbish, it will content them to know that with sundry psalms, and collects, and antiphons, the main business consists in touching the sick person with the holy oil in the sign of a cross on the different parts of his body. First he is anointed upon each eye, beginning with the right (mind that, or you spoil all!) while the priest says, "Through this anointing, and his most loving mercy, the Lord pardon thee whatever thou hast sinned by sight. Amen." Then the priest oils the man's ears, lips, nostrils, hands, and feet, uttering the same sentences with the alteration of the name of the member; and, finally, "then the priest rising, washes his hands with salt and water, in the vessel wherein the cottons for the oil were placed, which are to be burned, and buried in the cemetery.* Afterwards, the priest shall say the blessing over the sick person in this wise:—'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; let this anointing of oil be to thee for the purifying of soul and body, and for a bulwark and defence against the darts of unclean spirits. Amen.'"

What say our readers to this? Is not this fully developed popery? Have we ever been too severe against such treason to truth? *Could* any one be too severe in denouncing such wicked superstition? Will the Judge of all the earth hold those guiltless who, knowing better, yet support a church which allows its ministers to mislead the people? And the nation upon whose substance these traitors are sustained, is it to sit still and see its children deluded, and never raise a voice against the priestly miscreants? If ever there was a time for vehement protest and the casting aside of kid-gloved charities, and milk-and-water gentlenesses, it is now. Souls are being damned by thousands by the false teachers of the Anglican church, and in God's name let every honest man speak out, and speak often.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets.

OF treatises upon preachers and preaching, we have enough of the dry-as-dust order, but we still have need of a masterly work on Homiletics, interesting and yet solid. Claude's essay, with the extraordinary notes of Robinson, will never be worn out, but it is fragmentary; Bridges is holy, but heavy; Sturtevant is heavier still; Porter's lectures are the best we know of, but there is not enough of them; the Wykehamist's papers are capital, but brief; a volume is wanted combining the excellences of each, and making up for the deficiencies of all. Mr. Hood's remarkable production does not supply

* The burying of the ashes in consecrated ground *looks* rather childish, but may be a very weighty part of the business; beware, ye who smile, lest ye mock at holy things!

this desideratum, but meanwhile it helps to relieve the manifest want, and leads us to hope for great things should he fulfil his half promise to produce a more complete course of lectures. It was, indeed, a treat to listen to Mr. Hood when delivering the addresses of which this volume is mainly composed—the audience of young and ardent spirits appreciated him to the highest point, and he himself feeling at home to the fullest degree, poured out his wit and wisdom in perfect cataracts; personally, we felt after each lecture as if we had been whirled through the whole empire of literature by express train, and had in the course of a single hour enjoyed a glimpse at everything in the entire range of pulpit history. We should say Mr. Hood has read almost every book in the English language, good, bad, and indifferent, and we have caught him levying black mail upon the French authors, by poking about in the Parisian bookshops: he has a voracious appetite for rare bits of sarcasm, wit, and eloquence, and his own larder is stored with such dainties; he is an irresistible, story-teller, always ready with anecdotes pat to the point, and he possesses powers of mimicry seldom equalled, in addition to which, he takes such a manly, bold, unsqueamish view of Christian work, that he cannot fail to edify and instruct our rising ministry when he touches upon a theme like that in hand. The volume so quaintly entitled, "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets," is a wealthy treasury of wisdom, a museum of curiosities, a warehouse of anecdotes, and we may add a menagerie of oddities. Some of the most outrageous things ever said or done, or said to have been done, are here recorded, and recorded in language which we fear will make kid-gloved critics go into fits. This is no eau-de-Cologne or rose-water book, but a plain, homely, outspoken, dashaway talk of a bold man to men who can bear to hear, ay, and like to hear a man speak his mind without mincing his words. We do not agree with all that Mr. Hood says, but it does us good to hear him say it whether we like it or no. We do not claim any high degree of spirituality for these utterances—the deep things were not aimed at, the book deals with the human side of preaching, not the divine. Believing that it will aid in fetching some older brethren out of the old, deep-worn rut of routine ministry, and will go far to keep our younger brethren from letting their chariot wheels slip into it, we wish for this volume a very large circulation. Giving as it does a very complete outline of the history of preaching, it will guide the student into new fields of research. We confess that many of the facts concerning mediæval preaching were quite new to us, and we may also acknowledge our comparative ignorance of the modern French pulpit with which Mr. Hood seems to be well acquainted; and we suppose that to the mass of ministers much in the volume will be as new as it has been to us. The price of the book is half-a-sovereign, but *any young man who is aspiring to the ministry, and cannot afford so much as that, shall be helped by means of our College to half the price if he writes for the volume to Mr. Blackshaw, at the Tabernacle, enclosing a note from his pastor, or some other officer of a Christian church.* We subjoin a few out of the countless anecdotes with which this volume teems.

"Old Kruber was greatly averse to read sermons—for even in those days there were readers of sermons in the pulpit. Once a youthful congregational minister read before him; Jacob had also to follow the young man in preaching, and it was expected he would give the young brother a thrust for the use of his notes. He finished, however, without saying a word that looked towards the manuscript; but, in his concluding prayer, he uttered these strange petitions:—'Lord, bless the man who has read to us to-day; let his heart be as soft as his head, and then he will do us some good.' 'How do you make your preachers?' was once said to one of these fine old preachers of the woods. 'Why, we old ones tell the young ones all we know, and they try to tell the people all they can, and they keep on trying *till* they can—that's our college.' One was asked, 'Do you belong to the standing order?' 'No,' he said, 'I belong to the kneeling order.'"

"You have heard many sermons preached upon the publican and pharisee; but did you ever hear that preached in St. Giles-in-the-Fields? 'It was said,' said the able and eloquent preacher, 'that any of our fellow creatures should so fall, as to stand in need of such a degrading confession as the publican's; but he besought his hearers to be upon their guard, lest by drawing too favourable a contrast between such outcasts and themselves, they incurred the censure pronounced on that otherwise most amiable character, the pharisee.' And James Haldane mentions, in one of his missionary tours in Scotland, that he heard a minister solemnly warn his people, and he was a minister of the Scotch Establishment, against putting any trust, while they continued sinners, in the blood of Christ. 'Repent,' said he, 'become righteous, atone for your sins by probity, and virtue, and then if you please, you may look to that blood, but not before.'"

"It may be sixty years since there frequently came to Bristol a well-known Calvinistic Methodist preacher of that day—in a day when flattering titles were not very lavishly distributed—called Sammy Breeze by the multitudes who delighted in his ministry. He came periodically from the mountains of Cardiganshire, and spoke with tolerable efficiency in English. Our friend was in the chapel when, as was not unusual, two ministers, Sammy Breeze and another, were to preach. The other took the first place—a young man with some tints of academical training, and some of the livid lights of a then only incipient Rationalism on his mind. He took for his text, 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;' but he condoned the heavy condemnation, and, in an affected manner, shaded off the darkness of the doom of unbelief, very much in the style of another preacher, who told his hearers that he 'feared lest they should be doomed to a place which good manners forbade him from mentioning.' The young man also grew sentimental, *and begged pardon* of an audience, rather more polite than usual, for the sad statement made in the text. 'But, indeed,' said he, 'he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not—indeed, I regret to say, I beg your pardon for uttering the terrible truth—but indeed he shall be sentenced to a place which here I dare not mention.' Then rose Sammy Breeze. He began, 'I shall take the same text to-night which you have just heard; our young friend has been fery foine to-night, he has told you some very polite things. I am not fery foine, and I am not polite, but I will preach a little bit of gospel to you, which is this—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*' He continued, 'I do look round on this chapel; and I do see people all fery learned and intellectual. You do read books, and you do study studies; and fery likely you do think that you can mend God's Book, and are fery sure that you can mend me. You have great—what you call thoughts—and poetries. But I will tell you one little word, and you must not try to mend that, but if you do it will be all the same. It is this, look you—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.* And then I do look round your chapel, and I do see your fine people, well-dressed people, well-to-do people. You are not only pious, but you have ferry fine hymn-books and cushions, and some red curtains, for I do see you are ferry rich, and you have got your moneys, and are getting very proud. But I will tell you it does not matter at all, and I do not mind it at all—not one little bit—for I must tell you the truth, and the truth is—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*' 'And now,' continued the preacher, 'you will say to me, 'What do you mean by talking to us in this way? who are you, Sir?' And now I will tell you, I am Pilly Preeze. I have come from the mountains of Cardiganshire on my Master's business, and his message I must deliver. If you will never hear me again, I shall not matter much; but while you shall hear me, you shall hear me, and this is his word to me, and in me to you--'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be

tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*" But the scene in the pulpit was a trifle to the scene in the vestry. There the deacons were in a state of great anger with the blunt teacher; and one, the relative—we believe the ancestor—of a well-known religious man in Bristol, exclaimed. 'Mr. Breeze, you have strangely forgotten yourself to-night, Sir. We did not expect that you would have behaved in this way. We have always been very glad to see you in our pulpit; but your sermon to-night, Sir, has been most insolent, shameful.' He wound up a pretty smart condemnation by saying, 'In short, I don't understand you.' 'Ho! ho! What! you say you don't understand me? *Eh!* look you then, I will tell you I *do* understand you. Up in our mountains, we have one man there we do call him *exciseman.* He comes along to our shops and stores, and says, 'What have you here? anything contraband here?' And if it is all right, the good man says, 'Step in, Mr. Exciseman; come in, look you.' He is all fair, and open, and above board. But if he has anything secreted there, he does draw back surprised, and he makes a fine face, and says, 'Sir, I don't understand you.' Now you do tell me you don't understand me; but I do understand you, gentlemen: I do, and I do fear you have something contraband here; and now I will say good-night to you; but I must tell you one little word, that is—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*"

Stockwell Orphanage.

BEING called, in the order of divine providence, to found and preside over an institution for the relief of poor fatherless children, we are anxions with all our co-trustees to be faithful and good stewards, using all means within our power to carry out the enterprise successfully. Trusting alone in the living God, we put forth all our efforts in reliance upon his name, and we have already before us conclusive evidence that our Lord accepts our service, and intends still further to bless our endeavours. In March, 1867, the deed of incorporation, transferring the original gift of £20,000 in railway debentures, bonds, etc., to trustees, was signed and executed. Soon after, by the Lord's good hand upon the hearts of his people, money began to flow in, so that when the first stones of three houses were laid in September (the three on the left of the engraving), we were able to say that the freehold ground was our own, the cost of £3,000 having been paid, and, moreover, we had the happiness to announce that the three houses had each been given by generous donors. One house commemorates the twenty-fifth year of the married life of two friends who are always bountiful to us in all our works, upon whom we pray that a rich benediction may abide; another is the offering of a brother beloved in the Lord, whose name is, at his own desire, to be left unknown; and the third is the noble gift of Mr. Higgs and his workmen. A fourth house (next in plan) was on the day of the stone-laying, given by the Messrs. Olney, to bear the beloved name of "Unity," and the four are now advancing towards completion, so that in about April next we shall hope to house about sixty boys. About three weeks ago, the noble sum of £1,000 was brought to us by an unknown gentleman towards the erection of two other houses; and we understand that by a resolution of the Baptist Union, the Baptist churches are endeavouring to raise a sum sufficient for two more. This fills our heart with grateful gladness, for thus the whole block represented in the engraving can be erected; only as two of the houses are to be larger than the others (see plan), they may require £700 each instead of £500. We will hope that the contribution of the churches will be as near £1,400 as possible, and, if it falls short, we must make it up by extra gifts. At the contemplation of all this success, we are lost in adoring wonder, and can only say, "What hath God wrought?" He has done for us exceeding abundantly above what we asked or even thought.

When the whole eight houses are completed, we shall be able to lodge about 150 children; but we cannot venture upon this unless we have at the same time

provided a proper school room, dining hall, master's house, lodge gate, and other needful accommodation. All the work may therefore be brought to a standstill in a few months for want of the needful school buildings; but, no, this can never be—He who has led us onward will not leave us for a moment, but will be ever near at hand. We must, however, do all we possibly can, for to trust in providence and to use no means, in our case would be presumption, and therefore we have prepared collecting cards for our friends, to be returned on March 25, and we also beg for assistance towards a bazaar, to be held upon the Orphanage ground in June next; not a bazaar with objectionable frivolities and gamblings, but a solid sale of goods, against which none but mere carpers can bring a complaint. Will not our lady friends come forward to the rescue? We aught to raise between this and next June some £4,000 at least, and then building operations may be suspended until the Sunday School House and the Students' House shall have all the funds ready for their erection. Be it remembered that 150 children will require about £3,000 a year to keep them, and educate them, so that it will be well to get the building business done with, that we may put forth our strength in providing for the little ones. God will surely give a willing mind to his people, for he is the father of the fatherless; and he will assuredly help, seeing that we have no object in view but his glory, and the good of immortal souls. Some 200 children have already applied for entrance, and in April we can only take fifty, so that there is no present use in friends making further applications. Many of the cases which we must refuse are quite heartrending in their deep distress, but as it is impossible to accept all, we have selected those whose needs appeared to be even greater. We mean to invite, next month, gifts towards *furnishing* the first four houses, the expense of which will be a heavy draw upon our funds, but might be done easily by many hands, especially if some friends in trade gave the articles themselves. We do not ask any more friends to give houses for the orphans to live in, as we have enough in prospect for the present; but if any one would give £500 for the master's house, or a smaller sum for the lodge gate, it would be a great assistance. He who has raised up so many helpers, will not suffer the enterprise to flag: of this we are most sure.

Collecting cards can be had by our friends on application to our Secretary, Mr. Chas. Blackshaw, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Seven Seasonable Questions for all Believers.

I. Cannot I do more for Jesus this year than I have done in the past? Have I no wasted time or rusting talents?

II. *What* shall I do? What form shall my extra effort take? I must not be long in selecting, for time speeds; but, without neglecting my old work, what new labour shall I enter upon *at once?*

III. Can I *give* more to the work of Jesus? Ought I not to practise weekly storing? Am I a faithful steward with my substance? Am I really returning to my Lord in proportion as he has given to me? How much shall I give *at once?*

IV. Ought I not, in the power of the Holy Spirit, to become more Christ-like this year? I am certainly older in years, should I not grow in grace in proportion? Shall I not seek more grace *at once?*

V. Shall not my prayers be more constant and fervent during this year? Might not my whole life be more forceful for good if I had more power in secret prayer? Shall I be content to go on as I have done in this matter?

VI. Must I not labour after nearer communion to Jesus? Why should I not walk in the light of his countenance? Why should I cleave so much to worldly things? Shall there not, by God's grace, be an improvement in this respect? Is there not grievous room for it?

VII. Can I not this very day aim personally at the conversion of at least one soul? Might I not go *at once* and talk with some unconverted relative or neighbour about his soul? O Lord, go with me! O Lord, use me in thy service!

Reviews.

Although there are great complaints in "the Row" that nothing is doing, we have been quite inundated with new books, and have only been able to notice a part of them. We are sorry not to give immediate attention to every volume, but both space and time forbid.

Ecclesiastical History of England from the opening of the Long Parliament to the death of Oliver Cromwell. In two volumes. By JOHN STOUGHTON. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THESE volumes are standard history, written with as much accuracy and impartiality as a fallible man can command. Seldom have we had so pleasurable and profitable an engagement as the careful reading of Mr. Stoughton's invaluable work; we promise ourselves still greater benefit when we study it again and again. The author appears to us to possess the needful qualifications of an historian in a very high degree; he is painstaking to a marvel in finding his materials, eminently judicious in estimating the worth of conflicting evidence, exceedingly perspicuous in his mode of narrating his discoveries, and, above all, he is evidently, and beyond all cavil, impartial, so clearly so that we should wonder if even the High Church history-forgers would dare to challenge his accuracy. He clearly does not write to serve a party, but to exhibit the truth; he holds that the advocates on one side of the question were not all perfectly good, and that those on the other were not all thoroughly bad. He honours nobility of mind in every place, and exposes its hateful opposite wherever he sees it: hence his work is an authority incomparably more weighty than the one-sided records which abound on either hand. The period Mr. Stoughton has illustrated is a very perplexing one, and presents fearful difficulties even to a party man, for however resolved an advocate may be to make out a case for his own side, and however unscrupulous may be his statements, there are certain ugly facts which balk his progress, and deface his theory; but to the writer who is only solicitous to tell the truth, the difficulty is indefinitely increased, since he dares not indulge in a convenient blindness, and must not hastily snatch at evidence which further research will overturn: the sieve and the crucible must be kept continually at work, and even then it is hard to separate the precious from the vile where malignant partisanship has tampered with almost every record. As a minister, with his time necessarily occupied, Mr. Stoughton was a bold man to attempt a task which might tax the industry of a man of constant leisure, and his success has proved him to be one of the most accomplished church historians of our age. The volumes are all the more valuable to our studious readers, because they adhere without deviation to the track of the church of Christ; they are pure *church* history, nothing has seduced the author into other paths; the period is full of romance of a secular and political kind, but ecclesiastical progress was the high road of the writer's journey, and he has kept the crown of the causeway throughout. Our space only allows of brief notices, or out of gratitude for instruction personally enjoyed we would have devoted several pages to a review. A few sentences may perhaps be quite as influential in promoting the sale as a lengthened article.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, are re-issuing their very valuable *Popular Educator*, which we most strongly press upon the attention of studious men of small pecuniary means. Ignorance becomes a sin when the means of knowledge are placed within such easy reach.

The Gospel in the Book of Joshua. S. W. Partridge & Co.

FRAGMENTARY but suggestive; a handpost to lines of thought which will abundantly reward intelligent pursuit. The book is most tastefully bound.

Sermons from the Studio. By MARIE SIBREE. With an Introduction by the Rev. T. W. AVELING. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

A MOST noticeable volume, by an authoress of very great, but we must add, undisciplined ability. Of the six sketches,

two appear to us to be of the first order of writing, indicating the rarest talent, but there are others which we could scarcely have patience to read. We are sorry to find the slightest fault, because the spirit and tone of the book are so admirable, and the good in it is exceedingly good, we might even add enchantingly beautiful; but we were lost amid the mazes of the first allegory, and "The Spirit of Song" appeared to us to be the quintessence of sentimentalism.

The Increase of Faith. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

HERE is a substantial theological treatise, an oasis amidst a desert of tales and novels. We shall be glad to see works of this order multiplied. As a sober, sound, and earnest consideration of the doctrine of the growth of faith, it is a valuable contribution to current theology. It might be used as a class-book upon the subject of the progress of faith, for it travels in due order over the whole ground. It is not a deep work by any means, neither does it sparkle with original thoughts or striking illustrations; instructed theologians will learn little or nothing from it, nevertheless, as a treatise upon a very important subject, it has excellencies of its own, which constrain us to urge all our younger brethren to read it with care; they may not endorse every statement, but they may go far before they will find a more complete digest of the subject dealt with.

Messrs. Johnstone & Hunter, Edinburgh, have issued four very pretty little books for the young folks, neatly bound and attractively written. *Sangreal* we like best of the four, for there is the most of true religion in it, and yet it is thoroughly lively; *Cocherill* is a rare magic and fairy tale, after the manner of the Germans, sure to be read to its last word by the brave boys. *Down Among the Waterweeds* will please all who have a taste for natural history and aquaria. *Jottings from the Diary of the Sun* is a rather sentimental account of what the sun might have seen on sundry days of the year; we put it the last of the four.

The Christian World Magazine greatly improves, and like *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, is a first-class periodical in its own order, but we never could tolerate religious novels, and we think we never shall. We wish the readers of this age lived upon more solid meat. *The Christian World* paper continues to be unrivalled as a penny paper, both in talent and circulation.

We beg to be excused reviewing the two volumes of novels published by Mr. Clark, for reasons already given.

The Lord's Supper. By R. H. CARSON TUBBERMORE. Alex. Mayne, Belfast.

THIS pamphlet, which has been sent to us for brief notice, consists of the circular letter of the Association of Baptist Churches in Ireland for 1866. It gives a clear statement of the one design of the Lord's Supper as a memorial of the fact and design of Christ's death, and defends it from all the mystic and superstitious notions from which not Luther merely, but Calvin himself was not free. The benefits to be derived from this ordinance are distinctly specified. When, however, we are informed that in comparison with it "even preaching, the modern centre of our religious services, is represented as but a secondary thing," we demur; nor do we think that the references to breaking of bread in the New Testament, supposing it always to refer to the Lord's Supper, are decisive upon the point. Apart from the elevation of the instructive symbol, a little above the word from which its whole authority and meaning are derived, we heartily commend this pamphlet as calculated to strengthen our faith and inflame our devotion in the observance of this most evangelical institution.

Drops from the Brook by the Way. A text and prayer for every day in the year. The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

THE prayers are choice ejaculations from the most eminent divines, such as Bishop Hall, John Knox, Leighton, Jeremy Taylor, Alleyne, Rutherford, &c. How so many have been got together quite amazes us. The amount of labour involved in so admirable a selection can hardly be estimated except by those who have attempted similar work. It is easy enough to make extracts at random and append them to passages of Scripture, but to arrange such beautiful devotional expressions in connection with thoroughly appropriate

verses, is a literary feat. We hope nobody will be foolish enough to use the brief devotions as forms of prayer: with this caution we give the book our warmest praise. It is exceedingly cheap. Eighteenpence will purchase it.

Lost or Saved; a Question for the New Year. By T. W. Medhurst. Glasgow: A. L. Allen, 75, Sauchiehall Street. One halfpenny each, or three shillings and six pence per hundred.

A thoroughly arousing appeal; worthy of widest distribution. Mr. Medhurst has just published by the same publisher a Series of Hand-bill Tracts, price two shillings and ten pence per thousand. Six kinds. This Series of Tracts are printed with a blank space left at the top, where the time and place of a meeting can be inserted. The object of the Tracts is to bring the gospel before the people, and advertise the meeting at the same time. When 2000 are taken, the time and place of the meeting is printed free.

The True Sanctuary, its Priesthood, and Ministries. By W. Hugill, author of "The Tabernacle, its literal uses and spiritual application." Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

We confess our inability to get through this book, though we started with the hope that a rich mine of wealth was before us. After desperate attempts we cannot do more than keep awake over it. There is, of course, upon such a subject much precious truth, but the verbosity which surrounds it is wearisome to the flesh. Any ordinary commentary upon the types would give as much information in a page as can be found in the whole 270 pages of this treatise.

Standard Essays on State Churches. Published by Liberation Society, 2, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street.

These essays are a most admirable selection of masterly deliverances, by some of our most able men. We wish this book (which is an old friend) a large circulation. Any one who is anxious to find the chief arguments on this question well and fairly expounded, cannot do better than give this work a careful perusal. We want all our friends to be well armed for the coming struggle against a dominant hierarchy, and should be glad to welcome many more works which will expose the evils of so utterly corrupt a state church as the present Church of England.

The Present Crisis of the Church of God. By E. Cornwall. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

Five judicious pastoral addresses, pointing out the church's present need of a general awakening, and urging all Christians to aspire after a higher standard of spiritual life and activity. Our very useful and honoured friend Mr. Cornwall has as ardent a spirit as in his younger days, and longs to see all his brethren in downright earnest in delivering souls from death. His book should be read by all our ministers, evangelists, and missionaries.

Biblical Expositions, Lectures, Sketches of Sermons, etc. By the late Henry Craik. London: Morgan & Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

Fragments gathered up that nothing might be lost. We heartily commend this collection from the remains of an eminent scholar and devout believer. The discourse on Baptismal Regeneration is after our own heart, and is worth more than the price of the book.

The Secret of the Lord. By Anna Shipton, author of "The Brook in the Way," etc. Morgan & Chase, Ludgate Hill.

Our esteemed friend is quite a prophetess in Israel, and whether she writes prose or poetry, is equally powerful with her pen. There is a sweet fragrance of Christ Jesus about all her words which the truly spiritual at once discern and prize, but at the same time we have serious doubts as to whether many matters recorded in this little book would not have been better kept as secrets of the Lord, than published for all to read. Those who know the marvels of the higher life will be benefited, but to an ungodly world, or even to common readers, much here written will be as pearls cast before swine.

The Divine Glory of Christ. By Chas. J. Brown, D.D., Edinburgh. F. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row.

In this small but precious work, Dr. Brown has gathered many indirect or

incidental proofs of the divinity of our Lord, and has enlarged upon them with holy unction, much to our personal edification. As "apples of gold in baskets of silver" are the thoughts concerning the Wellbeloved which the author here presents to us.

Remoter Stars of the Church Sky; being a gallery of uncelebrated divines. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

WE do not know what secret sins have been committed by the uncelebrated divines, that they should be delivered over to so severe a censure as the praise of Mr. Gilfillan; we can only hope that they do not deserve their fate, and may therefore be able to sustain it with resignation. If the author would select a topic which he understood, his abilities might be usefully employed, but his criticisms upon religious subjects go for nothing. There is a sort of Beau Brummelism in literature affected by men of the superfine order, which sickens us when we see its possessors assuming to pronounce sentence upon the eternal verities and sublime simplicities of God's word, or to judge the laborious servants of the church.

The Christian Indeed; or Words of Exhortation to Believers for the year 1868. Price one penny. Partridge and Co.

MR. Timothy Harley, of Derby, has compiled this pretty little collection of New Year's thoughts, in prose and poetry. It is worth far more than the money charged for it; and it is adapted to do much good. It delights us to see those who were once our students, learning so well the use of the pen.

Notices.

ON Wednesday, November 27th, Mrs. Bartlett's class held their half-yearly meeting on behalf of the Pastor's College, and a very pleasant evening it proved to be. The Tabernacle School-room was filled at the tea by hundreds of warm-hearted sisters, who had many of them brought mothers or sisters with them, in the hope that they might receive a blessing. Here and there we saw representatives of the rougher sex, and we understand that some of these are tolerated as occasional worshippers with the class, because, while sitting in the outskirts as somewhat intrusive observers, the word from Mrs. Bartlett had been applied with power to their souls. The students of the College waited at the tea with their usual cheerful zeal, most of the church-officers were present, the pastor was busy shaking hands and enquiring after each and all, and the tea-hour was one of evident hearty enjoyment. After tea, a meeting was held in the Lecture-hall—we may truly call it a happy and holy meeting. After most lively singing and earnest prayer, the pastor opened the meeting with lessons from the life of Mrs. Bartlett, and accounts of the Lord's work in the College, then seven or eight students in a most telling manner narrated what had been done by them in founding new churches. Mr. W. Olney followed in his usual warm-hearted style, and Mr. E. Bartlett presented the pastor, as President of the College, with £100 which the class had contributed and collected during the past few months, while at the same time they had carried on a mission of their own among the poor. Mr. Spurgeon returned most earnest thanks, presented Mrs. Bartlett with five beautifully bound volumes of his sermons, and some other presents from the class, and then asked her to address the meeting. The hour had grown late and many of the young people were obliged by the rules of business houses to return at a fixed hour, and were therefore compelled to leave in the most impressive part of her address, which was plainly telling upon the audience with great effect; Mrs. Bartlett therefore stopped her speaking with remarkable abruptness, and poured out her soul in one of the most vehement prayers we ever heard. This was closed just as suddenly by a remarkable cry of joyful faith, in which she exclaimed "Lord, *thou hast* heard us: souls are saved this night!" It was even so, for several have since declared themselves on the Lord's side, decided by that evening's warnings. This class is an example worthy of imitation.

Mr. Henry Gaze has issued a pamphlet, announcing a grand Oriental tour for February, 1868, under his own personal superintendence. The route, commencing at Paris, will include Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, and Greece. The time will be ten weeks; number of party, twenty gentlemen; and the price, to include everything in first-class style, £150. His pamphlet contains numerous testimonials to his character and ability from well-known ministers and gentlemen, and he has been

privately recommended to us by friends who have had experience of his skill. All communications are to be addressed to Mr. H. Gaze, Excursion Offices, Southampton.

On December 10th, the annual meeting of the College was held. There must have been more than 1,200 persons to tea, and yet the business was managed so that none were found murmuring. It is the liveliest scene a man ever passed through to see so many enjoying themselves, and to hear all their tongues going in cheerful chat, while the students as waiters are hurrying to and fro with incessant diligence: a bee-hive with its hum is nothing to it. That refreshing business being concluded, the meeting commenced in the Tabernacle with a full house. Mr. Lewis, of Westbourne Grove, offered prayer. The pastor, among other things, read the account of the year's results, from which it appears that thirty-two students have settled over churches during the year, and about forty are supplying with a view to settlement, or are endeavouring to raise new interests. Everything about the College is in a very healthy state. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, who will, no doubt, soon be elected as the junior pastor, was received with reiterated cheering, a welcome which must have been very refreshing to him, as it indicated the general affection and respect which is entertained towards him; he was followed by three of the students and by the pastor, who gave a short lecture on "Bunyan's Holy War," which was followed by dissolving views illustrating that work. The ladies of the congregation took tenshilling tickets, so that the tea might be all profit. The best thanks of their pastor, who owes them so much gratitude, are hereby presented to each one of his fair friends, together with his heartiest wishes that they may all enjoy a right happy New Year.

The first stone of a new chapel at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, was laid by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon this month. A gracious revival in this place has created the need for enlarged space.

Mr. McKinley, of our College, has commenced preaching at Sutton, in Surrey, and we shall be glad if friends in the neighbourhood will rally around the standard.

Mr. Hadler is also commencing hopefully in Sheerness: will all our adherents in that region aid him in founding a Baptist church according to scriptural faith and order?

Mr. H. Buck, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of Alfred Place chapel, Old Kent Road, on Tuesday, November 26th. Mr. W. Alderson, of East Street, read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. F. Thorogood, the senior deacon, read a statement of the history of the church, and of the circumstances that led to the choice of Mr. Buck for its pastor. Mr. Buck then gave an account of his conversion, his entrance upon the Christian ministry, his connection with the church at Alfred Place, and his doctrinal views. Mr. Sears, of Cottage Green, offered the dedication prayer. Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, addressed the pastor, and Mr. Davis, of Greenwich, the church and congregation. Messrs. Finch and Brown, of Bermondsey, also took part in the proceedings. The church here has greatly revived under Mr. Buck's ministrations, and £100 have been expended in improving the chapel.

Very pleasing accounts have reached us of the progress of the Baptist church in Bartholomew Street, Exeter. "The Lord," says Mr. Field, "is doing a good work amongst us, especially in the conversion of young men and women. Our Sunday-school is better than it has been for many years past. At our last church-meeting we received into fellowship twelve new converts, and proposed three others. There are many anxious enquirers. These are certainly great things for Exeter. I have laboured very anxiously here for three years, and am only now reaping the fruit. I do believe that God will bless us still more abundantly." We have also received an account of an annual tea-meeting recently held at this place. About 160 persons were present. Mr. Hewitt delivered an address on "The True Nature of Church Success;" Mr. J. Mann, on "Pastoral Piety and Devotedness;" Mr. J. Kings, of Torquay, on "Preparation for a Happy Death and a Glorious Immortality;" and Mr. J. Pine, on "A Word of Congratulation and Caution." In the course of the evening, one of the deacons, in the name of a bible-class, presented Mr. Field with a very handsome blotting case, envelope case, with other articles, and an address beautifully written and illuminated, on vellum. We are delighted to hear of such signs of prosperity from those who have taken very responsible positions, and have had to contend with many difficulties.

We have been glad to hear a good report of the early effects of the removal of Mr. Pearse from Frome to Coleraine. The congregations have increased greatly, and the school has been more than doubled during his brief pastorate; but best of all, there are real tokens that the word is not preached in vain.

Mr. John Bateman, of the Tabernacle College, has received a unanimous invitation to become co-pastor with Mr. John Huskin, at Niton, in the Isle of Wight.

In the month of May last, a few friends living in Enfield, who hold the doctrine of "*Believer's* Baptism," thinking that the time had come for the establishment of a Baptist cause in the place (two other Dissenting denominations being represented there), opened a large room for worship, the pulpit being supplied by students from the Metropolitan College. A church consisting of 12 members was formed on Whit Sunday, and the numbers have increased ever since. Many have cause to bless God for the opening of the room, having there been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. There is a great work going on: the Lord is blessing the labours of his servants. A building fund was established on Whit Monday, and subscriptions came in freely, which, together with notice having been received to quit the room, led the friends to erect an iron chapel without delay. With this view a contract was entered into with Mr. C. Kent, of 297, Euston Road, and the result is a beautiful chapel capable of comfortably seating 300 persons, which was opened on December 3rd, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, who preached two sermons (in the afternoon and evening) to large and attentive audiences. Good collections in aid of the building fund were made after each service. Tea was provided between the services in the Wesleyan school-room, which was kindly lent for the occasion; the Wesleyan friends having from the first manifested the liveliest sympathy with the cause. On Thursday, the 5th, Mr. J. B. Baynard, of Waltham, preached, and on the following Lord's-day, Mr. D. Russell, of Edmonton, preached in the morning, and Mr. R. Wallace, of Tottenham, in the evening, and on Thursday evening, the 12th, a lecture was kindly given on our "Street Bread Winners," by Mr. Edward Leach, who preached two sermons on the following Sabbath.

The first anniversary services in connection with the formation of a Christian church at Streatham were held on Sunday, November 10th. Sermons were delivered by Mr. J. Mitchel Cox, Penge, in the morning; and in the evening by Mr. Edward Lauderdale, of the College. On Monday, tea was provided, after which, a public meeting was held, Mr. Lauderdale being called upon to preside. Stirring addresses were given by Messrs. R. J. Mesquitta, Kensington; D. Asquith, Brixton; E. Evans, and W. J. Hall, students; and Messrs. T. Tebbutt, E. Knights, and J. Gilbert, of Streatham. From the excellent report read by Mr. Tebbutt (deacon of the church), the work is in a more flourishing condition than ever. During the twelve months' ministry of Mr. Lauderdale, the church has been formed, and since then more than doubled her number of members. They have also commenced preaching the gospel at Thornton Heath, where they hope to establish a small preaching station, which will be carried on by the young men. We are sorry to add, the hindrance to a greater success is the want of a more commodious house in which this earnest little church might find room to move. Brethren, pray for us.

Special services have just been held in the Calvinistic Baptist Chapel, Bourne, Lincolnshire, by Mr. McArthur, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The people of God worshipping in the above place, having offered much special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the meetings were commenced and carried on with undisputed success. The work extended over eight evenings, and upon more than one occasion the chapel was crowded. The mighty power of God's Spirit was sensibly felt in all these gatherings. Believers were greatly refreshed and encouraged, whilst poor lost sinners were broken down under a deep sense of their guilt, and became new creatures in Christ Jesus. With heartfelt gratitude to God, we are enabled to say that the young converts are adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour by a consistent walk and conversation.

The anniversary services at Olivet Baptist chapel, Octavius Street, Douglas Street, Deptford, were held on Sunday, November 3rd, when Mr. W. Anderson, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, preached two admirable sermons. On the following Wednesday, Mr. C. B. Sawday, with his usual earnestness, preached in the afternoon and evening. During the interval of the services a goodly number of friends assembled for tea. We are thankful to record the services were well sustained. The divine blessing is largely attending the preaching of the pastor, Mr. D. Honour, of the Pastor's College, and the friends earnestly solicit an interest in the prayers of all God's people, that a mighty shower of blessings may come upon them.

Our indefatigable friend, Dr. Sharp, of Cupar, has been doing the Orphanage good service by lecturing on its behalf in Cupar and elsewhere. Cannot others do likewise?

The Sabbath-school at the Metropolitan Tabernacle is collecting most diligently for the Sunday-school house at the Orphanage. As yet very few schools have responded to the appeal for help in erecting this house. We offer many thanks to those which have done so.

We have been requested to publish a list of subscribers to the Norfolk Tract Society,

but we cannot spare the space. We are greatly gratified to see that our brethren are doing what they can to evangelise the villages of Norfolk by the distribution of our sermons; it is a worthy design, and is carried out with most commendable zeal: we wish the society every success.

Two brethren, who are pawnbrokers, object to an expression in Mr. Leach's article upon Edinburgh, which is, perhaps, a little too sweeping; we know them to be brethren who bless the poor greatly, and are sorry that their feelings should be hurt in any way. While much of evil comes out of the pawnbroking system, there can be no doubt that strong drink is at the bottom of the mischief.

The munificent donation of £1,000 to the Orphanage, by an unknown friend, has overwhelmed us with gratitude to God. We thank the giver heartily, and we praise the Lord with all our soul and strength. Thanks are also due to many for the improved condition of our College funds.

Mr. Tredray, of our College, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church in Norland Chapel, Notting Hill.

Mr. Sheppard has left the College to labour in St. Helier's, Jersey. Will brethren in that region give him their generous aid.

The funds of our Colportage society are so far behindhand as to discourage us greatly. We shall take it as an indication to stop the work at the end of 1868, unless it is more assisted: this we shall greatly deplore, as much good is being done.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—Nov. 14, seventeen; 25, sixteen; 28, twenty-two: Dec. 18, fourteen.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 88.

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. 16th, to Dec. 16th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Leggat	1	0	0
A Reader of "The Baptist Messenger"	0	1	6
Mr. G. H. Mason	20	0	0
Miss J. Barclay	1	0	0
Duncan	0	3	0
Mr. R. Sturton	1	1	0
A little child, Bury St. Edmunds ...	0	3	0
M. A., Jersey	2	10	0
Mr. T. D. Marshall...	3	3	0
Mr. Conder	3	3	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. W. Townsend	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Master J. L. Pledge	0	2	6
The Elders' Bible Class	5	5	0
Mr. Kirkwood, Glasgow	5	0	0
Mr. A. A Cosford	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, per Mr. Perkins ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Abbott	0	5	0
Mr. W. Carter, sen....	2	2	0
Mrs. W. Gover	1	0	0
Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
Mr. Rathbone Taylor	5	0	0
S. D.	3	0	0
A.	0	5	0
Westbury	0	2	6
Collected at Gooschill, per Mr Aubrey...	1	0	0
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Bickmore	20	0	0
Quarterly Subscription of Mrs. Bickmore and Friends...	2	0	0
Miss Maria Wright	0	10	6
Crux	0	7	6
Mrs. Bartlett's Class:— Mesdames Ashcroft, 2s. 6d.; Britten, 9s.; Bydawell, 10s. 9d.; Bartlett, 1s. 9d.; Butt, 5s. 5d.; Bayley, 14s.; Chamberlain, 2s. 9d.; Cole, 8s.; Crawford, 11s. 6d.; Cook, 3s. 11d.; Charlton, 11s. 9d.; Collins, 19s. 6d.; Chilman,			
Mrs. Bartlett's Class:—continued 15s. 8d.; Crucefield, £1 6s. 9d.; Duce, 11d.; Davis, 5s. 8d.; Davis, 15s.; Dent, 9s. 11d.; Dray, £1 10s.; Errington, £1 1d.; Eustace, 10s. 1d.; Edmeads, £1 7s.; Edwards, £1 0d.; Fisher, 13s. 10d.; Gobey, 4s. 3d.; Gray, £3 3s. 9d.; Healey, £6 9s. 9d.; Husdon, £3 17s. 11d.; Ifill, £1 6d.; Humble, £2 6s. 7d; Hobb, 2s. 9d.; Hall, £3 17s. 11d.; Ivimey, £9 5s. 9d.; James, 8s. 10d; Johnson, 17s.; Jumpson, £1 3s. 8d; Kettle, 6s. 8d.; Marriott, 5s. 9d.; Mallett, 1s. 10d.; Munro, £4 9s. 6d.; Norman, £1 3s. 1d.; Palmer, £1 17s. 6d.; Potier, 14s.; Quinnell, £1 9s. 10d.; Raybould, £5 3s. 2d.; Robins, 12s. 6d.; Swaine, 5s. 9d.; Stanfield, £1 9s. 5d.; Skinner, 9s. 3d.; Smith, 4s. 5d.; Steet, 8s. 5d.; Smith, 1s. 10d.; Turner, £1 11s.; Watkins, 13s.; Wilson, £2 4s. 10d.; Wilton, 2s. 7d.; Waghorn, 15s. 1d.; Walton, 3s. 6d.; Walters, 15s. 2d.; Webb, £1 5s.: Walker, £1 6s. 6d.; Wildman, 5s.; Collection in Class, £9; Mrs. Bartle t's Box, £15 0d.	100	0	0
Mr. Frost, returned Box	0	3	0
Mrs. Vaughan	1	0	0
Mrs. Edgley, returned Box	0	17	11
Miss Lizzie Hunt	20	0	0
Mr. S. Chew	5	0	0
Mrs. Gosling	2	0	0
Mr. C. Alldis	1	1	0
Mr. A. Greer...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Frohock	0	2	6
Mrs. Mogridge, Torquay	0	5	0
Mr. T. Collis	1	0	0
H. H. T.	2	10	0
A Birthday Offering	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A Friend, Walthamstow	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Mr. W. Wright	2	0	0
Mr. W. A. Long	5	0	0
Per Editor, "Christian World"	2	15	0
Mrs. Hayward	1	1	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis...	2	2	0
Mr. Collins	0	3	0
Mrs. Sedgley, returned Box	0	10	7
Mr. W. T. Farmer	0	5	0
Mr. G. Shepherd	6	2	0
Mr. G. Giles	0	5	0
Miss Moren	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth	7	17	6
,, ,, ,, Southampton	3	0	0
Friends at Sutton-on-Trent, per Rev. H. Bardwell	1	6	0
Mr. G. Malins	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov. 17	31	2	2
,, ,, ,, ,, 24	28	7	8
,, ,, ,, ,, Dec. 1	41	11	10
,, ,, ,, ,, 8	27	0	11
,, ,, ,, ,, 16	20	3	11
	£423	5	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th, to December 16th, 1867.

	£	s.	d.
A Coast Guard	0	1	0
Miss Marchant, Exeter	0	10	0
An Orphan	0	2	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Tarporley	0	5	0
M. C., Birkenhead	0	10	0
Per Mr. Jas. Fraser	0	13	0
Mrs. Ann Lossin	0	2	6
A few Bricks from Ireland	10	0	0
Sale of a Gold Ring, per J. W.	1	10	0
Mr. R. Finlayson, Tain	1	1	0
A Sympathising Friend	20	0	0
An Unknown Friend	1000	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Young Friends from Wales	2	0	0
Mr. H. Camps	1	0	0
Mr. James Keevil...	2	0	0
A Wellwisher	0	1	6
A Thankoffering, per Mr. Perkins ...	5	0	0
Mr. Kirkwood, Glasgow...	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Wooster	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Wooster	0	10	0
Contributions of Friends, per Mr. Wooster	1	10	6
Y. Z.	0	3	6
Mr. E. Johnson's Choir	2	1	2
Mrs. Cave	0	5	0
Mr. J. A. Cave	0	1	0
E. S.	0	1	6
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Whittlesea	6	3	4
Friends at Auchencairn, per. Mrs. Gibson	0	6	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. Wilson	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	6
S. D.	2	0	0
Proceeds of Dr. Sharp's Lectures at Springfield and Cupar...	4	5	9
Widow Duff	0	10	0
Dr. Sharp's Diploma	1	0	0
A Friend to the Fatherless	5	5	0
Mrs. L. Smith, Maldon	1	1	0
Mr. Thos. Rowles	0	5	0
Friends at Vale House, Wantage, per Mr. Stroud	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Miss Evans, Bristol	1	0	0
Rev. C. Kirtland	0	10	0
First Fruits	5	0	0
Mrs. Dawson	0	19	0
J. C.	0	2	6
In College Box	0	1	0
Mrs. Vaughan	1	0	0
Grace and Headley	2	8	0
Mrs. Gosling	2	0	0
A Lonely One	0	0	6
Collected by Master J. R. Goldsmith, Thetford	0	10	0
Mr. A. Greer	0	10	0
H. H. T.	2	10	0
Mr. S. Martin, jun.	5	0	0
R. A.	20	0	0
Readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, by Mr. W. A. Long	2	2	0
A Thankoffering, Halifax	5	0	0
Little Georgie	0	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Nantyglo... ...	2	2	0
Mrs. James	0	5	0
A Wellwisher	0	0	6
Per Editor "The Christian World" ...	0	18	0
Mrs. Wm. Gover	1	0	0
J. C.	0	2	0
Mrs. Fry, Returned Box	0	7	3
Per Editor of "The Freeman" ...	0	5	0
Per Mr. T. R. Phillips:—			
Miss E. Kimber	2	0	0
Mr. Homer	1	1	0
Mr. Nudick	1	1	0
Mr. Seller	1	0	0
Mr. Cross	1	1	0
Mr. Shuttleworth	0	10	6
A Friend, Edinburgh	1	1	0
Mr. G. Gowland	1	1	0
Mrs. Gowland	1	1	0
Miss Annie Maria Gowland ...	1	1	0
Miss Mary Elizabeth Gowland ...	1	1	0
Master Charles A. K. Gowland ...	1	1	0
Miss Florence B. Gowland... ...	1	1	0
Collecting Card, 598, Mr. Bowen ...	0	15	0
Received on account of Students' House	49	10	9
Mrs. Rankine, Annual Subscription ...	5	0	0
	£1206	14	0

For Poor Fund.—Per Mr. Longbotham, £1 5s. 3d.; Mr. P. Krell, £10.

For Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School, and Mission to th Costermongers, Golden Lane, E.C.—M. C., £1; M. A., 2s.; Miss Burls, £5 10s. T. J. H., 10s.; Rachel Beck, £2; J. B. O., 5s.; "A Widow's Mite," 10s.; T. Barnes, Esq., £1 1s.; A Northamptonshire Shepherd, 1s.; O. H., 5s; Mary, 2s.; G. T. K., 2s. 6d.; E. W., 5s.; W. Coates, 5s.; "Pity," £2 2s., and a parcel; C. G., £2; F. W. G., 10s.; F. A. Bevan, Esq., £3; Mr. Pritchett, £1; "Sally," 1s.; Miss C., 5s.; John Sperling, Esq., £3; C. M., 2s.; M. H., 2s. 6d.; Miss Carter, £1; Mr. Paddav, 5s.; J. P. Bacon, Esq., £5; J. Alexander, £1; Rev. H. Rich, 10s.; E. Sally, Esq., £2; J. Joffreys, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Lapeworth, 7s. *For Sick Relief Fund.*—J. W. Cook, 4s. 2d.; Mrs. Anstie, £3.

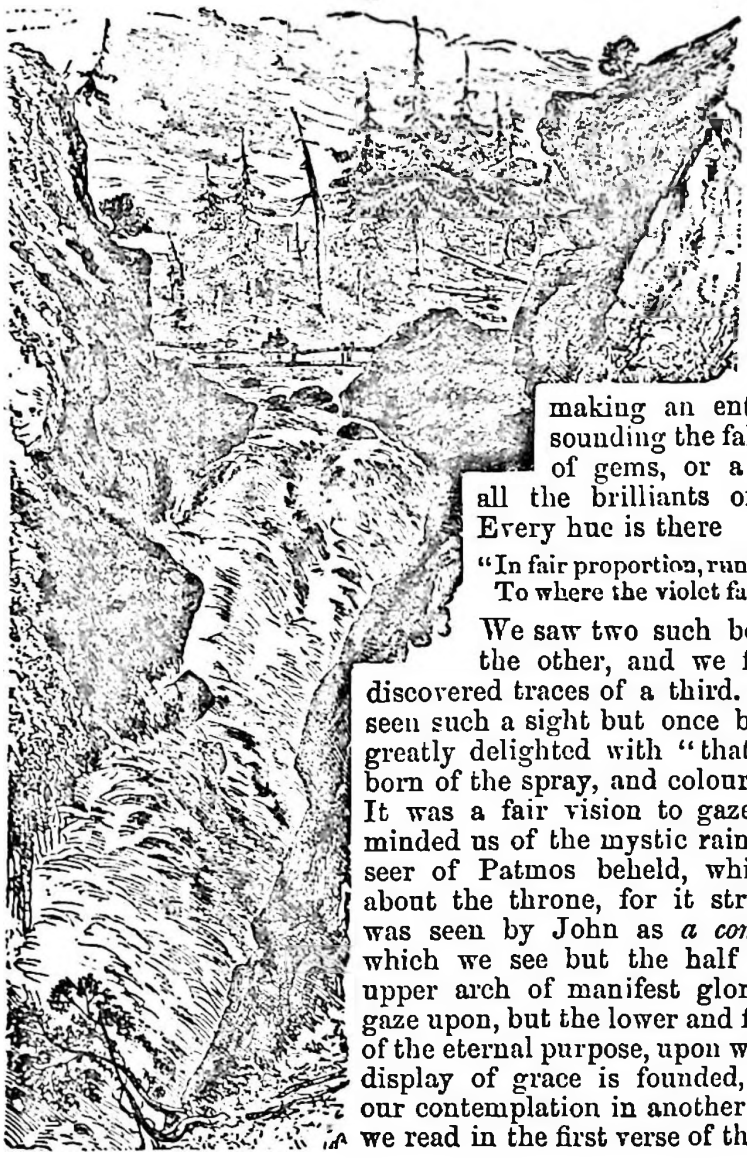
For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscription.—Mr. Banks, 6s. Donations.—N. P. Sharman Esq., Wellingboro', £10; An Invalid, 5s.; A Friend, 2s.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

Glory in Tribulation.



LOOKING from the little wooden bridge which passes over the brow of the beautiful waterfall of Handeck, on the Grimsel, one will be surprised to see a rainbow making an entire circle surrounding the fall, like a coronet of gems, or a ring set with all the brilliants of the jeweller. Every hue is there

"In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky."

We saw two such bows, one within the other, and we fancied that we discovered traces of a third. We had only seen such a sight but once before, and were greatly delighted with "that arch of light, born of the spray, and coloured by the sun." It was a fair vision to gaze upon, and reminded us of the mystic rainbow, which the seer of Patmos beheld, which was round about the throne, for it strikes us that it was seen by John as *a complete circle*, of which we see but the half on earth; the upper arch of manifest glory we rejoice to gaze upon, but the lower and foundation arch of the eternal purpose, upon which the visible display of grace is founded, is reserved for our contemplation in another world. When we read in the first verse of the tenth chapter

of Revelation, "I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head," it greatly assists the imagination to conceive of a many-coloured circlet, rather than a semicircle. We lingered long watching the flashing crystal, dashed and broken upon a hundred craggy rocks, and tossed into the air in sheets of foam, to fall in wreaths of spray; we should not have tired for hours if we could have tarried to admire the harmonious hues of that wheel within a wheel,

> "Of colours changing from the splendid rose,
> To the pale violet's dejected hue;"

but we were on a journey, and were summoned to advance. As we mounted our mule and rode silently down the pass, amid the pine forests and the over-hanging mountains, we compared the little stream to the church of God, which in peaceful times flows on like a village brook, quiet and obscure, blessed and blessing others, but yet little known or considered by the sons of men. Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are greater than all the waters of Israel, and the proud ones of earth despise that brook which flows "hard by the oracle of God," because her waters go softly and in solitary places; but when the church advances over the steeps of opposition, and is dashed adown the crags of persecution, then, in her hour of sorrow, her glory is revealed. Then she lifts up her voice, like the sea, and roars as a boiling torrent, quickening her pace till that mighty river, the river Kishon, sweeps not with such vehemence of power. Her sons and daughters are led to the slaughter, and her blood is cast abroad, like the foam of the waters, but onward she dashes with irresistible energy, fearing no leap of peril, and then it is that the eternal God glorifies her with the rainbow of his everlasting grace, makes the beauty of her holiness to shine forth, and, in the patience of the saints, reveals a heavenly radiance, which all men behold with astonishment. The golden age of true religion is the martyr period; war breeds heroes, and suffering unto blood in striving against sin draws forth men of whom the world is not worthy. So far from enduring loss by opposition, it is then that the cause of God receives its coronation. The rainbow of the divine presence in the fulness of majesty encircles the chosen people when tribulation, affliction, and distress break them, as the stream is broken by the precipitous rocks adown which it boldly casts itself that its current may advance in its predestined channel.

When, at any time, our forebodings foretell the coming of evil times for the church, let us remember that before the Spirit revealed to the beloved disciple the terrible beasts, the thundering trumpets, the falling stars, and the dreadful vials, he bade him mark with attention that the covenant rainbow was round about the throne. All is well, for God is true.—C. H. SPURGEON.

Common Sense and Faith;

OR,

REMARKS UPON G. MÜLLER'S REPORT.

BY. J. A. SPURGEON.

WE have read in our youth the marvellous stories with which childhood is supposed to be amused and instructed, and mysteries and wonders not a few have come under our notice since then, but beyond them all, in point of marvel, we place the sober record of facts contained in the yearly reports of George Müller, of Bristol. No wonders of romance can rival the plain unvarnished statement of God's dealings with his servant engaged in the Orphanage at Ashley Down. "Facts are stranger than fiction." If we had been told that in one year 1,150 orphans would be maintained in comfort, and be educated and fitted for lives of usefulness in society, at an expense of £13,500, all of which should be raised without any endowment, subscription list, or personal application for money, we should have said, "If the Lord were to open windows in heaven, might such a thing be?" But there is the fact in all its sublime significance. Our hearts are moved with adoring gratitude to the Giver of all good as we say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Let us turn aside and view this great sight, for surely it will repay a careful investigation.

As we have frequently found this beneficent work seriously misunderstood, and made to conduce to evil rather than good, our present brief paper is meant to be a practical lesson in prudence for hot-headed enthusiasts, whose rashness, unless stayed in time, may involve a noble principle in much obloquy.

Mr. Müller places in the fore-front of his service for the Lord the clear declaration that, as it is God's work, he expects the divine help whenever he needs it and asks for it. No reader of his reports can escape the clear conviction that *faith* in God and *prayer* to Him are the fundamental principles upon which the gigantic work is based. These are the two main pillars of the enterprise, but to rest satisfied with them as an answer to the question, What are the elements of success in this work of the Lord? would be to neglect some of the vital points in the case. It is well known that many persons engage in earnest prayer for what does not succeed, and that faith of a certain kind is exercised in connection with matters which signally fail. Many cases will suggest themselves to the minds of all, illustrative of this point; indeed they are so common that Mr. Müller feels bound to say, "I add here again my solemn caution that none should act in this way for the sake of imitating me; otherwise he will learn, to his bitter cost, what it is to do such things in the way of imitation." We distinctly remember a tradesman who endeavoured to apply this to his business. He was a well-to-do butcher, but all at once conceived that a life of faith and prayer would answer better than his old-fashioned way of plodding for a living. Our readers will anticipate the result. He was soon a bankrupt, and his children in the streets. Such cases are beacons warning us to combine the exercise of other graces with the principles of "faith and prayer" if we wish for success. Any one can see that in the case

we quote, nothing but a miracle could have prevented the ruin of that man's trade; there are certain principles at work in the world which lead inevitably to that end, and there is no promise on which to rely when pleading with God to suspend laws which he has himself ordained.

What is clear, however, in this tradesman's case, is considered doubtful when applied to the work of the Lord. We remember hearing a very excellent brother announce that he and his friends had spent all the preceding night in prayer to God that he would send them money to pay off their chapel debt of £1,500 by the end of that month. The good man came from the place of prayer to assert his full conviction that the money would come before that fixed period. We took the liberty of questioning it most decidedly, and of doubting the propriety of making the assertion. Was there any promise to that effect in the Bible? Was it necessary to God's glory? Did it not rather savour of dictation to God to fix the time and tie *him* down to the exact day *they* had selected? Who is Lord and Master if we are thus to insist on our times and seasons being rigidly adhered to by God? If the place were to be sold away from them, and no other way of worshipping God could be found, they might appeal to God to appear for them and grant relief, but to pray for the immediate extinction of a debt simply because it was a grievous burden, was, in our opinion, a pious blunder, rather than an act of faith. We believe that the midnight prayers were not lost, for a most remarkable blessing descended upon the ministry of our most esteemed friend; and, moreover, the chapel debt will be paid in due time, by dint of persevering labour, but it was unreasonable to look for its discharge as the result of prayer alone. It is well that God does not answer our requests by doing for us what we can do for ourselves, for if we were all to live by faith without labour, all human effort would be paralysed, since every Christian would have a right to follow the same rule; if all were to do so, it must resolve itself into a dead-lock, with everybody believing and nobody acting, or else the strange spectacle would be seen of *a lazy church living on the efforts of the ungodly world, and relying upon it for all support in the form of funds*—an absurd result, which no one could for one moment contemplate. No; we must go beyond the two first principles, and seek further light. We make one extract from Mr. Müller's annual report, which contains, to our mind, the additional essential principles to which the success of his whole work may, under the divine blessing, be attributed, namely, the exercise of sound discretion, unremitting diligence, and constant vigilance:—

"The signing of the contract for this fifth house having been, by agreement between the contractors and myself, made to stand over till Jan. 1, 1867, I might have signed the contract for No. 5, without having the whole amount of the money in hand, and said to myself, that the Lord would send me the means, before what I had in hand (£34,000) was actually expended on the buildings, which would be enough for about 18 months; but I adhered to the principle on which I had always acted in reference to this institution, namely, never to go in debt, even for the work of God. I had, on the contrary, always said this to myself, Just because it is the work of God, if indeed *I* am the person who has to do this work, and if *His own time* is come, I may expect to be supplied with means; but if for the time being, I have not the needed means, it is plain, that I am either not the person to do the work, or the Lord's time is not yet come.

On this ground I did *not* sign the contract for No. 5, but preferred, to the honour of the Lord, to wait yet further on Him in patient, believing, and expecting prayer, until He should be pleased to give me all I required, that thus I might honour Him in this particular. And now see, dear reader, how abundantly the Lord recompensed my quiet, patient waiting!"

Now, we can see here clearly the exercise of strong *common sense in keeping clear of liabilities. No debt* for the Lord even. How many of our institutions would be all the better if arrangements were made to avoid debt? I know that the answer is, it cannot be helped. We reply, it ought to be helped, and if we are not very much mistaken, there is a great fault somewhere whenever debt is incurred. To say the least, there is a great lack of financial ability and economy. Owe no man anything, means not only *pay your debts*, but *have no debts to pay*. To run into debt, and then talk of faith in God to get our liabilities removed, is to ask God to countenance our neglect of a very salutary law which he has himself enjoined upon us. Nothing is likely to hinder the progress of God's work so much as our undue haste. To go before we are sent, is as bad as going without being sent: in either case we must expect to go at our own charges. We are pained to find the work of God at Ashley Down used to countenance rash expenditure and burdensome debts in connection with our societies and churches; its weight is thrown quite into the other scale, and its example condemns debt most completely. Mr. Müller is an instance of prudent finance, not of reckless borrowing under the pretence of faith.

We would call attention to the further fact, that *common sense has been used in the gradual development of the whole enterprise.* 2,263 orphans have been received since April 11th, 1836; £259,089 have been given for their support, and nearly £96,000 for other objects. A truly noble sum total; but amidst it all, a firm hand has held the out-goings in check, and kept income and expenditure in proper limits. While difficulties have never daunted, success has never elated our brother, and led him on to any rash launching out, trusting, as it is called, to the course of events to make it all square at last. This has ensured for our friend public confidence, and has contributed towards his pecuniary prosperity.

Sanctified shrewdness and tact are to be seen in every item of building, internal government, and public management. The visitor, passing through the houses in which so large a number of orphans are housed, will be struck with the neatness, order, symmetry and regularity, in fact, with the almost perfect arrangement of everything. The administrative faculty dwells so largely in the head of the institution, that he could have managed the commissariat of an army, or ruled an empire, had he been called to it. God has not chosen a fool in this case to do a work which needs profound wisdom, but he has qualified the man of his choice pre-eminently and beyond all others for the post assigned him. No other institution is carried on so cheaply; the cost of each orphan is so small that, in the Stockwell Orphanage, owing to our smaller number, we cannot hope to come anything near it. In printing forms of application, etc., for our own Orphanage, we collected specimens from five or six orphanages, but none were equal to Mr. Müller's for cheapness, brevity, and completeness. He has more practical sagacity

in his little finger than a dozen committees could muster between them. If all the bishops died we could fill their places with ease, but Mr. Müller's death would be a national calamity; we know not who could wear his mantle. The man acts as calmly and prudently as if all depended upon human judgment, and then trusts in his God as if he had done nothing. Let all workers for the Lord learn from his history to serve the Lord with understanding as well as with faith and zeal.

We have read Mr. Müller's extracts from his diary of donations with great interest, and we are struck with *the ability shown in selecting those short pithy pieces which are best adapted to stir up the friends of this charity to afford practical help*:—

"June 7, 1866. From Scotland, £20 from a lady, 'as a thank-offering to the Lord for his gracious preservation of her cattle during the prevalence of the plague throughout the land.' Aug. 16. £5 from London, with the following letter: 'My dear Sir, I herewith send you a cheque for five pounds, towards your building fund. On Thursday last, I went to the railway station, to see a friend off to Paris; and at parting I promised to meet him in Paris on Monday, to witness the great sights of that city during this week. On my road home from the railway I saw your reports. I bought one, and on Sunday determined to forego my visit and send you the above sum which I had intended to have spent. It is my first donation, but I do hope and trust it will not be the last.' Oct. 6. 'From a farmer's wife,' £1, being a penny for every pound of butter sold during the last year. Oct. 8. From a shipowner, £100, with £100 for missions, instead of insuring his ships. Oct. 23. From Kent, £100. Received also, to-day, 3s. 0½d. from a Christian grocer, being one penny in the pound of his takings during the past week. Ever since, this grocer has continued to send me, week by week, one penny in the pound on all his takings, being generally from 3s. 2d. to 3s. 6d. per week. The 240th part of what there has been received in his shop, you would say, is a little item; and yet here, again, is another proof how much, by systematic giving, even on the smallest scale, may be accomplished; for I think I have received thus from this donor about ten times more than during any previous year."

We might multiply these extracts at great length, but they would all tend to prove the sound judgment which has been brought to bear on the whole selection contained in this report. We venture to say that Mr. Müller had to wade through acres of prosy matter during the year, but he does not inflict this weariness upon the readers of his annual report; to this, it seems to us, is to be traced no little of the success which has attended the issue of these yearly narratives of facts and figures. It is quite a means of grace to read through the book now before us, and any careful and intelligent Christian reader will rise from its perusal, refreshed and strengthened for future service and faith in the Lord. It is one of the best sermons we know, on faith and works, on common sense and Christian principle combined in active operation.

We add to these suggestions the further considerations, that in the case of the Bristol Orphanage, any one can see that the work is not only *God's work*, but one which is *imperatively called for*. That Mr. Müller is the *best man to do it*, and that he is *doing it well*. With these facts before us, we see the side which appeals *to man* as well as to God; and we at once comprehend the causes of success. We believe that God blesses, but we believe in divine methods of action, and they are always on the side of sanctified prudence and common sense.

The Marks of a time of Revival, and the means for bringing it about.

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

"So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."—Acts xix. 20.

IT'S a blessed time, brethren, when the word of God grows mightily and prevails. It's a blessed time in a soul, it's a blessed time in a family, it's a blessed time in a congregation, it's a blessed time in a country—when the word of God grows mightily and prevails. Is this your desire? I do not think that the desires of a Christian should be bounded by anything short of eternity. It's a blessed state of things of which the prophet Isaiah speaks, "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." It is a blessed state of things that is described in that passage, "Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest?" Isaiah xxix. 17. It is a blessed state of things that is described by the prophet Ezekiel, "I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season: there shall be showers of blessing." Ezekiel xxxiv. 26. It is a blessed state of things that is described in the seventy-second Psalm, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." Ah! these are just lively descriptions of such a state of things as is described in our text, when the word of God grows mightily and prevails.

From these words I would show you—

I. *The marks of such a time.*

II. *The means for bringing about such a time.*

Let us consider, then,

I. THE MARKS OF SUCH A TIME, and first of all, *in ministers.*

1st. *When ministers have got a deep and abiding discovery of sin.* Often ministers do not see much of sin, but oh! when God gives ministers a true discovery of sin, then their words come with power. When God gives ministers a deep discovery of indwelling sin—sin in their own heart, ah! that is a time when the word of God grows mightily and prevails. Sometimes, God gives ministers a deep discovery of the ugliness of sin in their people—shows that your sins are like the torch that set hell on fire. Then do they preach with power. O brethren, pray for such a time. We cannot preach if we do not see sin. It is only outside preaching if we do not see sin.

2nd. A second mark in ministers is, *when they have a great discovery of Christ.* Jonathan Edwards relates, "Once, as I rode out into the woods for my health, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God,

* Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. Preached Lord's-day afternoon, January 8th, 1843.

as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. This love of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour, which kept me the greatest part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud, I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise to express, emptied and annihilated; to be in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him; to live upon him; to serve and follow him, and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity." Is it any wonder that such a man preached with power, and that many were converted under his ministry? Those of you who have been reading the eighth chapter of the Acts this morning, will have seen that when Philip went down to Samaria, he preached Christ unto them, "and there was great joy in that city." So it must be with ministers still; Christ must be the theme of all their preaching; but oh! there are many times when ministers preach of Christ as through a vail. There are times when ministers cannot speak with any power, for they do not see the preciousness of Jesus; but oh! when he shows himself through the lattice, when he shows ministers his hands and his side, as it were; when they have got a fresh view of his finished work, oh! it is then, it is then that the word of God grows mightily and prevails. It is then they can speak as with the manna in their mouth. Oh pray for such a time! Pray that ministers may not be without Christ, for, O brethren, it is a true saying, "Like priest, like people."

3rd. There is a third mark. It is *when ministers have an awful sense of the value of immortal souls.* The redemption of the soul is precious. A soul is of more value than a house of gold and silver: "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." There are times when ministers do not realise the value of souls. There are times when ministers see no value in the souls of their people. But, brethren, there are blessed times when God gives us to know that your souls are of infinite value. There are times when God lets us see that you must live for ever, either in heaven or hell. There are times when ministers see that all that you are busy about is vanity, unless you get pardon, unless you get your soul saved. There are times when ministers may be said to be insatiably greedy about precious souls. You may have seen a father standing on the sea-shore, beholding the vessel that bears his son dashed upon the rocks. Oh! at that moment when she goes to pieces, he would be willing to dash into the boiling surge to try and save his child. Something like this at times is the feeling of ministers for souls. You have seen a house on fire. The father has escaped, but his wife and children are left behind in bed; and as he stands beside the fire engine, you may have seen his feelings working, his agitation, and his look of intense anxiety, as the means are being applied to attempt their rescue; but greater than this is the feeling, at times, of ministers for souls. Yea, they are willing to die—to lay down their own life if souls could thereby

be saved. "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." These are times when the word of God grows mightily and prevails.

4th. There is another mark I should not miss; that is, *when ministers can pray for their people's souls.* There are times when ministers can only pray for themselves. But ah! brethren, it is a blessed time when ministers are not only near God themselves, but can bring their people with them; when they can say, "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?" Ah! these are blessed times, when ministers can take the Lord to witness, "God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers." These are blessed times, brethren, when God gives ministers the grace and spirit of prayer, and that spirit is diffused through their sermons, their only desire being the conversion of souls. It is said of Shepherd, when dying, that when speaking to a young minister, he said, "God is my witness, that I never preached a sermon without having the conversion of souls in view." It is said of a Scottish minister, that always on a Sabbath night he used to pray for every one of his people individually. Pray that ministers may have the same yearning for souls now, for it is then, and not till then, that the word of God grows mightily and prevails.

Secondly, *the marks of such a time in God's people.*

1st. *When they undergo, as it were, a second conversion.* The disciples of Christ once put the question to him, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." At another time Jesus said to Peter, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." These two passages show you that there is, what ministers call, a second conversion. At such a time believers get a deeper and more awful discovery of the pollution of their own hearts; they get such a view of the volcano within that they are brought to see Christ after a different manner; they are brought to see him, it may be, as Thomas was, when he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." They are brought to see a new power, and love, and beauty in Christ, which they never saw before. They hear Jesus saying to them anew, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies; I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord." And they join themselves to Christ in a perpetual covenant that shall never be broken. Ah! brethren, at such a time, they give themselves again to the Lord. Brethren, pray for such a time; you know it is not now, and you know you need it.

2nd. A second mark in believers is, when *the sanctuary becomes amiable.* "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts." You know, brethren, when the soul of a believer is dry and languishing, the house of God becomes as a dry and thirsty land where no water is. There is

no power in ordinances. The voice of the Beloved is not heard; and the song of praise touches no chord of sympathy in the heart. But oh! it is quite different when the ordinances are felt to be sweet; when the Psalms are like the notes of the songs of the New Jerusalem; when it is like a breeze wafted across from the shore of the better land; and then the prayers are like speaking to God face to face, there is a real meeting with God in prayer; there is real confession; there is a real taking hold of the robe of Jesus and saying, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And, O brethren, at such a time as that, the preaching of the word comes with authority. The preaching of the word is like his rod out of Zion. It is then that the doctrine drops as the rain, and the speech distils as the dew; and then the broken bread and the poured out wine are like the avenues leading into the palace of the king. These are times when the name of Christ is like ointment poured forth. Pray for such a time, brethren.

3rd. Another mark is, *holy living*. It is a time when Ephraim shall say, "What have I to do any more with idols?" Now there is much careless walking; now there is little care to keep yourselves unspotted from the world; now there is little earnest walking with God; but oh! brethren, how different when the word of God grows mightily and prevails! when it pleases God to pour out his Spirit with the word! then believers walk softly—they walk with God; then believers begin to lay their hearts before God, "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." At such a time believers begin to search their hearts, to see if there be any leaven in the house. You remember, the children of Israel were commanded, when keeping the passover, to put away all leaven out of their houses; so the leaven of malice, and envy, and evil speaking, is put away. There is a holy circumspectness in their walk and conversation. And then the family altar is set up, and family government is exercised. You remember the case of Abraham, how we read of him over and over again building an altar unto the Lord, and calling upon the name of the Lord, and how the Lord says of him, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." Ah! that's a lovely sight, brethren. Is it so amongst you? It will be the case when the word of the Lord grows mightily and prevails. Pray that it may be so.

Thirdly. I would now notice shortly the marks of such a time *among the ungodly*.

1st. *Notorious sinners will be converted.* It was the case at this time at Ephesus, verse eighteen: "And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds;" and they will not be contented to leave their idols—but look at the nineteenth verse, and "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men." The same thing took place at Corinth. Paul said, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, not effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God;" and yet of these, Paul says, "Such

were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." O brethren, so it is in every time when the word of God grows mightily and prevails. It's a sad mark of a town when there are no open profligates arrested and brought to Christ. But, brethren, it's a blessed time when open sinners are seen leaving their sins and seeking the Saviour; when men are seen giving up their unholy gains; when tavern keepers take down their signs and burn them—when they give up their licenses; and it's a blessed time when card players throw away their cards and take the Bible instead. It's a blessed time when the gaudy lovers of dress take their gaudy dresses and burn them. Once there was such a time in this place. Pray that it may come again.

2nd. Another mark is, *many who are not converted are yet remarkably restrained.* Many leave their outward sins and seem to turn unto the Lord but feignedly, and not with the whole heart. Do not mistake me, however, as if I meant to say I would like to see hypocrisy; but it is a mark that God is in a place that the wicked are forced to give up their ways, when the taverns are deserted, when there are no lights in such houses on Sabbath night. And, brethren, though these are nothing in themselves, yet they are the marks of a time when the word of God grows mightily and prevails.

3rd. A third mark is, *it is a time when there are many adversaries.* The lion of the forest will seldom roar if you let his lair alone. So that is the way Satan is so often quiet. "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace;" but when the word of God begins to grow, then Satan soon stirs up the spirit of persecution. If the word of God grows and prevails in this place, you will soon see husbands looking out their wives, parents looking out their children, and heaping upon them reproach because they will follow Christ. Ah! it's a good sign when the lion roars; I cannot say I would we had more reproach, for oh! it is ill to bear, but I would say, I wish we gave *more occasion for it.* The offence of the cross is not ceased yet.

II. Let me speak a word as to THE MEANS FOR BRINGING ABOUT SUCH A TIME.

1st. The great and only agent in bringing about such a time is, *the Holy Spirit.* You know it is written, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It is not by argumentative preaching; it is not by human eloquence or persuasion, nay, though I had the tongue of an angel it would not avail unless accompanied by the Spirit. You remember the text, "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briars—*until* the Spirit be poured upon us from on high." Until the Spirit be poured on ministers, the word will not grow mightily and prevail. Observe that passage in Isaiah where it is said, "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." What is the cause of all this? "For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." There must be a breaking out of waters if ever the eyes of the blind are to be opened, or the ears of the deaf unstopped. Pray then, brethren, that ministers may get the anointing of the Spirit. Pray that they may be like John, "Filled with the Holy Ghost, that many of the children

of Israel may be turned to the Lord their God." "Wilt thou not revive us again; that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

2nd. A second means is, *the ministry*. Now I do not say that revivals cannot begin without ministers, because they may, but they generally begin with ministers first. In all the great revivals of which we read, ministers have been under God the instruments employed. Pray that it may be so amongst us. I am sure, brethren, I would never more speak if I were persuaded that this end were not to be accomplished by my ministry; and I am also sure that if God is to work any mighty work by us, he would need to make us holier—he would need to consecrate us afresh. Ah! brethren, we would need to be like those who said, "We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word."

3rd. The last mark I would mention is, *believers are more devoted*. The work begins first in the hearts of believers, thus it spreads to those around. Brethren, if anything is to be done in this place, the Holy Spirit must begin with believers. They must be more prayerful and more devoted in the cause of Christ. Brethren, could you not lay this more to heart? *Could you not give more time to prayer?* Could you not plead more with God for ministers that they might be more successful? And then, could you not live more holy lives? Could you not keep your garments clean? Could you not reprove sin? Could you not speak modestly for Christ, and warn the wicked around you of their fearful danger? Brethren, could you not do more by writing letters to unconverted friends at a distance, using any and every means, if by any means you may gain some? Brethren, could you not do *your* utmost? God has done *his* utmost. "What could I have done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?" Do you not know that every unconverted sinner will soon be in hell? Do you ever lay this to heart? Do you ever consider that in a little while our last sermon will be preached, and our last opportunity of doing good will be over? Oh! do you ever think that you will reflect in heaven, if such a thing were possible, that you did so little for Christ? If anything could make your tongue silent then it would be that you had done so little. Oh! how few tears bedew your pillow by night; how seldom does the midnight hour hear your strong crying and tears. Oh! how lighty does it seem to sit upon your conscience that so few are saved. You know many around you will soon be cast down to hell, and can you do no more to arouse them from their slumber? Ah, my brethren, these are the means by which the word of God grows mightily and prevails, will you use them or not? The Lord grant you may, and to him be all the praise. Amen.

The Hand and the Cross.

IN a village church in one of the Tyrolese valleys, we saw upon the pulpit an outstretched arm, carved in wood, the hand of which held forth a cross. We noted the emblem as full of instruction as to what all true ministry should be, and must be—a holding forth of the cross of Christ to the multitude as the only trust of sinners. Jesus Christ must be set forth evidently crucified among them. Lord, make this the aim and habit of all our ministers.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Among the Moors.

BY PASTOR H. W. PERRIS, OF EGREMONT.

(Concluded from page 24.)

IN my frequent rides about the country adjoining the coast, I had leisure to observe the habits of the people, who lead a nomad life. Though mixed, they are principally of Arab blood. Their tents—long low sheets of goats' hair, or palmetto fibre, stretched over poles—are arranged in a circle, hence called *douars* (round). They move from place to place in search of fresh pasture grounds for their sheep, camels, and horses. The situation of a spring, or the tomb of a saint, or Marabout, determines their abode for a time. These tombs, literally "whitewashed sepulchres," are usually square or oblong in form, with a round dome in the centre. They are resorted to by all pious Mussulmen, the country being dotted all over with them. There is not much difference between the accommodation of an Arab village and that of the wretched houses in a Moorish suburb. A partition divides the sleeping compartment from the general cooking and sitting room. Upon the floor a reed mat is spread, in one corner the primitive hand-mill is to be seen, and usually by its side the two earthen slabs, between which the barley, maize, or wheaten cakes are baked. A large and rudely fashioned chest, a saddle, a long gun, a number of earthen pots and jars, a spinning wheel, and a loom, complete the furniture of an Arab's home. The females are not so diffident as those who dwell in the towns, having to engage in out-door employments, and being allowed to see and wait upon visitors, a privilege which is rarely accorded to their wives and daughters by the jealous Moors. A tribe generally comprises from thirty to forty *douars*, and the chief bears the title of *Kadi*. This personage often lives in a stone house, surrounded by gardens; he is the chief justice, and with his advisers, forms a final court of appeal in all cases where the decisions of the sheiks are called in question.

The most interesting, and in many respects most important class, however, are the *Marabouts*, whose hierarchical functions touch all things and persons, in peace or in war. Their influence is boundless, like that of the Romish priests over their flocks in Ireland, and as disastrous in its effects upon the national character. It is true that many of them are distinguished for their self-denial, pious contemplation, and active benevolence. But their gross ignorance, and stupid fanaticism render them an almost insuperable barrier to progress, civil or religious. The French found them so in East Barbary during the war. They preached the "*Iad*," or holy war against Christians; they fought in the foremost ranks against "the *Rummis*," as they called them, and promised celestial delights to those who imperilled limb and life in the attempt to exterminate the invaders. From their *ghetnas* or seminaries, the youths of Islam issue forth, burning with hatred against the "dog of a Jew," and the "uncircumcised Nazarene." Their hermitages form inviolable sanctuaries for political refugees, and even the Sultan himself pauses ere he provokes their undying and all-power-

ful hostility. The famous Abd-el-Kader owed much of his wide-spread authority to the combination of the saintly and magisterial characters in his own person. I need hardly add that not all the Marabouts are blameless in their lives, and sincere in their professions. Rogues and fools are about equally numerous, especially amongst the lower orders of ascetics and devotees. Madness being regarded as a token of the divine favour, crazed fellows roam about the country supported by the contributions of the faithful, and revelling in the odour of sanctity; while many a shrewd hypocrite feigns devotion, and contrives, by the fruits of his jugglery and fraud, to indulge in secret gluttony and licentiousness. Upon the whole, however, there is much in the character of Arab life and society to please, interest, and surprise the Christian traveller. If known and properly introduced, he has nothing to fear beyond the loss of any unsecured goods to which his hospitable entertainers may take a fancy. The women are generally curious, sometimes insulting, when the master of the tent is absent; and the children are persevering beggars; but, unhappily, these nuisances are not peculiar to Barbary. Drunkenness is an unheard-of thing amongst them. Their diet is nourishing, but not too stimulating, consisting principally of milk, bread, and fruits. The besetting sin of the Arab is undoubtedly covetousness. His wants are few, yet he loves money, risks his life to get it, and hoards it in some secret spot, whence it may never emerge again into the light of day. The fear of poverty in old age, and the insecurity of all movable property in this land of rapine and disorder, seem, jointly, to account for this universal propensity. The Arab is satisfied with his condition, and can seldom be tempted to change it. The desert has charms for him which nothing else can rival. He loves the smell of powder as well as the magnificent barb which he bestrides; and when the fire of youth has burnt out, his independence is unimpaired. With increasing age and infirmity, he becomes more addicted to contemplation. The silent wilderness becomes his oratory; the Koran his constant companion. The pilgrimage to Mecca, which he performed in the prime of life, and by which his salvation was assured, forms a never-failing theme of discourse, and to his excited imagination, the "airy nothings" of a Mahometan paradise, assume "a local habitation and a name." Alas! the deity whom he worships bears but small resemblance to the God of the Bible. Spite of the iconoclastic zeal for which his co-religionists are famous, a more unspiritual faith could not well be devised. Conscience, uninformed and perverted, is made the minister of sin. Superstitious observances and fanatical cruelty supersede the moral virtues; and all the poetry and romance which invest the nomadic tribes with such a charm, cannot blind us to the fact that they live and die with a lie in their right hands.

No sketch of Morocco and its people would be complete without some notice of the Amazigh mountain tribes, who build their huts on the northern slopes of the Atlas, and are variously denominated Berbers, Tuariks, Kabyles, and Shilogs. The first-named revel in a barbaric independence, even more complete than that of the pure Arab. They are shorter, lighter complexioned, and less handsome, delight in hunting the lion and boar, and are ferocious in war, and disdainful in peace.

The Shilogs are easily distinguishable by their tall figures and skins

of reddish brown. They are savage and warlike, wearing but little attire, and subsisting chiefly by pillage. The Kabyles are found principally in Algeria, where they have been subjugated by the French, and the Tuariks are found on the borders of the Great Desert. All speak dialects of the same language, which has little affinity with the Arabic. Leaving these races, whose characters and habits are necessarily matters of report rather than of close inspection, I pass on to speak more particularly of the Moors, who dwell in the towns or are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their history is interwoven with that of the Arabs, who, under the standards of Abdallah and Akbar, with their successors (647 to 750, A.D.) completed their conquest and changed their faith. In person they are rather above the middle size, inclined to corpulence, and of mild and engaging manners. There are no handsomer features in the world. The peculiar roundness, softness of complexion, dignity of carriage, expressiveness of look, and gesture distinguish them from the hardy Bedouin, but stamp them as a people possessing many of the elements of nobility. Unhappily their energies are paralysed by a stupid government and a fanatical creed. Under the combined influence of these the population has decreased at least one-third since the sixteenth century. Few relics of the old Moorish civilisation remain. Literature there is none, save multiplied copies of the Koran, a few poems and tales, the writings of their Tablets (scribes) and Takeens (learned men). Architecture has fallen into decay, and the Arab reputation for scientific research and medical skill has long been forfeited. My friend, the captain, has frequently been solicited to prescribe for persons suffering from wounds and maladies of various sorts. A medical mission would probably furnish the only avenue of approach to the national mind. Yet even here the insensate fatalism of the people raises a barrier against progress. The more pious these Mussulmen are, the more unwilling are they to use any means to avert the scourges which visit "true believers." Hence, when the plague, or any other contagious disease which their careless habits foster, makes its appearance in a town or village, it sweeps numbers away to the guardianship of "Azrael, the Angel of Death," without any effort being made to save them, beyond sundry charms and incantations, the gross absurdity of which surpasses belief. Multitudes perish, too, in the attempt to perform the pilgrimage to the Prophet's tomb, while the incessant feuds which occur, and the passive obedience rendered to a despotic tyrant, bid fair, unless providentially interrupted, to depopulate whole districts of this splendid country. The Sultan bears the title of Amer-el-Mumenin, "Prince of the Faithful," and Khalifa-el-Haligui, "Vicar of God upon earth." Abd-er-Ahman, the present occupant of the throne, appears to be a strange compound of shrewdness and folly. The late Spanish war (which terminated in the capture of several coast towns, and the imposition of a heavy fine upon the Moors) brought out strikingly both the strength and weakness of this interesting people. Their lack of discipline and modern appliances exposed them to constant defeat in the plains, whilst in the interior, among their mountain fastnesses, they were invincible. Muley Hassan, the Sultan's brother, assists him in the management of the Pachas, Khalifas, and Kadis, through whom the provinces and towns are (mis) governed.

The imperial court is held alternately at the cities of Fez and Morocco. There the seraglios are stationed, containing about 600 females of various nations, and the "Father of the Faithful" rides in state to the Meshwa, a spacious court where, shaded by the imperial umbrella, which symbolises his royalty, he gives audience to ambassadors and suitors of every degree. His person is guarded by a formidable band of negroes, whose mingled ferocity and fidelity only find a parallel in the Mamelukes, who long propped up the Egyptian throne. All personal mutilations and punishments are executed by these blackguards, under the immediate orders of the Sultan himself. Whipping, long imprisonment, the bastinado, and more horrible punishments, are commonly employed by the Pachas and Kadis; and by the same tortures, *they* are often made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, and languish out their existence in the dungeons of the district which they have long oppressed. The customs' duties are very heavy, and, despite the gross peculation which prevails, and the large expenditure of the Sultan, large sums are annually consigned to the "Palace of Riches," at Mequinez. The coinage, by the way, is of the most clumsy description, Spanish gold being preferred as more convenient and intrinsically superior.

A few characteristic pictures of Moorish life will complete the present sketch, which is not designed to register the personal adventures of the writer, but to enable the reader to form a so-far correct notion of the state of society in this land of which so little is known. A better study for the ethnologist than that presented at the store of which I was a frequent visitant, could not easily be found. Here, amongst the 50 or 60 persons employed in wool-picking, storing, and pressing into bales, the most startling contrasts were visible, though the substantial unity which underlies every variety of the *genus homo* received its fullest illustration. Groups of girls and women, representing several distinct tribes; Mooresses, Jewesses, Arabs, and Negresses, sat cross-legged, getting through an amount of work (for which they receive from fourpence to sixpence a day), which, to a Neapolitan lazzarone, would appear to be killing. The superintendent excelled in the art of rousing their failing energies from time to time, by encouraging remarks, judiciously varied with occasional reproofs, he kept them from succumbing to the heat. Now and again he called for a song, and it was not uncommon to hear, issuing from throats of different hues, quotations from Rabbinical authors, Arabian love songs, and adjurations addressed to the Fetish idols of Timbuctoo. Nearly all appeared to be light-hearted and free from care. Their scanty clothing and simple food was provided for, and "ignorance was bliss," of a sort. The finest specimen of the sooty race that I have ever seen, worked in this store. He was of immense size, noble proportions, and did nearly as much work as two of the other men. The most intelligent female in the place, too, was a young negress, who, ere I left, took refuge from her master's cruelty under the protection of the Spanish Vice-consul. The "domestic institution" only exists here in a very mild form, as the laws protect the slave from violence, and he is usually freed when he has worked out his purchase-money. Many of the highest dignitaries are of negro extraction, and no disgrace whatever attaches to such an origin.

The quarrels of these different tribes usually arise out of pecuniary transactions. Thus, an Arab brings several camel-loads of wool or produce to sell. In such a case there is almost sure to be a Jewish broker employed. He, of course, tries to make something out of both buyer and seller. The anxiety of each to conclude a good bargain, often induces them to suppress some one or other of the facts or conditions involved. Then a dispute arises; each party has its peculiar sympathisers, who vociferate loudly, thrust their faces close together, and endeavour to convince or intimidate each other. If unable to settle the matter, they adjourn to the court of the Kadi, who sits on a raised seat with an open copy of the Koran before him. The disputants are heard in turn, witnesses are examined, and then the imperturbable magistrate pronounces sentence, from which there is no appeal. Before leaving, both parties kiss the Kadi's hand, in token of their acceptance of his decision. Many of these quarrels are productive of much amusement; unfortunately, they sometimes lead to permanent family feuds, national antipathies are stirred, and bloodshed ensues. It may be easily conceived that where the writings of the Prophet constitute the statute law in both civil and criminal cases, settlements are not always, or even commonly, of the most equitable kind.

The amusements of the townspeople are almost as various as those of more highly civilised communities, and as a rule, quite as elevating. Walking out at noon, when they leave off work for a considerable time in the hot season, you perceive large circles of men and boys, listening with fixed gaze and bated breath to the thrilling adventures of Haroun-al-Raschid, or some equally famous personage, from the lips of a professional story-teller, who from time to time seeks to arouse the wandering attention of some by gesticulating violently, and striking the tambourine which he holds in his hand. A little further on, in a large open space just outside the city-wall, the serpent-charmers are labouring with even greater assiduity and success. These *Ecisoury*, as the Moors call them, are usually natives of Soos, a province in the South. A band consists of about six persons, at least half being musicians, who play the Moorish drum, and a species of reed resembling the clarionet in form though not in sound. They commence by raising their hands and eyes, chant a prayer to Allah and the Prophet, and invoke in an especial manner the protection of their patron saint, Sidi-aiser. The bag in which the reptiles are contained is then placed in the centre, with the neck slightly opened, a fire is lit, and as the smoke arises, one of the snakes protrudes its head slightly, exhibiting signs of uneasiness. The music (if such discordant sounds be worthy of the name) waxes faster and louder, the operator dances frantically round and round, while the occasional murmurs and upturned glances of the bystanders evince the intense interest with which, spite of its almost everyday occurrence, this exhibition is regarded. Suddenly the snake-charmer pauses, and one of the band seizes the favourable opportunity to make an appeal to the excited sympathies of the auditory. He portrays most vividly the danger incurred by those who presumptuously imitate the courage of the band—descants eloquently upon the honourable nature of their vocation, concludes by imploring their intercession, and, as we should say, "sends round the hat" for con-

tributions—the money of the "infidel" being just as welcome as that of "true believers." When this important part of the programme has been got through, the charmer draws out a snake of the Cobra, or hooded species, and places it upon the ground, where it erects itself, moving the upper part of its body as though keeping time with the music. More dancing and whirling, and then other snakes are brought forth and handled. The noise, heat, smoke, and excitement appear to have bewildered the reptiles, for they content themselves with showing their fangs and hissing, as their maniacal tormentor twists them round his head, neck, arms, and body. From enquiries made, I cannot doubt they often bite, however; indeed, the operator often leaves the place of exhibition with blood streaming from the wounds which they have made. The facts are more easily established than explained. Whether the poison-bags are extracted, or an antidote is employed, I have not been able to discover. Whatever the secret be, it is religiously kept by all the fraternity. They appear to form a sort of sect, having peculiar feasts and ceremonies of their own, and are held in no small veneration by the people.

Did time and the limits of this paper permit, it might be interesting to describe an introduction to the headsman, a Jewish parting and salutation at the port, wailing for the dead, the manufacture of slippers, belts, and dagger sheaths, a visit to the city prison, "camping out" in the country, and many other things which I find noted in my diary. I always rose early, and generally had a bath in the sea and a sharp walk or gallop before breakfast. I avoided stimulating drinks, and ate water-melons and prickly pears *ad libitum*. The grapes, pomegranates, lemons, oranges, figs, pears, apples, etc., with which the city gardens were filled, ripened as I left the country. With strict temperance (using that term in its most comprehensive meaning) and ordinary care, Europeans ought to live as long in Morocco as at home. The Moors are capital cooks, but, unfortunately, they are great gluttons. A Moorish dinner is by no means to be despised, though some of its adjuncts and defects are calculated to shock one's sense of propriety at first. One day, we accepted the invitation of Jellaly, the ship's purveyor, to join the captain of the port at his house. We did so at about five o'clock, p.m. We passed through the thoroughfares and bazaars, in which business was going on briskly, and came at last to a good-sized house, in a retired neighbourhood, before which our conductor stopped, and began to fumble in his breast for the key. Our thoughts and sensations may be guessed, as we saw the heavy door roll on its hinges, and mounted the staircase to the room above. Inviting us to recline upon the carpets and cushions with which the floor was covered, this modern Bluebeard disappeared, leaving us to our reflections, which, just then, were not of a complimentary kind. My friend and I agreed in thinking that we were acquainted with at least *two* ladies who would be rather restive if placed under lock-and-key discipline.

Not a trace of feminine residence could we discern—no birds, books, musical instruments, or needlework—the room was as destitute of such articles as a single gentleman's lodging at the East End. The inexorable partition door through which our host had passed, refused to allow a sound to come through. By the time he returned the other guest had

arrived, and we sat down, cross-legged, to our bachelor's feast. An intelligent little negro waited upon us, receiving the various dishes from an unknown hand in the corridor. The order in which these came was somewhat perplexing, reminding me forcibly of a well-known nursery trick adopted by excessively economical housekeepers. Dessert came *first*, and consisted of dates, walnuts, apples, etc., along with which strong and very sweet green tea was served up in little glass tumblers, undiluted by milk or cream. This was followed by a large roast fowl, the wooden bowl containing which was placed upon the sieve-shaped tray, around which we sat. Our Mussulman friends did not forget to invoke, with uplifted hands and eyes, the blessing of Allah upon the feast, after which we "fell to;" yes, *that* is the term, dear reader, no other would do so well. "Fingers were in use before *forks*," and such innovations are scouted by nearly all the Moors. So we pulled "leg, wing, or bit of breast" for ourselves. Then came *cab-ab*, pieces of flesh in alternate layers of fat and lean, stuck on skewers. After this, stewed beef, with tomato-sauce, claimed a share of our attention; and the last dish was *kus-kus-oo*, the maccaroni of the Barbary tribes. It is made of the finer portions of wheat, rubbed up with butter, and forms the common food of the people, never being omitted, either at their national or social feasts. After being prepared by steaming, it is piled upon a dish, and pieces of cooked meat are stuck in the smooth surface all round. More than once our entertainer looked out choice morsels and handed them to us with much ceremony, recalling to our minds the presentation of "the sop" to Judas. After partaking of some very fine melons, an ewer was brought, and we washed our hands, wiping them upon the snowy napkins with which we had been supplied at the beginning of the feast. Coffee and cigars were then handed round, and we conversed on various topics. Jellaly contemplates going on pilgrimage next year, and thus earning the title of *Hadji*. (By the way, I never thought of enquiring to whom he would confide *the key* during his absence.) He expressed a strong desire to visit England afterwards, and amused us much by his queries about English life and manners. He shook his head solemnly as we described household and civil privileges at home, and seemed to wonder how the fabric of society could be held together on such terms. I gave him a little book, and having exhausted his limited vocabulary, we set off to our lodgings, preceded by the aforesaid negro, carrying a lantern, without the light of which we should have fallen over some of the numerous animals which lay right across the streets.

During my stay in Saffi, I collected the English residents together for religious service on the Lord's days. Mr. Hilton lent us his large room, and a very comfortable chapel it made. The kindness manifested by many, and the readiness evinced by all to be present at these meetings, convinced me that, though, alas! the term "Christian" has only a national and political significance there, yet a minister of the gospel, going out in the spirit of his Master, would be welcomed and listened to with deference. As to the natives, whether Moors or Jews, the difficulties in the way of missionary enterprise are immense. The life of any man who should avow his intention of proselytising would not be safe for a day. Yet it seems hard that no attempt should be made to win a country which lies so near to civilised Europe. The problem

is one which only providence can solve. Increased commerce will, no doubt, do much to break down the exclusiveness of these races, and war with one of the great powers may do more. When an opening occurs, doubtless the right men will be found. Meantime, let us value our high privileges more, lest we participate in the doom of those of old, to whom it was said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable in that day for the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, than for you."

Stephen Grellet, the French Quaker.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

WERE worldly men wise, they would cease to ask, "Where is the power of Christianity?" God has never left himself without witnesses in the earth; and the religion which the Saviour established has never ceased to be prolific of miracles. We have heard of an English nobleman who possessed a large tract of unproductive marshy ground—useless to everyone until he caused a deep channel to be dug, and a stream diverted through it, thus by drainage making of a barren waste a fruitful and productive possession. The gospel has similarly blest many a human life, which, however purposeless before the divine love had flowed into it, became ennobled and fertilised by the influence of the gospel of Christ. Grim prophets, like Mr. Carlyle, may prophecy that the Christian religion is such an effete thing that it must soon be forgotten, but while the grace of God manifests itself in the hearts of his chosen people, the Christian may laugh to scorn the hatred of those whose wish is father to their thought. The spirit of self-denial and heroism which prompts so many worthies to devote their lives to the cause of the Saviour, enduring all things for the sake of the souls of men, and despising positions of ease and comfort that they may win golden crowns for their Master, lives in the world yet, and is destined to do so while the earth lasts.

In no religious community do we find greater deeds of daring and nobler acts of self-denial than among the Society of Friends; and of these zealous philanthropists, the Frenchman whose Anglicised name appears at the head of this paper is a veritable prince. Born in 1773, at Limoges, of parents high in honour at Court, Etienne or Stephen Grellet grew up in the midst of the fascinations of society, and the superstitions of a faith that, from his early days of religious susceptibility, did not satisfy the inner cravings of his soul. Both father and mother were Roman Catholics; they owned extensive porcelain works, were intimate with Louis XVI., and were desirous of giving their son "an education that should make him accomplished in the eyes of the world." It is interesting to watch the dawning of early piety in the heart of young Grellet in spite of the lack of direct religious instruction on the part of his parents. He was endowed with high, tender feeling, a love for contemplation, and a simple belief in the greatness and goodness of the God whom his young soul admired. His proneness to vanity soon dissipated all serious thoughts, and for some years he sought after happiness in scenes not conducive to the development of what he terms

"the religious *openings*" of his youth. At the age of eighteen, the French Revolution changed the prospects of his life. His father, being allied to the nobility, had his estates confiscated, was thrown, with his wife, into prison, and both nearly lost their lives. Stephen escaped by an attack of small-pox; but recovering, he joined the army of the French king, and witnessed scenes of warfare and bloodshed which probably had much to do with that proper dread of war which he nourished in after years. The army was soon however disbanded, he was ordered to be shot, but making his escape, with his brothers, he made his way to Amsterdam. Not long after, he voyaged to Demerara, then cursed by slavery in its most wretched form, by gross wickedness and irreligion. Here he became a disciple of Voltaire, but the Holy Spirit interposed, radically changed his heart, and he became indeed a living soul. Thus did he "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness" shine into his benighted heart. After some little disquietude and conflict of mind he determined to link himself with the much-despised, because misunderstood, Quakers.

This auspicious event occurred at New York, whither he had gone on learning that a French fleet had sailed to take possession of Demerara. His diary at this time very intelligently and graphically describes his soul experience, and from it it is clear that his advancement in the school of Christ was unusually rapid. Yet he carefully weighed the principles of the Society of Friends before joining that community. He heartily acquiesced in the "first rudiments of the Christian religion, the fall of man, his own fallen and sinful condition, redemption and salvation by Christ alone, the true Christian baptism, the supper, divine inspiration, worship," not until he had *studiously* considered their meaning. Not long after this step had been taken, he began his course of Christian devotedness. He visited the homes of the sick, and conveyed the message of love and peace where neither had been known or felt. Subsequently he was recognised as "minister of the gospel," and he then began that course of usefulness which did not terminate until the close of his earthly career. Hearing that the yellow fever had again made its appearance in Philadelphia, he went thither, and though deserted by his friends, he went about for some time, visiting the sick and dying, and assisting in burying the dead. "In those days," he tells us, "former friends were deserted; yea, even the wife was left by her husband, and the husband became a stranger to his wife—seeking their safety in flight, leaving their sick to the care of a strange nurse. The dead bodies were conveyed to the grave, in most instances, with no other convoy than the hearse and driver. This was the case even with those who, weeks before, might have been attended by hundreds." Most of the places of worship were closed, the meetings of Friends, however, being continued. Grellet caught the prevalent sickness, and strange to say, his body was once so cold that a coffin was ordered for him, and he was even returned among the daily deaths to the board of health as a "French Quaker"—rather a singular phenomenon, both then and now. He recovered, and remained in Philadelphia for some time afterwards, and ultimately joined his brother Joseph at New York.

Here, though he had become engaged in mercantile pursuits, he did

not remain long, but took a tour through Baltimore, Virginia, North Carolina, and parts of Pennsylvania, enduring much hardness in order to preach the gospel to the unconverted. This was his first long journey as a preacher of the Word. Having finished his tour, he returned home, and applied himself to business for a short time, but the irresistible love of the gospel, as he tells us himself, drew him towards the Eastern and parts of the Northern States. Grellet records his various engagements far less graphically than he describes his soul's experience, which is almost always fascinating to the reader of his autobiography; yet the record is in many ways a wonderful one, since it shows what one man may do when fired with love to the souls of men and zeal for the divine honour. In 1804 he married, and soon after this (for so it proved) happy event, intelligence reached him of the death of his father in France, after considerable suffering, engendered by his two years' imprisonment under the iron rule of Robespierre. Stephen, notwithstanding his social change, determined upon entering into a second "religious engagement," and this time he chose the States of New York and Vermont, and parts of Canada, as the scenes of his labour. In this enterprise for God he was very successful. The work was very laborious. He had to meet many difficulties. The Canadian forests were all but impassable, "being often hemmed in by many trees that were blown down, it was slow work to carry my saddle and saddle-bag, to make my little horse jump over one tree after another; or, when coming to the muddy streams, I had to urge him through them, and then, with my load on my back, to seek up and down the stream for a tree blown across the water, on which I could walk over to join my horse again." His next visit was to the churches in Pennsylvania, declining lucrative concerns in business, in order that he might the more zealously devote himself to the Lord's work. Then he conducted religious services at and about home; and in 1807 first visited Europe. Here he mixed up with the scenes of his youth, was quizzed and "narrowly considered" by the Roman Catholics, to whom a French Quaker seemed an absurd phenomenon. He succeeded in getting into convents, in order to preach the simple gospel and expose the superstitions of the priests, and the nuns declared their confidence in their priests to be shaken. After a lapse of six or eight months, he returned home, travelled through the Southern and Western States, attending meetings, preaching, exhorting, comforting.

So many attempts have been made to disprove the accounts of Thomas Paine's fearful death, that it may be well to give the testimony of an eye-witness. Grellet, hearing that Paine was ill, resolved to see him. He found the unhappy man in most destitute circumstances, neglected and forsaken by his friends and companions, with no one to care for him—alone, friendless, hopeless, an abject picture of misery and mental degradation. Grellet had much of his Master's compassion for the lost; he became a good Samaritan, even to one who had bitterly opposed the God of heaven. He provided him with a nurse, and supplied a variety of necessaries for the sick man. "Paine was mostly," records Grellet, "in a state of stupor, but something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him that, some days after my departure, he sent for me, and on being told that I was gone from home, he sent

for another friend. This induced a valuable young friend (Mary Roscoe) who had resided in my family, and continued at Greenwich during part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshment suitable for an invalid, furnished by a neighbour. Once, when she was there, three of his deistical associates came to the door, and in a loud unfeeling manner said, 'Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived,' and then went away. On which, turning to Mary Roscoe, he said, 'You see what miserable comforters they are.' Once, he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read but very little of them, he enquired what she thought of them, adding, 'from such a one as you I expect a correct answer.' She told him she had commenced reading 'The Age of Reason,' but it had so distressed her that she threw it into the fire. 'I wish all had done as you,' replied Paine, 'for if the devil has ever had any agency in any work, he has had it in my writing that book.' Miss Roscoe stated that, when going to carry him some refreshment, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, 'O Lord, Lord God,' or, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me.' She frequently saw him writing in his last illness, when a little free from bodily pain, but the manuscripts have never been brought to light, and there is only one conclusion to be arrived at with regard to them, namely, that his associates, finding they were not in keeping with the writer's former views, destroyed them."

In his second visit to Europe he visited Scotland, the Calvinism prevailing there causing him "deep exercises," inasmuch as he strongly believed in the universality of the love of God, and his meritorious sacrifice for the sins of the whole world—doctrines thoroughly Arminian, and therefore unpalatable to believers in a more distinctive and scriptural theology. Ireland next received his attention. In London, he found access to the prisons, and first introduced Elizabeth Fry to the work of prison visiting. He commenced this part of his mission by calling together a meeting of thieves and pickpockets in a Friends' meeting-house in St. Martin's Lane. The chief police magistrate hearing of the meeting offered his services in collecting this class of people, when full opportunity would be given to have meetings with them. This offer was prudently declined, for experience attests that no religious meeting for abandoned persons should in any way be connected with the police. He was, therefore, admitted into the Compters, now abolished, in which prisoners were lodged when taken up day by day. He also visited Newgate, and conferred with the miserable inmates who were under sentence of death. Prison discipline was very different then to what it is now. Boys who had been decoyed into wrong doing were then herded with the greatest villains; the women were crowded together, and presented a terrible scene of mingled vice and woe. "When I first entered, the foulness of the air," observes Grellet, "was almost insupportable; and everything that is base and depraved was so strongly depicted on the faces of the women who stood crowded before me, with looks of effrontery, boldness, and wantonness of expression, that for awhile my soul was greatly dismayed." Animated and encouraged by a recollection of the infinite love of Christ to poor sinners, he spoke feelingly, and many tears were shed. The hospital

presented a scene of abject misery. He found many very sick lying on the bare floor, or on some straw, having very scanty covering over them, though it was quite cold; and naked children, born in the prison, were among them. Leaving this scene he went to Miss Fry, then living in Mildred's Court. To her he described what he had witnessed, stating that something should be immediately done for the helpless innocents. "The appeal to such a pious and sensible mind as dear Elizabeth possesses, was not in vain. She immediately sent for several pieces of flannel, and had speedily collected a number of our young women Friends, who went to work with such diligence that on the very next day she repaired to the prison with a bundle of made-up garments for the naked children. What she then saw of the wretchedness of that prison induced her to devise some plan towards the amelioration of the condition of those poor women, and, if possible, the reform of their morals, and instilling into their minds the principles and love of the Christian religion."

From England, Grellet went to France, gaining access to nunneries, where he conversed with nuns and directed them to Christ, as the only true Saviour, distributing, much to the displeasure of the priests, copies of the New Testament, and tracts and pamphlets. Of these poor deluded women he writes: "I am persuaded that many of them are very near the kingdom of God, and they might become bright and shining ornaments to the church of Christ were it not for the ascendancy that the priests, their blind guides, have obtained over them." All the superstitions of the Romish church, and the infatuations of the teachers thereof, have not succeeded in destroying a latent spark of vital godliness to be found among its worshippers. From France, he journeyed to Italy, then paid a visit to Geneva, which was at that time overweighed with Socinianism, against which he had to do battle. Bavaria he found to be in a more interesting state, as it respects true Christianity. He became acquainted with the crown prince, whom he found to be "under religious concern for his soul." "Many a time," said he to Grellet, "under strong convictions for my sins, I have formed resolutions to pursue a different course of life, but the very next temptation has overcome me; none of my resolutions prove sufficient to preserve me." The Quaker directed the crown prince very earnestly to the Saviour, and with some amount of success. The king sent a message to Grellet, and the honest Quaker visited him, still keeping on his hat, as is the custom among the Friends. He lectured his majesty on the sufferings that had been inflicted on some of his subjects for conscience sake, and the king confessed that it was due to the pope, his nuncio, and the bishops, who were "continually teasing" him. The simple-hearted Quaker honestly believed that his conversation on the gospel had considerably impressed the king, since the latter put his arms round his neck and bade him farewell. After a short visit to England, he again returned to America, but did not remain there long, as we shall show in our concluding paper.

(To be continued.)

Best methods of conducting Public Worship.

MUCH has been said and written of late upon the manner in which the religious services of Nonconformists are conducted. A certain uniform method, or nearly so, has been observed by them for several generations, which is now considered to be dull and uninviting, and inadequate to the demands of the present age. The first seceders from the established church would naturally retain a considerable portion of its formularies; they were not likely to renounce them all at once. Its greatest divergencies from Scripture teaching would at first occupy their thoughts, and afterwards its lesser deviations in detail; just as Luther was led gradually to see the abominations of Romanism, and would have required another lifetime to have seen and abandoned them altogether. Succeeding generations of Nonconformists completed the separation from the national church by forsaking its Prayer Book and its services entirely. They shook off the dust of their feet as a testimony against them. They professed to derive nothing from them, and established an order of worship according to their own views of the requirements of the gospel. This was of the simplest kind: including singing, reading the Scriptures, extemporaneous prayer, and preaching. This sufficed for our forefathers, for the most devout and learned of those whose faith and fervour were not inferior to our own. They relied not upon external attractions to divine worship, but were wholly taken up with the idea that the true worshippers are they that worship the Father in spirit and in truth. In this they may have gone too far. It may have been with them a matter of necessity more than of choice, and other circumstances might have toned down their stern and vigorous practices. If they erred, however, it was on the right side. It was on the side of God rather than of men. It gave an aspect to Christ's kingdom of not being of this world, of having no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, and of forsaking all to follow Christ. We are inclined to think that it was this testimony of theirs, on the side of an unearthly and unadorned gospel against an external Christianity, that gradually roused the nation to more religious concern; and that the continuance of precisely the same order of means, instinct with new life, in proportion to the occasion, would have secured the happiest results. Instead of this, we have seen Nonconformity looking more favourably upon what it had conscientiously disowned, and re-assuming, as soon as it was able, what it professed to have triumphantly abandoned; and at a time when those very external forms were magnified by their opponents into living realities, and that were going back both in spirit and practice to the abominations of Rome. In one respect this may be the time to have churches, and liturgies, and chanting in imitation of others, but in another respect it is the very worst time that could have been chosen. It is a time in which a determined and combined stand should have been made for the simplicity of gospel doctrines and of gospel worship in opposition to human notions of Christianity and human forms of worship. Ample accommodation might have been made for the growing influence of Dissent in strict conformity with good taste, and sufficient interest might have been given to its original services, without appropriating to itself any part of what it had long professed to disapprove. There was room for improvement in conducting its services, in order to keep pace with the

advancement of the age in intelligence and civilisation; but new methods of devotion and teaching were far less required than the infusion of new life into the old ones. The singing needed to be made more scientific and sentimental. The reading needed to be enlivened by expository pauses and tones. The praying needed more of the earnestness and adaptation that betoken preparation both of mind and heart. The preaching needed more variety, more force, and more directness of appeal.

We have been led to make these observations by a book which has recently come under our notice, upon "The best methods of conducting Public Worship," by the Rev. J. Spencer Pearsall; the object of which is not so much to advocate new modes of worship, as to strengthen the things that remain. The introduction of new forms of worship is neither approved nor condemned. Suggestions are given to help those who are feeling their way to a satisfactory decision upon the subject; and it is not difficult to see the direction to which they tend in the author's own mind. We are bound, however, to admire the self-control that holds them in abeyance, and confines itself to that which is well ordered in all things and sure. The management of existing forms of public worship amongst Nonconformists, as here recommended, will, in our own view suffice and preclude the necessity for any other. We have our doubts respecting the advantages to be gained by a repetition of reading and praying in the midst of the service. Several short prayers from the same individual with brief intervals have not, we believe, any example in Scripture, and are not in full harmony with the laws of devotion. The only examples we have of such repetitions are of the same prayer. It is objectionable, too, in point of time. Better have the long prayer less long, with the introductory prayer a little less short, than so many changes before attention is required to the sermon. If, however, in the arrangement of the order of services we slightly differ from Mr. Pearsall, we can scarcely speak in too high terms of his description of the several parts of public worship in which we are agreed. Everything relating to the management of religious services and ordinances is judiciously and devoutly considered.

It is not requisite, we are told, that the same order of service should be observed in all places, or in the several services of the same sanctuary; and yet it would be desirable that as much uniformity as the differences of circumstances will allow should be preserved. The whole should be conducted by one presiding minister, which is more likely to secure uniformity of sentiment and feeling, and to give the least possible occasion for distracting thoughts in the minds of the worshippers. His appearance should be with solemnity without superstition, with composure without obtrusiveness, with anxiety without fear. Especially should his tones and gesture be gentle and unexciting at first, that the audience may be gradually prepared for that which is impassioned or familiar; and even to the last there should be nothing inconsistent with the character of one who is either speaking to man for God, or to God for man. Preparation should be made for prayer as well as for preaching, though not of the same kind or in the same degree. No one would presume, without premeditation, to make petition to a fellow being for some great and undeserved favour; how much less should we be hasty to utter anything before God! To a neglect of preparation the sameness,

barrenness, and irregularity of extemporaneous prayer, which are frequently complained of, are chiefly to be attributed. Let a suitable preparation be desired and sought, and it will generally come. Quiet meditation, with the occasional uplifting of the soul, will often suggest at once the whole train of blessings to be implored. To feel the whole prayer is better than to think it out; but to think it out is better than not to think at all. The Spirit of grace and of supplications should be sought *for* supplications, and not merely *in* them. The preparation of the heart in man as well as the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord; and this preparation, as well as the answer of the tongue, is given by the use of appointed means. Devotional reading and meditation will supply all that is needful for the gift and grace of prayer. Prayer should be prayer, not preaching. It should not be literary either in sentiment or composition, but unstudied, simple. It should not be rambling, but definite. It should not be controversial. It should not be scolding or denunciatory. It should not be brawling or too vehement. It should be appropriate in matter, and manner, and length, to the occasion. How beautiful, and yet sublime, how sublime, and yet beautiful is public prayer, when free from common defects, and just what it should be! For the management of prayer-meetings much valuable advice is given in the volume before us. Upon preaching too, and its adaption to the present age, we have some important suggestions. As the object of the writer, however, is devotional rather than theological he gives us the opinions of others upon this subject rather than his own

In the service of song he is certainly not behind its greatest admirers in our day. In this department of worship, great changes have been made, and still are in progress. These changes some may think are not all for the better, and we are not disposed to condemn them as void of all taste, or as too old fashioned in their notions on that account. Musical worship in itself is so dubious and undefined, that it is not easy to distinguish between that which comes into the church on the side of earth or of heaven. Musical and devotional emotions are easily mistaken for each other; and while some might encourage their union to the utmost on this account, others for the same reason might deem it prudent to put it under considerable restraint. Music, we are often told, has been a power for great good in the church, but, has it not also been a power for much evil? If we would turn it to the greatest good let it be freed, as far as possible, from those peculiar features of it which have been incentives to evil. Why could not the true church have a music of its own, a music corresponding with its simplicity, its unity, its chastened fervour, its many voices, its separation from the world, its pure devotion? Let congregational singing be the effect of cultivation and of care; but let it be of the congregation rather than of the choir, of the heart rather than of musical instruments, and of melody unto the Lord rather than to men. Directions are here given for the administration of the Lord's Supper, for conducting prayer-meetings, and for guidance in family prayer. It is, therefore, a thoroughly useful book, which does not exhaust the theme, but places it in a stronger light than has ever before appeared. We recommend it to all who would faithfully adhere to the apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order."

G. R.

John Ploughman's Talk.

DEBT.

WHEN I was a very small boy, in pinafores, and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare to ask at home; what then was John to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts, and tops, and cakes, and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dearson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps even a whole silver sixpence. I would, therefore, go into debt for a stick of slate pencil, and be sure to pay at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still I screwed my courage up, and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed anything before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind dame, and *I was in debt.* It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it. How my father came to hear of this little stroke of business I never know, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it; he was a sensible man, and none of your children spoilers; he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate, and play at what big rogues call financing, and therefore, he knocked my getting into debt on the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it; and how a boy who would owe a farthing, might one day owe a hundred pounds, and get into prison, and bring his family into disgrace. It was a lecture, indeed; I think I can hear it now, and can feel my ears tingling at the recollection of it. Then I was marched off to the shop like a deserter marched into barracks, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the poor debtor was set free, like a bird let out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt! How did my little heart vow and declare that nothing should ever tempt me into debt again! It was a fine lesson, and I have never forgotten it. If all boys were inoculated with the same doctrine when they were young, it would be as good as a fortune to them, and save them wagon-loads of trouble in after life. God bless my father, say I, and send a breed of such fathers into old England to save her from being eaten up with villany, for what with companies and schemes, and paper-money, the nation is getting to be as rotten as touchwood.

Ever since that early sickening I have hated debt as Luther hated the pope, and if I say some fierce things about it, you must not wonder. To keep debt, dirt, and the devil out of my cottage has been my greatest wish ever since I set up housekeeping; and although the last of the three has sometimes got in by the door or the window, for the old serpent will wriggle through the smallest crack, yet thanks to a

good wife, hard work, honesty, and scrubbing brushes, the two others have not crossed the threshold. Debt is so degrading, that if I owed a man a penny I would walk twenty miles, in the depth of winter, to pay him, sooner than feel that I was under an obligation. I should be as comfortable with peas in my shoes, or a hedgehog in my bed, or a snake up my back, as with bills hanging over my head at the grocer's, and the baker's, and the tailor's. Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well as have a smoky house and a scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life. We may be poor, and yet respectable, which John Ploughman and wife hope they are and will be; but a man in debt cannot even respect himself, and he is sure to be talked about by the neighbours, and that talk will not be much to his credit. Some persons appear to like to be owing money; but I would as soon be a cat up a chimney with the fire alight, or a fox with the hounds at my heels, or a hedgehog on a pitchfork, or a mouse under an owl's claw. An honest man thinks a purse full of other people's money to be worse than an empty one; he cannot bear to eat other people's cheese, wear other people's shirts, and walk about in other people's shoes, neither will he be easy while his wife is decked out in the milliner's bonnets, and wears the draper's flannels. The jackdaw in the peacock's feathers was soon plucked, and borrowers will surely come to poverty—a poverty of the bitterest sort, because there is shame in it.

Living beyond their incomes is the ruin of many of my neighbours; they can hardly afford to keep a rabbit, and must needs drive a pony and chaise. I am afraid extravagance is the common disease of the times, and many professing Christians have caught it, to their shame and sorrow. Good cotton or stuff gowns are not good enough nowadays; girls must have silks and satins, and then there's a bill at the dressmakers as long as a winter's night, and quite as dismal. Show and style, and smartness, run away with a man's means, keep the family poor, and the father's nose down on the grindstone. Frogs try to look as big as bulls and burst themselves. A pound a week apes five hundred a year, and comes to the county court. Men burn the candle at both ends, and then say they are very unfortunate—why don't they put the saddle on the right horse, and say they are extravagant? Economy is half the battle in life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well. Hundreds would never have known *want* if they had not first known *waste*. If all poor men's wives knew how to cook, how far a little might go! Our minister says the French and the Germans beat us hollow in nice cheap cookery, I wish they would send missionaries over to convert our gossiping women into good managers; this is a French fashion which would be a deal more useful than those fine pictures in Mrs. Frippery's window, with ladies rigged out in a new style every month. Dear me! some people are much too fine nowadays to eat what their fathers were thankful to see on the table, and so they please their palates with costly feeding, come to the workhouse, and expect everybody to pity them. They turned up their noses at bread and butter, and came to eat raw turnips stolen out of the fields. They who live like fighting cocks at other men's costs, will get their combs cut, or perhaps get roasted for it one of these days. If you have a great store of peas, you may put the more in the soup;

but everybody should fare according to his earnings. He is both a fool and a knave who has a shilling coming in, and on the strength of it spends a pound which does not belong to him. Cut your coat according to your cloth is sound advice; but cutting other people's cloth by running into debt is as like thieving as fourpence is like a groat. If I meant to be a rogue I would deal in marine stores, or be a petifogging lawyer, or a priest, or open a loan office, or go out picking pockets, but I would scorn the dirty art of getting into debt without a prospect of being able to pay.

Debtors can hardly help being liars, for they promise to pay when they know they cannot, and when they have made up a lot of false excuses they promise again, and so they lie as fast as a horse can trot.

> "You have debts, and make debts still,
> If you've not lied, lie you will."

Now, if owing leads to lying, who shall say that it is not a most evil thing? Of course, there are exceptions, and I do not want to bear hard upon an honest man who is brought down by sickness or heavy losses, but take the rule as a rule, and you will find debt to be a great dismal swamp, a huge mud-hole, a dirty ditch: happy is the man who gets out of it after once tumbling in, but happiest of all is he who has been by God's goodness kept out of the mire altogether. If you once ask the devil to dinner it will be hard to get him out of the house again: better to have nothing to do with him. Where a hen has laid one egg, she is very likely to lay another; when a man is once in debt, he is likely to get into it again; better keep clear of it from the first. He who gets in for a penny will soon be in for a pound, and when a man is over shoes, he is very liable to be over boots. Never owe a farthing, and you will never owe a guinea.

If you want to sleep soundly, buy a bed of a man who is in debt; surely it must be a very soft one, or he never could have rested so easy on it. I suppose people get hardened to it, as Smith's donkey did when its master broke so many sticks across its back. It seems to me that a real honest man would sooner get as lean as a greyhound than feast on borrowed money, and would choke up his throat with March dust before he would let the landlord make chalks against him behind the door for a beer score. What pins and needles tradesmen's bills must stick in a fellow's soul. A pig on credit always grunts. Without debt, without care; out of debt, out of danger; but owing and borrowing are bramble bushes full of thorns. If ever I borrow a spade of my next door neighbour, I never feel safe with it for fear I should break it; I never can dig in peace as I do with my own; but if I had a spade at the shop and knew I could not pay for it, I think I should set to and dig my own grave out of shame. Scripture says, "Owe no man anything," which does not mean pay your debts, but never have any to pay; and my opinion is, that those who wilfully break this law ought to be turned out of the Christian church, neck and crop, as we say. Our laws are shamefully full of encouragement to credit; nobody need be a thief now; he has only to open a shop and make a fail of it and it will pay him much better; as the proverb is, "He who never fails will never grow rich." Why, I know tradesmen who have failed

five or six times, and yet think they are on the road to heaven; the scoundrels, what would they do if they got there? They are a deal more likely to go where they shall never come out till they have paid the uttermost farthing. But people say, "How liberal they are!" Yes, with other people's money. I hate to see a man steal a goose and then give religion the giblets. Piety by all means, but pay your way as part of it. Honesty first, and then generosity. But how often religion is a cloak for deceiving! There's Mrs. Scamp as fine as a peacock, all the girls out at boarding-school learning French and the piano, the boys swelling about in kid gloves, and G. B. Scamp, Esq., driving a fast-trotting mare, and taking the chair at public meetings, while his poor creditors cannot get more than enough to live from hand to mouth. It is shameful and beyond endurance to see how genteel swindling is winked at by many in this country. I'd off with their white waistcoats, and kid gloves, and patent leather boots, if I had my way, and give them the county crop, and the prison livery for six months; gentlemen or not, I'd let them see that big rogues could dance on the treadmill to the same tune as little ones. I'd make the land too hot to hold such scamping gentry if I were a member of Parliament, or a prime minister: as I've no such power, I can at least write against the fellows, and let off the steam of my wrath in that way.

My motto is, pay as you go, and keep from small scores. Short reckonings are soon cleared. Pay what you owe, and what you're worth you'll know. Let the clock tick, but no "*tick*" for me. Better go to bed without your supper than get up in debt. Sins and debts are always more than we think them to be. Little by little a man gets over head and ears. It is the petty expenses that empty the purse. Money is round, and rolls away easily. Tom Thriftless buys what he does not want because it is a great bargain, and so is soon brought to sell what he does want, and find it a very little bargain; he cannot say "No" to his friend who wants him to be security; he gives grand dinners, makes many holidays, keeps a fat table, lets his wife dress fine, never looks after his servants, and by-and-by he is quite surprised to find that quarter days come round so very fast, and that creditors bark so loud. He has sowed his money in the fields of thoughtlessness, and now he wonders that he has to reap the harvest of poverty. Still he hopes for something to turn up to help him out of difficulty, and so muddles himself into more troubles, forgetting that hope and expectation are a fool's income. Being hard up, he goes to market with empty pockets, and buys at whatever prices tradesmen like to charge him, and so he pays more than double and gets deeper and deeper into the mire. This leads him to scheming, and trying little tricks and mean dodges, for it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. This is sure not to answer, for schemes are like spiders' webs, which never catch anything better than flies, and are soon swept away. As well attempt to mend your shoes with brown paper, or stop a broken window with a sheet of ice, as try to patch up a falling business with manœuvering and scheming. When the schemer is found out, he is like a dog in church, whom everybody kicks at, and like a barrel of powder, which nobody wants for a neighbour.

They say poverty is a sixth sense, and it had need be, for many debtors seem to have lost the other five, or were born without common sense, for they appear to fancy that you not only make debts, but pay them by borrowing. A man pays Peter with what he has borrowed of Paul, and thinks he is getting out of his difficulties, when he is only putting one foot into the mud to pull his other foot out. It is hard to shave an egg, or pull hairs out of a bald pate, but they are both easier than paying debts out of an empty pocket. Samson was a strong man, but he could not pay debts without money, and he is a fool who thinks he can do it by scheming. As to borrowing money of loan societies, it's like a drowning man catching at razors; both Jews and Gentiles, when they lend money, generally pluck the geese as long as they have any feathers. A man must cut down his outgoings and save his incomings if he wants to clear himself; you can't spend your penny and pay debts with it too. Stint the kitchen if the purse is bare. Don't believe in any way of wiping out debts except by paying hard cash. Promises make debts, and debts make promises, but promises never pay debts; promising is one thing, and performing is quite another. A good man's word should be as binding as an oath, and he should never promise to pay unless he has a clear prospect of doing so in due time; those who stave off payment by false promises, deserve no mercy. It is all very well to say "I'm very sorry," but—

"A hundred years of regret,
Pay not a farthing of debt."

Now I'm afraid all this sound advice might as well have been given to my master's cocks and hens as to those who have got into the way of spending what is not their own, for advice to such people goes in at one ear and out at the other; well, those who won't listen will have to feel, and those who refuse cheap advice will have to buy dear repentance; but to young people beginning life, a word may be worth a world, and this shall be John Ploughman's short sermon, with three heads to it—always live a little below your means, never get into debt, and remember—

"He who goes a borrowing,
Goes a sorrowing."

Blotted Out.

IN the long line of portraits of the Doges, in the palace at Venice, one space is empty, and the semblance of a black curtain remains as a melancholy record of glory forfeited. Found guilty of treason against the state, Marino Falieri was beheaded, and his image as far as possible blotted from remembrance. As we regarded the singular memorial, we thought of Judas and Demas, and then, as we heard in spirit the Master's warning word, "One of you shall betray me," we asked within our soul the solemn question, "Lord, is it I?"

Every one's eye rests longer upon the one dark vacancy than upon any one of the many fine portraits of the merchant monarchs; and so the apostates of the church are far more frequently the theme of the world's talk than the thousands of good men and true who adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Hence the more need of care on the part of those of us whose portraits are publicly exhibited as saints, lest we should one day be painted out of the church's gallery, and our persons only remembered as having been detestable hypocrites.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

The Silver Inkhorn; or, Taking Notes of Sermons.

THOUSANDS have been greatly edified by the sermons of holy Mr. M'Cheyne, which we have had the great pleasure of inserting in this magazine; they are real gems of priceless worth. We trust the kind friend who has given us the use of them will see it right to issue them in a volume when he has increased the number. Now, it will be observed that some of these precious things are from the notes of a hearer—a diligent, appreciating, instructed hearer we may be sure. What a benefit has that hearer with his note book conferred upon hundreds! Thanks, good sir, most hearty thanks. Might not other hearers, whose privilege it is to hear good and great men do equally efficient service by taking careful and judicious notes? To attempt to take very much, spoils the present result of the ministry, and is an injury to spiritually profitable hearing, but to jot down outlines, main thoughts, and remarkable illustrations, is rather an assistance than otherwise to that holy act of worship, the devout hearing of the word. If such sketches and jottings are filled up upon returning home, the exercise will assist sacred meditation, which is the true digestion of truth; and if such completed notes be preserved, they will frequently revive in the mind the savour of truth heard in years gone by. Mere writing for the sake of it is useless, but we can see many good ends which may be served if the more intelligent of our hearers made memoranda of the sermons addressed to them. Of course, in cases where everything spoken is issued from the press, the rule may not apply; but these are exceedingly few. The good custom of bidding the children take notes of the sermon, will be followed by all parents who would have their children wise unto salvation; the youngsters should be pleasantly questioned as to what they remember, and encouraged to treasure up the good things in their memories. It should be the aim of the preacher to assist the memories of both young and old, and to this end he should arrange his thoughts in a portable manner, that they may be carried away, and season them with so much salt that they will be preserved in the recollection. Philip Henry would often contrive the heads of his sermon, to begin with the same letter; or oftener two and two of a letter. This he did not out of affectation, but from condescension to the younger sort. He would say, that his chief reason for doing it was because frequently the method is followed in the Scriptures, particularly in the book of Psalms in the original. "This," said he, "is my plea. If it be not a fashionable ornament, it is a scriptural ornament, and this is sufficient to recommend it, at least to justify it against the imputation of childishness." Of some of his subjects when he had finished them, he made short memoranda in rhyme, a verse or two to record each Sabbath's work, and these he gave out to the young people, who wrote them, and learned them, and profited by them. All preachers may not see fit to use the same methods, but all should drive towards the same end, and parents should help them by stimulating the attention of their families.

Should it be objected, "our children cannot comprehend our minister," our reply is, the more is the pity, hear another minister as soon as you can; for a gospel preacher who does not speak plainly enough to be for the most part understood by children of ten or twelve, had better go to school to learn what gospel simplicity means. Try it, parents, and you will find John and Ellen understanding much more than you thought; and if it be not so, there is all the more reason for you to make it clear to them by an hour's conversation and explanation.

In most respects, we cannot do better than follow our grand old predecessors, the Puritans, who were so much given to the habit of note-taking, that a scurrillous writer in a lampoon, entitled, "The Loyal Satirist; or, Hudibras in prose," finds matter for ridicule in it. He writes after this fashion, "Oh! what a gracious sight is a silver inkhorn. How blessed a gift is it to write short-hand! What necessary implements for a saint are cotton wool and blotting paper! These dabblers turn the church into a scrivener's shop. A country fellow, last term, mistook it for the Six Courts' Office. The parson looks like an offender upon the scaffold, and they penning his confession, or a spirit conjured up by

their uncouth characters." In a squib upon the expenditure of the committee of safety, during the Commonwealth, among the items wittily charged to Lord Fleetwood's use, is one "for a silver inkhorn, and ten gilt paper books, covered with green plush and Turkey leather, for his lady to write in at church—seven pounds, three shilings, and three pence." These godly people could well afford to be laughed at while they were enriching themselves with the choice jewels which the preachers of their age scattered so plenteously. Henry Smith has a good passage in his sermon on the "Art of Hearing," with which this word to the wise shall close.

"But before this you must use another help, that is, record every note in thy mind, as the preacher goeth; and after, before thou dost eat, or drink, or talk, or do anything else, repeat all to thyself. I do know some in the university, which did never hear a good sermon, but as soon as they were gone they rehearsed it thus, and learned more by this (as they said) than by their reading and study; for recording that which they had heard when it was fresh, they could remember all, and hereby got a better facility in preaching than they could learn in books. The like profit I remember I gained, when I was a scholar, by the like practice.

The philosophers and orators that have written such volumes, have left in their writings, that this was the keeper of their learning, like the bag which beareth the treasures. Therefore I may say with Christ, that the wicked are wiser than Christians; for the orators and philosophers used this help in hearing of earthly things, and we will not use it in hearing of heavenly things. The only cause why you forget so fast as you hear, and of all the sermons which you have heard, have scarce the substance of one in your heart, to comfort or counsel you when you have need, is because you went from sermon to dinner, and never thought any more of the matter; as though it were enough to hear, like sieves which hold water no longer than they are in a river.

What a shame is this, to remember every clause in your lease, and every point in your father's will; nay, to remember an old tale as long as you live, though it be long since you heard it; and the lessons which ye hear now will be gone within this hour, that you may ask, What hath stolen my sermon from me? Therefore, that you may not hear us in vain, as you have heard others, my exhortation to you is, to record when you are gone that which you have heard. If I could teach you a better way, I would; but Christ's disciples used this way when their thoughts ran upon his speech, and made them come again to him to ask the meaning; the virgin, his mother, used this way when she pondered his sayings, and laid them up in her heart; the good hearers of Berea used this way, when they carried Paul's sermon home with them, that they might examine it by the Scripture. This difference is noted between Jacob and his sons: when Joseph uttered his dream, his brethren gave no regard to it; but it is said that father Jacob noted the saying, Gen. xxxvii. 11. Therefore this must needs be an excellent way. For if Joseph and Mary, and Christ's disciples, should speak unto you as I do, and show you a way to hear, they would show you the same way that they used themselves. You cannot tell how much it will profit you until you practise it; do you try it one month, and if you love knowledge, I am sure you will use it while you live; but if you will not use it for all that can be said, truly you shall be like the old women which St. Paul speaks of, which were 'always learning and never the wiser.' 2 Tim. iii. 7."

The "Nazarenes" in Hungary.

THE "Correspondent" of the *Times* in Hungary sent to that paper lately an account of the "Nazarenes," a religious sect which has lately sprung up, or at least begun to attract attention, in that part of the world (see *London Times*, December 5th, 1867). We have reason to believe his report, interesting and indeed sensational as it is, is far from accurate. Two members of the Society of Friends, namely, Isaac Robson and Thomas Harvey, having come into communication with some of the "Nazarenes" at Vienna and at Pesth, during their recent journey, have recorded the information obtained in a letter to the *Friend*, from which excellent monthly paper we copy it:—

"*Vienna, Eighth Month 30th*, 1867.

"E. Millard (agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society) kindly took us this morning to call on E. S., one of the people called 'Nazarenes,' but who

call themselves 'Believers in Christ,' or simply 'Christians.' We were told there were 3,500 of them in Hungary, and smaller numbers in Austria, Bohemia, Germany, Switzerland, and the United States. Here in Vienna there are thirty-one; and they are about to receive several new members from both the Catholic and the Lutheran communities. E. S. is a middle-aged man, of an earnest, thoughtful, yet lively aspect. He appeared to know we wished for information, and was quite ready to impart it. They are a people resembling Friends, Mennonites, etc., in many of their views. They have a testimony against both war and oaths, which they bear unflinchingly. They practise adult baptism in river or flowing water, and observe 'the Supper;' and in all things seek to conform to the written word as they apprehend it. A Bible was on the table, and once or twice E. S. opened it, and read passages in support of his views. They scarcely admit the possibility of difference of view rightly existing, and this leads to a remarkable straitness. We had some free conversation on this point, but seemed to leave off where we began. On this account they keep aloof from other societies, even those who approach nearest to themselves. In discipline they follow the New Testament order, first private admonition, then taking one or two more, etc. In marriage (we were told one was on the *tapis*) the parties are not allowed to address each other. First the man informs the elders of his wish to marry; they enquire if he has thought of any one in particular, if so, they enquire of her if she has any wish to enter the married state, and if any one has occurred to her; then the matter is considered by the elders, and, if approved, a petition is presented to the authorities for leave to celebrate a 'civil' marriage. Usually no notice is taken of this, *i.e.*, no reply is vouchsafed. They then proceed to marry in their own way. The couple appear in a religious meeting, kneel, take hold of hands, and receive imposition of hands. There is no vow or promise, because the parties have made a vow to the Lord in their baptism, which includes every Christian obligation. Such a marriage E. S. said was 'in the Lord.' Their unions were always happy.*

"These dear people have conceived a high ideal of the Christian life, and are striving to live up to it. They make too little distinction between the *essential* and the *circumstantial;* and the want of elasticity (which they seem not to see is so wisely provided, 'let not him that eateth not,' etc., and 'let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind,' etc., etc.) will probably cause a break-down some day. Meantime, their unflinching dedication and self sacrifice—so like that of early 'Friends'—will be as a wedge splitting the hard rock of superstition and intolerance in these countries. Several of them here in Vienna have suffered imprisonment, and two are now under short sentences of imprisonment, against which they have appealed: their offence the holding their meetings for worship. Until lately these meetings were held at each others houses, at uncertain times, in order to prevent the intrusion of spies. Late political events have restrained the intolerance of the Government; and, to do them justice, the authorities seem disposed to be lenient in their sentences when they are moved to interfere.

"In regard to oaths, E. S. said their yea was yea, and their nay was nay. Being asked if they had been put to the test, he said he had had a case before the civil magistrate, in which he refused to swear, and said to the judge, 'How can you who sit there to administer the law require me to break the law of Christ, who said, "Swear not?"' The judge said, 'It is the law of the land.' He then said, 'Will you give me your right hand in confirmation of the truth of your testimony? E. S. replied, 'No; my yea is yea, and my nay is nay; and I cannot go beyond that.' His evidence was then admitted.

"Their principal suffering, we believe, has been on account of holding their meetings for worship; for which many have been imprisoned—women as well as men—and some repeatedly. He told us they never increased so rapidly as

* We venture to suspect that the rule has its exceptions.—C. H. S.

in Hungary during the time of the hottest persecution against them. Their testimony against war has been faithfully borne. One, Peter Zimbricht, a tailor, was in prison on this account in Vienna, previous to the late war. Through the indulgence of the governor of the prison, he was occasionally permitted to go out and spend an evening with his friends, who endeavoured to strengthen his faith. When the war with Prussia broke out, he was sent to the army, and ordered to fight; his sword and musket were tied to his body; and at last, at the battle of Königratz (Sadowa), his commanding officer ordered him to be shot. While almost in the act of pronouncing this sentence, a cannon ball killed the officer. Zimbricht, we understood, was still in prison, and had been sent first to Komorn, and since to some other fortress. He offered, when first conscripted, to act as a servant; but this was refused, though hospital and other work was sometimes accepted in lieu of direct military service.

"E. S.'s convincement occurred while he was a prisoner for some offence, through the divine blessing on the example and teaching of a fellow-prisoner. He said, 'I was rightly imprisoned as a wrong-doer; but he was in prison for conscience sake.' E. S.'s wife was present at most of our interviews. We were impressed with her intelligent and thoughtful countenance. They do not admit the ministry of woman; but E. S. said they acknowledged that gifts of the Spirit were bestowed on women, but they were to be exercised in a more private manner."

"*Pesth, Ninth Month 1st*, 1867.

"Since coming to this city, we have made farther enquiry respecting the 'Nazarenes.' Kindly accompanied by a Christian merchant, who speaks English, we called yesterday on one of them, P. S., by trade a maker of cheap boxes. We found him a quiet, reserved man, but with a sweet and Christian expression. After awhile he became more communicative. Their numbers here are about thirty; but in the South of Hungary, the Banat, etc., they have congregations that number 100 or 120. We enquired if it would be allowed us to say a few words, should we feel a desire to do so, at their meeting to-morrow (First-day); but he said *not*. They knew nothing of any, but those of their own communion. Individually he thought they were too exclusive. He said persecution had scattered and dispersed them, and this again had been made the means of adding to their numbers. Our companion made some earnest remarks on the importance of cherishing the spirit of Christian union with all who love the Lord Jesus.

"To-day we attended one of their meetings for worship, held at three p.m., in the cool cellar or basement floor of a dwelling. About thirty were present. When we entered the company were sitting in silence, each with a hymn book in hand, which some were reading; but most appeared engaged in silent waiting or prayer. After about ten minutes, one of the brethren went to the table and a little further time was spent in silent prayer. He then read two stanzas of a hymn, which were sung, most present joining. He next said a few words, which were followed by a brother offering prayer, speaking in a low, quiet voice, with much solemnity of manner. Part of the thirty-third of Deuteronomy was then read, and part of the eighteenth of Luke, by the brother at the table, who afterwards rose and spoke from this portion of Scripture nearly half-an-hour. Another short hymn and prayer by a third brother, and the benediction sung by the congregation, generally concluded the service. There was much quietness and deliberation in passing from one engagement to another, which gave frequent refreshing pauses of silence; and on the whole there was much of the feeling of a good meeting for worship—much of the atmosphere of a favoured 'Friends'' meeting. On leaving, we shook several of them by the hand, and desired the friend who kindly went with us, to express our earnest desire that the blessing of the Lord might rest upon them. The want of an efficient interpreter would have prevented our saying much more, even if we had had liberty."

Churchianity versus Christianity.

WHEN a genuine Christian happens to find himself settled down as a clergyman of the church of England, in addition to the troublesome memories of the inconvenient declarations by which he reached his position, he must frequently be the victim of mental nausea at the sight of the motley squadron in which he is enrolled. There is good Mr. Ryle, an indefatigable *Tract*arian, who hates Romish Tractarianism, and preaches the gospel thoroughly, and there are many, like him the excellent of the earth, distinguished for piety, who would be an honour to any denomination of Christians: a believer in Jesus feels much comfort in such company; but who are those spirits in red, white, and blue? Aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, in their dress at any rate. Their voice is Babylonian even as their apparel; they hail from Rome, and are affectionately attached to the Mother of Harlots. Can the lover of truth go with these? Can the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ's pure gospel sit in the same congress with these priests? Bow at the same altar? Unite in church fellowship with them? Surely the more gracious a man is the more irksome must such fellowship become. That searching question, "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" if it ever intrudes itself into rectories, must torture any evangelical clergyman who keeps a tender conscience. Moreover, on the other side of the quadrangle of the Establishment one sees a Philistine regiment of sceptics, with a bishop to head them, and all sorts of dignitaries to make up the battalion. Can the spiritual mind find peace in an affinity with these? Can it be to the evangelical clergyman, who is truly converted, a fact to sleep quietly upon, that he is in full communion with these unbelievers? The apostolical enquiry, "What part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" must surely at times ring through the manse, and startle the quiet of the vicarage library. How our brethren manage to read the burial service over ungodly men, how they can subscribe to the catechism, and many other enormities of the Book of Common Prayer, remains to us an enigma towards the solution of which we have not advanced a hair's breadth since the day when we provoked so much indignation by our sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration;" but the first bitter draught of subscription, and the subsequent doses of catechism and rubric, are not all the annoyances of conforming Puritans, for many of them are so sorely vexed with daily ecclesiastical troubles, that they might almost say with David, "All the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." We would pity them for being placed in so unenviable a position were they not free to get out of it whenever they please: lacking room for commiseration, we adopt another form of good wishing, and pray that their yoke may become heavier day by day, and their surroundings more and more intolerable, until they are driven forth from their self-chosen bondage. We are the best friend of the Evangelicals, because we do not delude them into the notion that their ecclesiastical union with Puseyism and Rationalism is justifiable, but honestly urge them to quit their indefensible and dishonourable position, and come out decidedly from all communion with the monster evils of the Establishment. None will welcome them more heartily or help them more industriously than he whom they adjudged to be unkind because of his outspoken rebukes. Disapproving of Episcopacy as a form of church government, many Dissenters would nevertheless rejoice to assist a free evangelical episcopal community formed by a great secession from the state church, and freed from its glaring errors; and such a church would be vexed by no special bickerings and jealousies between itself and the other members of the great evangelical family, it would most probably enjoy a place of more than ordinary prestige, and might possibly become the largest religious community in England. A little Scotch backbone and wonders would be wrought. Alas! we fear that the Record school teaches no lessons which can educate heroes, and we are afraid the evangelicals will continue to be what the Puseyites call them, "the jellies," to the end of the chapter.

In their work for the Lord, our Christian brethren in the Establishment of the

bolder stamp frequently find Churchianity a sad incumbrance to them. In favoured regions, where the gospel has long been preached, a circle of believers has been formed, who form a church within the church, and contribute greatly to the success and comfort of the clergyman ; but in other cases the Churchmen of the parish are a terrible nuisance to the Christian incumbent. Laying aside for a moment our opinion of the inconsistency of his official position, we cannot help sympathising deeply with the minister who, hampered and bound by his ecclesiastical connections, is nevertheless struggling, as manfully as his condition allows, to preserve a gospel testimony in the land. We wish God-speed to all such, *as ministers of our Lord Jesus*, although we anxiously desire that their membership with the corrupt church of England may, at any cost, speedily come to an end. We know that hundreds of the excellent of the earth are preaching the pure word of truth every Sabbath within the bounds of Episcopalianism, with hearts breaking for heaviness because their parishioners loathe the gospel, and hate them for the gospel's sake. "Ah," said a clergyman to us a few months ago, "your people love you, and if you are ill they are all praying to have you restored, but as for me, they would set the bells ringing in my parish if I were dead, for gospel truth is abominable in the esteem of most of them, and they hate me for keeping ritualism out of my church." This was, probably, an extreme case, but there are many of a similar kind, though not so intense in degree. May such brethren be upheld by their great Master to war a good warfare, and to remain faithful to the faith once committed to the saints. Inconsistent as they are, we cannot deliberate for a single moment as to which side to take in the contest between them and Ritualists and worldlings ; they are our brethren notwithstanding their shortcoming, their cause is the cause of truth and righteousness, so far as they preach the gospel of Jesus, and may it triumph beyond their own expectation, even to the destruction of the union between church and state. They deserve to be driven out of the Establishment, in which they are intruders, towards which they are Dissenters, for which they have defiled their reputations among their Nonconforming brethren, but, as men fighting in a wicked world against deadly errors, they deserve the prayers of all believers, and the best assistance that can be rendered by all Christians.

In the *Bucks Herald* a serious complaint is laid against the zealous Vicar of Winslow, by *a Churchman*, which we shall use as an illustration of the quarrel between Christianity and Churchianity. The allegations appear to us to be very justly brought by the writer from his Churchianity point of view ; the vicar is a Christian, and has no right in the Anglican church, and when his vestry condemns him, it is simply the voice of the church with which he has unhappily allied himself protesting against the religion of Jesus, which shines in his course of action. If an honest Englishman enlists in the French army in time of war, he must not wonder if his British manners are offensive to his Gallic connections ; he should not put himself in so false a position, but range himself on the side to which, by lineage and loyalty, he belongs. It is curious to note that the great sins which the Vicar of Winslow has committed against Churchianity, are precisely the very acts which, under Christianity, are accounted as virtues. His good before the Lord of hosts is evil in the judgment of perverse men. "In Winslow," says the Churchman, "there is a most decided church feeling. Many of us, with the greatest regret, leave our parish church, who have never done so before ; others, who from circumstances are unable to do so, feel the want of good services, but submit to what they get. Our vicar, I believe, thinks himself sincere and right ; but he forgets that other persons may (as in this instance they do) hold contrary views to his, to which views he will not yield in the slightest degree, although it would be for the benefit of the church of which he is a priest, and of which we are the true and loving people." Of course he is a priest, and his own prayer book calls him so, and yet we venture to guess that he disowns the title. His parishioners are right enough in murmuring at his want of churchmanship, but he is more right still, though very inconsistent, in putting Christ before the church.

Now for the gross transgressions of the vicar, which are chiefly threefold. *Item the first. He has been guilty of Christian love.* He has committed against Churchianity the high crime and misdemeanour of loving his brethren in the faith, whereas he ought to have denounced them all as schismatics and heretics. The charge needs no comment from us, all sound judges will see that the case is parallel to that against Paul and Silas, at Philippi, "these men, being Christians, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs which it is not lawful for us to receive, being Churchmen." Here are the very words of the accusation—"the holding of prayer meetings, at which all denominations of Christians were invited to attend, and to offer up prayer in alphabetical order, regardless of sect, and under the presidency of the vicar." Horrible! is it not, O bitter bigot? Lovely! is it not, disciple of Jesus?

Item second. He has vindicated, as well as he could, a weak point in his teaching, and has been anxious to win over those who differ. He is accused of preaching "*special sermons upon such subjects as Holy Baptism, and inviting the Baptists to attend, when that denomination of Christians had just established a new place of worship.*" Churchianity does not think those vile Baptists to be worth powder and shot. To preach to them is as bad as Paul preaching among the uncircumcised Gentiles. It is useless to try to convert them, and it is dangerous to ventilate the subject of Baptism, because the church is so very fond of Infant Baptism, and the matter is so exceedingly doubtful, that it is better not to stir in it. The Baptists, mark you, reader, do not complain; they are glad that every Pædobaptist should declare his own views, and they feel so safe in their own entrenchments that they look for converts whenever the subject is brought before the public mind; but the churchman complains grievously because Baptists are even bidden to come and be rectified by the vicar; let them alone, they are heretics and arch enemies of Churchianity; let them go to their own place, both here and hereafter.

Item third. The vicar has had the impertinence to be faithful as a pastor. This is a very serious business, and, we should imagine, is at the bottom of the whole complaint. He has trodden on some people's gouty toes, and touched their besetting sins with too rough a hand. "Thus," saith the church-scribe, "the preaching of sermons upon such subjects as balls and concerts, when such private and public entertainments were about to be given; I say that, in my belief, these things have been calculated to send church-goers elsewhere, such sermons as I have mentioned coming under the head of personal ones, which should always be avoided." Christianity approves of holy boldness in reproof, and integrity in declaring the whole counsel of God, but Churchianity loves gaiety and frivolity, and would have a dumb dog in the pulpit, who will not rebuke it. Whenever Churchianity has ruled, revelry and wantonness have been winked at, so long as saints' days, sacraments, and priests have been regarded. God's law is nothing to the high church, so long as church forms are scrupulously and ostentatiously observed. We should see maypoles erected and danced around on a Sunday afternoon within a year, if Churchianity had its way; the Book of Sports would be revived, and the evening of the Lord's day would be dedicated to the devil. Leave the church open, observe saints' days, decorate the altar, sing "Hymns Ancient and Modern," put on tagrags, and all goes smoothly with Churchianity: preach the gospel, and denounce sin, and straightway there is no small stir.

Well, good Mr. Vicar, may you be yet more vile in these men's sight, until they cast you out of the national church as your Master was driven forth before you. May you please God more and more, and make the devil and all his allies heartily sick of you. Saving your vicarage, and professed churchmanship, about which we can see nothing desirable, we esteem you highly, and hope that you and the like of you may evermore be sustained by the abounding mercy of the great Head of the one only true church, which is the remnant according to the election of grace. May Christianity rule and Churchianity be cast to the moles and to the bats.

Our Colporteurs.

"THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT GOOD."



"MY PEOPLE ARE GONE INTO CAPTIVITY, BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE."

CONVINCED that the sale of religious books in the lonely cottages of our villages and hamlets, and among the crowds of the uninstructed poor of our great cities, is one of the best methods of reaching the hearts of perishing men, about a year ago we committed to some of our young brethren at the Tabernacle the care of an enterprise of the kind, hoping that it would grow into a great society. Under the superintendence of our friends, seven men have been labouring with very considerable success in different parts of England, and have by their experience proved that the field is large and the work much needed. Nearly one thousand pounds' worth of books have been sold, and large districts have thus been sown with the truth; but we regret to say that the work is in danger of coming to a termination for lack of funds, all our means being now exhausted. It grieves us to the heart to go back a single step; like the English trumpeter we have not learned to sound a retreat; we had far rather speak to the children of Israel that they go forward; yet backward we must go, unless the Lord shall send us funds, for debt is of all things

our greatest abhorrence, and even for the truth's sake we dare not incur it. It remains very much with our readers whether we shall discharge our colporteurs or not, for although we are willing to lead in holy activity, we cannot stand alone, and when deserted by our fellow soldiers, we have no alternative but to stay our action. Dear friends, do you know what the colporteur does, and how cheap an agent he is? If not, let us tell you a few things about him. He must be a strong man, for he has to carry a heavy pack; he must be a patient labourer, for he has to toil most arduously; and he must be an intelligent worker, for he has to battle with all sorts of opinions. He journeys many miles in a day over hill and dale to remote country houses, and there tries to sell a Bible, or a Pilgrim's Progress, or some other good book; he has pennyworths for the poor, elegant volumes for the rich, and picture books for the children, all full of the gospel of Jesus. When he cannot make a sale, he leaves a tract, and says a few words about the great salvation; and, if there be any sick in the house, he reads a chapter and offers prayer, and points the dying sinner to the living Saviour. Wet and dry, winter and summer, he is at his work; his district is large, and he tries to go round the whole of it at least once in every month, so that he may sell the monthly periodicals; hence he has no waste time on his hands, but is at work from morning till night. Frowned upon by Popish clergy and ridiculed by ungodly men, he is sustained by zeal for his Master's glory, and looks for his reward in heaven. He finds in many places as complete an ignorance of the gospel as if he were in India; even the name of Jesus is sometimes unknown, and that in Christian England; but, on the other hand, he sees Popish prints on the walls, which have been sold by hawkers, and bought because they were cheap and showy, and he meets with profane songs, vile newspapers, polluting novels, and obscene literature, and has to do his best to put something better in their place. Where there is no gospel minister or missionary he is hailed as the only light which the darkened villagers have within reach, and frequently he is the herald of the preacher, and the founder of a Christian church. For all his toils the good man only gets sixty pounds a year, the half of which, at least, he is bound to earn by the sales which he effects; he is therefore no hireling lustful for gain, but a self denying worker toiling for love of souls. To turn him adrift is cruelty to souls, and treason to truth, *shall it be done?* We thought that three hundred pounds a year would have been readily subscribed, instead of which, our friends hardly sent us fifty pounds during last year, and we have been greatly discouraged. The Lord knows how ardently we desire his glory, and how readily we would give our last penny to spread the gospel, but all are not of this mind, and hence our college and colportage are forgotten by the bulk of our readers. Thanks, a thousand thanks to a loving and faithful few who bring tears of rejoicing to our eyes by their thoughtful and continual liberality; when will the Lord touch the hearts of others, and make them willing to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Scotland has a noble society of colporteurs, numbering one hundred and fifty; *shall England be left without such a necessary body of evangelists?* If it be so, the fault is not at our door. The Lord will require the blood of souls at the hand of those who see men perish for lack of knowledge, and refuse to send them light.

Our woodcut shows the colporteur in a cold winter's day talking with the children of a lone farmhouse, and selling them some of the many excellent magazines of the present day, for he is always the children's friend, with a word and perhaps a little book to give them, or a hymn to teach them. Bands of hope spring up around him in the villages, for he is usually a temperance man, and zealous in every good word and work. He is a very welcome visitor, for he generally goes where there are no book shops, and where apart from him no good magazines and books would ever be seen. God speed him in his labours, and God grant that so far from recalling him, we may be able to send out more. The matter is now left with the Lord and with his people: we will report progress hereafter.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Reviews.

The Apocalyptic Roll, the Title Deed of the Church; the Seals, the Mystery of Good and Evil Contending for the Mastery. With a new Apocalyptic Chart. By C. E. Fraser-Tytler. Johnson & Hunter, Edinburgh.

If the dark sayings of the Apocalypse are ever to be opened up before the time of their fulfilment, such laborious students as Mr. Tytler will probably be favoured to be the instruments of the discovery. His work manifests great erudition, much caution, and profound piety. We wish it had fallen to his lot to master some other and more practical subject, for whatever he might have undertaken would have gained in interest by his researches. Students of prophecy will do well to procure this work; we think they will do better to study plainer portions of the Word first and chiefly. Mr. Irving once recommended a lady for a wife upon the ground that she understood more about the beast in the Apocalypse than any other female except his own wife: we should have made that a very especial reason for leaving the beauty alone.

The Harvest of a Quiet Eye: Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives. By the author of "My Study-chair," "Musings," etc. Religious Tract Society.

Readers of the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" will remember these quietly contemplative papers, the productions of one who loves retirement, and feels the hallowing influence of meditation. The title is from one of Wordsworth's verses—

> "The outward shows of sky and earth,
> Of hill and valley he has viewed:
> And impulses of deeper birth
> Have come to him in solitude.
> In common things that round us lie,
> Some random truths he can impart,
> —The harvest of a quiet eye
> That broods and sleeps in his own heart."

The book is charmingly got up; indeed it is externally one of the most attractive of this year's issues, it is embellished with first-class engravings, and is a most suitable Christmas present for lovers of God and readers of nature's silent poetry. The multiplication of such books is a cheering sign of the times: art and taste have not quite gone over to the enemy after all.

Stars of Earth; or, Wild Flowers of the Month. By Leigh Page. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

A beautiful volume, both without and within; eloquently and devoutly written, rich with scientific information and poetical quotation, and withal delightfully garnished with plentiful illustrations. The aim of the work is to trace the love of God in the flowers of the field—

> "There is a lesson in each flower,
> A story in each stream and bower;
> In every herb on which you tread
> Are written words, which, rightly read,
> Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
> To hope, to holiness, and God."

The Work of God in Every Age. By the Rev. W. Froggart. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

A history of the revival of religion in every age. The beaten path is too closely trodden, very few new facts are mentioned, and the style is rather heavy, yet the deep evangelical spirit and earnestness of the writer will save the book and benefit the reader. Those to whom the theme is new cannot do better than find an introduction to it in these pages.

Our Earthly House and its Builder; or, the Wisdom of God as displayed in the Body of Man. The Religious Tract Society, London.

We consider it to be of so much importance that young folks should have correct notions of the structure of their bodies, and the laws by which their physical frame is regulated, displaying as these do in a convincing manner the forethought and loving care of the heavenly Father, that we took up this little book with pleasurable anticipations, which were scarcely realised as we perused its pages. The author, perhaps we should say the compiler, assures us that the book is "presented in language suited to the young," therefore, mistrusting our own judgment, we handed it to a jury of young persons, one of whom has confessed he "did not

read much of it, as it was so dry," the other reported that "it is instructive but not very interesting." Books for young persons must be engaging in their style; and a simple narrative or description, leaving the truth to work its own effect upon the mind, will prove more attractive and useful than when, as in the case before us, the writer interrupts his course to beg his reader to lay hold of the point which, if there be a point, surely the reader should be able to discover for himself. The book contains much information derived from excellent and reliable sources; its tone is that which characterises all the issues of the Religious Tract Society, which is a fountain of health to the nation.

Under the Shadow. Being additional leaves from the Note-book of the late Mary B. M. Duncan, author of "Bible Hours." Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

We have reserved this volume until we could enjoy it at leisure, for we have a lively recollection of a former banquet from the same hand: we have not been disappointed in the feast which we expected from it, but have been surprised with the superior richness of the viands. The book is a storehouse of simple but deeply spiritual suggestions upon scriptural texts, each one of which has a novelty about it, such as will refresh the heart of the toiling minister. Every one who has had a sip from the brook in the form of "Bible Hours," should drink from the full pitcher of "Under the Shadow." We found a sermon for our people while reading it, and hope to discover many more. We trust that every scrap of Mrs. Duncan's Note-book will be religiously preserved, and speedily issued from the press. The merest fragments should be gathered, for she hath dust of gold.

Missionary Life among the Jews in Moldavia, Galicia, and Silesia. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

This volume contains the memoir and letters of Mrs. Edward, the wife of a missionary, with a preface by our beloved friend, Rev. A. Moody Stuart. Every reader of missionary literature must get a copy, and especially every lover of the seed of Israel. It a hopeful record, but sad and painful beyond expression to every friend of the Jew; we intend to give a lengthened abstract of it in "The Sword and the Trowel."

English Monasticism; its Rise and Influence. By O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

According to some people, Judas and Ananias have gone to heaven, and now it is discovered that monks and friars were in the olden time, apostles or something better. Well, it may be so, but we have our doubts. Mr. Hill's work will be sure to interest antiquarians, he has given much time and labour to its production, and is evidently an enthusiast upon the subject. The very name of *monk* stinks in our nostrils; if the creature ever was good for anything it must have been a long time ago. When his race abounded in England, shameless profligacy, gluttony and covetousness, were its most prominent features; and whatever virtues it may have once possessed, were encrusted with the filth of centuries. Mr. Hill doubts very much of the evidence as to the shameful condition of the abbeys at the time of their suppression, and to our mind, he thinks too well of the former usefulness of those dens of iniquity and superstition. Their utter overthrow must have caused great distress for a time among the hordes of beggars and idlers whom they had supported, but had the misery been ten times greater, it was a cheap price to pay for the eradication of such a cancer from the commonwealth. Let the man who shall revive monkery in England, perish at the very commencement of his detestable enterprise, since it is not possible for the infernal fiend himself to imagine a direr curse for any country or people.

Young Calvin in Paris; or, The Scholar and the Cripple. By the Rev. W. M. Blackburn. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

We were attracted to this story by its connection with that peerless man, John Calvin, whose name, for the truth's sake, is as music in our ears. When we had once begun to read we were enchanted, and when we had concluded we felt that a dew from the Lord had fallen upon us.

The tale is such as children may read with pleasure, and old men with profit: founded upon well-known facts, it advances gospel principles, and breathes a sacred spirit. The martyr age is a rich quarry for historians, but it is richer still as a storehouse of incentives to heroism and zeal, which the present church much requires. O that the God of Calvin were more manifestly with us in this land!

The Writings of Irenæus. Vol. I. *The Writings of Hippolytus.* Vol. I. T. T. Clarke, 38, George St., Edinburgh.

We again heartily commend to our readers this very valuable series of translations from the works of the Anti-Nicene Fathers. All that a ripened scholarship and careful editing can do, in conjunction with first-class printing and binding, to make a handsome volume worthy of a prominent place in any library, has been achieved in connection with these works. We are reminded in reading these volumes, of the early life of colonists in backwoods, clearing the forest, and contending meanwhile with wild beasts and wilder men. All is immaturity and strife. Many promises of great and good things to come, but at present all is chaos and strange alarm. With many childish fears, a truly manly life is displayed, and while there is much to excite a smile, and a little to disgust, there is more to provoke admiration and command esteem. We hope that the enterprising publishers will be rewarded by a large circulation.

Pearls of Great Price. By C. H. Collette. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

A shilling collection of verses from the Bible, arranged under suitable heads, for meditation. A neatly printed little compilation.

"*Being Filled with the Spirit.*" By John Goodwin. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

Another volume of the Puritan Divines, complete in itself, and every way worthy of a place amongst the invaluable reprints issued by Mr. Nichol in his series of Standard Divines. This work of a very voluminous author is free from the Arminian errors rampant in others of his productions. We need add no word of remark as to the "get up" of the book. The publisher's well-known name is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

Daily Devotions for Children. By Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale. London: Alexander Strahan, 56, Ludgate Hill.

Here the authoress gives a hymn, a few verses of Scripture, two prayers for morning and evening, for every day of a month. If we could feel it right to say a good word for written prayers, we should commend these, but we dare not do so; it seems to us far better to train children to express their own desires in their own words, than to put language into their mouths: those who think differently will prize this pretty little book.

Just as we were going to press, we received from Mr. Dickinson, 92, Fleet Street, a reminder that we had not yet given our promised review of *Spencer's Things New and Old;* we confess our negligence, and will fulfil our promise, if spared, in next month's number. Meanwhile, we are satisfied that no minister who purchases this priceless work will ever regret the expenditure. There is nothing to surpass it in the whole compass of literature; it is a library in itself, a Noah's ark of illustrations, a world of metaphors, an ocean of similitudes. Mr. Dickinson has already disposed of one thousand copies: he ought to have orders for ten thousand at least. Every minister should receive a copy as a present from his deacons. Twelve and sixpence will be well spent in so richly storing the pastor's shelves. *Trapp's Commentary*, by the same publisher, we shall hope to notice at the same time: it is worth its weight in gold, at the least.

The Protestant Dissenters' Almanack will become mere waste paper unless some little trouble is taken to correct its abounding errors. If we had purchased our copy, we should have felt inclined to demand our money back, for, so far as its information as to ministers is concerned, the almanack is not worth a bad farthing. *The Baptist Year Book* (Elliot Stock), shows us

that the Baptists are hopefully advancing and consolidating themselves, by forming Associations. The Year Book must not, however, escape our censure, for it is needlessly incorrect in many places, and lists in one part of it differ from those given in another. Accuracy is the test of value in the case of these manuals, and we trust editors and printers will mend their ways. *The Congregational Year Book* is a colossal affair, illustrated by abundance of Gothic edifices; we cannot judge of its correctness, but its information is exceedingly abundant. *The Christian Year Book* (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder), is a great improvement upon last year's issue, but something still better is desirable. It is a very good attempt to supply a great want.

Memoranda.

WE hope next month to resume our Expositions of the Psalms, and to continue them as regularly as our work allows.

Mr. J. A. Spurgeon has been unanimously elected co-pastor of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. His late hearers at Cornwell Road, Notting Hill, presented him with a gold watch as a parting token of regard. The Lord send them a pastor speedily after his own heart.

Our readers have not forgotten Mr. Orsman and his "Golden Work in Golden Lane," for he still receives contributions from them for carrying on his missionary efforts. We are glad to learn that the East London Mission and Relief Committee have guaranteed him a sum for the relief of the starving poor of Golden Lane, and for providing three dinners weekly for poor children. We have received a "statement of a year's e angelistic labours" in this locality, by Mr. Orsman, *printed by himself*—and creditable printing it is for an amateur. It is a wonderful record. tersely written, of labours for the Lord among a depraved and neglected people. Our friend contemplates building new Ragged and Sunday Schools, and Mr. Briscoe, M.P., has promised him substantial assistance in this undertaking.

Mr. W. H. Tredray, of our College, has become pastor of Norland Chapel, Notting Hill. He has a heavy debt to struggle with, but with the Lord's help he will succeed.

Mr. Harley, of Derby, late of our College, sails next month for St. John's, New Brunswick.

Mr. Bloodworth, of our evening classes, has succeeded Mr. Julyan at Pinner.

Mr. I. J. Irving, has commenced his stated labours in the Corn Exchange, Melton Mowbray. We have promised £100 towards a new chapel, and hope that this will be a stimulus to the friends to push on in their work.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Edmund Morley, of the Pastor's College, as pastor of the Baptist church in Stratford-on-Avon, were recently held. We are glad to learn that this once feeble cause has been greatly strengthened, that as the result of open-air services on Sunday afternoons some have been gathered in of those who seldom entered a place of worship.

On Friday, 17th, J. A. Spurgeon presided at the formation of a new church in the City of London, whose place of meeting is the Temperance Hall, Liverpool Buildings, Bishopsgate. It consists of earnest hearts, and bids fair to increase rapidly.

J. A. Spurgeon opened a new chapel at Knapton-on-the-Hill, near Daventry, on January 1st. The Lord send prosperity.

The church and congregation lately worshipping in Shouldham Street, under the pastorate of Mr. Fellowes, have obtained a larger edifice in John street, Edgware road, where the late Mr. Herschell preached. Already signs of considerable success have appeared. There is a debt of £2,000 upon the chapel; one friend has given £500, and has guaranteed to raise £250 more. The friends are therefore encouraged to persevere in their work. Mr. Fellowes's earnest gospel preaching has, we know, been much blessed in the chapel he has vacated: we hope to hear of still larger success in his enlarged sphere. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Marshall, late of Byanstone Hall, succeeds Mr. Fellowes at Shouldham Street.

Mr. Hanks's Male Catechumen Class, described in our magazine of 1866, held its annual tea meeting on New-year's-day, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, when C. H. Spurgeon presided. There was a large attendance of friends in the lecture-hall, the largest of the kind in connection with the class—the average attendance of which on the Sabbath afternoon is 130. Mr. Hanks made a statement relative to the progress of

the class, and the good results which had followed the study of the "Assembly's Catechism." He concluded by presenting £30 to the pastor for the College, as the half-year's subscription of the class towards an institution which they always affectionately remembered. Messrs. Riddle, Lardner, White, junr., Coombes, and Magee gave interesting accounts of the success of their labours in different localities; Mr. Dransfield, one of the elders of the church, whose lips always drop words of wisdom and love, spoke encouragingly to the young brethren, Mrs. Bartlett addressed the assembly by special request, and the meeting was good throughout. Similar classes should be formed in connection with all our churches. The Sabbath afternoon, when there are no public services, is the time of meeting, and the class book is Mr. Spurgeon's edition of the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, which can be had of Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, for One Penny, or Six Shillings per hundred.

The annual meetings of the London Baptist Association were the best we have yet held. W. Landells was elected President for 1868, and C. H. Spurgeon, Vice-president. A spirit of holy love and zeal pervaded the assemblies. There are 91 churches with 23,000 members in the Association. two new chapels have been erected in the two years of its existence, and another is projected at Clapton.

At the Deacons' meeting, held December 27th, eight candidates were elected to the Almshouses out of about twenty applicants. Their names we publish for the information of the church members. Mrs. Brooks, Ellis, West, Wright, Ambrosoni, Chamberlain, and Misses Greaves and Williams. We regret to say that we have no endowment whatever for these eight rooms, and there are also four more rooms which are in the same destitute condition. It seems a shame to receive poor aged women, and offer them nothing but a room. however comfortable the room may be. We can for a time make the most destitute of them pensioners upon our church funds for half-a-crown a week, but we cannot do more. This is starvation allowance for these aged pilgrims. and we shall be glad to see an endowment which will give them five shillings a week at the least. The sum of £300 would be sufficient to endow one of the rooms with five shillings a week in perpetuity, and our own friends at home must make it a point of honour to raise this sum in 1868, and the like sum every year till all the rooms are provided for.

Our list for the Orphans is but light this month. We have had very few applications for collecting-cards which are to be brought in in March; will not our friends everywhere aid us in this enterprise? Cards can be had on application to C. H. Spurgeon, or Mr. Blackshaw, Tabernacle, Newington. THE BAZAAR IN JUNE WE HOPE WILL BE ON THE MINDS OF ALL.

THE WATCHNIGHT SERVICE at the Tabernacle commanded a crowded house. It was a season of great solemnity, and manifest power from on high. The usual hymn, "Ye virgin souls," No. 1043, in "Our Own Hymn Book," was sung at the commencement; and, during the service C. H. Spurgeon addressed believers upon Isaiah lx. 1, showing that because they had received the privilege of light, it was their duty to "*arise*" in earnestness and "*shine*" in holy zeal. To whom much is given, of them much will be required. If those do not shine who have been visited with the glory of God, who can? When God shines, we should shine, and when the glory of the Lord arises, we should arise. After the singing of two verses, of "O for a closer walk with God," and prayer by Pastor Wigner, of New Cross, Mr. Spurgeon spoke to the unsaved from Mark x. 49, "Rise, he calleth thee." He showed that as the blind man was to rise while yet blind, simply because he was called, so sinners are bidden, just as they are, to rise and trust in the Lord Jesus, who calls the labouring and heavy laden to come to him. The two addresses were an instructive contrast: the believer called to rise because he had light, and the unbeliever to arise although as yet he had none. After seven or eight minutes of the most eloquent silence, unbroken by the slightest sound, the voice of time proclaimed the midnight hour, and all arose to welcome the New Year with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." As they went out friends performed the first action in the year by dropping an offering into the Lord's treasury. O that 1868 may be a year of grace. At six on New-year's-morning, friends met again to plead with God for his blessing. J. A. Spurgeon presided. Prayer is our strength.

At the Annual Church Meeting at the Tabernacle, the number of members was announced as 3,634, the clear increase for the year being 224. An address, beautifully emblazoned on vellum, was presented to Dr. Palfrey, of Finsbury Place, as a memorial of the gratitude of the church to him, for his loving care of the Pastor in his late illness, and his generous conduct towards the poor members.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon:—Dec. 31, one; Jan. 2, fifteen; 20, four.

Pastor's College Account

Dr. *For the Year* 1867. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	153	3	9	By Salaries...	990	17	0
,, Weekly Offering at Tabernacle ...	1,830	9	3	,, Students' Board and Lodging 3,699 9 10			
,, Proceeds of Tea Meetings at Tabernacle...	297	18	9	Less Paymt. by Friends 95 15 0			
,, Donations	2,906	2	7		3,603	14	10
,, Collections after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon ... 131 11 10				,, Books, Stationery, and Printing 585 19 7			
Less Travelling Expenses 10 0 0				Less Books purchased by Students... ... 200 9 8			
	121	11	10		385	9	11
,, Collections by former Students ...	114	4	8	,, Preaching Stations	117	1	11
				,, Medical Attendance...	19	18	6
				,, Clothing	138	12	6
				,, Sundry Payments	167	4	4
				,, Balance in hand	0	6	10
	£5,423	5	10		£5,423	5	10

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the Vouchers, and found correct, leaving a Balance in hand of Six Shillings and Tenpence.

Jan. 22, 1868.

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 £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Dec. 16*th, to Jan.* 20*th,* 1867.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
An Invalid	1	0	0	E. M. E.	1	0	0
Mr H. Kinvig	0	10	0	Mr. Hanks' Class	30	0	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	6	Miss Holden	0	6	0
A Thursday Night Hearer...	1	0	0	Esperance	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Evans	1	0	0	C. S. F.	0	5	0
Mrs. C. D., Forfarshire	1	0	0	Mr. Jameson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Pearce	0	5	0	Mr. C. Wagstaff	5	0	0
Wharf Road Chapel, Grantham, per Rev. G. B. Bowler	1	5	0	A Kentish Friend	0	5	0
Marlboro'Crescent Chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, per Rev. B. W. Carr	6	5	0	Mr. Croker's Class	10	0	0
Young Ladies' Bazaar	0	5	0	A Thankoffering	2	10	0
Miss A. Edinburgh, a Thankoffering, per Mr. Bunning	0	10	0	Profit of Tea Meeting	147	13	9
Mr. J. Alexander, jun.	1	1	0	A Thankoffering for mercies received, E. V.	0	10	0
S. R., per Mrs. Buckland	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Bilborough	1	0	0
E. N.	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haggett	1	0	0
J. F. Rothesay	0	10	0	Mr. J. Neale	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Burgess	2	0	0	Mr. B. Cotton	5	5	0
G. L. M.	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Dutton	1	0	0
Mrs Newton	1	0	0	Mrs. Macbeth	1	0	0
Psalm xliii. 3	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Roberts	3	3	0
A Thankoffering, Bath	1	0	0	C. F.	0	2	6
Baptist Church, Eday, per Mr. J. P. Tulloch	1	1	0	Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
E. P. H.	1	0	0	Collection at Commercial Road, per Mr. Harrison	1	10	0
Mr. James Cormack	0	10	0	Mrs. Bell	5	0	0
M. M., Dundee	3	0	0	Mr. Banks' Collecting Box	0	3	5
Mr. A. Sinclair, Wick	1	0	0	Mr. W. Clissold	5	0	0
Mrs. Tucker	1	0	0	E. E. Ipswich...	0	2	6
M. A.	0	1	0	Mr Oliver Moore	0	2	0
Marie, 6 fr.	0	5	0	Mrs. Craigie	1	0	0
C. H. S.	4	0	0	Mrs. Macintyre	0	10	0
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	5	0	Dr. Beilby	0	10	0
Mr. Summerfield's Collecting Box ...	1	4	7	Luke x. 2, Dublin	1	0	0
S. W. L	15	0	0	A Thankoffering, F. S., Dorking... ...	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Booth...	1	0	0	Mrs. A.	5	0	0
Mrs. Davies	1	1	0	Mr. M. Fulks	1	1	0
				A Frequent Hearer	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Chelsea, per Rev. F. H. White	5	0	0
Legacy of the late Mr. H. Liebrecht	180	0	0
A Friend	20	0	0
Lillah	1	1	0
G. M., Moneymore	1	10	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
M. L. K.	0	10	0
O. H.	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, Tytherton	1	10	0
W. S.	0	1	0
Mr. E. Griffiths	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Scott	0	10	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. J. Blake	0	12	0
A Thankoffering, Mr. and Mrs. Dransfield's 50th Wedding-day	10	10	0
Mrs. C. Ware	0	7	6
Mrs. Lilley	0	3	0
Mr. Saggers	0	10	0
Mr. A. T. Nisbet	1	0	0
Colonel Morrison	5	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	37	10	0
Rev. J. H. Millard	0	5	0
Mr. A. Pash	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Dec. 22	32	6	8
" " " "	29	37	11	0
" " " " Jan. 5	54	14	0
" " " " 12	36	9	0
" " " " 19	33	18	6
	£769	12	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 16th, 1867, to January 20th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Lee	0	2	6
A. C.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Pearce	0	5	0
J. T. B.	50	0	0
Miss F. B. Thompson	0	10	0
A Friend, Royton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Peak, Oldbury	0	2	6
Mr. J. Alexander, jun.	1	1	0
S. R., per Mrs. Buckland	0	10	0
J. E. Rothesay	0	10	0
Mr. H. Tubby	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Burgess	1	0	0
G. L. M.	0	10	0
627 Card. Miss Cornish	1	0	0
Mr. W. Fay	0	5	0
Newtown	0	3	0
Psalm xliii. 3	0	5	0
E. P. H.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cormack	0	10	0
Mr. J. Naylor	0	2	6
G. T.	0	1	6
Mr. John B——y	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. J. Scott	1	0	0
Miss Emily A. Gilbert	2	2	0
Mrs. Sedcole, returned Collecting Box	0	6	3
Master H. Saunders, returned Collecting Box	0	10	4
Mr. W. H. Tipper	1	0	0
J. and G.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vast	0	5	0
J. M. D.	0	5	0
The Library, Windsor	1	0	0
Miss Rane	2	2	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. Bilborough	1	0	0
Mrs. Edwards and Friends	1	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haggett	1	0	0
Young Friends, Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	12	0
C. F.	0	1	0
Mr. J. Thorne	0	2	6
Mrs. Bell	5	0	0
A Friend	0	0	6
A Thankoffering	2	10	0
Mr. J. C. Fawcett	1	1	0
A Thankoffering, F. S.	2	10	0
A Scotch Ploughboy	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. L. Evans	16	0	0
H. A.	2	0	0
Lecture at Thetford, per Mr. McKinley	0	16	0
Mr. J. G. Richardson	5	0	0
Mrs. Lillycrop	1	1	0
C. H. K.	0	5	0
483 Card, Mrs. Brown	1	3	0
Dr. Lowrie	1	0	0
Mr. G. Crooks	1	0	0
Miss Mary Bainbridge	0	10	0
Mr. W. Bamford	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, Tytherton	1	10	0
W. S.	0	1	0
Mr. W. Icke	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	0
Mrs. R. Scott	0	10	0
Miss Storey	0	1	6
A Wesleyan	0	3	6
Mr. J. Dodwell	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Friends at Peckham, per Miss Gregory	1	0	0
A Thankoffering, E. M. V.	0	10	0
Pithay Baptist Chapel, Bristol, Y.M.M.I.S.	0	8	0
	£103	13	6

For Mr. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers, and Free Ragged School, Golden Lane, E.C.—Messrs. Bourne and Taylor, £1 1s.; Mrs. C., 5s.; "An Invalid," Bristol, 5s.; O. H., 5s.; Mrs. Jeffery, £1 4s.; Orphan, 6d.; Miss Glass and Friends, 17s.; "Ruth," 4s.; A. C. C., 2s. 6d.; S. E. P., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Broughton, £1.; Misses Broughton, 10s.; Mr. Hiscock, 5s.; J. Morley, Esq., £5 5s.; Mrs. Walters, £1 1s.; Ernestine, 5s.; Lady L., £1 1s.; J. C. Richmond, 3s.; A Friend, per Mr. Vickery, 5s.; E. E., Ipswich, 2s.; Misses Keating and Smyth, £1; Mrs. Doggett, £5; Dr. J. Lowrie, £1; O. H., 5s.; W. S., 6d.

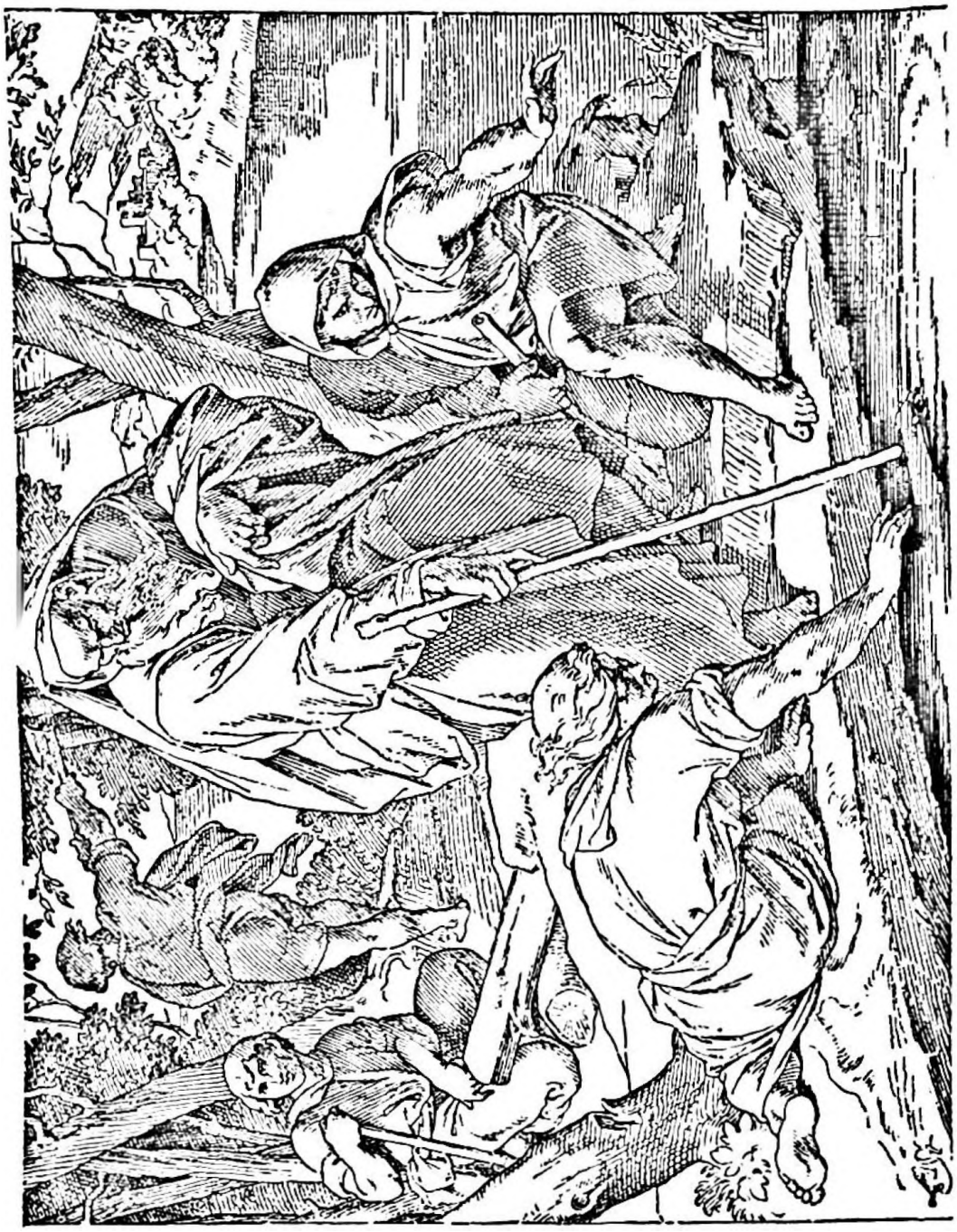
Thanks are tendered for several parcels of clothes for the distressed poor, and to G. H. M., for his gratuitous supply of printing ink for the Mission Press.

For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscription.—Mrs. M., 6s. Donations.—G. A., £10 10s. Mr. Jas. Ballard, 5s.; Mr. N. Blair, £1.

For College.—Valuable Bundles of Clothing.

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.

"O'ER EARTH AND WAVE VICTORIOUS RULES THE LORD—
LET ALL HIS SERVANTS FIX THEIR TRUST IN HIM;



THEIR SUNKEN AXE BY SOVEREIGN POWER RESTORED,
SHALL SHOW HOW FAITH CAN MAKE THE IRON SWIM."

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1868.

Accidents in the Lord's Work.

"And the sons of the prophets said unto Elisha, Behold now, the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us. Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan, and take thence every man a beam, and let us make us a place there, where we may dwell. And he answered, Go ye. And one said, Be content, I pray thee, and go with thy servants. And he answered, I will go. So he went with them. And when they came to Jordan, they cut down wood. But as one was felling a beam, the axe head fell into the water: and he cried, and said, Alas, master! for it was borrowed. And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick, and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim. Therefore said he, Take it up to thee. And he put out his hand, and took it."—2 Kings vi. 1—7.

HERE was an instance of a college for the training of men of God. The young teachers, who are called "sons of the prophets," lived in the society of Elisha, that great master in Israel, and so far from imagining that it was wrong to instruct those who were moved of the Spirit to speak, the venerable prophet encouraged them to provide further accommodation, that others might share in his teachings. The whimsies of certain good people with regard to seminaries for ministers are founded in a misapprehension: it is both a good and a necessary work to educate those whom the Lord has called. Schools of the prophets there always have been, and always must be. Humanly speaking, the Reformation could never have spread over Europe, had it not been that both Luther and Calvin lectured to large classes of young men, who were attracted by their fame, and being filled with their spirit, went everywhere proclaiming the truth. Our Lord's twelve apostles were his college of preachers, and each of these committed the gospel to faithful men, who taught others also.

This passage also gives a hint to those excessively spiritual people who object to building places for God's worship, and whenever an enlargement, or a new structure is projected, cry out about *hearing so much about bricks and mortar*. Their wisest way is to give their immediate help to the enterprise, and get the building done with, that they may never hear of it again. Young prophets must have houses, and as these will not grow of themselves, like mushrooms, there must be some little talk about the matter, and earnest labour too. Elisha did not say, "There, there, do not trouble me about buildings; I desire to walk with

God and think of heavenly things; I cannot possibly give attention to your carnal arrangements about building houses;" no, he listened to their story, and when he saw them resolved upon the business, he went with them to afford them his countenance and company. Our personal experience of superfinely spiritual people who cannot endure the ordinary work of Christian churches, is just this—they are either lackadaisical, sentimental images of affectation, or mean, stingy hypocrites, who want an excuse for tightening their purse-strings. While we are in this body, we shall want houses to meet in for public worship, almsrooms and orphanages for the relief of the poor, and schools for the instruction of the young; and it is as much a holy work to build these in our times, as it was for Bezaleel to fashion the tabernacle, or Solomon to erect the temple. Those excessively heavenly people who cannot condescend to such worldly work, ought not to eat their dinners, for that is a very fleshly operation; nor ought they to sleep as do others, or to array themselves in coats and waistcoats, for that is a very carnal fashion; they should rig themselves out with wings, and imitate the angelic in all things. Bah! One needs a great deal of patience to endure the nonsense of a certain class of very pretentious, but useless people.

Our chief reason for noticing the incident before us, was to make an observation appropriate to our late trial, that in the best work for the Lord we have no guarantee against accidents, and the losses which they occasion. The young prophet was most laudably engaged, and yet the head of his axe flew off, and fell into the water. Those who conclude that every successful work has the smile of God upon it, should remember that Babylon was mistress among the nations, and none could stand against her, yet was she abhorred of the Lord. Those, on the other hand, who see in every temporary calamity a proof that an enterprise is not according to the Lord's mind, might condemn the preaching of the gospel itself, since in its very infancy it subjected so many to persecution and to cruel death. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and the works which he approves he often renders difficult. When the preacher at the Surrey Music Hall saw his congregation scattered by the uproar of wicked men, and mourned over precious life which was so suddenly sacrificed, there were friends who read in that shocking disaster an omen that the work was not of God, and that the preacher must desist; but the young man did not believe in omens, but in duty, and therefore, as soon as he could, he reappeared in his pulpit, and as the result of his after ministry in that place, it is not too much to say that thousands found Christ by his direct teaching, while the preaching of the word in cathedrals, abbeys, music halls, and theatres, became a tolerated agency, and even a popular method of evangelisation. During the last few days an unusually strong wind has demolished about six hundred pounds' worth of property at the Stockwell Orphanage; will the conductor of that work be at all discouraged, and dream that the Lord's hand is against him? Not for a moment. The same event happeneth alike to all. Winds and tempests blow upon the good as well as the evil. When a storm is abroad, it shows no partialities, and is as likely to overturn an orphanage as a theatre, to wreck a missionary ship as a pirate's craft. Does this perplex the observer? It should not do so. God would have us serve him under trials and difficulties; to screen us from them would be to

make babies of us, and not to develop the manly qualities of patience, courage, and perseverance. In this world and under its ordinary laws the Great Master would have us labour, not under a glass case of miracles and wonders, but under the cloudy skies which look down upon a fallen world: he trains us to work not as a race of amateurs protected from all the dust and sweat of ordinary life, and laid up in lavender by supernatural exemptions from hardships, but as real workmen, to whom things are as they are, who find trees hard to fell, and the heads of whose axes fly off unless they are well fastened on to their handles. Of course, if trust in providence be a guarantee against flood, wind, fire, and hail, it is clear that all who meet with such calamities are great sinners, and their works obnoxious to the Ruler of all things, but this can hardly be true, when we frequently see those called to suffer who are the very cream of the church of Christ. Paul was engaged upon no ill errand when he suffered shipwreck; his soul was fired with the noblest ambition of which sanctified humanity is capable, and yet the vessel was dashed to pieces. The fact is, that the same events may be curses to some and blessings to others, and thus a judgment which overwhelms the ungodly may be a gracious visitation to the saint. Our business is to learn the lessons which adversities are meant to teach us, and they are not difficult to discover. The case of the man with the lost axe is to the point.

When accident impedes us in the work of the Lord, we may expect a divine interposition, for, in the name of his Master, the prophet caused the iron to swim. Our trials are often the shadows of coming mercies. We are made to draw back a little that we may with the more energy leap forward. We lose silver to find gold. God will appear at the ebb of the tide. He will turn the year at the shortest winter's day. When he has shown us our entire dependence upon himself, he will stretch out his glorious arm and work deliverance. Such gracious help we believingly look for at the Orphanage. The Lord who is the Father of the orphans, will not destroy his own property wantonly—he has some good thing in store. The axe may be in the water, but the prophet's God can raise it, it shall not be lost.

We may also feel deep gratitude that it is no worse. The axe might have split some one's head when it flew off, or it might have severely wounded the young workman himself. He was probably little used to felling trees, he was not a regular woodman certainly, for he had to borrow his axe; he went to work eagerly but clumsily, and flourished his weapon at such a rate that it was a mercy when the dangerous implement was out of his unskilful hand. We have felt glad with regard to the building which we have lost, that it fell in good time before any children were on the premises. In all human probability they would have sought shelter during the gale under the very structure which is now a ruin, and many might have been crushed beneath the massive timbers. Thanks be to God that no worse mishap has occurred; nothing indeed but what may be replaced with a little exertion. We have not to say, "Alas, Master! it was borrowed," for it was a free gift to us, and he whose generosity prompted the present has already offered to bear a share of the loss.

No doubt *the slipping of the axe head taught the worker to ram it on more tightly next time.* He would be more careful before he went to his chopping again, and in like manner we are now admonished to build in

the most substantial manner, so that, so far as men can judge, no furious wind may damage our edifice again. The young man found it necessary to put out his hand to reach his axe from the river, and thus he learned that divine help gave him no dispensation from exerting himself. Even so while we know that God will come to the rescue, we dare not be idle, but stir up all our friends to do their best, and the Lord being with us, all will be well.

Thus learning from adversity, we set our face steadfastly to our work, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. We have resolved to proceed at once with four more houses, the school, the master's house, the dining hall, and the skeletons of three more houses, which will answer the purpose of the building which the wind has removed. May the Lord make the iron to swim.

Zigzag.

FIRST to the right, then to the left, the road was ever ascending but always twisting, and thus, by easy marches, we were able to reach the summit of the pass; a straight line would have been shorter for the eagle's wing, but no human foot could have followed it. Nobody called us inconsistent for thus facing about; we kept the road, and no one could complain. If we honestly desire to gain the heights of divine truth, we shall find many zigzags in the road: here our face will front divine sovereignty with all its lofty grandeur, and anon we shall turn in the opposite direction, towards the frowning peaks of human responsibility. What matters it if we appear to be inconsistent, so long as we keep to the highway of Scripture, which is our only safe road to knowledge! Angels may, perhaps, be systematic divines; for men it should be enough to follow the word of God, let its teachings wind as they may.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.*

Holy Water.

HOLY water, indeed! a vile mixture, neither fit for man nor beast. You see this liquid virtue at the doors of all the churches, ready for the brows of the faithful, but what is far more curious, you observe it in little pots placed for us in the cemeteries; and that the passer-by may give the dead a showery benediction, there are little sprinkling brushes in the pots with which to scatter the precious mixture. A mother's tears over her dead babe are far more in place than such foolery. Holy water! bah! See how the rain pours down from yonder black cloud which has passed over the rugged crags of Pilatus; that sort of holy water is infinitely more likely to moisten the clay of the defunct, and bring plenteous blessing to the living, than all the hogsheads of aqueous fluid that priests ever mumbled over. Holy water, indeed! If there be such a thing, it trickles from the eye of penitence, bedews the cheek of gratitude, and falls upon the page of holy Scripture when the word is with power. Standing where, when the rain is over, one can see the fair Lake of Lucerne brimming with crystal, and the clouds among the Alpine peaks all charged with moisture, rendered golden by the sun's clear shining, one feels indignant at the idea that the little driblets of nastiness in yonder pots and shells should be venerated, and all nature's reservoirs accounted common or unclean. It needs no small measure of prudence to restrain a man from tumbling pots and pans and holy liquids headlong to the ground. Human folly, how far wilt thou not go when priests lead thee by the nose!—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Stephen Grellet, the French Quaker.

[CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

GRELLET'S life affords splendid scope for graphic writing. The incidents are marvellously varied and unique. A simple-hearted business Quaker, with no brilliant talents, but with an unwavering conviction, which deepened in quiet moments of retirement, that it was the divine will he should engage in self-denying efforts in all lands to promote the Saviour's cause and the interests, moral and spiritual, of those who sit in darkness, is not a hero for a novelist. Yet his remarkable life, if tellingly and tersely put, might compete in striking interest with the strangest story of imagination ever written. Unfortunately, we have the incidents of that life recorded in his own unadorned and unpictorial style, without any attempt at what some good people would term "flesh-pleasing" description. From his somewhat lengthy and often tedious narratives, we gain bright glimpses of work done under the impulses of high philanthropy. "The character of a man," Paley once observed, "is a good deal known by the tendency of his thoughts in his leisure moments." Grellet's thoughts after business hours ran entirely in the direction of voluntary labour for his Master. He aspired to be great in doing good. Not that he desired a fame in the record book of earthly glory. Of such a book he would probably ask, with Douglas Jerrold, "Are not its leaves dead men's skins—its golden clasps the pillage of nations," illuminated only "with tears and broken hearts?" As a Quaker, he would hold such a record to be not only unworthy of ambition, but a disgrace to him who desired it. The truest greatness he held to be his who won unrepentant hearts to the cross. He was moved by this his unconquerable ambition. "I will guide thee by mine eye," said the Lord; then, resolved Grellet, "thy poor servant shall go on his gospel errand." He thereupon formed a plan for visiting, for the third time, nearly the whole of Europe. It was a gigantic task. At first it seemed impossible to accomplish; but faith was given him, and difficulties vanished, like flitting shadows. He felt that he ought first to go to Hayti. He did so. Hayti, after a season of oppression and war, was enjoying a calm, and the opportunity seemed favourable to the Quaker preacher and his companion; unfortunately, however, there were Spanish priests in abundance, and these were perhaps the most violent foes an honest missionary could meet. Still, he worked on as though no obstacles fronted him, and on one occasion preached to six thousand military men, who stood in close ranks near the porch of the President's palace. Never did soldiers more need the ameliorating influence of the gospel of love. They were passionately fond of duelling—they would fight for the most trivial causes; morally, they were degenerate; religiously, they were ignorant. Obscene books divided their reading time with deistical works. For much of this degradation they were indebted to the immoral priests of Rome, who ridiculed the religion of Christ. Yet Grellet succeeded in winning the approval of the people, and the dire influence of the priesthood received a healthy check. Travelling in Hayti was not altogether pleasant. Grellet crossed the windings of a river sixty-two times,

the water often coming up far above his knees. At one time the floods were most alarming; the streams flowed through the streets like so many rivers; rich plantations, once fair with abundant verdure, became desolate and wretched; fallen trees blocked up the roads; many travellers were drowned—Grellet and his companion, however, escaped, but not without a severe attack of illness. He was exposed to pitiless rains, and encountered a great hurricane, with an earthquake, which threatened the total destruction of the place, yet he was preserved that he might preach the gospel to such as survived the devastation.

Recovered from his illness, he prepared at once for his European mission. After visiting England, he voyaged to Norway and Sweden in company with William Allen. In the former country, he found a great paucity of Bibles—among seven thousand persons, scarcely fifty Bibles could be found. This great lack he partly supplied. Especially anxious were both the Quakers to proclaim the gospel of liberty to the criminal captives. Prisons were visited, and the inmates were warned to flee from the coming wrath. True to the principles of Quakers—that the greatest good to mankind may be done by gaining the ears and hearts of kings and governors, Grellet visited the prime minister of Sweden, whose wife was a godly woman. He thus obtained an introduction to the king in the court-room, which was full of grandees, dressed in fine clothes that formed a marked contrast to the plain, simple garb of the two Quakers, who with their hats on, ventured into the presence of the king. His majesty seemed to have been struck with the artless goodness of his visitors, and made another appointment, when Grellet pleaded on behalf of the consciences of Quakers and Jews alike, and with success. Across the gulf of Bothnia, the traveller proceeded to Finland, known as "The Thousand Islands," which though sparkling in the sun, and beauteous with nature's charms, were unenjoyed under the weight, as Grellet tells us, of his mission. Yet there was cause for gratitude, God having opened up the way in Norway and Sweden for the evangelistic visitor. He proceeded to the prisons, where he found a number of gipsies, who resembled exactly those found in England, in thievish propensities especially. Jesus' love was preached to the governor, and to the archbishop, his family and friends. On then to Russia, where Grellet managed to "communicate a little of his soul" to the prime minister of that country. He found the Princess Metchkersky a gracious woman, who "was an instrument in the Lord's hands in fostering religious impressions in the minds of the emperor, when he first came under the powerful convictions of the Spirit of Truth. As a proof that the emperor is in the daily practice of reading the Scriptures, she stated to us that some years since they agreed to begin to read the Bible at the same time, one chapter of the Old Testament in the morning, and another of the New Testament in the evening; that, however, far separated, they might both every day read the same chapter; and as they corresponded, the emperor in his letters often alludes to the particular religious impressions made on his mind by his reading that day; by which she knows that he continues the practice."

The Russian prisons were filthy dungeons. The authorities were as incapable of understanding the necessities of ordinary decency as Sydney Smith's Scotchmen were unable, save by a surgical operation, to get a

joke well into their heads. The inhumanity that could not only tolerate such gross filthiness, but fail to sympathise with the victims of such iniquitous neglect, seems incomprehensible; yet English prisons have been as intolerable. Grellet determined to report to the military governor, and with an earnestness that was worthy of him, he pleaded the cause of the emaciated beings who were allowed to rot in these impure dens. The governor thereupon ordered an improvement, and Grellet with tears of thankfulness, rendered to God the praise of a grateful heart. This was not the only case of prison reform at the instigation of this good-hearted man.

From a prison to a palace seems a long stride, but not to a Quaker. Grellet's mission was to both poor and rich—to the poor, that they might listen to the story of Immanuel's love; to the rich, that they might learn more perfectly their duty to the poor. So from the prisons of Russia he stepped into the palace of the highest ecclesiastics of the Greek church. "The Metropolitan," he writes, "to receive us very simply attired Quakers, had put on his rich pontifical garments. His apparel reminded us of the clothing of the high priests under the Mosaic dispensation: under his large purple robe was a richly embroidered garment: he had a white tiara or mitre upon his head, on the front of which was a cross made of emeralds, diamonds, and other precious stones," etc., etc. We are not so learned as some modern prophets, or we might interpret these signs as marks of the Apocalyptic Beast; but as Grellet does not offer this interpretation, we will leave our readers to judge for themselves. From thence, the Quaker proceeded to the archbishop and vicar of the Metropolitan, Philaret, who died the other month, and who was succeeded by a man who in January last was oddly described by the telegraph as "a well-known converter of the heathen." Philaret is described by Grellet as "a man of piety and spiritual-mindedness," a dweller in a monastic cell, an oriental linguist, and a modest, humble personage. He seems to have been a man in whom the extremes of tender devotion and rank superstition met. Our heroes also visited the Russian schools—one of which was established on our Lancasterian plan—and did good service, as elsewhere, by preparing for them a series of Scripture lessons of a comprehensive character. One beautiful and affecting incident was told them, which must not be omitted here. "Some children," related Prince Galitzin, "from seven to nine years of age, were so brought under the sensible influence of the Spirit of God, convincing them of their sin, that, in their going to or from school, they retired into the woods, and there put up their prayers to the Lord with many tears. By degrees their numbers increased. The parents of some of them found them thus engaged, and with rebukes and stripes dispersed them; but the parents of others, who had noticed the increased sobriety and good behaviour of their children, encouraged them to meet together in the houses, and not to go out into the woods. The children did so, and some of these parents, observing their religious tenderness, and hearing their solemn prayers to the Lord, the Redeemer and Saviour of sinners, felt themselves under strong convictions of sin. They joined their children in their devotions, and a great reform took place in that part of the country." Upon information given by the priest, a drunkard, the

magistrate sent both parents and children to prison. Prince Galitzin, however, heard that the children were confined in gaol on account of religion, and he sent confidential enquirers to the youthful prisoners, who were found patiently bearing their cross, and comporting themselves in harmony with their Christian profession. They were thereupon discharged, the magistrates and priests removed from their posts, and the families compensated. "The Prince told us" observes Grellet, "of some other instances that occurred lately in Russia, of children who have been brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and rendered instruments of good to their parents and others; they felt it their filial duty so tenderly to plead with them, on account of their drunkenness, swearing, and other vicious habits, as to prevail upon them to forsake their evil ways." Happy children, thus early brought to love the blessed wooer of youthful hearts! thus early to become winners of souls!

This is, perhaps, the most touching story which it is possible to unearth from the embedded mass of matter to be found in the two capacious volumes of Grellet's diary. Another narrative we will give as a curious example of divine sovereignty, the singularity of which seems out of common experience. Countess Toutschkoff, who related her story to our hero, was thus brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. Three months before the French army entered Russia, she dreamed that she was at an inn, in an unknown town, when her father came into her chamber, leading her only son by the hand, and said to her in a most pitiful tone, "All thy comforts are cut off, he has fallen (meaning her husband), he has fallen at Borodino." Awaking in deep distress, she, to her consolation, found her husband by her side. Composing herself to sleep, lulled by the thought that dreams are but dreams, she again dreamed of this strange harbinger of a sorrowful future. Her distress of mind was intense, and it was aggravated when the third time that night she dreamed the same. She awoke, and in her distress, asked her husband, "Where is Borodino?" but neither her husband nor her father knew, nor could they discover the place on the maps; for it was then too obscure to be indicated on the map of the country. The Countess was sorely afflicted, and dreaded the future. The influences of the dream were such that she renounced the world. She trusted Christ, as the only comfort of such as would be comfortless; and so the warning in the dreams led her to the Saviour. "At that time," relates Grellet, "the seat of war was far off, but it soon drew near. Before the French armies entered Moscow, the General Toutschkoff was placed at the head of the army of reserve, and one morning, her father, leading her little son by the hand, entered the chamber of the inn at which she was staying, in great distress, as she had beheld him in her dream, he cried out, 'He has fallen, he has fallen at Borodino.' This was true. Her husband had fallen in the terrible and memorable battle of that once obscure but now famous village."

We have no space, though we somewhat lament it, to record the incidents which attended Grellet's mission to the Crimea. Notwithstanding the fact that the plague was raging in Turkey, he sailed to Constantinople. Here he evangelised among the ambassadors and their wives, a class requiring such effort as sadly as the working classes of our own country, who are so stupidly believed to be alienated from religious worship. He next

visited the islands of the Archipelago, and went to Naples, of which he gives a terrible picture. Gloriously plucky was Grellet. He went into convents, and attacked their superstitions. Nor (oh, opprobrious conduct!) would he take off his hat in the nunnery. Strange to say, priests and nuns indulged him in his conscientious whims. But the artlessness of the simple-hearted man—I feel I could have heartily gripped his hand, and blessed him for it—to tell the pretty nuns that they were very wicked in worshipping an image, and were guilty of idolatry, and asking the priests to interpret what he said to them. Did they do it? Of course, they did. Where will you find that amount of generosity in our Church of England evangelicals, my friend? The editor of "The Sword and the Trowel," says they have a boundless capacity for eating dirt. Yes, but they would hardly do it as did these priests, at the bidding of a Quaker.

It is of no use acting boldly without following it up. And Grellet longed to talk with the Pope. Just fancy trying to convert him! Truly he needed it. "Hats off!" our evangelical friends would say, on entering their buildings of consecrated bricks and mortar. A conscientious objection had Grellet to take off his hat. It was very stupid, no doubt. But I cannot help admiring the Quaker about to walk with his hat on his head into the presence of the thin old man whose toes seemed, to so many, worthy of being kissed. Of course, the hat was taken off, by some one, but it was done gently, and not according to the usages of Bumbledom. Ay, and when the time came, the hat was returned and apologies offered. And did not Grellet preach Christ to the Pope! He told him that Christ was the only Head of the church, the only Saviour, the only door of heaven, and he informed him and who were priests, and who were not, entreating the old man to give up his pretended authority, and to confess before he died that it was all moonshine. Of course, that is our unquakerish way of giving the pith of the tender expostulations addressed to his holiness, who listened attentively—let us hope it was all sanctified to him—and at the conclusion, arose from his seat, and "in a kind and respectful manner, he expressed a desire that the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I might go, on which I left him." So ended Grellet's visit to Rome.

From Rome to Bavaria, conversing at the latter place, with the Crown Prince and King of Wurtemburg; thence to Switzerland—a land that one never remembers without recalling a famous story of Dr. Chalmers, who once asked a Swiss divine if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." The good man asked the meaning of "kippered." "*Preserved*, sir," was the reply. The Swiss pastor, it is said, soon after publicly prayed that Dr. Chalmers might long be "*kippered* to the Free Church of Scotland." Grellet travelled through France, and then returned home. Here, however, he did not long remain, but paid a fourth visit to Europe, actively engaged for the Master at every point of the journey, seeking the good of his less fortunate creatures. His life was full of good and great deeds—magnificently conceived, and as magnificently executed, but all clothed with a humility and self abasedness characteristic of a pure-minded, godly man. With such lowly feelings, and with a confiding glance at the good Master whom he had so lovingly served, he sweetly slept in Jesus, on the 16th November, 1855. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Musings by the Way.

"For this child I prayed."—1 Samuel i. 27.

DEVOUT souls delight to look upon those mercies which they have obtained in answer to their supplications, for they can see God's especial love in them. When we can name our blessings Samuel, that is, "asked of God," they will be as dear to us as her child was to Hannah. How sweet was that water to Samson which he found at "the well of him that prayed." Quassia cups turn all waters bitter, but the cup of prayer puts a sweetness into the draughts it brings. Did we pray for the conversion of our children? How doubly sweet, when they are saved, to see in them our own petitions fulfilled! Better to rejoice over them as the fruit of our pleadings than as the fruit of our bodies. Have we sought of the Lord some choice spiritual gift? When it comes to us it will be wrapped up in the gold cloth of his faithfulness and truth, and so be doubly precious. Have we petitioned for success in the Lord's work? How joyful is the prosperity which comes flying upon the wings of prayer! It is always best to get blessings into our house in the legitimate way, by the door of prayer; then they are blessings indeed, and not temptations. Even when prayer for a time speeds not, the blessings grow all the richer for the delay: the child Jesus was all the more lovely in the eyes of Mary when she found him after having sought him sorrowing.

That which we win by prayer we should dedicate to God as Hannah dedicated Samuel. The gift came from heaven, let it go to heaven. Prayer brought it, gratitude sang over it, let devotion consecrate it. Here will be a special occasion for saying, "Of thine own have I given unto thee."

Reader, is prayer your element or your weariness? Which?

"A living dog is better than a dead lion."—Ecclesiastes ix. 4.

LIFE is a precious thing, and in its humblest form it is superior to death. This truth is eminently certain in spiritual things. It is better to be the least in the kingdom of heaven than the greatest out of it. The lowest degree of grace is superior to the noblest development of unregenerate nature. Where the Holy Ghost implants divine life in the soul there is a precious deposit which all the refinements of education and the ennoblings of philosophy cannot match. The thief on the cross excels Cæsar on his throne; Lazarus among the dogs is better than Cicero among the senators; and the most unlettered Christian is, in the sight of God, superior to Plato. Life is the badge of nobility in the realm of spiritual things, and men without it are only coarser or finer specimens of the same lifeless material, needing to be quickened, for they are dead in trespasses and sins.

A living, loving, gospel sermon, however unlearned in matter and uncouth in style, is better than the finest discourse devoid of unction and power. A living dog keeps better watch than a dead lion, and is of more service to his master; and so the poorest spiritual preacher is infinitely to be preferred to the exquisite orator who has no wisdom but

that of words, no energy but that of sound. The like holds good of our prayers and other religious exercises; if we are quickened in them by the Holy Spirit, they are acceptable to God through Jesus Christ, though we may think them to be poor and worthless things; while our grand performances in which our heart is absent, like dead lions, are mere carrion in the sight of the living God. Oh for living groans, living sighs, living despondencies, rather than lifeless songs and dead calms! Better anything than death. The snarlings of the dog of hell will at least keep us awake, but dead faith and dead profession—what greater curses can a man have? Quicken us, quicken us, O Lord!

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. II.—DAY CABMEN.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

"NO Lamps!" inscribed on every London cab! "No Lamps!" shouted by burly voices into wondering ears. "Ah! Lamps!"—the friendly recognition of familiar companions—the saucy, run-away shriek of mischievous, playful boys. "'No lamps!' but did cabs ever have any?" was the puzzled enquiry inwardly made by many surprised Londoners. "'No lamps!' but who ever wanted any?" asked a similarly bewildered citizen. "What, no lamps!" thought others, who imagined a conspiracy was on foot for the extinction of all street light, "and are we to return to Egyptian darkness—to the days when all good people went home at dusk, and, at the toll of curfew bell, put out the fire and went to bed?" The cry took the city by surprise. Lamps, and their proscription, became, for the nonce, the song of the drunkard, the jest of the street wit, the watchword of cabby's freedom and public rights. The Home Office, that mysterious repository of late of social grievances, many and diverse, was again threatened with a storm of popular fury, most dangerous to the official mind—always so calm and placid, because seldom overworked. Cabs were withdrawn in the evening, the drivers merrily tramping to Exeter Hall, "chaffing" each other most indecorously all the way, upsetting any unfortunate cab, the owner of which, craven-like, refused to swell the ranks of the oppressed, and threatening others that were running beyond the hour of call. At two crowded meetings, the loud hoarse cry, from clamorous cabmen, of "No lamps!" went up to the Home Office, and was heard so effectively that it speedily brought official relief. "What a fuss," we remarked to a respectable-looking cabman, "about a little oil." "Ah, sir," replied he, "it isn't the 'ile: 'ile's cheap. Nor is it the lamps, for they's ornamental. But it's the oppression generally. What's government coming to nowadays? Dickey Mayne is always up to summat. People think lamps are a benefit, but they isn't. Many's the man that has been run over 'cos of them. They deceive yer on a dark night. I knew a 'bus driver who saw a cab coming along, and thought he would jist find time to walk across the road, when down came the cab on him and broke his leg. No, sir, lamps is only Dickey's excuse for oppressing us, and our guv'nors won't stand it;" and so saying, cabby drew himself

up with feelings of pride at the resolution of his employers. In one of our daily prints, a cabman is supposed to relate his numerous grievances, which he does in a most original way. On the day of the strike, he determined to hire an "unhappy bein'" to see "how many of Dickey's rules and regilations he broke in the course of a six-mile drive." At the conclusion of the drive, so this somewhat fanciful story goes, the self-styled "inwalid cabman" convicted the "unhappy bein'" of breaking a number of Acts of Parliament, which he does in the following language:—

"That'll do, cabman," sez I, in a graceful tone, "you have broke the Fust and Second of Villiam, cap. 22, sec. 28, makin' use of abusive langwidge and gestures—penalty, three pounds or a cupple of months. And now we're on the subjeck, p'raps you'd like to know what other Acts you've run into durin' the short time we have been so 'quainted. In the fust place, you grazed 1st and 2nd Vic., c. 86, sec. 33, by loiterin' and plyin' for hire off a stand—penalty, a pound, which makes four pound; you had hardly got clear of that before you bumped agin the 16 and 17, sec. 11 of the same, by neglectin' to take sum lost property—to wit, a tobakky pipe—to Scotland yard. As if you hadn't done enuff damije to Villiam, you must have another fling at his 1st and 2nd, cap. 22, sec. 50, by sufferin' another pusson to ride on your vehaycle without the consent of the hirer—to wit, me—penalty twenty shillings, as before, which makes five pounds o' damije, or four weeks, in less than a quarter of an hour. So far, so good, cabman. Arter that you has another shy at the 1st and 2nd of Villiam, by leaving your vehaycle unattended while you went to drink, whereby you forfeited one pound more, which makes six pound. Next you collide with is the 16th and 17th Vic., cap. 33, sec. 17, where you are ordered to drive six mile a hour, unless speshially hired by time, whereas you have only driven me that distance in a hour and a half—but never mind, it's only another forty shillings, or another month, which makes jest eight pound. Still bent on mischief agin the 16th and 17th Vic., you negleck to carry with you a book of fares, "for the information of the person, etcettery," meanin' me—penalty forty shillings more, or a month more, which brings it up to to ten pound, or three months. Don't fancy the 16th and 17th of ditto has done with you yet. It hasn't. By sec. 8, you ought to carry a card, and you didn't—likewise two pound, or one month. So take your choice; which makes twelve pound, or four months, both even numbers. Arter that, as you wouldn't leave one brick standing upon another in Villiam's house, you go back and overturn his 1st and 2nd, c. 22, s. 20, in giving a wrong number by word of mouth—penalty five pound more, which brings it up to seventeen pound. Then, it seems, you changed your abode without having it endorsed on your license by Dickey Mayne—penalty, twenty bob, see 6 and 7 Vic. sec. 15. This makes eighteen pound, cabman; but you are not obliged to pay if you have a conshientious objeckshun—you can serve the four months."

This, of course, is a caricature; but it really represents, though in exaggerated language and with the aid of fanciful pictures, the grievances of this class of men. They are surrounded by clumsy Acts of Parliament, which, if enforced, would make their lives simply unbearable. "The very moment a cabman takes his seat on his box," we are told, "he becomes liable to a penalty of fifty pounds—that is to say, such is the sum total of the fines that may be levied on him for neglecting to perform the duties of his calling." Let us hope their difficulties may be speedily and pleasantly adjusted, and if so, the waving, in Exeter Hall, of 3,000 black hats will not have been without a good purpose.

Cabmen may be divided either into two or three classes—into day cabmen and night cabmen, or long-day, short-day, and night cabmen.

We take the responsibility of making these distinctions, but we believe their accuracy to be unquestionable. The day cabman is decidedly more intelligent than the night worker, of whom we shall have much to say in our next paper. Indeed, there are hundreds of cabmen, especially the younger men, of respectable character, considerable intelligence, and good morals.* If we attempt to portray an old "stager," who may be regarded as typical of a large number of his class, let no reader imagine we are so blind as to regard all cabmen alike. There is scarcely a class of men in the whole earth in whose characters both light and shade may not be found. Generalisations are both vague and deceptive. The elements that go to make up one picture are diversely scattered in another. What Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "light and sweetness" may be found in some cabmen as well as in some Philistines. It may be subdued light, of course, and a "mingled sweetness long drawn out," but we must accept what nature affords.

The cabman of satirical prints *does* belong to a past generation. A new order of cabmen has come in; but the old has not gone out. He is an old "stager," and understands "hoss" flesh perhaps better than human flesh. Looking at him out of my window, I see him patiently waiting for some seemingly inconsiderate customers. It is a bitterly cold, snowy day; yet he is attempting to whistle, and is wildly beating his hands together to keep time. The old "stager" lives in a world of his own; but, unlike the Yankee, does not consider that world to revolve on its own axis, subject to his own, or "the American constitution." He has his pet theories, and nurses them. His vision is contracted on some things—enlarged on others. He enjoys his newspaper, and relishes his beer. He is gladdened by professional glad tidings, and is comforted by hot rum-and-water. He is honoured for his natural wit, and is enlivened, spurred, and sometimes maddened, by the wit of others. He understands betting, but dislikes losing. He has a wide circle of acquaintances, all of them touched with the same mental fancies. He knows the full history of "Tom," with whose daily "makings" he is conversant, and understands the manifold weaknesses of "Bob." He recognises them by some friendly salute that would be indecorous to any one out of his peculiar freemasonry; he calls them by names by which they were never christened, save by himself. He is kind hearted to children, especially young girls; he is hard hearted to the little *gamins*, whose annoyance in the street is aggravated by the impossibility of his reaching them with his whip. He laughs provokingly, yet fraternally, at the toiling anxieties of the traffic-impeding costermonger, and growls savagely at the officiousness of the policeman. He is won by the kindness that adds an extra shilling to his fare; he is repelled by the client who "bates" him in his prices. To the one he is either amiable or stolidly indifferent—to the other he is indignant or peppery. To his regular customers, who know his fare, he is business-like and civil; to his irregular or greener customers he is sometimes

* We have in the course of the last fourteen years ridden in about as many cabs as any man in London, and very rarely indeed have we met with incivility or overcharge. Our firm conviction is, that no man can supply a horse and carriage at so small a pay as sixpence per mile, and pay heavy duties into the bargain. The cabmen and the pos men have real grievances, and deserve legislative assistance.—C. H. S.

thankless and imposing. He is gallant to the well-paying fair sex, but to the "screwing" fair, or, as he naughtily regards them, *un*fair, sex, whom he protests constitute the larger portion, he is positively rude, and wishes they were of sterner, manlier build ("Lawks," says he, "some of 'em is manly enough") that he might either fight them with the law or with his fists. The latter he regards as the readier and more sensible way; but society, he knows, is against him. He has the spirit of discernment, which a glass of spirits wonderfully quickens; and a man is none the less a gentleman in his estimation when he affords this acceptable aid. He has enough to provoke his temper, and more to try his patience. He has frequently a painful conflict with rough weather and howling winds. These are the foes of his peace and of his personal appearance. He is subject to a series of physical plagues; sometimes sore with disease, tormented with ague, disabled by gout, bloated by intemperance, exhausted by long hours of labour. His enemies are, he thinks, ever ready to annoy him, but he is ever ready to annoy them. He seldom gets blocked up in the streets without exercising his lungs, manifesting his temper, threatening to use his whip, or actually using his truculent, incisive, and always personal wit. Like the costermonger, he would sing a "requiem" over the dead body of pugilism; and like the costermonger, he would transport all policemen who did not rigidly confine their attentions to the criminal classes. But, unlike the costermonger, he is a bit of a reading man, although his opportunities are scanty, and he has far higher notions of things on the earth and under the earth, of things seen and unseen, than the street dealer. A philosophical cabman one does not expect to see; a Christian cabman one may frequently meet; and when you do engage such a one, remember Lamb's advice respecting a youthful chimney sweeper, "It is good to give him a penny; it is better to give him twopence;" or, as we should say in our prosaic way, "It is good to give him his fare; it is better to give him a trifle more." Sixpence a mile is cruel treatment—in London, at least.

Christian cabmen! We have one such in our mind's eye now. God bless him! One sunny morning, voluntarily drest in his best in honour of the event, he stood looking pleasantly on a scene in which a young couple were permanently interested, paying some one to take charge of his cab at the porch door meanwhile. His manly, pious, fatherly congratulations, good wishes, spontaneously, Christianly given, were among the pleasant associations of the day. It is said of him, that on Sundays he wore what he regarded as the Master's livery, a white necktie. 'Tis indubitably true that he was a just man and devout, honestly battling in life for a small army of various-sized juvenile recruits for the father's service—consistent to the sacrifice of a good part of his weekly wage—in the world, not of it, cheerfully "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward."

The grace of God be thanked! he, good man, is not the only one in his worldly occupation who manifests a godly life, as we shall see. Cabmen have had the privilege, for some years past, of receiving the

visits of simple-hearted men, who have borne, as on angels' wings, the good, ever-glorious tidings of "peace on earth, good will towards men." The City Mission has special men for this class, and their work has been much blessed. Good seed has been scattered, and in many honest hearts it has grown up to the glory of God. One of these day missionaries has a very large district, which includes the Great Northern, the Great Eastern, Blackwall, and Metropolitan Railway stations, and all the city stands for omnibuses and cabs. By visiting these stations and stands he is able to drop a word in season; and he does not fail to enter into a friendly chat with any cabman who may be waiting for a fare at different places of business. Of course, judiciousness is much required in this work, but from the way in which he refers to the results of his labours, you are assured he does not repel by any untimely conversation. From his reports we learn much that is exceedingly interesting and cheering. He tells us that there are about 6,000 cabs in London; and of these more than 2,300 are six-day ones. This was not always the case. Not many years ago, they were plied on the Sabbath, and the men were thus debarred from their day of rest. We believe that this cessation from work on one day in the week has produced very great results, morally, religiously, and physically, upon those cabmen who are thus privileged. The missionary will tell you that not only is the man more cheerful and observant, but he is more capable of serious thought. There can be no doubt that when men work fifteen hours or more a day, they should at least enjoy the rest of one day in the week. "Hard lines, sir, we have," said one cabman, somewhat dolefully, yet not complainingly, to us, "we never get home before two o'clock in the morning, and are up at work at six. Our wives don't see much of us, nor the children ('kids,' I think he called them) either." "Bill," said one of these men to another, in our hearing, "give us that 'ere paper; my gal loves reading. Bless yer 'eart, she reads every word of *Lloyd's*. She would go without her grub to read." "You wouldn't, would you, Jem?" remarked his companion. "Lor bless yer, no, my boy; let 'em read as likes. Books isn't in my way." It is the experience of the missionary that those who work every day alike suffer severely in mind and body: "They become so bewildered," he says, "as scarcely to know what they are doing. I know of one man who did not go to bed for several weeks because his wife had offended him, but worked his cab continually night and day; and he told me that towards the latter part of the time his mind was in such a confused state that he could not tell whether he was putting-to the horse, or taking him out of harness. Here and there we may find poor men in an exactly similar state of mind, some even so bad as to require removal to lunatic asylums. There is one man now at Colney Hatch asylum, called 'Black Sam,' whose mental derangement, it is supposed, was occasioned by overwork and too frequent application to strong drink as a stimulant." Omnibus men are almost constantly employed, and their life is one continued scene of bustle. The masters who work only on week-days are reputed to be the best employers of labour, and many keep their drivers for a long period, some as long as ten years.

The day cabmen's missionary can refer you to not a few cases of

usefulness which have occurred during the years he has laboured among these poor men. His heart is gladdened by finding one here and there springing up, as evidences of the good done by his humble ministrations. You take a short walk with him to one of his favourite stands. He will point out men who once were careless and indifferent about divine truth, but who now are rejoicing in the Saviour's love. "That man, sir," he will tell you, "has been a blustering scoffer. He would say he didn't believe in a future existence, and that when we died there was an end of us. He wouldn't hear the message of salvation. I have known him over twenty years, and spoken to him many times. God was pleased at length to bless the conversation I had with him, and pour in upon his awakened soul his divine light." The missionary sincerely believes in the man's conversion, and is glad to find that he is an attendant on divine worship, but he is now waxing old in years, and the infirmities of the flesh are shaking him. Another cabman, a six-day proprietor and driver, though at one time one of the greatest drunkards in London (some considering him to have been without a rival in this terrible vice), is now a converted man, very anxious for divine knowledge. "I have met with him," says the missionary, "on many different stands. Those who are acquainted with him—some of whom have known him for the last twenty years—are much struck with the great change which has taken place in him, which is visible to all." Formerly he laughed to scorn all conversation about divine things, but now he meets the messenger of good tidings with a cheerful smile, an open hand, and a thankful heart. He is a poor scholar, but unlike most poor, uneducated men, he is anxious to read and study the Scriptures that make men wise unto salvation. His wife is the better for his change of heart, and both now attend divine worship. It is a noteworthy and pleasing fact, that when those who were once reprobates in life are cleansed by the influence of the Holy Spirit, the home begins to show signs of a blessed transformation. We have heard many poor men relate the circumstances of their conversion, and have frequently been struck with the sincere and honest way in which they have appealed for confirmation of their story. One invariably hears "Some of my mates say, 'But am I really converted? Isn't it a sham?' And I says, 'Ax my wife if I aint'"—an unfailing test, so far as change of conduct is concerned. Was it not blunt Rowland Hill who said he would not give a farthing for the religion of a man whose dog was not the better for it?

The missionary is exceedingly careful in his statements as to the result of his work. He does not regard reformation as conversion to God. He knows from an experience which has burnt itself into his heart that, in many cases, the one may be without the other. His grand business is to deal with the souls of men, and hence he presents the simple gospel of love in the terse language of Scripture. Luther very fittingly designated the noble words, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life," as the Bible in miniature. It is impossible to find in the whole range of human composition, words that contain more meaning than these. That God's love was the origin of his sending his Son into the world is a joyful theme that man should never be tired of singing, since it will become the subject of lofty praise

among the songsters in heaven for all eternity. Do you complain, gentle critic, that these words have been hacked and robbed of their beauty by incessant repetition by burly, noisy, ranting evangelists? Well, forgive the mistakes of these well-meaning men, and be thankful that the words have struck hundreds of the lowest of sinners with surprise and gladness—surprise because the message did not run, "God so *abhorred* the world that he found it needful to give up his Son"—gladness, because "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This love has won many poor hearts. Rude, unlettered, careless men have been amazed at the magnificence of a holy life so extraordinary, so divine. They know that the sublimest mission in worldly eyes is to gain intellectual, or political, or social eminence. Men's conceptions of grandeur are not associated with filth and disease. But the Saviour went naturally to the lost, the miserable, the outcast, the imperfect, and saved them. They are told that he, the brightness of his Father's glory, came to do his Father's will, and they are rejoiced because that will was enclosed in this wonderful message, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," etc. Do you wonder why such men should dote on those words? Rather weep because they dote so little on them!

The missionary to whom we have referred distributes a large number of tracts, and it would seem that many of these leaflets are sent by the cabmen into all parts of the country, and not a few to all parts of the world, where the men happen to have relations or friends. In some cases, the wives are solicitous about the tracts, which they readily devour. These facts deserve mentioning, since it is the fashion nowadays to ridicule tracts altogether. A well-written tract, with no namby-pamby lackadaisical sentiment, but manly, devout, and tersely written, always wins its way to the approval of working men. It is satisfactory to learn that teetotal principles are becoming better known and adopted among cabmen than they have ever yet been. We are informed that "the wonderful reformation as to sobriety in the cabmen of the metropolis cannot but be observed by the general public; for, whereas in years gone by, I have frequently observed many cases of drunkenness in a single day, I now do not meet with a drunken cabman during my rounds of visitation once in a month. This is a great step in the right direction, and I believe as the six-day cabs increase, the drivers will become more temperate and sober-minded." The following paragraphs from one of this missionary's reports will further evidence this change:—

"I am thankful to be able to say I can find hundreds of reformed men in the cab business. Many who have been drunkards are now become sober, thinking men. Others who were swearers and scoffers at all religion are changed, and are now quiet attendants on public worship. Numbers who were formerly careless are now clean and persevering, very fond of reading, especially the 'British Workman,' the illustrations of which catch the eye of even the scoffer and those out of the way. Many of these men have made enquiries after me, as I have been unable to see them so often as usual, on account of having hurt my knee-cap by slipping on some orange-peel, so that I was lame and under the doctor's hands, and compelled to be on half-time. However, I have great reason to be thankful to God, for some of the most unlikely men have become awakened, and have enquired for me.

"I find many drivers who were in the habit of drinking to excess have

become staunch abstainers from all intoxicating liquors, thereby rendering their homes much more comfortable, and their wives and families many degrees happier; for they have now no cause to dread the arrival of their husbands and fathers, knowing that they have given over their habits of intemperance. There are some of these men who are in the habit of attending divine worship; while others, although not yet visitors at God's house, have become much better husbands and fathers, and more faithful servants. Some of them are proprietors. This system of total abstinence never fails to make the man more careful and attentive to his outward appearance; while at the same time it is a strong weapon of defence against the temptations of the riders, who in numberless cases have made the driver drink, who has thus lost his situation, while not a few have by this source lost their licences, and so become poverty-stricken men, and unable again to raise themselves."

For these results we may thank God and take courage. May their publication lead us all to care more for a class of men whose value to the public is greater than may be imagined; and to support better those agencies that have been already so blessed by God to the spiritual enlightenment of day cabmen.*

John Ploughman's Talk.

HOME.

THAT word *home* always sounds like poetry to me. It rings like a peal of bells at a wedding, only more soft and sweet, and it chimes deeper into the ears of my heart. It does not matter whether it means thatched cottage or manor house, home is home, be it ever so homely, and there's no place on earth like it. Green grow the houseleek on the roof for ever, and let the moss flourish on the thatch. Sweetly the sparrows chirrup and the swallows twitter around the chosen spot which is my joy and rest. Every bird loves its own nest; the owls think the old ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cosy. When my master's nag knows that his head is towards home he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam; and I am always of the same mind, for the way home, to me, is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the smoke out of my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth; there's something so beautiful in the way in which it curls up among the trees. Cold potatoes on my own table taste better than roast meat at my neighbour's, and the honeysuckle at my own door is the sweetest I ever smell. When you are out, friends do their best, but still it is not home. "Make yourself at home," they say, because everybody knows that to feel at home is to feel at ease.

"East and west,
Home is best."

Why, at home you are at home, and what more do you want? Nobody grudges you, whatever your appetite may be; and you don't get put

* Christians will do well to speak a good word to cabmen and watermen. They will often find earnest believers among them. We gave, several months ago, a Testament to a driver, and the other day he reminded us of it, and pulling it out of his pocket showed us his name written in it, and record of the date and the person from whom he had received it. Many an interesting talk upon the best of subjects have we had with cabmen.—Ed.

into a damp bed. Safe in his own castle, like a king in his palace, a man feels himself somebody, and is not afraid of being thought proud for thinking so. Every cock may crow on his own dunghill; and a dog is a lion when he is at home. A sweep is master inside his own door. No need to guard every word because some enemy is on the watch, no keeping the heart under lock and key; but as soon as the door is shut, it is liberty hall, and none to peep and pry. There is a glorious view from the top of Leith Hill, in our dear old Surrey, and Hindhead and Martha's Chapel, and Boxhill, are not to be sneezed at, but I could show you something which to my mind beats them all to nothing for real beauty: I mean John Ploughman's cottage, with the kettle boiling on the hob, singing like an unfallen black angel, while the cat is lying asleep in front of the fire, and the wife in her chair mending stockings, and the children cutting about the room, as full of fun as young lambs. It is a singular fact, and perhaps some of you will doubt it, but that is your unbelieving nature, our little ones are real beauties, always a pound or two plumper than others of their age, and yet it don't tire you half so much to nurse them as it does other people's babies. Why, bless you, my wife would knock up in half the time, if her neighbour had asked her to see to a strange youngster, but her own children don't seem to tire her at all; now my belief is that it all comes of their having been born at home. Just so is it with everything else: our lane is the most beautiful for twenty miles round, because our home is in it; and my garden is a perfect paradise, for no other particular reason than this very good one, that it belongs to the old house at home.

I cannot make out why so many working men spend their evenings at the public house, when their own fireside would be so much better and cheaper too. There they sit, hour after hour, boozing and talking nonsense, and forgetting the dear good souls at home who are half starved and weary with waiting for them. Their money goes into the publican's till when it ought to make their wives and children comfortable; as for the beer they get, it is just so much fools' milk to drown their wits in. Such fellows ought to be horsewhipped, and those who encourage them and live on their spendings deserve to feel the butt end of the whip. Those beershops are the curse of this country—no good ever can come of them, and the evil they do no tongue can tell; the publics were bad enough, but the beershops are a pest; I wish the man who made the law to open them had to keep all the families that they have brought to ruin. Beershops are the enemies of home, and therefore the sooner their licences are taken away the better: poor men don't need such places, nor rich men either, they are all worse and no better, like Tom Norton's wife. Anything that hurts the home is a curse, and ought to be hunted down as game-keepers do the vermin in the copses.

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with holiness to the Lord over the door, but it ought never to be a prison where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure. Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man like a bird in a hedge, sing among

thorns and briers, and set others a singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes! It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more's the pity. In a true home all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not a Babel. The husband should be the houseband, binding all together like a corner stone, but not crushing everything like a millstone. Unkind and domineering husbands ought not to pretend to be Christians, for they act clean contrary to Christ's commands. Yet a home must be well ordered, or it will become a Bedlam, and be a scandal to the parish. If the father drops the reins, the family-coach will soon be in the ditch. A wise mixture of love and firmness will do it; but neither harshness nor softness alone will keep home in happy order. Home is no home where the children are not in obedience, it is rather a pain than a pleasure to be in it. Happy is he who is happy in his children, and happy are the children who are happy in their father. All fathers are not wise. Some are like Eli, and spoil their children. Not to cross our children is the way to make a cross of them. Those who never give their children the rod, must not wonder if their children become a rod to them. Solomon says, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight to thy soul." I am not clear that anybody wiser than Solomon lives in our time, though some think they are. Young colts must be broken in or they will make wild horses. Some fathers are all fire and fury, filled with passion at the smallest fault: this is worse than the other, and makes home a little hell instead of a heaven. No wind makes the miller idle, but too much upsets the mill altogether. Men who strike in their anger generally miss their mark. When God helps us to hold the reins firmly, but not to hurt the horses' mouths, all goes well. When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.

Wives should feel that home is their place and their kingdom, the happiness of which depends mostly upon them. She is a wicked wife who drives her husband away by her long tongue. A man said to his wife the other day, "Double up your whip;" he meant, keep your tongue quiet: it is wretched living with such a whip always lashing you. When God gave to men ten measures of speech, they say the women ran away with nine, and in some cases I am afraid the saying is true. A dirty, slatternly, gossiping wife is enough to drive her husband mad; and if he goes to the public house of an evening, she is the cause of it. It is doleful living where the wife, instead of reverencing her husband, is always wrangling and railing at him. It must be a good thing when such women are hoarse, and it is a pity that they have not as many blisters on their tongues as they have teeth in their jaws. God save us all from wives who are angels in the streets, saints in the church, and devils at home. I have never tasted of such bitter herbs, but I pity from my very heart those who have this diet every day of their lives.

Show me a loving husband, a worthy wife, and good children, and

no pair of horses that ever flew along the road could take me in a year where I could see a more pleasing sight. Home is the grandest of all institutions. Talk about parliament, give me a quiet little parlour. Boast about voting and the reform bill if you like, but I go in for weeding the little garden, and teaching the children their hymns. Franchise may be a very fine thing, but I should a good deal sooner get the freehold of my cottage, if I could find the money to buy it. Magna Charta I don't know much about, but if it means a quiet home for everybody, three cheers for it.

I wish our governors would not break up so many poor men's homes by that abominably heartless poor law. It is far more fit for a set of Red Indians than Englishmen. A Hampshire carter told me the other day that his wife and children were all in the union, and his home broken up, because of the cruel working of the poor law. He had eight little ones and his wife to keep on nine shillings a week, with rent to pay out of it; on this he could not keep body and soul together; now, if the parish had allowed him a mere trifle, a loaf or two and a couple of shillings a week, he would have jogged on, but no, not a penny out of the house; they might all die of starvation unless they would all go into the workhouse. So, with many bitter tears and heartaches, the poor soul had to sell his few little bits of furniture, and he is now a houseless man, and yet he is a good hard-working fellow, and served one master for nearly twenty years. Such things are very common, but they ought not to be. Why cannot the really deserving poor have a little help given them? Why must they be forced into the union house? Home is the pillar of the British Empire, and ought not to be knocked to pieces by these unchristian laws. I wish I was an orator and could talk politics, I would not care a rush for Whigs or Tories, but I would stand up like a lion for the poor man's home, which, let me tell the lords and commons, is as dear to him as their great palaces are to them, and sometimes dearer.

If I had no home the world would be a big prison to me. England for me for a country, Surrey for a county, and for a village give me ——— no, I shan't tell you, or you will be hunting John Ploughman up. Many of my friends have emigrated, and are breaking up fresh soil in Australia and America. Though their stone has rolled I hope they may gather moss, for when they were at home they were like the sitting hen, which gets no barley. Really these hard times make a man think of his wings, but I am tied by the leg to my own home, and, please God, I hope to live and die among my own people. They may do things better in France and Germany, but old England for me, after all.

He shall separate them.

OFTEN, in the Tyrol, we saw sheep and goats mingled in the same flock, and sometimes we held a controversy as to whether some of the animals were sheep or goats, for they were so like to either. Never did this occur without our thinking of the last great separating day, when the Shepherd shall divide the motley multitude of professors. The Great Shepherd alone can do it infallibly, and it is well that the division is not in the hands of poor erring mortals like ourselves. The less *we* do of judging the better, for here below it is far from easy for the most practised eye to know the sheep from the goats.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXII.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David, Maschil. *That David wrote this gloriously evangelic Psalm is proved not only by this heading, but by the words of the apostle Paul, in Romans* iv. 6, 7, 8. "*Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works,*" *&c. Probably his deep repentance over his great sin was followed by such blissful peace, that he was led to pour out his spirit in the soft music of this choice song. In the order of history it seems to follow the fifty-first.* Maschil *is a new title to us, and indicates that this is an instructive or didactic Psalm. The experience of one believer affords rich instruction to others, it reveals the footsteps of the flock, and so comforts and directs the weak. Perhaps it was important in this case to prefix the word, that doubting saints might not imagine the Psalm to be the peculiar utterance of a singular individual, but might appropriate it to themselves as a lesson from the Spirit of God. David promised in the fifty-first Psalm to teach transgressors the Lord's ways, and here he does it most effectually. Grotius thinks that this Psalm was meant to be sung on the annual day of the Jewish expiation, when a general confession of their sins was made.*

DIVISION.—*In our reading we have found it convenient to note the benediction of the pardoned, verses* 1, 2; *David's personal confession,* 3, 4, 5; *and the application of the case to others,* 6, 7. *The voice of God is heard by the forgiven one in* 8, 9; *and the Psalm then concludes with a portion for each of the two great classes of men,* 10, 11.

EXPOSITION.

BLESSED *is he whose* transgression *is* forgiven, *whose* sin *is* covered.

2 Blessed *is* the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit *there is* no guile.

1. "*Blessed.*" Like the sermon on the mount, this Psalm begins with beatitudes. This is the second Psalm of benediction. The first Psalm describes the result of holy blessedness, the thirty-second details the cause of it. The first pictures the tree in full growth, this depicts it in its first planting and watering. He who in the first Psalm is a reader of God's book, is here a suppliant at God's throne accepted and heard. "*Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.*" He is now blessed, and ever shall be. Be he ever so poor, or sick, or sorrowful, he is blessed in very deed. Pardoning mercy is of all things in the world most to be prized, for it is the only and sure way to happiness. To hear from God's own Spirit the words, "*absolvo te*" is joy unspeakable. Blessedness is not in this case ascribed to the man who has been a diligent lawkeeper, for then it would never come to us, but rather to a lawbreaker, who by grace most rich and free has been forgiven. Self-righteous Pharisees have no portion in this blessedness. Over the returning prodigal, the word of welcome is here pronounced, and the music and dancing begin. A full, instantaneous, irreversible pardon of transgression turns the poor sinner's hell into heaven, and makes the heir of wrath a partaker in blessing. The word rendered forgiven is in the original *taken off*, or *taken away*, as a burden is lifted or a barrier removed. What a lift is here! It cost our Saviour a sweat of blood to bear our load, yea, it cost him his life to bear it quite away. Samson carried the gates of Gaza, but what was that to the weight which Jesus bore on our behalf? "*Whose sin is covered.*" Covered by God, as the ark was covered by the mercy-seat, as Noah was covered from the flood, as the Egyptians were covered by

the depths of the sea. What a cover must that be which hides away for ever from the sight of the all-seeing God all the filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit! He who has once seen sin in its horrible deformity, will appreciate the happiness of seeing it no more for ever. Christ's atonement is the propitiation, the covering, the making an end of sin; where this is seen and trusted in, the soul knows itself to be now accepted in the Beloved, and therefore enjoys a conscious blessedness which is the antepast of heaven. It is clear from the text that a man may *know* that he his pardoned: where would be the blessedness of an unknown forgiveness? Clearly it is a matter of knowledge, for it is the ground of comfort.

2. "*Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.*" The word blessed is in the plural, *oh, the blessednesses!* the double joys, the bundles of happiness, the mountains of delight! Note the three words so often used to denote our disobedience: transgression, sin, and iniquity, are the three-headed dog at the gates of hell, but our glorious Lord has silenced its barkings for ever against his own believing ones. The trinity of sin is overcome by the Trinity of heaven. Non-imputation is of the very essence of pardon: the believer sins, but his sin is not reckoned, not accounted to him. Certain divines froth at the mouth with rage against imputed righteousness, be it ours to see our sin not imputed, and to us may there be as Paul words it, "Righteousness imputed without works." He is blessed indeed who has a substitute to stand for him to whose account all his debts may be set down. "*And in whose spirit there is no guile.*" He who is pardoned, has in every case been taught to deal honestly with himself, his sin, and his God. Forgiveness is no sham, and the peace which it brings is not caused by playing tricks with conscience. Self-deception and hypocrisy bring no blessedness, they may drug the soul into hell with pleasant dreams, but into the heaven of true peace they cannot conduct their victim. Free from guilt, free from guile. Those who are justified from fault are sanctified from falsehood. A liar is not a forgiven soul. Treachery, double-dealing, chicanery, dissimulation, are lineaments of the devil's children, but he who is washed from sin is truthful, honest, simple, and childlike. There can be no blessedness to tricksters with their plans, and tricks, and shuffling, and pretending: they are too much afraid of discovery to be at ease; their house is built on the volcano's brink, and eternal destruction must be their portion. Observe the three words to describe sin, and the three words to represent pardon, weigh them well, and note their meanings. (See note at the end.)

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

David now gives us his own experience: no instructor is so efficient as one who testifies to what he has personally known and felt. He writes well who like the spider spins his matter out of his own bowels.

3. "*When I kept silence.*" When through neglect I failed to confess, or through despair dared not do so, "*my bones,*" those solid pillars of my frame, the strongest portions of my bodily constitution, "*waxed old,*" began to decay with weakness, for my grief was so intense as to sap my health and destroy my vital energy. What a killing thing is sin! It is a pestilent disease! A fire in the bones! While we smother our sin it rages within, and like a gathering wound swells horribly and torments terribly. "*Through my roaring all the day long.*" He was silent as to confession, but not as to sorrow. Horror at his great guilt, drove David to incessant laments, until his voice was no longer like the

articulate speech of man, but so full of sighing and groaning, that it resembled the hoarse roaring of a wounded beast. None know the pangs of conviction but those who have endured them. The rack, the wheel, the flaming fagot are ease compared with the Tophet which a guilty conscience kindles within the breast: better suffer all the diseases which flesh is heir to, than lie under the crushing sense of the wrath of almighty God. The Spanish inquisition with all its tortures was nothing to the inquest which conscience holds within the heart.

4. "*For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me.*" God's finger can crush us—what must his hand be, and that pressing heavily and continuously! Under terrors of conscience, men have little rest by night, for the grim thoughts of the day dog them to their chambers and haunt their dreams, or else they lie awake in a cold sweat of dread. God's hand is very helpful when it uplifts, but it is awful when it presses down: better a world on the shoulder, like Atlas, than God's hand on the heart, like David. "*My moisture is turned into the drought of summer.*" The sap of his soul was dried, and the body through sympathy appeared to be bereft of its needful fluids. The oil was almost gone from the lamp of life, and the flame flickered as though it would soon expire. Unconfessed transgression, like a fierce poison, dried up the fountain of the man's strength, and made him like a tree blasted by the lightning, or a plant withered by the scorching heat of a tropical sun. Alas! for a poor soul when it has learned its sin but forgets its Saviour, it goes hard with it indeed. "*Selah.*" It was time to change the tune, for the notes are very low in the scale, and with such hard usage, the strings of the harp are out of order: the next verse will surely be set to another key, or will rehearse a more joyful subject.

5. "*I acknowleged my sin unto thee.*" After long lingering, the broken heart bethought itself of what it ought to have done at the first, and laid bare its bosom before the Lord. The lancet must be let into the gathering ulcer before relief can be afforded. The least thing we can do, if we would be pardoned, is to acknowledge our fault; if we are too proud for this we doubly deserve punishment. "*And mine iniquity have I not hid.*" We must confess the guilt as well as the fact of sin. It is useless to conceal it, for it is well known to God; it is beneficial to us to own it, for a full confession softens and humbles the heart. We must as far as possible unveil the secrets of the soul, dig up the hidden treasure of Achan, and by weight and measure bring out our sins. "*I said.*" This was his fixed resolution. "*I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.*" Not to my fellow men or to the high priest, but unto Jehovah; even in those days of symbol the faithful looked to God alone for deliverance from sin's intolerable load, much more now, when types and shadows have vanished at the appearance of the dawn. When the soul determines to lay low and plead guilty, absolution is near at hand; hence we read, "*And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.*" Not only was the sin itself pardoned, but the iniquity of it; the virus of its guilt was put away, and that at once, so soon as the acknowledgment was made. God's pardons are deep and thorough: the knife of mercy cuts at the roots of the ill weed of sin. "*Selah.*" Another pause is needed, for the matter is not such as may be hurried over.

"Pause, my soul, adore and wonder,
Ask, O why such love to me?
Grace has put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family.
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks, to thee."

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou *art* my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

6. "*For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found.*" If the psalmist means that *on account of* God's mercy others would become hopeful, his witness is true. Remarkable answers to prayer very much quicken the prayerfulness of other godly persons. Where one man finds a golden nugget others feel inclined to dig. The benefit of our experience to others should reconcile us to it. No doubt the case of David has led thousands to seek the Lord with hopeful courage who, without such an instance to cheer them, might have died in despair. Perhaps the psalmist meant *for* this favour or the like all godly souls would seek, and here, again, we can confirm his testimony, for all will draw near to God in the same manner as he did when godliness rules their heart. The mercy seat is the way to heaven for all who shall ever come there. There is, however, a set time for prayer, beyond which it will be unavailing; between the time of sin and the day of punishment mercy rules the hour, and God may be found, but when once the sentence has gone forth pleading will be useless, for the Lord will not be found by the condemned soul. O dear reader, slight not the accepted time, waste not the day of salvation. The godly pray while the Lord has promised to answer, the ungodly postpone their petitions till the Master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, and then their knocking is too late. What a blessing to be led to seek the Lord before the great devouring floods leap forth from their lairs, for then when they do appear we shall be safe. "*Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.*" The floods shall come, and the waves shall rage, and toss themselves like Atlantic billows; whirlpools and waterspouts shall be on every hand, but the praying man shall be at a safe distance, most surely secured from every ill. David was probably most familiar with those great land-floods which fill up, with rushing torrents, the beds of rivers which at other times are almost dry: these overflowing waters often did great damage, and, as in the case of the Kishon, were sufficient to sweep away whole armies. From sudden and overwhelming disasters thus set forth in metaphor the true suppliant will certainly be held secure. He who is saved from sin has no need to fear anything else.

7. "*Thou art my hiding place.*" Terse, short sentences make up this verse, but they contain a world of meaning. Personal claims upon our God are the joy of spiritual life. To lay our hand upon the Lord with the clasp of a personal "my" is delight at its full. Observe that the same man who in the fourth verse was oppressed by the presence of God, here finds a shelter in him. See what honest confession and full forgiveness will do! The gospel of substitution makes him to be our refuge who otherwise would have been our judge. "*Thou shalt preserve me from trouble.*" Trouble shall do me no real harm when the Lord is with me, rather it shall bring me much benefit, like the file which clears away the rust, but does not destroy the metal. Observe the three tenses, we have noticed the sorrowful past, the last sentence was a joyful present, this is a cheerful future. "*Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.*" What a golden sentence! The man is encircled in song, surrounded by dancing mercies, all of them proclaiming the triumphs of grace. There is no breach in the circle, it completely rings him round; on all sides he hears music. Before him hope sounds the cymbals, and behind him gratitude beats the timbrel. Right and left, above and beneath, the air resounds with joy, and all this for the very man who, a few weeks ago, was roaring all the day long. How great a change! What wonders grace has done and still can do! "*Selah.*" There was need of a pause, for love so amazing needs to be pondered, and joy so great demands quiet contemplation, since language fails to express it.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, *or* as the mule, *which* have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

8. "*I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.*" Here the Lord is the speaker, and gives the psalmist an answer to his prayer. Our Saviour is our instructor. The Lord himself deigns to teach his children to walk in the way of integrity, his holy word and the monitions of the Holy Spirit are the directors of the believer's daily conversation. We are not pardoned that we may henceforth live after our own lusts, but that we may be educated in holiness and trained for perfection. A heavenly training is one of the covenant blessings which adoption seals to us: "All thy children shall be taught by the Lord." Practical teaching is the very best of instruction, and they are thrice happy who, although they never sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and are ignorant of Aristotle, and the ethics of the schools, have nevertheless learned to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. "*I will guide thee with mine eye.*" As servants take their cue from the master's eye, and a nod or a wink is all that they require, so should we obey the slightest hints of our Master, not needing thunderbolts to startle our incorrigible sluggishness, but being controlled by whispers and love-touches. The Lord is the great overseer, whose eye in providence overlooks everything. It is well for us to be the sheep of his pasture, following the guidance of his wisdom.

9. "*Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding.*" Understanding separates man from a brute—let us not act as if we were devoid of it. Men should take counsel and advice, and be ready to run where wisdom points them the way. Alas! we need to be cautioned against stupidity of heart, for we are very apt to fall into it. We who ought to be as the angels, readily become as the beasts. "*Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.*" It is much to be deplored that we so often need to be severely chastened before we will obey. We ought to be as a feather in the wind, wafted readily in the breath of the Holy Spirit, but alas! we lie like motionless logs, and stir not with heaven itself in view. Those cutting bits of affliction show how hard-mouthed we are, those bridles of infirmity manifest our headstrong and wilful manners. We should not be treated like mules if there were not so much of the ass about us. If we will be fractious, we must expect to be kept in with tight rein. Oh, for grace to obey the Lord willingly, lest like the wilful servant, we are beaten with many stripes. Calvin renders the last words, "Lest they kick against thee," a version more probable and more natural, but the passage is confessedly obscure—not, however, in its general sense.

10 Many sorrows *shall be* to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all *ye that are* upright in heart.

10. "*Many sorrows shall be to the wicked.*" Like refractory horses and mules, they have many cuts and bruises. Here and hereafter the portion of the wicked is undesirable. Their joys are evanescent, their sorrows are multiplying and ripening. He who sows sin will reap sorrow in heavy sheaves. Sorrows of conscience, of disappointment, of terror, are the sinner's sure heritage in time, and then for ever sorrows of remorse and despair. Let those who boast of present sinful joys, remember the *shall be* of the future, and take warning. "*But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.*" Faith is here placed as the opposite of wickedness, since it is the source of virtue. Faith in God is the great charmer of life's cares, and he who possesses it, dwells in an atmosphere of grace, surrounded with a body-guard of mercies. May it be given to us of the Lord at all times to believe in the mercy of God, even when we cannot see traces of its working, for to the believer, mercy is as all surrounding as omniscience, and every thought and act of God is perfumed with it. The wicked have a hive of wasps around them, *many sorrows;* but we have a swarm of bees storing honey for us.

11. "*Be glad.*" Happiness is not only our privilege, but our duty. Truly we serve a generous God, since he makes it a part of our obedience to be joyful. How sinful are our rebellious murmurings! How natural does it seem that a man blest with forgiveness should be glad! We read of one who died at the foot of the scaffold of over joy at the receipt of his monarch's pardon; and shall we receive the free pardon of the King of kings and yet pine in inexcusable sorrow? "*In the Lord.*" Here is the directory by which gladness is preserved from levity. We are not to be glad in sin, or to find comfort in corn, and wine, and oil, but in our God is to be the garden of our soul's delight. That there is a God and such a God, and that he is ours, ours for ever, our Father and our reconciled Lord, is matter enough for a never-ending psalm of rapturous joy. "*And rejoice, ye righteous,*" redouble your rejoicing, peal upon peal. Since God has clothed his choristers in the white garments of holiness, let them not restrain their joyful voices, but sing aloud and shout as those who find great spoil. "*And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.*" Our happiness should be demonstrative; chill penury of love often represses the noble flame of joy, and men whisper their praises decorously where a hearty outburst of song would be far more natural. It is to be feared that the church of the present day, through a craving for excessive propriety, is growing too artificial; so that enquirers' cries and believers' shouts would be silenced if they were heard in our assemblies. This may be better than boisterous fanaticism, but there is as much danger in the one direction as the other. For our part, we are touched to the heart by a little sacred excess, and when godly men in their joy o'erleap the narrow bounds of decorum, we do not, like Michal, Saul's daughter, eye them with a sneering heart. Note how the pardoned are represented as upright, righteous, and without guile; a man may have many faults and yet be saved, but a false heart is everywhere the damning mark. A man of twisting, shifty ways, of a crooked, crafty nature, is not saved, and in all probability never will be; for the ground which brings forth a harvest when grace is sown in it, may be weedy and waste, but our Lord tells us it is *honest* and good ground. Our observation has been that men of double tongues and tricky ways are the least likely of all men to be saved: certainly where grace comes it restores man's mind to its perpendicular, and delivers him from being doubled up with vice, twisted with craft, or bent with dishonesty.

Reader, what a delightful Psalm! Have you, in perusing it, been able to claim a lot in the goodly land? If so, publish to others the way of salvation.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 2.—The psalmist is clear in it that where there is no guile in the spirit, in accepting this righteousness God will not impute sin, and though a believing person may not be sensible of his happiness, yet his happiness is insured upon faith, though not testified to the soul.—*Charnock.*

Verses 1 *&* 2. *Transgression.* Prevarication. Some understand by it sins of omission and commission.

Sin. Some understand those inward inclinations, lusts, and motions, whereby the soul swerves from the law of God, and which are the immediate causes of external sins.

Iniquity. Notes original sin, the root of all.

Levatus, forgiven, eased, signifies to take away, to bear, to carry away. Two words in Scripture are chiefly used to denote remission, to expiate, to bear or carry away: the one signifies the manner whereby it is done, viz., atonement, the other the effect of this expiation, carrying away; one notes the meritorious cause, the other the consequent.

Covered. Alluding to the covering of the Egyptians in the Red Sea. Menochius thinks it alludes to the manner of writing among the Hebrews, which he thinks to be the same with that of the Romans; as writing with a pencil upon wax spread upon tables, which when they would blot out, they made the wax plain, and drawing it over the writing, covered the former letters. And so it is equivalent with that expression

of "blotting out sin," as in the other allusion it is with "casting sin into the depths of the sea."

Impute. Not charging upon account. As sin is a defection from the law, so it is forgiven; as it is offensive to God's holiness, so it is covered; as it is a debt involving man in a debt of punishment, so it is not imputed; they all note the certainty, and extent, and perfection of pardon: the three words expressing sin here, being the same that are used by God in the declaration of his name.—*Charnock.*

Verse 6.—*In the floods, &c.* Washed he may be, as Paul was in the shipwreck, but not drowned with those floods of great waters: be they never so great they are bounded.—*Joseph Trapp.*

Verse 6.—*For this.* Here we see not only that all the godly pray, but every one of them prays for pardon. This is the very thing which our Saviour teaches his disciples, "When ye pray, say, Forgive us our trespasses."—*William Jay.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Gospel benedictions—take the first Psalm with thirty-second—show the doctrinal and practical harmoniously blended.

Verse 1.—*Evangelical Blessedness.* I. The original condition of its possessor. II. The nature of the benefit received. III. The channel by which it came. IV. The means by which it may be obtained by us.

Verse 2.—Non imputation, a remarkable doctrine.—Prove, explain, and improve it.

No guile.—The honesty of heart of the pardoned man.

Verse 3.—*Retention of our griefs to ourselves.* Natural tendency of timidity and despair; danger of it; means of divulging grief; encouragements to do so, the blessed person who is ready to hear confessions.

The silent mourner the greatest sufferer.

Verses 3 *and* 4.—Terrible convictions and gentle drawings. New Park Street Pulpit, Nos. 313 and 314.

Verse 4.—The sorrows of a convinced soul. Daily, nightly, from God, heavy, weakening, destroying.

Verse 5.—The gracious results of a full confession; or, confession and absolution scripturally explained.

Verse 6.—The experience of one, the encouragement of all.

Verse 6 *(first clause).*—The day of grace, how to improve it.

Verse 6 *(whole verse).*—Pardon of sin the guarantee that other mercies shall be given.

(Last clause).—Imminent troubles, eminent deliverances.

Verse 7 *(first sentence).*—Danger felt, refuge known, possession claimed, joy experienced.

(Second sentence).—Troubles from which saints shall be preserved.

(Last sentence).—The circle of song—who draws the circle, what is the circumference, who is in the centre.

Songs of deliverance.—From guilt, hell, death, enemies, doubts, temptations, accidents, plots, &c.

Verse 8.—The power of the eye.—*Henry Melville.*

The divine schoolmaster, his pupils, their lessons, their chastisements and their rewards.

Verse 9.—God's bits and bridles, the mules who need them, and reasons why we ought not to be of the number.

Verse 9.—How far in our actions we are better, and how far worse than horses and mules.

Verse 10.—The encompassing mercy of the believer's life even in his most troublous times. The portion of the wicked, and the lot of the faithful.

Verse 11.—A believer's gladness. *Its spring,* "in the Lord;" *its vivacity,* "shout;" *its propriety,* "it is commanded;" *its beneficial results and its abundant reasons.*

Upright in heart, an instructive description. Not horizontal, or grovelling, nor bent, nor inclined, but vertical in heart.

Theo-Literary Recreation;

OR,

REMARKS ON "THE BOOK OF JOB," BY J. A. FROUDE.

B. W. CARR.

THE need of recreation felt and acknowledged by all mankind might furnish an attractive chapter in the digressions of mental philosophy. Amusements, which at first sight appear eccentric, would, on closer inspection, be recognised as the most rational. If a monarch become enthusiastic in watch-making, or a statesman take refuge from the numberless cares of public office in the manual skill of a mechanic, we have no reason to sneer. It is quite as sensible as the zeal of the village blacksmith in discussing politics—a little exercise by the way, which sharpens his wits, while it is not likely to cover the sphere of his brain with a snowy fleece in the summer of life, as if the responsibilities of the Home Secretary devolved upon him. While the laws of our physical existence forbid incessant application to our special calling, we may all of us obtain a plentiful variety of diversion without killing time, or consuming it upon vicious trifles. Work is recreative, and changes, complete and thorough, rung upon our occupations, are tranquilising as music to our nerves, and profitable as sleep to our natural vigour. All this and much more we are prepared to allow before expressing our jealousy, when theological subjects are handled by literary men as an agreeable pastime without a reverent acknowledgment of that inspiration which should shield the Scriptures from an acrid criticism, befitting enough, it may be, in the revision of secular history.

So diligent a student, so elastic a thinker, as Mr. James Anthony Froude, cannot fail to gain an audience in an age of popular enquiry distinguished by its unrest. And when he so much adapts his style to the taste of the busy public as to furnish "short studies on great subjects," we confess the obligation. Amongst these great subjects he could find few greater than "The Book of Job." It is therefore with the deepest regret we discover in this clever essay such an unhealthy tone, exhibiting far more the virulent antipathies of a religious (?) partisan, than the ingenuous analysis of an upright expositor. The charm we looked for is wholly wanting. Instead of the broad, many-sided man of letters, who could admire Shakspeare because "his stories are not put together, and his characters are not conceived to illustrate any particular law or principle," because "they teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another," because with "supreme truth" he "represents real life"—we ascertain to our disappointment that our author has imported into his treatise upon the ancient Book of Job scholastic questions and subtleties, as well as religious customs and ordinances, foreign to the time, place, and circumstances of the poem, as inconsistent as the introduction of tropical plants into a picture of the Arctic regions, or as a description of Punch and Judy in the narrative of ascending Mont Blanc.

Without fixing the date or authorship of the book, the learned essayist attributes to it a decisive answer to the Judaising propensities of one age, and the doctrinal Protestantism of another age. Amongst the churches at Galatia it might have supplied a better homily than Paul's epistle; and if it had only been read over with Mr. Froude's glossary at the synod of Dort (an anachronism pardonable in one who has just risen from its perusal) the fierce debates between the disciples of Beza and Van Harmin might have been suddenly quelled.

Had the reviewer contented himself by saying that the language of the book, "impregnated with strange idioms and strange allusions is un-Jewish in form," we could bow assent to his remark; but we recoil when he loses his temper, as if in hot anger, and fulminates his declamations, telling us that it is "in fiercest hostility with Judaism: that it hovers like a meteor over the old Hebrew literature; in it, but not of it; compelling the acknowledgment of itself by its own

internal majesty, yet exerting no influence over the minds of the people; never alluded to, and scarcely ever quoted, till at last the light which it had heralded rose up full over the world in Christianity." We cannot sympathise with the animus of one who thus shuts the book that he proposed to open, and grasping it in his hand, stamps with his foot, and deals out his invectives right and left with merciless severity. The supposition that it was produced at the time of Jeremiah is favoured in so far as it belonged to the great prophetic period, and discountenanced only inasmuch as the era of that prophet witnessed the decrepitude of the nation. But why its composition should point to any Jewish epoch, when there is no internal evidence, either of harmony or estrangement with that people, of respect or contempt for their laws, we are at a loss to understand. It is of little consequence that we refute one by one observations that have no pretext. There are two random shots however that we may parry with one answer. We should not entertain any doubt ourselves that David quoted his description of the sick man's chastening in the one hundred and seventh Psalm from the thirty-third chapter of Job. Our essayist might demur on one contingency; he supposes the speeches of Elihu to be interpolated, that they form no part of the original poem. This may seem to some devout readers a rather formidable exception; to Mr. Froude it appears utterly insignificant; he has disposed of Elihu in a foot note. Is there any just pretence for alleging that the author of Job borrowed from the psalmist? We have evidence to the contrary at hand. In the closing verses of the sixty-second Psalm, David makes an allusive quotation from the speech or speeches of Elihu, as if by a slight reference he would call to mind a well known oracle. For the sake of conspicuousness we will place the respective sentences in juxtaposition. The extended passage of Elihu proclaims its own originality.

"God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

"Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work."—Psalm lxii. 11, 12.

"For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not."

* * * *

"For the work of a man shall he render unto him, and cause every man to find according to his ways." Job xxxiii. 14; xxxiv. 11.

The startling theory of the poem itself, which we have now to glance at, requires us to believe that the intention of its author was to combat the falsehood of orthodoxy in the Judaism of ancient, and the Calvinism of modern times. To effect his purpose, that mysterious writer must have isolated himself from the company and the customs of thought as well as of deed, prevalent among his own people, and to preserve a complete anonym, he stifled in profound secrecy all the knowledge he possessed of facts relating to sacred history, and cast the scene of his exquisite drama away from the charmed centre of divine manifestation. Let Mr. Froude speak for himself.

"The more it is studied, the more the conclusion forces itself upon us, that, let the writer have lived when he would, in his struggle with the central falsehood of his own people's creed, he must have divorced himself from them outwardly as well as inwardly; that he travelled away into the world and lived long, perhaps all his matured life, in exile. Everything about the book speaks of a person who had broken free from the narrow likeness of 'the peculiar people.'"

What this study aims at we must not overlook. The public can form some apprehension of the labour and judgment requisite to construct a volume of history out of fragmentary documents. They must be patiently collected together, attentively studied, sorted with scrupulous care, adjusted, re-adjusted, missing links noted, conjectures hazarded and tested, some discarded, others followed out. Remoter inferences may be drawn from circumstances that transpired only in the imagination of the painstaking author, which at length,

by frequent consideration, become as true to him as if he had been an eye-witness of what never occurred. But take away all the materials; what idea can be formed of the undertaking then? Why, Egyptian task-masters who demanded of enslaved Israelites that they should make bricks without giving them straw, bidding them to get straw where they could find it, were mild in their exactions as compared with the German scholars whom Mr. Froude eulogises and emulates. They engage to manufacture history out of their brains. They impose upon themselves the obligation of making statements without evidence; and then, by way of remunerating themselves for their pains, they draw bills on our credit, which they civilly request us to endorse.

The favourite theory that theology "grows up," as experience accumulates, and creeds are a construction of the human intellect, impels them to industrious reverie. Trade becomes dull when there is no speculation; and by parity of reasoning, evangelical enterprise is supposed to dwindle when research is not inventive, or when new commentaries are awanting to give fresh eagerness to read the old volume. May it be so. If all who peruse the article in question reconnoitre the inspired record itself, they have a profitable exercise before them.

We must not forget Job. The sketch with which this latest edition introduces him, reminds us of a picture of the banquet at Apsley house, where Waterloo heroes were wont to gather annually, at the invitation of their veteran chief. The publisher contrived to have his own profile (so, be it true or not true, it was commonly said) distinctly impressed on the work of art, where he might be seen entering as an attendant at the door. Some marked delineation of the impartial reviewer's spiritual physiognomy may in like manner be traced in the following passage.

"As it is described in the first chapter, we have a picture of the best man who could then be conceived; not a hard ascetic, living in haughty or cowardly isolation, but a warm picture of flesh and blood, a man full of all human loveliness, and to whom, that no room might be left for any possible Calvinistic falsehood, God himself bears the emphatic testimony that there was none like him upon the earth, a perfect and upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil."

We must confess ourselves embarrassed by the strange incongruities that mark Mr. Froude's conjectures. He presumes that the history of Job was a tradition in the East, his name the symbol of fallen greatness, and his misfortunes the problem of philosophers. Yet, strange to tell, while oral tradition could make that name familiar as a household word, the written story consigned him to oblivion. The dazzling brightness of the unknown historian bewildered the generation in which it was first published; they could not appreciate it; they never referred to it; "persecutions come, and martyrdoms, and religious wars;" withal there were revolutions of thought as well as of circumstance; and it was left for a future distant age to estimate the value of a noble poem that fell flat on its own generation, and had long sunk into dissuetude. Lift up your eyes, O ye people, just now it rises, phœnix-like, (the stale figure is dictated to us) out of the ashes of that altar on which it expired. What the work of that veiled author might have been, or in what category he should be classed, we are at liberty to imagine. It is a conundrum to tax our brains in play hours. Was he an antiquarian gathering up the fragments of legendry, and weaving them together with artistic skill, exhibiting a genius akin to the author of Waverley? Or did he, out of the slenderest records, construct a vivid romance, as Henry Taylor, the historic drama of Philip Van Artevelde from Froissart's chronicles? Guess again. Perhaps, whispers our friend, Göethe's Faust is nearer the mark. Is that right? Who can tell? Here is our recreation. We are left to wander in the airy fields of conjecture, a salutary exercise for the mind. At any rate our fanciful guide-book tells us that he showed a studied respect for orthodoxy, while he arraigned it for judgment. He was so charitable that he does not represent the three friends

"as foolish, obstinate bigots, but as wise, humane, and almost great men, who, at the outset, at least, are animated only by the kindest feelings, and speak what they have to say with the earnest conviction that it is true." Getting into the heat of the argument, we must let the Westminister reviewer speak for himself. He has so pointedly addressed himself to us, and in such impassioned tones, that we must listen, for politeness demands it, and we must take down his words, for prudence suggests it; whether it is worth while replying is quite another matter.

"The friends repeat one another with but little difference: the sameness being of course intentional, as showing that they were not speaking for themselves, but as representatives of a prevailing opinion. Eliphaz again gives the note which the others follow. Hear this Calvinist of the old world: thy own mouth condemneth thee, and thine own lips testify against thee. 'What is man, that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous? Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints; yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight. How much more abominable and filthy is man which drinketh iniquity like water?' Strange, that after all these thousands of years, we should still persist in this degrading confession, as a thing which it is impious to deny, and impious to attempt to render otherwise, when Scripture itself, in language so emphatic, declares that it is a lie."

We hope that we shall not be suspected of losing our temper, if we suggest that this view of the matter borrows its raciness from "the optics seeing, rather than the objects seen." Some enterprising publisher might give us an illustrated edition of this redoubtable essay, embellished with portraits of the individuals who, at this modern time, represent Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. Evidently the very essence of Christian unity is taken as a strong proof of the imposition that Christianity has practised upon us. If Herbert, Cowper, and Watts all bear witness to the depravity of man, it is only Temanite, Shuhite, and Naamathite over again, singing with more or less power in the same nasal key.

"Let us observe (and the Calvinists should consider this), Job will hear as little of the charges against mankind as of charges against himself. He will not listen to the 'corruption of humanity,' because in the consciousness of his own innocency, he knows that it is not corrupt; he knows that he himself is just and good, and we know it; the divine sentence upon him having been already passed. He will not acknowledge his sin, for he knows not of what to repent."

The profound self-satisfaction of this charming paragraph enchants us. What a sweet tranquil sense of innocence must have reigned supreme in the breast of the essayist who penned it! He had not Job's excuse of being stung to the quick. His sentiment was conceived in *sang froid*. Doubtless he rose from the desk, laid down his grey goose-quill, looked out of window, and saw with glazed eye, among the passers-by, young and old, rich and poor, aristocrat and beggar, a corresponding pureness, and he mildly cursed the malignant spirit that preferred a charge of corruption against mankind. No room is left us to marvel at this language so like to that in which he describes Job as speaking "vehement, desperate, reckless." Elihu is the proper person to reply, but our reviewer has burked Elihu. Burked, do we say? Thereby hangs a tale. The name of an atrocious murderer who expiated his crime on the scaffold at Edinburgh, nearly forty years ago, has been perpetuated in our language. How astonished Dr. Johnson would be to see that word "burke" a verb active in an English dictionary. With the wretched infectiousness of crime, of which the calendar furnishes too many examples, some two years after the discovery of that mode of procuring a corpse by suffocating a victim, Bishop and Williams were convicted of taking the life of an Italian lad, who sold white mice in London, by placing a plaster over his mouth, after which they dropped him into a pit till the breathless body was cold. The recollection of that ghastly crime occurred to us instinctively as we saw the treatment Elihu had received in the essay. There he is, at the bottom of the page in a deep note, with his testimony

stifled, and a dreary blank he leaves behind. "Confusion now hath made his master-piece!"

The conclusion of this criticism on the poem of Job is abrupt. It is necessarily so, because the one character that shines so softly with mellow light in our version is eclipsed. He that said, "Behold I am according to thy wish in God's stead; I also am formed out of the clay," is taken by wicked hands and crucified. He that interpreted God's way of justifying the sinner when he is gracious unto him, and saith, "Deliver him from going into the pit, for I have found a ransom," is dead and buried in Mr. Froude's account. Nothing remains, therefore, but the answer out of the whirlwind. The God on whom Job had called and prayed that he might appear and plead his cause with him, "comes not as the healing spirit in the heart of man; but as Job had at first demanded, the outward God, the almighty Creator of the universe, and clad in the terrors and glory of it."

How this artifice ministers to scepticism our next quotation will prove.

"The secret which has been revealed to the reader is not, after all, revealed to Job or to his friends, and for this plain reason: the burden of the drama is not that we do, but that we do not, and cannot know the mystery of the government of the world; that it is not for man to seek it, nor for God to reveal it."

There is far less novelty than speciousness in the application of broad expository principles (we use the word "broad" in a technical sense), to this isolated part of Scripture. We see in it a feature of the times, and as such we notice it. To epitomise Mr. Froude's view, he has attempted to show that the book of Job contains the poetical narrative of a state trial, in which "orthodoxy" is arraigned, condemned, and executed. Ritualism and Rationalism occupy the same relative positions in opposition to the gospel now, as the Talmud on one side, and Greek philosophy on the other side did at the planting of the church. No marvel surely is it that the analogy should hold good in individual types. The amiable defenders of civil and religious liberty stand proudly aloof from any proclivities of their own, accounting such matters a vain superstition. Like Porcius Festus, who evidently did not sympathise with the bitter animosity of the Jews against Paul, for to his idea the question in dispute was whimsically quaint. We can imagine the curl of his lip when he told Agrippa that the top and bottom of Paul's offending was an issue raised about "a certain dead Jesus whom Paul affirmed to be alive." So the thinkers and writers of our day, persist in speaking of our Lord as "the Christ of history," less the founder of a faith than the emancipator of the human mind from all systems. They do not, will not believe in the living Jesus who was crucified, but is risen from the dead to show light to the people, to loose those whom Satan has bound, to heal diseases of the mind, to speak pardon and peace to the conscience, to sanctify those that believe, and to seal them to the day of redemption by the anointing of his Spirit. This lively faith that draws its animating power from the assured presence of Jesus, rouses the echo of Festus' voice when he loudly exclaimed that Paul was mad.

Leaving Mr. Froude's peroration, which covers nearly a third of his tractate, to those whom a practical homily based on such premises may concern, we revert to the sacred story, with a modest confidence (if we may be pardoned for saying so), that apart from any peculiar theories about the date or authorship, accepting it as a veritable narrative, and taking its inspiration for granted, on proofs that we need not recapitulate, the lessons of wisdom it contains are adapted to make us trustful of God, when our way is dark; patient under afflictions when the cause of our adversity is obscure, and hopeful of our latter end when the blight withers all the present cheer of our hearts. The book has been like an angel in the house to convert and comfort the afflicted for many generations. And we can assure our testy antagonists, that we shall not be likely to deny the doctrine of universal depravity so long as we have the doctrine forced upon us of universal suffering and universal death. Neither shall we be likely to part lightly with our cheering belief in particular redemption

while we have so much particular experience of our own exposed to all the evils flesh inherits, and all the terrors that a future judgment awakens. Far be it from us to cultivate bigotry. We have need occasionally to remonstrate with men of *liberal ideas* for their illiberal strain of reflection. Granting that it is quite possible for critical analysis to throw a fresh light upon any part of Scripture, it would not disparage that sacred spell the perusal of the same Scripture exerted upon the hearts of men in days gone by, when there was not the slightest clue to such exposition. The fact that *coal* is adapted to generate a steam, serviceable for locomotion, does not prejudice the real benefit that our immediate progenitors derived from simply employing it for domestic uses. Admit the *doctrine* that cotton and castor-oil can by a judicious admixture be manufactured into a substance akin to and as useful as ivory, it need involve no slur upon the uses to which either of those valuable commodities has been previously put. Let the volumes of Ewald or Olshausen be never so worth our purchasing, and their suggestions be as valuable as they may, we need not therefore dispose of the portly folios of Joseph Caryl for waste paper.

Considering that the poem proper of Job begins at chapter iii. 3, and terminates with chapter xlii. 6, and that all the incidents which lay beyond these boundaries, before and after, furnish us with the tale in simple prose, it might not be deemed unreasonable to suppose that by consulting these rather than that, we shall be likely to get the view of the writer. The contrast between the beginning and the end is remarkable, because the introduction is so good that we can hardly imagine how the termination can improve upon it. And yet we have an indisputable authority upon this point—"So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning." In respect to his character, his circumstances, and his moral influence, this advantage is forcibly traced out.

The first sentence of the narrative reads well. "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." With this we compare the last sentence of the poem, wherein the patriarch confronting himself says, "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." And yet there is nothing to warrant us in supposing that his character had deteriorated. Quite the reverse. He had passed in the meanwhile through a terrible ordeal, and he had come forth from the furnace "accepted of the Lord." The inference is patent. Do any of our readers start back from facing it? There is a righteousness more to be esteemed than innocence. It hath promise of a greater reward. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he will receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." We do not disparage Job's integrity on the outset. Far enough from the mere tinsel of the profession, or the mosaic gilding of a counterfeit, it was like sterling gold of exquisite purity. Still that genuine goodness, unimpeachable among men, was not equal to the standard by which justification is procured in the sight of the Almighty. The righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees was a fiction. Worse than that, it was a superficial veil that covered a deep subsoil of impurities. But the virtue of Job was not without merit that could make Satan jealous. Such the graces of childhood when the temper is sweet, the language chaste, the sense of duty delicate, the feelings tender, and the manners trained to a high degree of refinement. But ah! we think beautiful as is the picture of such a child, the scrupulous propriety is of too fine a texture to be exposed to the corrupt influences of this wicked world. We should have no confidence ourselves in its capacity to resist evil. Hardly should we write a biography of the little nurseling. Certainly, from the strict human point of view, we should prefer the biography of a man who had seen the rougher side of life, and come out, notwithstanding faults and infirmities, like pure gold, astonished himself only at the quantity of dross he left behind. Such, too, the nobleman, on whose birth fortune smiles; and as his years advance, good principles combine with his good fortune. His path in life is prosperous, and his disposition genial. When he has seen afflictions that he never felt, he has been quick to pity and

relieve them. Looking down from a princely station on the sorrows of his fellow creatures, he has shown a generous readiness to give succour to the needy and to support every kind of charity. We lend him our tribute of admiration, but we cannot forget that "to be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and to play the part of a father to the poor," is another and a very different thing from enduring blindness, and lameness, and penurious want. We esteem the righteousness as far as it extends, but we cannot be oblivious of the narrow limits within which it has been found. Job was a perfect man to start with—as perfect as a boy may be in the science of navigation who has passed every examination at the naval school with credit and honour, receiving medal after medal above his competitors, though he has never yet been a voyage on the ocean; such merit would not procure him a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. And we have a strong impression that Job was canonised in the inspired volume for the renown he gained in the struggles of life rather than for the highly creditable reputation with which he started it.

The prosperity of Job's circumstances in his latter days likewise exceeded that of his early career. Nor does it satisfy us to attribute this *dénouement* to the poet's art, who to accommodate our sense of fitness, has restored him in the book, and indemnified him for his losses, though in life it need not have been so. We think such a sentiment shows how little the moral is understood. The estimate we set on verbal inspiration assists us here. Not only were his possessions doubled, but the tenure by which he held his earthly goods was far safer than it had been before. Then "the Lord blessed the work of his hands, and his substance increased in the land." Now, "the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before." While he saw no more than the success of his own works, he avows his timid apprehensions: "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came." But afterwards in the gifts of God's grace to him, he could find undisturbed satisfaction. He had his family restored to him the same in number as at the first. The record of this is touching. His children were a source of anxiety to him in the opening of his history. Their revellings were not to his taste. In the end, however, his sons and daughters are his comfort and his joy, and he gives them all an equal inheritance.

The influence he exerted after the Lord turned his captivity is very noteworthy. Job appears in the office of an intercessor both before and after his calamities. His well-intentioned efforts at the former period seem to have been unavailing, while his gracious supplications at the latter period availed to procure the pardon of his friends, as well as a token of his own acceptance. This is one of the minute points that well deserves the attention of those who exercise themselves in the study, with a higher motive than mere historical speculation, the *coup d'essai* of a secular writer. In making the comparison we must not forget that's Job's burnt offerings, according to the number of his children were not sustained by any acts of devotion on their part, albeit the three friends offered up for themselves a burnt offering, and Job prayed for them.

Enough; we are not oblivious of "the signs of the times," or the fresh calls to faith and energy of which passing events apprise us. But so far as the diffusion of knowledge, the progress of science, or the extension of the franchise are concerned, they are of the earth, earthy, and scarcely to be regarded as signs from heaven at all. The impetus given to civilisation affects the present condition of the inhabitants of the world without casting a ray of light on individual destiny. To-day, as ever, salvation is of the Lord.

Spencer's Things New and Old.

TO read everything would be impossible. Some books it is unwise to read at all, and of others a little may suffice. If somebody would boil down modern literature into the essence of knowledge, and sell it out in shilling's-worths, he would deserve the heartiest commendations; for as things now are, what with the bone of platitude, the gristle of verbosity, and the suet of fine writing, our largest masses of literary provender hardly afford a man a breakfast of really nutritious mental food. It seems that two hundred years ago from this very date, John Spencer, who was not a scholar by profession, but humbly calls himself a lover of learning and learned men, issued a goodly tome, in which he presented his readers with extracts from all the authors within his reach; extracts metaphorical and curious, and for the most part judicious and valuable. He must have been a marvel of industry, for his quotations number 2283, and are taken from the classical, patristic, puritan, and every other school of authorship. To every paragraph he has appended "the names of those at whose torch he has lighted his taper," and thus as quaint Thomas Fuller says, "he hath revived the memories of many worthies, and of their speeches which otherwise had utterly been lost." He took care to place an appropriate heading over every extract, and to furnish an excellent index. Having, like the bee, sucked honey from ten thousand flowers, he stored it with the greatest diligence in well-arranged cells, and having lived out his hour like the rest of us poor working bees, he died, leaving his dripping honeycombs to us, his heirs. Up till the present year, "*Spencer's Things New and Old*" have been a cabinet whitebait dinner for the few, rather than a banquet for the many, but now his dainties are brought to every man's door, and all the world may purchase them. Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Tegg have each issued an edition of this valuable work, and we fear there is more fear of a glut in the market than of a scarcity. In this case, too many cooks will not spoil the broth, nor will they cause damage to the company, but we are half afraid the worthy men may scald themselves, or find their viands growing mouldy in the cupboard. It is a thousand pities that by some mutual arrangement they had not avoided the loss, which, unless the public be very discerning, must accrue to one or both of the publishers. It is not possible for us to have a preference for either of the editions. How happy could we be with either. The portly volume of Mr. Dickinson is just the book for shelves which are enriched with Puritanic folios, for which we must ever feel a reverence and love. Of course, such a book is heavy, but then we do not hold it up, but the table bears the weight, and then the type and the large page are delightful. Moreover, in this volume, we have Cawdray's remarkable compilation, and so have two treasures in one. As for Mr. Tegg's two volumes, they are of a convenient and usable size, and one can turn round to the fire with a copy in one's hand. The volumes are well got up, and will be preferred by many, though we, ourselves personally, cannot see a pin to choose between the two editions, they are both so exceedingly good. As a cluster from Eshcol made men long for the vineyards of Canaan, perhaps a specimen or two will make our readers desirous to purchase the work.

1266. *Idleness the very inlet to all temptations.*—It was the speech of Mr. Greenham (some time a painful preacher of this nation) that when the devil tempted a poor soul, she came to him for advice, how she might resist the temptation, and he gave her this answer: Never be idle, but be always well employed; for in my own experience I have found it, when the devil came to tempt me, I told him that I was not at leisure to hearken to his temptation, and by this means I resisted all his assaults. Thus must all of us do, when the devil comes to tempt any of us, say: I am not at leisure to lend an ear to thy temptations, I am otherwise employed, I am in the work of my God, busied in the work of my lawful calling, and taken up with the thoughts of God's blessings thereupon, then he will never be able to fasten upon thee; for so it is, that he never gets advantage of any man or woman, but either when they are out of God's way, or idle, or have their hands in some sinful action, then it is that they do even tempt the tempter to tempt them, and lay themselves open to a world of sin and wickedness."

"1323. *How it is that Faith challengeth the superiority over other graces.*—Take a piece of wax and a piece of gold of the same magnitude, the wax is not valuable with the gold; but as the wax hangs at the label of some will, by virtue of which some great estate is confirmed and conveyed, so it may be worth many hundred pounds. So faith considered purely in itself, doth challenge nothing more than other graces, nay, in some sense it is inferior, it being an empty hand; but as this hand receives the precious alms of Christ's merits, and is an instrument or channel through which the blessed streams of life flow to us from Him, so it doth challenge a superiority over, and is more excellent than, all other graces whatsoever."

"1349. *Conscience spoils the wicked man's mirth.*—There is a story of one who undertook in a few days to make a fat sheep lean, and yet was to allow him a daily and large provision of meat, soft and easy lodging, with security from all danger, that nothing should hurt him. This he effected, by putting him into an iron grate, and placing a ravenous wolf hard by in another, always howling, fighting, scenting, scratching, to come at the poor sheep; which, affrighted with this sad sound and worse sight, had little joy to eat, less to sleep, whereby his flesh was suddenly abated. And thus it is that all wicked men have the terrors of an affrighted conscience constantly, not only barking at them, but biting them, which spoils all their mirth, dis-sweetens their most delicious pleasures with the sad consideration of the sins they have committed, and punishment they must undergo when, in another world, they shall be called to an account for what they have done here in the flesh."

"1367. *Complete Christian Duty.*—It was the speech of Mr. Bradford, that he could not leave a duty till he had found communion with Christ in the duty, till he had brought his heart into a duty-frame. He could not leave confession till he had found his heart touched, broken and humbled for sin; nor petition, till he had found his heart taken with the beauties of the things desired, and carried out after them; nor could he leave thanksgiving, till he had found his spirit enlarged, and his soul quickened in the return of praises: just like that of St. Bernard, who found God in every duty, and communion with him in every prayer; this was true, sincere, complete Christian duty. And thus it is that the soul taken with Christ, desires converse with him in prayer, in hearing, and in meditation, Isaiah lviii. 9. And such too is the genius of a soul taken up with Christ, that duty doth not content it, if it find not Christ in the duty; so that, if the end of a duty hath not left it on this side Christ, it hath left it so far short of true comfort."

"1417. *Riches, the danger of them being not well used.*—In an artichoke, there is a little picking meat, not so wholesome as delicious, and nothing to that it shows for; more than the tenth part is unprofitable leaves; and besides, there is a core in the midst of it which will choke a man if he take not good heed. Such a thing is wealth that men so covetously desire; it is like some kind of fish, so full of bones and unseen, that no man can eat of them without great danger. The rich man's wealth is very troublesome to the outward man, like a long garment that is too wide, if he tread upon it, he may chance to catch a fall, a fall into much discontent and envy of the world; but to the soul, riches, if not well employed, prove very pernicious, making a man vainly confident; thinking that he is so walled and moated about, that he is out of all gunshot when he is more open to danger than a poorer man, then they make him proud: and pride, saith St. Bernard, is the rich man's cozen, it blows him up like a bladder with a quill; then he grows secure, and so falls into sudden ruin.

Sentries.

WHILE the Austrian general was staying at the Hotel de Ville, upon the Grand Canal, at Venice, we lodged at the same house, and so often as we passed his rooms, whether by day or night, we encountered two sentries on guard at the door. Our heart said to itself, whenever the King of kings deigns to make a chamber of our spirit, let us set holiness and devotion to be sentries at the entrance. When our Beloved visits us he must not be disturbed; ill thoughts must be repulsed, and carnal desires kept at a distance. With drawn swords let watchfulness preserve the sanctity of Immanuel's rest. "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please."—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Reviews.

Retrospect and Forecast in Relation to Missionary Enterprise. Two sermons preached in Fuller Chapel, Kettering. By James Mursell. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Voices from Kettering deserve attention; Mr. Mursell does no discredit to the pulpit of Andrew Fuller; his two sermons are affectionate, bold, and seasonable. The Baptist Missionary Society must be revived and reformed, or it will pine like a fading flower: such judicious suggestions as those of Mr. Mursell deserve the gravest attention of all its friends, and we urge every missionary spirit to ponder them well. Eighteenpence or one shilling is, we suppose, the price, but publishers forget to inform us.

Moyley and Tyndall on Miracles. An Essay. By Wm. Fowler, LL.B. London: Longmans.

When our merchant princes are valiant for the truth, the fact is refreshing to the Christian heart, and tends to break the gloom which a survey of the present age is sure to cast upon the reflecting. Mr. Fowler has a clear, calm, logical mind; he readily finds out the weak place in his opponent's argument, and he handles the spiritual rapier with such dexterity, that all his thrusts cut and kill. Among philosophical doubters Mr. Fowler will do wonders.

The Desert and the Holy Land. By Alexander Wallace, D.D., Author of "The Bible and Working People," "Poems and Sketches," etc. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co.

It is not easy, after the many books that have been published of recent years on Palestine, to write a work on so popular a subject with any claims to originality, either of matter or style. Yet Dr. Wallace has succeeded in both beyond his pretensions. He has told us what he saw and felt in visiting the land teeming with so many hallowed associations; his descriptions of Eastern scenes are graphic and interesting, the incidents of his travels are humorous and illustrative of Oriental life and manners; while the account of his journey through the desert is vividly presented to the reader, who, if already acquainted with current books on the subject, will find much here that will strike him with special interest and peculiar freshness. Dr. Wallace's book is one that may be profitably read and re-read, which is more than we can say of many works on the same subject, of far higher pretensions.

The Nonsuch Professor in his Meridian Splendour; or, The Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians. By Wm. Secker. London: R. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

This is a nonsuch work, sparkling with wit, weighty with wisdom, and rich with unction. It would be superfluous to criticise a treatise upon which succeeding ages of divines have set the seal of their approval.

The Sunday Scholars' Annual: containing Stories and Ballads for Sunday Scholars. Third Series. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

These stories and ballads, so pleasantly told and so capitally illustrated, will be sure to gain great favour with our young folk. The little volume is cheap, tasteful, and elegant.

The Hero of the Desert; or, Facts more wonderful than Fiction. By the Rev. James Spong. The Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

A series of discourses upon the life of Moses. Excellent family reading, earnest, impressive, and interesting. Not a book for suggesting new thought, or opening up deep mysteries; but good, useful, practical reflections, suitable to the many. We should not quite coincide in some of Mr. Spong's modes of putting the truths which touch upon Sovereignty and Responsibility, but still we are surprised to find that we so nearly agree, where there is so much room for difference. The hardening of Pharaoh's heart is not so easily disposed of as some may think; it would be far easier to measure the sun's surface with a two-foot rule than to fathom the depth of this great mystery.

Concerning the Answer of Prayer. By the Rev. ALEXANDER YULE, Minister of the Free Church, Aberdeen. Nisbet and Co.

SOME very wise things upon prayer, freshly put, and thoroughly suggestive. Our Scotch friends are usually deeper theologians than those of this side the border, not merely more sound, but more thoughtful. We like this book none the worse because it is small: a peck of flour is better than a bushel of bran.

The Life of the Honourable George W. Gordon, the Martyr of Jamaica. By the Rev. D. FLETCHER, late of the London Missionary Society. Second edition, enlarged and improved. London: Elliot Stock.

THAT Mr. Gordon was innocent of the crimes alleged against him is clear as noonday, and that he was a Christian hero, a soldier of liberty, and a defender of the right, is evident to most of us. His name and story will for ever be intertwisted with the substance of Jamaica's history, and the day will come when statues will be erected to his memory, and their unveiling sanctioned by the presence of the highest authorities of the island. His biographer has done his best, which does not seem to us to be much. It is a question whether of all writers the rarest is not a good biographer. Several of our ablest men, of late years, have fallen into very poor hands as to their memoirs, which remind us rather of heaps of stones thrown together by barbarians than of the polished sarcophagi with which art commemorates the great departed.

Scripture Immersion; or, Arguments showing Infant Baptism to be Unscriptural, and Believers' Immersion to be Exclusively Scriptural and Obligatory. By SILAS MEAD, pastor of Flinders Street Baptist Church, Adelaide. Second thousand. Adelaide: Andrews, Thomas, & Clark.

WE are delighted to observe the remarkable success of our friend Mr. Mead, who was once in membership with us, and towards whom we cherish the warmest esteem. He has written most ably in defence of believers' immersion, and has broken, like potters' vessels, the arguments of his opponent—at least, so *we* think.

Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa. By ROBERT MOFFAT. Price One Shilling. John Snow & Co.

HAS not everybody in England read Mr. Moffat's book by this time? Perhaps not. What back settlements are they living in? Surely, the colporteur is wanted in their neighbourhood. Not to know the life and labours of Robert Moffat, argues one's self unknown. Get this shilling'sworth at once, gentle reader, if you are one of the few who have not read it, and you will thank us for the advice. We recollect the charms it had for us twenty years ago, and feel sure that when the father has gone through it, the boys will heartily relish it.

Thoughtful Hours. By H. L. L., Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," &c. T. Nelson and Sons.

THE musings of this little work are not only *thoughtful*, as the title claims, but highly poetical. Rich, gentle, holy minstrelsy is here; we hear not the warlike clarion stirring the blood, but the sweet and solemn notes of the harp, calm and cheer the spirit. Take the following as a seasonable specimen:—

CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

ON A STORMY DAY IN SPRING.

From the German of Leonhard Meisser.

Thou art not yet the conqueror, O Spring;
Still Winter seeks to re-assert his reign!
Strives his old forces on the field to bring,
And sends his stormy blasts around again.

But well we know the strife will not be long,
Thy baffled enemy must yield the day;
Soon shall the breath of flowers, the voice of song,
Sunshine and calm, proclaim thy gentle sway.

Yes, ever has the victory been thine,
In the old conflict year by year renewed,
And still in future must the foe resign
His icy sceptre, by thy power subdued.

And from the type we take the comfort given—
Life's wintry storms shall not for ever last:
How welcome the repose, the joy of heaven,
When all the toil and tears of earth are past!

Light at Evening Time; or Narratives of Missionary Labour Among the Sick. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

WE have read these narrations of actual experiences with considerable pleasure. Of course, they are not all equal in interest, but as a whole they are a

valuable collection of telling incidents, honestly written, and fragrant with the spirit of deep love to the souls of men. The papers at the end are good; we think we remember reading some of them years ago in the "Christian Treasury."

Saint Columba, Apostle of Caledonia. By the Count de Montalembert, of the French Academy. London: Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

An excellent translation from the French, beautifully printed, and issued in a handsome limp cover; but the work is altogether in the interests of the Church of Rome, and gives a view of Columba's life far removed from what we have hitherto received. Columba here is depicted as an eagle rather than a dove, and shines as a sort of glorified monk, in which character we have not a single iota of belief. We see in M. Montalembert's picture very little of the true Christian life, but very much of the fiery zeal of a propagandist, to whom the planting of monasteries was the one thing needful. We trust some able historian will inform us whether Columba was a Christian or a Papist, a missionary of the cross or a mere monk.

The Standard of the Cross in the Champ de Mars. London: Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners St. "*The Door was Shut.*" By Thomas Baron Hart. London: Jackson and Co, 27, Paternoster Row.

Such of our readers as wish to gain any information about the work done for the Lord in the late Paris Exhibition, will find trustworthy statistics in the above books, both of which are worthy of a perusal; and the former, which is pre-eminently interesting, is one of the most readable records of Christian work we have seen for some time.

The Symbolical Numbers of Scripture. By the Rev. Malcolm White. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The peculiar virtue of this book consists in the satisfactory manner in which the author proves that computations of dates from sacred numbers are not always correct, and that those who fixed the end of the world for 1866 are certainly wrong. We can assure the writer that we agree with him in these conclusions, though we regret that we cannot find much else in the book which we can so heartily commend.

"*Ecce Agnus Dei.*" *The Testimony of Jesus Christ Concerning Himself.* London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

The design of this book is so good that we must commend it in spite of the strong Church of England bias which is evident at the end and in the preface. The compiler has here "*grouped together the words of our Lord Jesus Christ*, in which he gave testimony concerning himself," with a view to make nominal church members genuine Christians. We wish the good brother success, even to a degree that he little expects.

The Evidence of the Christian Religion. By the Rev. G. R. Wynne. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

An abridged and annotated portion of a work by Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester. We are not amongst those who think men are to be convinced of the truth of Christianity, save by the power of God's Spirit. The gospel is its own witness, and needs not to be witnessed by natural religion, nor to be enforced by the arts of logic. This little book deals fairly and forcibly with a subject which may at times need to be brought before some minds, in order to clear away doubts which impede the application of the gospels for more cogent appeals.

Jacob Mounsey; or, the Scholar in Four Schools. By the Rev. C. H. Chateris. Glasgow: John McCullum.

An interesting little work, issued as a New Year's gift book by the "Glasgow Sabbath School Union," and quite worthy of that distinction.

"*Voices from the Cross.*" By the Rev. James Grierson, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

The second edition of a series of sound and spiritually-minded sermons on the seven dying utterances of our Lord. Not so brilliant as some expositions of these farewell sayings of Christ, but throughout maintaining an evangelical savour likely to profit any reader.

Paul Gerhardt's Spiritual Songs. Translated by JOHN KELLY. London: Alexander Strahan, 56, Ludgate Hill.

ANY translation of this well known German hymn-writer must be welcome. His tender spirit and genuine piety are an inevitable source of comfort and peace. We heartily commend this work to those of our readers who are (and who is not?) fond of religious truth as uttered by a poetic mind. Not that there is any poetry to be found in this book, for the translator having determined to adhere to the metre of the original, has ruthlessly sacrificed its poetry on that altar, and is often reduced to the shifts of the old Scotch version of the Psalms, in order to keep the proper number of syllables, and finish with a rhyme. The life of Gerhardt, prefixed to the songs, is a most admirable compilation. The volume is one which, from its contents, printing, and general handsome appearance, is very suitable for a present to any hymn-loving friend. We see, from the original edition, that Mr. Kelly has only translated seventy-five out of one hundred and twenty-three songs by the same author: we shall gladly welcome the rest at any future time, as some of our favourites are still left out.

Anecdotes of Aborigines; or, Illustrations of the Coloured Races being Men and Brethren. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THINGS new and old, mostly the latter: good reading for the boys, and plenty of engravings to look at. Our children cannot be too soon taught the doctrine that God has made all men of one blood.

Elijah, the Desert Prophet. By the Rev. H. T. HOWAT, Author of "Sabbath Hours." Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

"WHAT shall the man do that cometh after the king?" Who shall write of Elijah after Krummacher? Mr. Howat was a bold man to undertake the task, and if he has been unable to give us much that is new and original, we cannot wonder. The style is elegant—rather too elegant for our taste; the descriptions are highly wrought; the information is the result of very extensive research; and the spirit is devout and practical. The volume is bound in a superior manner, and the paper and typography are of the highest class. It is fit for the drawing room table.

THE *Book of Martyrs*, and *The Annals of the Poor*, are published for twopence each, by the Book Society, 23, Paternoster Row, and are wonders of cheapness. We do not know a better use of money, for those who have little or much of it, than the distribution of these blessed twopenny-worths.

WE have just issued, on behalf of our College, John Bunyan's famous treatise, entitled, "THE WATER OF LIFE." It is tastefully got up, and costs only One Shilling. Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster are the publishers, but the work can be ordered of any bookseller.

Memoranda.

IT is to be hoped that our Wesleyan friends will appreciate the very plain speaking used concerning them by bishops and archdeacons at York. We rejoice to believe that this will help to end the flirtations which are frequent between the Establishment and the Methodists. Our belief is that the Wesleyans will see the wisdom of becoming avowedly and decidedly what they really are—namely, Dissenters from Anglicanism. For them to return into Egypt would be their present disgrace and their eternal ruin.

The great question of the hour seems to be a national scheme of education. We should like to see a system of universal application which would give a sound secular education to children, and leave the religious training to the home and the agencies of the church of Christ. Such a system ought to have been established from the beginning, but as it has not been so, we

have our doubts about the present adoption of it, unless with many exceptions. Those doubts arise from a sense of fairness. Everybody knows that we would in no way spare our erroneous Anglican Establishment, but still we ought to deal fairly with all denominations, be they what they may. Now the Episcopalians have laboured hard under the old system, and their educational establishments are very numerous; to set up the new secular schools, and to withdraw aid from the Episcopal schools, would, we think, be a grievance; at least, if the same thing were done with Dissenting schools, we should find our brethren denouncing the injustice. How would it answer, to continue grants to all efficient denominational schools, now assisted, which would accept the conscience clause, but to give no more on that system; to allow parishes already provided for under the old method to remain as they are, if they choose to do so; and then to open a purely secular school in every other parish of England, and compel all children to go to some school or other up to a certain age? It is a difficult problem, and we feel anxious that friends should not go into the matter blindly, but consider and act advisedly. Above all, the Christian public must bestir itself to supply, by a large system of free evening schools, for the teaching of religious truth, the salt without which all education will be worse than useless.

Dissenters in all our towns and counties should be looking out for dissenting representatives to send up to the next parliament. We have a plethora of *liberal* churchmen of a sort who desert us when the religious question comes up; but we must have no more of this nonsense. We must disendow the Irish church, and abolish church rates at once, and to do this there ought to be a strong Nonconformist element in the house. Truth and righteousness demand of Christian electors that they should bestir themselves.

We find that we were in error as to Mr. Bloodworth's supposed settlement at Pinner, Mr. Dalton, of our College, having accepted an invitation.

Mr. Ennals has become the pastor of the church at Harvey Lane, Leicester.

Mr. J. A. Spurgeon presided at the formation of a new Baptist Church at Cornwall Road, Brixton, to which Mr. Asquith now ministers.

A new church was also formed by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon in the Lammas Hall, where Mr. Eames presides.

We are gratified to hear of the progress o our new interest in Finchley, over which Mr. Clark presides.

The Enfield church also progresses most encouragingly under Mr. E. D. Evans.

Mr. Turner, late of Wednesbury, is now labouring with the new church in Tunbridge. May God speed him.

The special meetings at the Tabernacle have commenced in the most delightful manner. All seem alive with zeal. The Spirit of God is with us.

The new Almhouses are almost ready to be opened, they only await the completion of the iron railing in front. The schools will be commenced when a suitable master is found.

Our appeal for the Colportage has met with a very cheering response, but unless more aid be sent we shall soon be in difficulty again. When any work has once fallen into the rear, it is very difficult to bring it up again.

Thanks are given to many donors of small sums, who have assisted to replace the property damaged by the gale. We have not, however, received more than about one fifth of the amount required.

FRIENDS WILL BE SO GOOD AS TO REMEMBER THE BAZAAR FOR THE ORPHANAGE IN THE END OF JUNE.

We wish we could influence a number of our lady friends to become regular collectors either for the College or the Orphanage. Cards and boxes for either object would be forwarded on application to Mr. C. Blackshaw, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

We are happy to announce that the circulation of "The Sword and the Trowel" has this year very largely increased. Thanks to all our subscribers.

The Annual Conference of ministers connected with the Pastor's College, will commence its sittings on Monday, March 23rd, at the Tabernacle.

An interesting work is being carried on in the neighbourhood of Battersea Park, where Mr. W. Wiggins, of the Pastor's College, has been preaching the last few months. On February 10th, the friends held a tea and public meeting in the United Methodist Free Church (kindly lent for the occasion), the objects being to increase their unity and strength, and to obtain a little money towards the purchasing of more seats. This cause commenced a short time back in a very small way. It now consists of nearly thirty believers, a congregation of about a hundred, and a Sunday School attended by 120 children. The Holy Spirit has blessed the word to the conversion of several, and to the reviving of many others. The prospect of a healthy and vigorous church arising in this rapidly populating neighbourhood is very encouraging. Stirring addresses were given on this occasion by the chairman, Mr. Coleman, of Clapham, Mr. Scott James, and others. A

watch (Bennett's silver lever) was presented to Mr. Wiggins as a small token of the church's esteem for his zealous labours. It is hoped that a Temporary Chapel will shortly be erected to accommodate the people, as the smallness of the rooms and the rent are a great drawback to the success of this cause.

On Wednesday evening, January 22nd, 1868, a meeting of the church and congregation, worshipping in Sunfield Chapel, Shooter's Hill Road, was held in connection with the effort now being put forth to gather funds for the erections of a new Chapel in the neighbourhood. *The new Chapel must be erected by the end of this year.* The pastor, Mr. H. R. Brown presided. The officers of the church, Messrs. Chenery and Lamb, together with Mr. Gomm, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, addressed the meeting. In promises and cash, £556 has been raised up to the present time. A much larger sum will be required. Who will help? In this rapidly increasing suburb of London there is no "Nonconformist" place of worship. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon is treasurer, and Mr. H. Chenery, Content Cottages, Shooter's Hill Road, S.E., Hon. Sec.

On the 27th ult., the annual church members' tea-meeting was held in Lake Road Chapel, Landport. Mr. E. G. Gange, the pastor, presided. Mr. J. Turner, the secretary, read the report, from which it appeared that the work of God had been very successful in this place during the past year. Seventy persons had been added to the church: the congregations fill the place. The present number of members on the church roll is 512. The attendance in the Sabbath school is large. During the past year successful efforts have been made by the church and congregation to reduce the debt of the chapel. The building and the site cost nearly £7,000, but by various efforts, and mainly by the people themselves the debt has been reduced to £2,100, and as the friends are still working hard and well, we hope that the remaining debt will be greatly reduced by the end of the year.

On Tuesday, February 4th, interesting services were held at Westbourne-grove Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), in connection with the recognition of Mr. R. I. Mesquitta, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist church worshipping at the Assembly Rooms, High Street, Kensington. In the afternoon a service was held, at which Mr. W. G. Lewis presided. Mr. W. Roberts (Independent), of Notting Hill, read a portion of Scripture, and offered prayer. Mr. W. G. Lewis gave an address on the constitution and privileges of a Christian church, at the close of which he asked the church what led them to invite Mr. Mesquitta to become their pastor, on which Mr. F. Saunders, one of the deacons, replied. He then called upon the newly-elected pastor to state the circumstances of his conversion, what led him to enter the ministry, what were his feelings on entering upon the work, and to give an outline of his doctrinal views. These questions being satisfactorily answered, prayer was offered by Mr. J. Stoughton, of Kensington, after which an impressive charge was given to the pastor by Mr. J. Offord, of Bayswater, and to the church by Mr. J. Keed, of Acton, Messrs. F. White, of Chelsea, S. Bird, and J. Davis, of Kensington, and W. Perratt, of Hammersmith, also took part in the service. At seven o'clock service was again held in the chapel, when Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached to a crowded audience, from John x. 9, after which a collection was made on behalf of the Pastor's College.

We cordially recommend the movement at Melton Mowbray, as one of the most successful efforts of the students at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, to provide for themselves a sphere of usefulness, and to establish new and efficient churches that may prove blessings to many generations. Mr. Irving's ministry has excited much attention at Melton, and a church consisting of several members has been formed, and several others are waiting for admission. The Corn Exchange has been well suited for the commencement of the interest, but a chapel of considerable size, and in a commanding position, will soon be needful for permanent success. Mr. Spurgeon has kindly promised £100 towards this object, and very many we trust who are friendly to the extension of the Baptist ministry in its life and power, will assist in the undertaking. Mr. Irving at Melton, and Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle, may be communicated with upon the subject.

On December the 30th, the annual meeting of the Baptist church, Red Hill, under the pastorate of Mr. J. Smith, one of the former students of the college, was held. After tea the treasurer gave a gratifying financial statement. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, the deacons, and other Christian brethren, in which past labours were reviewed. The Sabbath-school had increased fourfold, and many had been added to the church through the preached word, the bible-class, and other means. During the evening the pastor was presented with a handsome purse, containing £18, accompanied with a letter expressive of the

high estimation in which he is held. This was gratefully acknowledged by the pastor.

At Grove Road Chapel, Victoria Park, a church of fifty members has been formed under the care of Mr. Geo. D. Evans, late of Upton Chapel. Recognition services were held on February 4th. In the afternoon at 3, Mr. W. Howieson, of Walworth, presided. Mr. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor, and Mr. W. Landels to the church. Messrs. D. Katterns, R. Berry, J. S. Workman, J. Barnard, H. Dodds, and Mr. Roan, deacon, took part in the service. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by G. B. Woolley, Esq., of Hackney. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. J. T. Wigner, J. Morgan, W. H. Hooper, D. Russell, T. Goadby, E. Schnadhorst, and Mr. Hough, deacon. On the following evening our brother Stott preached to the young, and on Sunday, the 9th, Mr. Brown, of Stepney, preached in the morning, and the pastor in the evening. The services were well attended, and much blessed. A good work of enquiry is going on in the congregation.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.—December 9, thirteen; January 2, fifteen; 20, four; 30, eighteen.

Just at the last moment, as we were going to press, we received £2,000 from A. B., an unknown friend. We call upon all our friends to bless and magnify the Lord for this amazing instance of his care. How base a thing is unbelief, and how largely does the Lord honour his servants' faith! The note which attended this munificent gift, proves it to be from the same donor who gave £1,000 a few weeks ago. We have feared that the Orphanage might impoverish the College; see, dear readers, how graciously the Lord rebukes this unbelieving fear!

"My dear Sir—You will remember my intention to send a donation to your College. I have this day dropped into your letter-box an envelope containing bank notes (£2,000), one of which is for the College, and the remaining £1,000 to help complete the *Orphanage*. The latter led me to contribute to the *former*. I am a stranger to *you*, but not to your Sermons *(printed)*. May the Lord give you health and strength many years to preach his word and carry on his work.—A. B."

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Jan. 20th, to Feb. 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Per Editor, "The Christian World" ...	1	0	0
A late Student ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. J. Read, £1; Mr. J. White, 10s.; Mr. H. White, £1 2s.; Mr. H. Hobson, £5 12s. 6d.; Mr. Weeks, 7s.; Mr. E. C. Hanks, 10s.; Mr. Bowker, £1; Mr. T. Scott, 14s. 7d.; Mr. C. C. Brown, £1; Mr. Padgett, £3; Miss Cooper, £1; Mr. E. Bacon, 10s.; Mr. H. Hughes, £1; Mr. F. Rouse, 10s.; Mr. H. White, jun., 8s. 6d.; Mr. Allingham, 10s.; Mr. T. Richardson, 12s.; Mr. Pope, £1 1s. 6d.; A Friend, 5s.; Mr. Chew, £1 2s.; Mr. Catterson, £1; Mr. F. Jones, 15s.; Mr. Rock, 17s.; Mr. W. Prebble, £1 3s.; Mr. A. Boxall, £1; Mr. W. R. Selwood, £1; Mr. S. Arding, £1; Mr. S. Ford, 4s.; Mr. J. Conquest, 15s.; Students at Wesleyan College, Richmond, £1; Mr. Mead, £1; Mr. G. Kirby, 11s.; Mr. J. Pyne, 10s.; Mr. Chilvers, £1 1s. 6d.; Mr. G. H. Mason, £1; Mr. Carpenter, New Kent Road, £1; Mr. Fryer, £1 6s. 6d.; Mr. Alldis, £1; Mr. T. Spry, 10s.; Mr. Vince, 13s.; Mr. Marshall, £1; Mr. G. Court, 10s.; Mr. C. J. Padgett, £1; Miss J. Cockrell, £1; Miss Davies, 14s.; Mr. Riddell, 5s.; Mr. T. Lardner, £1 5s. 8d.; Mr. J. Hubbard, £1 4s.; Mr. S. E. W. Simmonds, £1; Mr. J. W. Brady, 10s.; Miss Weeks, £1 1s.; Mrs. Fellows, £1; Mr. Corrick, £2 2s. 6d.; Mr. C. J. Davis, £1; Mr. H. C. Smith, £1; Mr. T. Coe, 7s. 6d.; Mr. Ward, 10s.; Mr. Newdick, 7s.; Mr. H. Gardner, £1; Mr. Nightingale, £1; Mr. W. Norman, £1 10s.; G. A., £1; Mr. C. Ball, £1; Mr. C. Searle, £2 6d.; Mr. Passfield, 10s.; Mr. Keys, £1 10s.; Mr. Haddock, £1; Mr. B. Yeoman, £1; Miss Crumpton, £1 4s.; Mr. J. Watkins, £1; Mr. Bowen, 3s. 6d.; Mr. Weeks, £1; A Friend, 6s. 9d.; Mrs. Turner, £1; Mr. G. Davis, £1; Mr. Boyes, £1; Mr. Dennis, 1s.; Mr. G. Hall, £1 7s.; Mr. Van Paine, £1 1s.; A Friend, 10s.	76	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Friends, per Mr. E. Compton	2	0	0
Mrs. Shevier	0	5	0
Mr. H. Fuller	1	0	0
Mr. M. Tutton	3	0	0
C. S. F.	0	2	6
Miss Meeking	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. L.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
E. P. H.	5	0	0
Mr. S. Wheeler	0	10	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	5	0
C. J. and S. P.	0	9	8
Mr. G. E. Chapman	0	2	6
Friends, per Mr. E. Partridge	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Mayo	0	2	6
Miss Maria Banting	0	5	0
Mrs. Goldston's Collecting Box	0	6	0
Mr. Goldston	0	15	0
An Irish Sailor	0	10	0
A Friend, per Rev. W. Durban	1	0	0
Mrs. Bousfield	2	2	0
E. K.	2	0	0
A Friend, Reading	5	0	0
Mr. Belsey	1	1	0
Mr. Wyles	1	1	0
Mrs. Skilleter	1	1	0
Miss Mary Hooper	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	6	0
Mr. G. Brown, jun.	0	10	0
Mr. T. N. Baker	10	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Reading after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	31	0	0
Collection at Westbourne Grove, after Sermon, by C. H. Spurgeon	31	7	0
Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Hughes	0	10	0
A Reader of Magazine	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Mr. T. King	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Barrow-in-Furness	1	14	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Bedford ...	3	6	9
,, ,, Coleraine ...	5	5	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Paxman	0	1	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
A Thankoffering, Mr. J. Blake	0	10	6
Mr. J. Melen	1	0	0
A Constant Reader	0	1	0
Mrs. Warner	1	1	0
Mr. R. Bailey	2	10	0
Mr. J. Macrea	10	0	0
Mr. G——	2	0	0
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor	5	0	0
E. P. H.	5	0	0
Amy	0	1	6
Mrs. G——	2	0	0
A. B.	1000	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Jan. 26	24	8	6
,, ,, ,, ,, Feb. 2	36	9	0
,, ,, ,, ,, 9	33	18	6
,, ,, ,, ,, 16	34	1	5
	£1,372	2	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1868, to February 18th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Herschell	5	0	0
Per Editor "The Christian World" ...	1	0	0
Guilsborough	0	3	0
Turriff	2	0	0
Miss Stephens	0	2	0
Mr. E. Sheffield	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. L.	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Great Yarmouth ...	2	5	6
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Mrs. Cubitt	2	0	0
Mr. S. Wheeler	0	10	0
Amelia, Alice, and John	0	5	0
S. C. C., Brighton	1	1	0
Mr. G. E. Chapman	0	2	6
E. and M. Griggs	0	10	0
Mrs. Goldston's Collecting Box	0	10	2
Mrs. Goldston	0	5	0
Trotty, Sam, and Gussie	0	5	8
A Friend, per Rev. W. Durban	3	6	0
A. F.	5	0	0
A Thankful Mother	2	0	0
A few Friends at Framsden, per Mr. Cobb	1	0	0
I. F. P.	5	0	0
Baptist Church, North Curry, per Mr. Osler	0	7	6
Mr. F. Gamman	1	0	0
Mrs. Skilleter	1	1	0
Mrs. S. McKenzie	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
A Friend	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Haddock	3	3	0
Mr. James Basnett	2	10	0
Mr. T. N. Baker	5	0	0
Reading	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Rebecca	0	2	0
Mr. R. Pullar, Perth	3	0	0
Baptist Chapel, Eythorn, by Mrs. Holttum	2	7	0
Friends, by Miss Marsh	1	0	0
Mr. E. G. Glover	0	10	2
Mr. and Mrs. Wilton	1	1	0
S. B.	0	2	6
E. E., Ipswich	0	5	0
W. and C. C.	2	0	0
Mr. T. King	15	0	0
Mr. J. T. Hamblett	0	10	0
Mr. Besley, per Mr. Parton	1	0	0
Mr. W. Taylor, per Mr. Parton	1	0	0
A Friend	0	0	11
M. C.	0	1	0
Romans vi. 7 and 8	1	0	0
A Friend, Alton, Pancras	0	5	6
Mrs. A. S. L.	0	5	0
Mr. A. R. Brock	1	0	0
A Friend, Dorking	0	10	0
Husband and Wife	0	2	6
D. Ringer and his Boys	0	5	0
A Reader, Bridlington	0	2	6
Mr. J. Hosie	0	5	0
Dr. J. Livingstone	0	5	0
Two Brothers	5	0	0
Mr. A. Whitelaw	0	2	0
Clarn	0	1	0
T. H. P.	0	4	0
J. R., St. Ives	0	5	0
Mr. Hands	1	10	6
Aberdeen	0	1	0
Mr. Cooper	0	2	6
Mr. W. Cooper	0	2	6
Miss Cooper	0	2	6
A Friend, per Miss Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. C. Peebles	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
"By the grace of God I am what I am"	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. W. Wright	0	2	6
Mary	5	0	0
Mrs. Boyd	1	1	0
Inverurie	0	5	0
Mrs. How	5	0	0
E. F.	0	2	6
Mrs. Brown	0	10	0
S. W.	1	0	0
S. C.	0	0	6
H. M. L.	0	2	6
Stamford Hill	0	5	0
Per Mr. J. Freebairn	0	6	0
Battle	0	1	6
Tottridge	1	0	0
S. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Bascombe	0	5	0
Mr. F. Cutil	0	6	0
Mr. J. Pring	0	10	0
A Friend	0	3	9
A few friends at Blanconin Baptist Church, per Mr. O. Griffiths	1	1	0
A Constant Reader	0	1	0
H. B.	0	1	0
Mr. R. Bailey	2	10	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster... ...	5	0	0
One Tenth	5	0	0
A Reader of Sermons	0	1	0
Mrs. Hammond	0	5	0
Mr. W. Tomlin	0	4	0
Mr. R. C. Crowe	0	10	0
Mr. H. Slade...	0	10	0
Miss Pool	1	0	0
J. G.	5	0	0
J. W.	0	2	6
S. S.	0	3	0
W. I. C., Bath	0	5	0
Ryde	0	2	0
A. W.	0	10	0
C. S. M.	0	5	0
E. A., Dundee	0	5	0
Mr. E. S. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. Mathieson	0	2	6
Two Domestic Servants, Ewell	0	5	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	2	6
Mr. P. Lamont	1	0	0
A Friend to the Orphan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Longstaff	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Bromfield	1	0	0
Mr. J. Abbott (Annual Subscription) ...	1	1	0
Miss Underwood, Collecting Box ...	0	11	9
Mrs. Rutherford ,, ,, ...	0	12	4
Miss E. Davis ,, ,, ...	0	13	0
Mrs. Parker ,, ,, ...	0	10	8
Mr. E. Johnson ,, ,, ...	2	13	8
Mrs. Young ,, ,, ...	0	6	3
Mr. T. Olney, on account of Sunday-School House	100	0	0
A. B....	1000	0	0
	£1,248	14	10

Mr. T. H. Olney acknowledges the receipt of the following towards Sunday-school House.

	£	s.	d.
Upton Chapel, Sunday-school ...	2	2	0
Albion School, Bethnal Green ...	0	13	6
Warwick Street School, Leamington	1	0	0
Needingworth School	0	18	0
Southville Methodist Sunday-school	0	5	0
Wellingborough Sunday-school	1	8	0
Grantown ,, ,,	1	0	0
Cranbrook (Congregational) ,,	1	1	6
Lawrence Sunday-school	1	0	0
Holywell Lake ,, ,,	1	8	0
Stransbach ,, ,,	0	7	0
Broughton ,, ,,	0	5	0
Sansome Walk ,, ,,	1	7	0
Grove School, Battersea ,,	1	5	0
Cavendish Baptist ,, ,,	0	11	0
Salem ,, ,,	0	8	0
St. Andrews, Cambridge ,,	1	0	0
Commercial Road ,, ,,	0	10	0
Cinderford ,, ,,	2	4	6
	£18	13	6
Brought forward ...	18	13	6
Manor St., Bermondsey Sunday-school	0	6	8
Duke Street, Leicester Sunday-school	0	7	6
Dover Sunday-school	2	11	10
Trinity Chapel, Brixton ,,	4	4	0
Onslow ,, Brompton ,,	1	6	3
Dunnichen, Free, Edinburgh ,,	0	5	0
Lewisham Road Sunday-school	1	5	9
Hitchin ,, ,,	2	2	0
Wells ,, ,,	0	10	0
Haddenham ,, ,,	3	10	6
Charles Street, Kennington ,,	1	1	0
King's Road, Reading ,,	2	16	10
Niton ,, ,,	0	11	6
Tring ,, ,,	1	1	0
	40	19	4
Metropolitan Tabernacle ,, to this date	224	3	11
	£265	3	3

For Mr. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers, and Free Ragged School, Golden Lane, E.C.—O. H., 5s.; Anon. 6s.; H. Barrett, Esq., £2; W. D. Griffiths, Esq., £1; J. Hill, 1s.; W. Bunyer, 2s. 6d.; A Sympathiser, 7s. 6d.; E. S., £5; R. Sample, 2s. 6d.; also *very acceptable parcels of clothes for the destitute*, from "E. S. L.," Mrs. Farquarson, "G. E. B.," Misses R. and S. (with 10s.), "E. Z.," "S. M.," "J.," and parcel of Tea from J. P. Marsh.

For Poor Fund.—C. and T. Spurgeon, 5s.; A Friend, per Mr. Langbotham, £1.

For Almhouses.—Mr. T. N. Baker, £5; Mrs. Merrifield, 10s.; Mrs. S. L., 5s.

For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscriptions.—Mr. W. H. Roberts, £2 2s.; Mr. T. Scott, 5s; Mr. W. Freemantle, 10s.; Mr. J. P. C. Haddock, £1 1s.; Mr. F. A. Jones, £2 2s.; Mr. J. Goodwin, £1 1s. Donations—A Friend, per W. Durban, £1; Miss Burls, £1; E. E., Ipswich, 3s. 6d.; "Who hath despised the day of small things?" 2s. 6d.; Mr. T. Cannon, Torquay, 5s.; Mr. R. Pullar, Perth, £2; S. B., Coventry, 10s.; W. M., 2s. 6d.; "Jane," 2s.; Dr. Elliott, Waterford, £1; "Hope," 1s.; "O H," 10s.; "A Widower's Mite," 1s.; Daniel xii. 3, 12s.; Mr. H. K. Evans, Liverpool, £1 1s.; J. Houghton, Esq., Liverpool, £20; "A. W.," 10s.; Per Mr. Spurgeon, £10; The Misses Dransfield, £1 1; A Servant 1s; "Lillah," 10s.; Mr. Joyce and his Assistants, Canterbury, £1 10s.; Mr. H. Pledge, 10s.; Mr. J. Lawrence, 5s.; A Friend, £10.

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 MASTER CARES FOR CHILDREN, AND HE BIDS US CARE;
HE DOTH THE TENDER LAMBKINS IN HIS BOSOM BEAR;



UP, SLUMBERING HEART, BESTIR THAT ZEAL WHICH BURNS SO DIM,
FOR JESUS BIDS THEE NURSE THE CHILD FOR HEAV'N AND HIM."

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1868.

Can Nothing More be Done for the Young?

ARE we to regard Sabbath-schools as the climax of all Christian effort for the young? May we settle it in our hearts that Robert Raikes reached the utmost bounds of religious enterprise, in the juvenile direction, and that now, henceforth, and for ever, we may rest and be thankful? Beyond the pillars of Hercules, what mariner shall sail? We have Tories in religion as well as in politics, who will be greatly scandalised when we say that the laudable labours of our tens of thousands of Sunday-school teachers are a mere instalment of the debt which is due from the church of Christ to the little ones around us; the giving of a mere handful of grass instead of the large provender demanded by the injunction, "Feed my lambs." As some of these Sabbath seminaries are conducted, their benefit is doubtful, in others microscopic, and in very many superficial and temporary. The system is a noble one, and its beneficial results are incalculable, but the manner in which it is sometimes worked out is deplorable. Taking it at its best, and rating it at its highest supposable value, we are Radical enough to assert that it is not all that the children of this age require, nay, nor one half of what might be, and must be, done for them if England is to become a Christian country. Education of a secular sort has been too long withheld by the bickering of rival sects; the nation is now in such a humour that it will have no more of such unenlightened bigotry, but will insist upon it, that every child shall be taught to read and write. Since the sectarian system has in England most evidently failed to reach the needs of the millions, a purely secular system will be established, and will be thrust upon us whether we will or no. There will be a great outcry about the divorcing of religion from education, but we shall not join in it, partly because it is useless to cry over spilt milk—the thing must be, and there is no preventing it; and yet more, because we think we see our way to a great real gain out of a small apparent loss. Children are to lose the religious training which they received in National and British schools: we admit that there may be cases in which the loss will be appreciable, but we think they are few and far between. The lads of the village might generally carry in a hollow tooth all the religion they receive at the charity school. Do not they learn the church catechism? Yes, but that is not religion, it begins with an assertion of Baptismal Regeneration,

maunders about behaving one's-self lowly and reverently to one's betters in a manner suitable for an American negro previous to the late war, and has not a fraction of the simple gospel of Jesus in it from end to end. It will be highly beneficial to the morality of youth to dispense with this miserable farrago, in which the false of superstition and the true of law are hopelessly jumbled. The present religious teachings of our week-day schools is as we believe as nearly as possible a sham, and a most mischievous sham too, since it satisfies the Christian conscience, and lulls to sleep energies which need to be aroused to the performance of a much-neglected Christian duty. Concerning that duty we now offer a few hints preliminary we hope to other suggestions by abler hands; we invite such suggestions, and shall be only too glad to publish them.

Should the Christian church ordinarily expect the week-day schoolmaster to do her work of instructing the young in the fear of the Lord? Will her expectations be fulfilled? The duty rests primarily with the parent, and then with the schoolmaster, so far as he stands in the parent's stead; but who will say that the general run of day-school teachers, with from one to two hundred children around them, can act as parents to the boys and girls? The fact is, that for the five or six hours in the day in which the children are at school, it is quite as much as the master can do to keep order and instil the elements of useful knowledge; he cannot, even if he thinks of such a thing, talk personally and affectionately with each child, and labour for its conversion; and yet this is, to our mind, the only true religious education. The godly schoolmaster may, and doubtless does, attempt this, but piety is not always found in schoolmasters, nor, indeed, is it the main qualification for the office. The fact is, that the church of God had better herself see to the work which, we hold, is only occasionally, by a happy chance, within the province of the ordinary day-school teacher. Let the teacher of arithmetic keep to his figures, and if he can sow the good seed at the same time, by all means let him do it, but let not lovers of souls depend much upon the likelihood of his doing so. It is the duty of every tradesman in his business to promote the interests of religion, so far as he has opportunity, but if there were no especial exhorters and teachers of the gospel, it is to be feared that the stray warnings administered by our grocers and tailors, however praiseworthy, would not fulfil the lack of ministerial services; in the same way, it is the duty of the pious secular teacher to propagate the faith, but the faith will soon be in a poor way if it expects much from his exertions, and its votaries slacken their direct and special efforts. There must be means used for the religious education of the young above and apart from any good work done in the ordinary day schools, and the sooner such means are instituted and in vigorous operation the better. To the teachers of our Sunday schools of the true sort, zealous, intelligent, and hard working, we look for the supply of a great and growing deficiency.

We think it was an Irishman who recommended the holding of Sunday schools on week-days. The Hibernian has very accurately thrown our suggestion into shape. We have our week-evening services for adults, and these are so valuable that Whitfield said, "When week-day services are given up, farewell to the life of godliness:" can we not

have week-day gatherings for the little ones as well? These have long been in operation in our more flourishing and well-conducted schools; could they not become universal and systematic? Why not come to the understanding that the reading, writing, and arithmetic should be the work of the day school, and the word of God the delightful study of the evening? Might there not be *one or two evenings every week given by the devoted teacher to his class?* Could not all the school meet on such occasions in full force as it does on the Sabbath, names being marked in the attendance book, and the gathering being looked upon as a part of the programme of the school? One hour might be long enough, and would neither be burdensome to the teachers nor wearisome to the children. If not practicable in the summer, the winter months might be found in every way suitable. Would it not be well to have *courses of lectures*, illustrated with diagrams and dissolving views—lectures full of holy truth and godly precept, open freely or at a nominal charge to all the young? This would give the charm of variety and be an admirable plan of fastening truth in the mind. Should there not be *more frequent services and meetings for the young*, specially aiming at their decision for Christ? With a warm-hearted minister in the chair, two or three lively, earnest adult speakers, and one or two gracious lads to talk a little to their companions, it is marvellous how pleasant and how intensely spiritual such a meeting may become. Prosy talkers, who run on by the half-hour about nothing, being denied the luxury of spoiling the meeting, and the interstices between the addresses being filled up with a few lively revival tunes, the children will be delighted, and with the liberty of clapping their hands and cheering every now and then, there will be no fear of their going to sleep. *Prayer meetings for boys and girls*, judiciously conducted, will be of abundant service. There should always be an experienced lover of children at their head, and then the fewer grown-up persons tolerated in the room the better. When there are half-a-dozen praying children present, their earnest prayers and tears will be with those of their own age the most potent instrumentality imaginable. Never fear precocity, there is much more danger of indifference and levity. Let wisdom and love preside. The fact of not being able to pray will often, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, force home conviction upon the young conscience and lead to the best results. Nor is this all; young people may get good by *being enabled to do good.* We know classes where the young believers have multiplied till they have become the majority, and then they have, of their own accord, formed a sort of religious society for bringing in others of their playmates and relatives, for looking after absentees, for writing to the unsaved, and for generally seeking the glory of God within the bounds of the class. Fine education, this, for future church members. These young people have in addition to looking after one another, instituted weekly subscriptions to religious agencies, and formed themselves into a society for giving away tracts, governing all their operations by their own officers, who have been as diligent and vigorous in their duties as the officers of the church. Here, again, unconsciously, the young believers were tutoring themselves as recruits for the army of the Lord. To have a nucleus of godly youths is the main thing, to foster the idea that youth is the very best time to serve the Lord is the next, but to

give frequent occasions for the exercise and fostering of youthful religious principle and feeling is absolutely necessary if much is to be done. We want Bands of Hope, and Life-boat Crews for other purposes besides Total Abstinence. We have never developed the capabilities of youth as we should have done. We have been afraid of encouraging too much, and have discouraged. We have been dubious of the depth and sincerity of children's graces, and consequently have seen comparatively few young converts. It is partly our pride, the pride of our superior age and knowledge, and partly our unbelief which has deprived us of a great blessing: delivering ourselves from these, we may hope yet to see our churches increased and blessed by bands of Timothies and Samuels, who shall not only be saved from the evils of the age, but shall grow up to be the future strength and glory of our Israel. The Prophet of Nazareth confines not his grace to grey heads and maturity, but he says to-day, as in the days of his flesh,

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

In obeying the spirit of his gracious words, we shall discover the balm for England's ills. Politicians may safely keep to their own proper sphere and educate the brain—no harm will come from the tree of knowledge if the church of God by educating the heart shall furnish the rising generation with fruit from the tree of life; but the matter presses, it is a problem for immediate solution, a work which our hand findeth to do, and which it behoves us to do at once with all our might, seeing there is no work nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening. C. H. SPURGEON.

Satan Dropping the Stone.

THERE is a huge rock upon the Swiss side of the St. Gothard road, about which an old legend is told by the natives of the neighbouring village. The devil was whisking this enormous stone along very merrily at early dawn of day, when he was met by a devout old woman, who, being somewhat alarmed, uttered a prayer at the sight of the unexpected traveller. Such was the power of her prayer, that the demon dropped his burden at once, and there it lies, an indisputable proof that the devil is no match for old ladies who know how to invoke the aid of heaven. Mother church has sanctioned many a worse legend than this, for a truthful moral lies upon the surface. Let interceding believers make the fiend to tremble always by praying without ceasing. The weakest saint upon his knees is victorious over all the powers of hell.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Venice and the Austrians.

WHEN, years ago, we saw Venice swarming with the hated Austrians, and heard the tramp of the German iron heel in the square of St. Mark, we mourned over the misery of the people, as they pined beneath the oppressor's yoke. Venice would have been quit of every one of her lordly masters if she could, but her fetters were not then to be snapped. Even thus does the believer lament the power of indwelling sin within him; he would fain be rid of every evil desire; to his new nature sin is an alien, and its yoke is heavy, but the set time for the complete deliverance of his soul is not yet come. Sweet liberty of holiness, when shall we enjoy thee without molestation from the body of this death?—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Kitto and Biblical Literature.

WE have never read a more striking romance than the life of John Kitto, the pauper, shoemaker, traveller, and author. From beginning to end, his life was full of interesting incidents. Nor less striking are the lessons which that life conveys. The writer owes to the records of Kitto's perseverance the first impetus to literary study; to his biographer, Mr. J. E. Ryland, the first word of encouragement to literary pursuits; and to the teachings of both the early determinations of boyhood to conquer no small difficulties in the paths to which inclination led him. Kitto's early life was one of sorrow. He was a poor sickly infant. His first personal recollection was a headache, from which he suffered throughout life. His father was a drunkard. His amiable and tender mother was delicate. The father would not support his child, and the mother could not. He was transferred to his grandmother, who lived in a garret in Plymouth. Here he learnt marvellous tales of fairies and giants. In those old days, when silly grandmothers considered lying tales to be the swaddling clothes of learning, men with a hundred eyes and ten thousand arms, who could pocket unruly children, and gorge by the dozen wicked men, were the heroes of whom the little world of children's hearts were found worthy. "Bogie" was a comparatively harmless creature to Kitto. He daily lived, in childhood, in a world of gigantic marvels, which would amuse him when awake, and wriggle and writhe in his brains when asleep. From reading eight-page books that were strongly illuminated outside by red and green daubs (oh, horrid combination!) and illustrated inside by patches of blue and yellow figures, he took to reading all the books he could borrow. He soon exhausted all the libraries of the poor neighbourhood in which he lived, and worried everyone by his passionate desire to borrow more. At twelve years of age, an event occurred which undoubtedly gave a turn to his life. His father was a jobbing mason, and his employment was as precarious as was his sobriety. The young lad's assistance was deemed to be indispensable; and at that early age he learned to carry slates to the roofs of houses. In doing this, one day, he lost his presence of mind, and fell from the top of a ladder, into a paved court below. For a fortnight he remained insensible; and when he awoke one morning, he asked for a book. He heard no reply; he observed only a sad, quiet melancholy shake of the head. "Why not speak?" asked the boy in agitated tones. Still he heard nothing: their talking was, to him, a dumbshow. A bystander took a slate, and relieved the boy's anxiety, by writing words which might have been the means of driving him mad, "You are deaf."

At fifteen years of age, he was bundled into that hard school—Poverty's College—the workhouse. And yet, thank God for the workhouse; it has saved many from the prison and Calcraft. While poverty pinches and the streets tempt, better the workhouse full than the prison crammed. Here he was inducted into the arts and mysteries of awl and wax, clamps and lapstones. Then he was apprenticed to a cobbler. His master was cruel, and employed—what shoemakers were once in the frequent habit of using—the strap. At last he appealed to the magistrates. His simple tale was believed, his indentures were cancelled,

and he was received again into the workhouse. The master of the house took an interest in the lad. Here Kitto kept a diary, which is full of interest and pathetic touches.* His intelligent enthusiasm for knowledge burned at red heat. He knew no hindrances; he regarded mountains of difficulties as but winding passages to the valley of success. Poverty made him hardy, disadvantages made him resolute. Subsequently he became librarian at an institute in Plymouth; then a dentist's assistant at Exeter. Here he was fully brought to a knowledge of the Saviour, and determined to occupy his life and use his literary talents for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. His first publication consisted of a volume of essays. The Church Missionary Society employed him as printer, at Islington; but he had a quarrel with the head printer about assorting what is known by them as "pie." The crust was too hard, and he fought against it. Then he went to Malta, to set up Maltese types. Returning to England, after the lapse of eighteen months, he was asked by his old Quaker friend, Mr. Groves, the dentist of Exeter, whether he would accompany him to the East as tutor to his boys. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "Yes." This firm, sudden, impulsive resolve shaped his future course. By his travels in Oriental lands he was fitted to occupy the honoured position for which God was training him—namely, that of an illustrator of the sacred volume.

We do not purpose to refer to his travels in Persia and other countries. The results of his observations while sojourning there are to be found scattered throughout his works. Arrived at home, he was immediately engaged by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge —a society which did great good in its day, and to which we owe that remarkable publication, "The Penny Magazine," to which nothing in its line had, or has since, appeared comparable for interest and healthy tone. The public owe not a little to the late Mr. Charles Knight for his efforts to diffuse useful wholesome literature. To him we owe the first conception of "The Pictorial Bible," a work which the best scholars have acknowledged, formed, in its conception and execution, a marked era in Biblical literature. Mr. Knight having suggested the preparation of this work, Kitto at once set about the task with an alacrity and earnestness that ever characterised his literary efforts. He became a constant visitor to the British Museum. His working day consisted of sixteen hours—six too many. Yet some one in the world must work hard: for there is plenty to do, and the labourers are few. He refused all assistance, save the help which his devoted wife always gave him. He called her his "hod-man," for she day by day went to the Museum, "to collect," as she herself tells us, "from all the various authorities pointed out by him, such materials as he needed." So diffident was Kitto, that when the first few monthly parts of his Bible were published, he was almost afraid to read the reviews that appeared in the public press. His desire was to make this work an acquisition to a poor minister with limited means, and a scanty library: and we need hardly add how inestimable a boon "The Pictorial Bible" has been to others than ministers. At first Kitto did not place his name on the title page, but

* Ryland's Life of Kitto is largely made up of extracts from this marvellous diary.

when in 1847 a revised edition was called for, this was done. His next prominent work was "The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," a book which met a great want, but which was not so well edited as it should have been, owing, it is said, to his too delicate conduct towards contributors. He also started and superintended, "The Journal of Sacred Literature," a magazine which through want of sufficient support, has recently closed its career.

But Kitto's greatest work, that which brought him most fame, and that which has perhaps done most good, was his last. His idea was originally to prepare a series of popular works, written in a conversational way, on the narrative portions of divine writ. Had he attempted writing in this style, we feel sure he would have failed, and his final work would have become the least popular. The publishers, Messrs. Oliphant, however, very wisely amended the plan, and as the result, "The Daily Bible Illustrations," consisting of eight volumes, were produced. It might seem almost too late in the day to say much of a work that has met with such high approval, but the issue of a new, improved, and enlarged edition* calls for a few observations upon a work which deserves the utmost degree of commendation. The new edition is splendidly got up; the pages are large and handsome, and the type clear and beautiful. The notes of Dr. Porter we have carefully examined, and we feel sure that they are just the additions which Kitto would have made had he been alive. So well did the author execute his work that comparatively few corrections have been required; and as all these notes have been placed in smaller type, at the end of each chapter, the reader cannot unconsciously mistake the editor for the author of the work. We are glad to have this opportunity of recommending an old favourite book—one which we have read with an enthusiasm that few works can inspire—to the attention of all who love the sacred volume. Had every intelligent church member and Sunday-school teacher a copy of this valuable work, preachers would be far happier in their work, for they would not need to impart information which a little effort on the week-day might enable people to gain, and might proceed to those deeper spiritual truths which should be the principal subjects of the Christian teacher.

Kitto was a reverent student of the Bible. He did not go to it as a literary man would to a purely literary book. He did not criticise it as do those Rationalistic writers who are wise above what is written. He had a tender perception of the hidden beauties of Scripture, and derived great spiritual benefit from its constant perusal; loving the Saviour revealed in its pages, he was qualified to give his opinion on the higher matters of revelation. He never trifled with the word of God. No theme was too insignificant for him. His illustrations are seldom fanciful. There is sometimes a lack of smoothness of expression, but the earnestness of a devout mind is always apparent. We do not agree with all his interpretations, nor do we think that his

* "Daily Bible Illustrations," by John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. New Edition, revised and enlarged by J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D., author of "The Giant Cities of Bashan," "The Pentateuch and the Gospels," &c. In eight vols. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

view of Job xix. 25—27, which Barnes has popularised, meets the plain grammatical sense of the context and argument. We observe that Dr. Porter adds a note to this chapter, in which he shows plainly enough that Job in those famous words of triumph, declares his firm belief in the "Deliverer" whom with the eye of faith the old patriarch sees standing "at the latter day upon the earth."* Some of Kitto's illustrations are too ingenious. His chivalrous defence of the women of the Bible, is characteristic of a man whose appreciation of the delicate nature of the fair sex was intensely keen. He devotes one chapter of his "Daily Bible Illustrations" to a favourable view of Job's wife's conduct in his affliction, in which good sense and extreme special pleading are combined—the latter element rendering it needful to read with independent judgment. Yet the book is generally trustworthy. "He writes," Dr. Eadie very truthfully says, "with earnestness and living power, and the results of his travels, experience, and research, suffer no deterioration from being moulded anew in the fire of a devout soul, and set in the framework of an ingenuous and healthful piety."

Poor Kitto's last days were full of trouble. His want of exercise, his close application to work, the large family for which he had to labour, and the unfriendly headache which ever accompanied him through life, produced the expected evils. Good friends sent him to Germany, but he felt convinced his end was nigh. He was ready for the change, for he was assured that for him a place was prepared in the land of rest. He died in the year 1854, at the early age of fifty, his last words which were addressed to his wife being, "Pray God take me soon."

The great lesson of Kitto's useful life is conveyed in the motto placed in the title-page of his biography, "Per Ardua." There is a proverb which says, "Resolve never to be poor." It is easy to say it—infinitely harder to carry it out. Abject poverty may have advantages to graceless, stupid people, but to intelligent minds burning with noble aspirations of service for God, it is not often a blessing. Samuel Johnson, when walking about London streets, penniless, was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but then, he says, "I was at the same time very sorry to be poor." Kitto was at times very poor. On one occasion, he gave his children a slice of bread, and taking them to the window, he observed, "Well, we must *look* to the butcher's shop opposite to get the right *relish* for our bread." Kitto's spirit of energy and perseverance has been eulogised elsewhere on many occasions; we need not, therefore, dwell on that particular phase of his character. What pre-eminently characterised Kitto was his robust good sense, and his readiness ever to use it. It is something for a man to attain his ambition: it is a still greater accomplishment for him to be able to consecrate his abilities to the cause of truth; and nothing sweetens labour more than the consciousness of working, however humbly, for the cause of the Saviour who suffered and died for us. Kitto had this gratification. Would that other literary men had it likewise!

* See "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," No. 504.

Christmas Evans.

BY DAVID GRACEY.

IT was during the pause between two wide-spread revivals in Wales that the ministry of Christmas Evans began. The bright flame of religious zeal kindled throughout the Principality by Harris and Rowlands was growing dim, and the torpor and coldness banished for half a century was stealing again into the hearts and over the actions of Christians. The teaching of the pulpit, as a rule, maintained its allegiance to orthodoxy and the laws of rhetoric, but it fell upon the hearer rather with the soft sounds of the peaceful harp than the shrill notes of the martial trumpet. The regions beyond the immediate congregations of Nonconformists and Churchmen lay uncultivated and uncared for, and the prime duty of professors appeared to be to put their light under a bushel. But ere the heavenly fire utterly died out, some seeds of the flame were sown in the hearts of a few men, who, by simple, bold, and direct preaching of the gospel, inaugurated a movement equal in extent and fruitfulness to any that preceding generations had witnessed. Amongst the leaders of this holy crusade against indolence in religion and ungodliness in life, Christmas Evans held the chief place.

He was born at Ysgarwen, Cardiganshire, on the Christmas day of 1776, the day suggesting his Christian name. When a boy, the circumstances of his life seemed likely for ever to forbid his entering upon the high duties of a spiritual instructor to his countrymen. His father was a shoemaker and a poor man, which meant to his children a scanty supply of necessaries for the body, and compulsory neglect of the wants of the mind. Upon his father's death, Christmas, who was then nine years old, went to live with an uncle, but, in his new home, his prospects grew no brighter. This relative, while affording the shelter of his roof, inflicted on the lad the double injury of treating him as a mere machine on the farm, and wounding him with the example of his vicious habits. After enduring this barbarous treatment for six years, he successively entered the services of several farmers in the neighbourhood. Happily, the fear of death at intervals came over his spirit, and lifted him for a time above the ungodliness prevailing around. For eight years relapses into indifference alternated with deep religious impressions till his seventeenth year, when, under the influence of a revival among the Presbyterians of Llwynrhydowain,* the current of his thoughts and affections began to flow steadily towards the Redeemer. With this revolution of his feelings came an ardent desire for scriptural knowledge. All knowledge of books had hitherto been hidden from him by his inability to read, even in the language of his country. Of this lamentable ignorance he was by no means a solitary specimen; for, according to his own account, "not one in seven in those parts at that time knew a letter." Many of the young people of the district were stimulated into the same enquiring state. With them he joined in the purchase of Bibles and candles, and met in the evening in the barn of Penyralltfawr. In one month he was

* Our compositors must not be held responsible for these outrageous names. The Welsh are a superlatively lively people, and therefore able to get on with a language which beats all creation besides.

able to read the Bible in his mother tongue. Though vastly delighted, as he says, with so much learning, he was far from being satisfied. He borrowed books, and acquired that knowledge of English which enabled him in after years to preach with considerable fluency in that language. Under the kind attention of Mr. Davis, his pastor, he went through the Latin grammar, and hoped still to advance, when stern want recalled him to the drudgery of the farm.

Ignorance, however, had begun to loose her hold, and a growing consciousness of his powers led the young man to their exercise in public prayer and exhortation. He longed to preach the gospel, and the general approbation which followed his efforts encouraged him to proceed. In a tailor's cottage, in the parish of Llangeler in Cærmarthenshire, he delivered his first sermon. His hearers were astonished at the production, and considered it a clear proof of extraordinary abilities. Unhappily for the preacher, there sat in his audience a Mr. Davies, who happened in a week's time to light upon the identical sermon in Beveridge's "Thesaurus Theologicus." Young Evans's precarious reputation was swept away by the discovery. "Still," the good man charitably added. "I have some hope of the son of 'Samuel the Shoemaker,' because the prayer was as good as the sermon." This gave Christmas Evans no great assistance, for he had actually taken that also from a collection of prayers by the celebrated clergyman, Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror.

A season of decline seems to have followed the first ardour of his piety. Taking a journey into England to labour during the harvest he fell into temptation, and began to think of abandoning preaching altogether. In the meanwhile the rod that was meant to drive him back to his duty was already uplifted. In the darkness of the night six young men waylaid him with the intention of taking away his life. They beat him so severely that he lay for a long time insensible. One of them, having a stick, struck him on the left eye, and occasioned its total blindness throughout the rest of his life. "That night," says he, "I dreamed that the day of judgment was come. I saw Jesus in the clouds, and all the world on fire. I was in great fear, yet crying earnestly, and with some confidence, for his peace. He answered and said: 'Thou thoughtest to be a preacher, but what wilt thou do now? the world is on fire, and it is too late!' On this I awoke, and felt heartily thankful that I was in bed." Coldness and hesitation vanished before the memory of that eventful night; and to a few sanguine minds, there glanced in his subsequent sermons the faint tokens of that power destined "to set the land of Cambria on fire."

It was at this period that, coming in contact with a Mr. Amos, formerly connected with the Presbyterians at Llwynrhydowain, now a member of the Baptist church at Llandysul, young Evans was led to investigate the question of baptism. When closely pressed and beaten in argument he attributed his defeat to his ignorance of Scripture, firmly believing that the Bible contained hundreds of passages in favour of infant baptism. "But, after a careful perusal," he says, "I was terribly disappointed to find none of that character there. While on the other hand, I met with about forty passages, all giving their obvious suffrages in favour of baptism on a profession of repentance

and faith." In obedience to the divine command, after many internal conflicts, he was baptised by Timothy Thomas, pastor of the church at Aberduar, and received as a member of that society of Christians, in his twenty-first year.

Two years afterwards, having attended an Association meeting in Brecknockshire, he was prevailed upon by several ministers to visit North Wales. He travelled through Merioneth, and proceeded into Carnarvonshire, till he reached the extreme corner of the county, called Lleyn. Here the Baptists were few and poor, and scattered over a large neighbourhood, requiring of a pastor anxious care and arduous labour for no better remuneration than a narrow supply of the necessaries of life. Amongst these people he entered upon his first permanent ministry in the dreary prospect of poverty and discouragement. Nor was there sunshine in his own heart to disperse the gloom of external circumstances. A deep depression had long overspread his spirit, and rendered him wretched during the whole of his itinerant ministry. When preaching in company with others, he imagined that their sermons were pervaded with an unction and an earnestness of which his own were utterly destitute. "It occurred to me," he says, "that this might be owing to my habit of committing my sermons carefully to memory, and that I thus superseded the divine aid, while I supposed other preachers had theirs direct from heaven. I accordingly changed my plan, and would take a text and preach from it without preparation, saying whatever would come uppermost at the time; but if it was bad before, it was still worse now, for I had neither sense, nor warmth, nor life, but some weakly intonation of voice that affected no one. It was painful to me to hear my own voice in prayer or in preaching, as it seemed to proceed from a hard heart." It served to throw a darker tinge into his despondency when he reflected that for three years not a single conversion had taken place under his preaching.

In Lleyn the whole face of matters was changed, and a new era dawned upon his Christian life and pulpit ministrations. "A breeze from the New Jerusalem," he writes, "descended upon me and on the people, and many were awakened to eternal life." The red leaves of the rose of his ministry were unfolded, and the Holy Spirit was pleased to insert its colour, to fix its form, and to mature its fruit. As if to show how intimately connected this work of grace was with his own experience, he goes on to say that the Holy Ghost put the cause of Christ into his heart, till he became distressed for the salvation of souls, and the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth. During the first year he baptised fifty persons, and not less than eighty sought for church membership, as the result of his ministry in the course of the second twelve months. The effect of this time of refreshing upon himself was to make him henceforth free in spirit and unfettered in his ministry.

Enfeebled health and the natural desire of seeing his friends suggested a journey into South Wales. Necessity obliged him to travel on foot, and his rough way leading through many villages and towns, gave him the opportunity of preaching once, twice, and sometimes thrice every day till he reached his native district. His extraordinary talents were now opening into full maturity; and the

Good Spirit breathed an irresistible power into all his sermons. It was the time of harvest, but the interest of the farmer in his crops was subdued by the desire of hearing the burning utterances of the travelling preacher. The same people attended fifteen or twenty times different meetings, many miles apart, throughout Cardigan, Pembroke, Cærmarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Brecknock. He frequently preached out of doors at nightfall, and the singing and praising contined to daybreak. In these large assemblies great tenderness of heart fell upon men and women alike, and the word of God seemed to search their spirits like a flame. Old acquaintances were amazed at this new power. They saw it was the same Christmas Evans, but how changed from that trembling stripling who, a year or two ago, doubted even the sincerity of his own piety! At Cardigan alone the fruits of this one visit continued to be reaped for more than a twelvemonth afterwards in the monthly accession of members to the church.

Shortly after his return to Lleyn sundry signs indicated the necessity of a different sphere of labour. Accordingly, when invited to Anglesea, he considered it the voice of providence—a voice, it may be remembered, with no richer silvery tones to inflame his ambition than the promise of seventeen pounds a year "*for serving Anglesea.*" Mr. Evans was twenty-six years of age on the Christmas-day he left the scene of his first success in the gospel. The ground was frozen, and the snow fell heavily as, unencumbered with household stuff, he passed the Menai Straits "on horseback, with his wife behind him." On his arriving in the island the denomination presented a sad picture to his view. It embraced ten small societies languishing from past disorder and present distraction, with prejudice running high on every side against them. Over all these he was to extend his pastoral care, with no hope of assistance nearer than a hundred and fifty miles. His first act was to recommend to the people, throughout all their meetings, a day of fasting and prayer. The divine favour returned. A wave of revival began to rise, which ultimately rolled over the whole community, and scattered its influence through many years.

In 1794 Mr. Evans set out on his third preaching tour to the south. He travelled, as before, on foot, preaching in many places by the wayside. His main object was to attend the West Baptist Association, held at Velin Voel in Cærmarthenshire. The meeting was in the open air, the day sultry, and the people were wearied with listening to two long and prosy discourses, when Mr. Evans began his sermon. "His subject was the return of the prodigal son; as he proceeded, one man who had sat down on the grass got up here, another there; the people closed in together about the platform, looked hard at the preacher, nodded approvingly to each other, wondered, felt, wept, wept aloud, at once with joy and sorrow; powerful emotions were produced that continued through all the remaining services, and remained to many hearts for their everlasting salvation." From that day "the one-eyed man of Anglesea" was the most popular preacher in the Principality.

For many years he continued to visit the asociations in South Wales. On one of these occasions that singular sermon on the demoniac of Gadara was delivered. The meeting had been in progress three days,

and several discourses had been delivered with little or no effect. Christmas Evans rose and read his text, Luke viii. 26—39.

"I imagine that this demoniac was not only an object of pity, but he was really a terror in the country. So terrific was his appearance, so dreadful and hideous his screams, so formidable and frightful his wild career, that all the women in that region were so much alarmed that none of them dared go to market. And what made him still more terrible was the place of his abode: it was not in a city where some attention might be paid to order and decorum (though he would sometimes ramble in the city as in this case), it was not in a town, or village, or any house whatever, where assistance might be obtained in case of necessity; but it was among the tombs and in the wilderness—not far however, from the turnpike road. No one could tell but that he might jump at them like a panther, and scare them to death. The gloominess of the place made it more awful and solemn. It was among the tombs where, in the opinion of some, all witches, corpse-candles, and hobgoblins abide. . . . .

"'Jesus commanded the legion of unclean spirits to come out of the man.' They knew that out they must go; but they were like Scotchmen—very unwilling to return to their own country. They would rather go into hogs' skins than to their own country. And he suffered them to go into the herd of swine. Methinks that one of the men who fed the hogs kept a better look out than the rest of them, and said, 'What ails the hogs? Look sharp, there, boys, keep them in, make good use of your whips. Why don't you run? Why, I declare, one of them has gone over the cliff! There goes another! Drive them back.' Never was there such a running, and whipping, and hallooing; but down go the hogs before they are aware of it. One of them said, 'They are all gone!' 'No, sure not all gone into the sea?' 'Yes, every one of them, the black hog and all! They are all drowned! The devil is in them. What shall we do now? What can we say to the owners?' 'What can we say?' said another, 'we must tell the truth—that is all about it. We did our best—all that was in our power. What could any man do more?'"

Then follows a description of the manner the swineherds tell their masters of the catastrophe, and the whole is concluded with a picture of the man's return to his family.

"And while they are talking, and everbody having something to say, homeward goes the man. As soon as he comes in sight of the house, I imagine I see one of the children running in and crying, 'O mother! father is coming—he will kill us all.' 'Children, come all into the house,' says the mother, 'let us fasten the doors. I think there is no sorrow like my sorrow,' says the broken-hearted woman. 'Are all the windows fastened, children?' 'Yes, mother,' 'Mary, my dear, come from the window—don't be standing there.' 'Why, mother, I can hardly believe it is father! That man is well-dressed.' 'Oh, yes, my dear children, it is your own father. I knew him by his walk the moment I saw him.' Another child stepping to the window says, 'Why, mother, I never saw father coming home as he does to-day! He walks on the footpath, and turns round the corner of the fence. He used to come towards the house as straight as a line, over fences, ditches, and hedges; and I never saw him walking as slow as he does now.' In a few moments, however, he arrives at the door of the house, to the great terror and consternation of all the inmates. He gently tries the door, and finds no admittance. He pauses a moment, steps towards the window, and says in a low, firm, and melodious voice, 'My dear wife, if you will let me in, there is no danger. I will not hurt you. I bring you glad tidings of great joy.' The door is reluctantly opened, as it were between joy and fear. Having deliberately seated himself, he says, 'I am come to show you what great things God has done for me.'"

One who heard that wonderful sermon says, that during the first half hour the people seemed like an assembly in a theatre delighted with an

amusing play; after that, like a community in mourning over some great and good man cut off by a sudden calamity, and at last like the inhabitants of a city shaken by an earthquake, rushing into the streets, falling upon the earth, and screaming and calling upon God.*

About this time Sandemanianism crept into several Welsh churches, and plunged them into a fierce furnace of controversy. Mr. J. Jones, of Ramoth, an intimate friend of Christmas Evans, and a man of considerable ability and influence in the denomination, first espoused the new opinions, and aided their progress with an ardent advocacy. The contagion affected Mr. Evans, and for a time smote his sermons both with a bitterness and a barrenness distasteful to his hearers and distressing to his own conscience. His heart was withered; he lived not near to God; he felt not the spirit of prayer; his longings for conversions became extinct. He mourned the loss of something indescribably precious to himself as a Christian and as a minister. The hearers, too, fell under the blight. Some of the matters contended for were but as the mere dust of Zion, while the fine gold was neglected; and many of the disputants might well merit the ridicule which Mr. Evans himself heaped upon two ministers who waged a wordy war in his presence about a question of little significance. "What say you, Mr. Evans?" enquired one. Mr. Evans replied, "I saw two boys quarrelling over two snails: one of them insisted that his snail was the better, because it had horns, while the other as strenuously argued for the superiority of his, because it had none. The boys were very angry and vociferous, but the two snails were friends." Like some in our own day, the pins of the tabernacle appeared far more important in their eyes than the offering of the bleeding Lamb, or fragrant incense; and seemed to consider that it betokened more of the spirit of true disciples to exercise their curiosity on the latchets of the Saviour's shoes, than to spend their strength in advancing the Saviour's kingdom. Mr. Evans had become "as dry as Gilboa" through Sandemanianism, when Mr. Fuller's Answer to Mr. McLean brought him again into freedom. On a journey from Dolgelly to Machynlleth, when climbing towards Cadair Idris, he felt that he must pray. "Having begun," he records, "in the name of Jesus, I soon felt, as it were, the fetters loosening, and the old hardness of heart softening, and, as I thought, mountains of frost and snow dissolving and melting within me. . . . . This struggle lasted for three hours; it rose again and again, like one wave after another, or a high flowing tide, driven by a strong wind, until my nature became faint by weeping and crying. . . . . The road was mountainous and lonely, and I was wholly alone, and suffered no interruption in my wrestlings with God." "In the first services I had after this," he continues, "I felt I had been removed from the frigid zone of Greenland to a genial clime, like the "land of promise." While the new life was still beating in his heart, he composed the first of his memorable covenants. One or two clauses must suffice as a sample of the whole.

"I call the day, the sun, the earth, the trees, the stones, the bed, the table, and the book-room to witness that I come unto thee, Redeemer of sinners, that I may obtain rest for my soul from the thunders of guilt and the dread of eternity. Amen.—C. E."

* Memoirs of Christmas Evans, by the Rev. J. Cross, Philadelphia.

"I come unto thee, beseeching thee to be in covenant with me in my ministry. As thou didst prosper Bunyan, Vavasor Powell, Howell Harris, Rowlands, and Whitefield, O do thou prosper me. Whatsoever things are opposed to my prosperity, remove them out of the way. Work in me everything approved of God for the attainment of this. Give me a heart 'sick of love' to thyself, and to the souls of men. Grant that I may experience the power of thy word before I deliver it, as Moses felt the power of his own rod before he saw it on the land and on the waters of Egypt. Grant this for the sake of thine infinitely precious blood, O Jesus, my hope, and my all in all! Amen.—C. E."

In a remarkable manner the divine seal was affixed to this solemn document, and the divine hand outstretched to carry it into effect. His ten preaching places in Anglesea increased in two years to twenty; and six hundred converts were added to the church under his care. Years passed away, Mr. Evans exerting all his energy and influence to build chapels, and otherwise provide for the wants of his people. To defray the cost of successive chapels erected throughout the island, he made no less than forty journeys to South Wales. At length his health gave way, broken by the multiplicity of his labours and the burden of his cares. Elements of discord likewise sprung up between him and his numerous people. Unable to discharge as he desired the duties of a pastor to the many assemblies of believers who had hitherto belonged to one church, he advised the formation of separate churches, according to the requirements of the various districts. To some of these churches he recommended ministers whom they refused; and others chose pastors whom he deemed unsuitable. Thereupon, a bitter party spirit arose, and vile ingratitude permitted those for whom he had spent the best of his days and the vigour of his talents, to aim censure and slander at his venerable head. Moreover, his wife fell sick, and died; and, at the same time, a dangerous illness threatened the sight of his remaining eye. Yet his spirit remained unbent. "If I only entered the pulpit," he says, "I felt raised as it were to paradise—above my afflictions—until I forgot my adversity: yea, I felt my mountain strong, my mind was in such a heavenly frame, and as anxious as ever for the conversion of sinners."

Everything pointed to a removal from Anglesea. An invitation from the church at Caerphilly fixed his determination; and in his sixtieth year we behold him, all alone, leaving the island where for nearly forty years his work had been that of an apostle. A little while after his settlement in his new pastorate, he was invited to preach at the opening of a chapel at Merthyr Tydvil. His subject was "the mystery of godliness," 1 Tim. iii. 16; and, at the risk of being tedious, I will venture to make an extract:—

"Christ the Lord was also justified in his resurrection from all the charges of imposture and blasphemy brought against him by wicked men. He had repeatedly referred to the morning of the third day, and he and his enemies have tacitly made it *the day and hour of appeal*. The question to be settled was, whether he was the Son of God in power, or a vain impostor. He had referred the trial to this period. 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it again.' His enemies agreed to this, believing that the event would justify them from the charge of shedding innocent blood; they therefore applied to Pilate for a military guard to watch at his grave; and this application they rested on the fact that 'the impostor' had said in his lifetime that he would

rise again on the third day. Unquestionably, had they found his body in the grave when the time had transpired, they would have torn it from the sepulchre, exhibited it through the streets of Jerusalem, where he had preached, and where he had been despitefully used and flogged, shouting forth with infernal triumph, 'This is the body of the impostor. He could not arise!' But he had left the grave that morning at too early an hour for them. The soldiers came back to the city, probably about nine o'clock in the morning, and they went to the leaders of the people, who had employed them. The leaders, seeing and knowing them, exclaimed, 'Here is the watch! What is the matter? What is that dread that overcasts their faces? Come in here! We charge you to say the truth.' 'You have no need to charge us, the fright and horror are still in our hearts.' 'How? What has happened at the grave? Did his disciples come and take him away?' 'They! no; and if they had our spears would have sufficed for them.' 'Well, but how was it? What *has* taken place?' 'Behold, while we were on the watch, and about the dawn of the day, a great earthquake, like unto the one that took place on Friday afternoon, *when he died!* and we all fell powerless to the ground. Looking up, we saw an angel in a white robe, his eyes like the lightning, so vivid and piercing that the mightiest armies of Cæsar would fain have escaped from them in a moment. We, not able to bear the sight, were obliged to look down at once. We endeavoured again to raise our eyes, and we beheld one coming out of the grave, passing by the angel, who now sat upon the removed stone, arrayed in such triumphant majesty that the earth never witnessed such a sight before—yes, HE WAS LIKE UNTO THE SON OF GOD.' 'What became of the angel?' 'Oh! a legion of them came down, and one of them, very fair, like a young man, entered the grave, and sat where the head of Jesus had lain; and immediately another also, looking fair and beautiful, sat where his feet had rested.' 'And did the angels say nothing to you?' 'No, but they looked with eyes of lightning.' 'Saw you not his friends, the women?' 'Oh, yes! they came there; but he had left the tomb before their arrival.' 'Talked the angels to them?' 'Yes, they seemed to be of one family, and most intimately acquainted with each other.' 'Do you remember anything of their conversation?' 'Yes: Fear you not! Let the Pharisees and darkness fear to-day! You seek Jesus! He is not here, for he is risen indeed. He is alive, and lives for ever; he is gone before you into Galilee. We heard one angel say, Come, see the place where the Lord lay. Another angel addressed a woman called Mary, and said, Woman, why weepest *thou*, while thy Lord has risen indeed, and is alive so near unto thee? *Let his enemies weep to-day!*' 'What! how say you—*close that door!* You *tall* soldier approach: *Was it not you that pierced his side?*' 'Yes, it was I; and this relation is all true. I pray I may never witness such a scene again. Oh, alas! it is all true. He must have been the Son of God.' The Pharisees lost their case on *the day of appeal;* they gave the soldiers money to say that his disciples had stolen the body while they slept. *If they were asleep, how did they know in what manner he had left the grave?* They, however, suffered themselves to be suborned, and for money lied; *and to this hour the kingdom of Satan hangs upon that lie.*"*

His stay was brief at Caerphilly, only lasting two years; but an unabated blessing flowed through his ministry. "I never spent," he says, "a short time in greater comfort, for the ark of God had appeared there, and the harps of one hundred and forty souls had been tuned to the song of redemption."

After spending three years and-a-half at Cardiff, where he gathered eighty converts into the church, he removed to Carnarvon, his last field of labour. Being invited, simultaneously, to two other churches

* Memoir of C. Evans, by D. R. Stephen. p. 119, etc.

beside, he was discussing their various claims with several of his brethren in the ministry, when a feeble-minded young man present, who loved to hear the music of his own vain tongue, remarked, "It is my opinion, father Evans, that you had better go to Carnarvon. It is not likely that your talents would suit either of the other places." Mr. Evans opened his large eye upon the speaker, and replied, "And hast *thou* peeped? When didst thou creep from the shell?" He found a church of thirty members on the verge of dissolution, and a chapel encumbered with a debt of £800. A waste, howling wilderness, he called it, a habitation of dragons, where they made their rest night and day. His first sermons drew large congregations, but when the excitement had subsided his real adherents remained very few. His strenuous efforts failed to raise the cause into a flourishing condition; the utmost he could do was to prevent the church from melting away, and the chapel from being sold. Nevertheless the churches round about profited much through his assistance. At no time was his popularity greater than during his declining days. His imperial fancy ripened into a richer luxuriance of colour and imagery, and indulged in higher flights and bolder comparisons. In his last tour through the Principality, undertaken to meet an imperative demand for £300 of the chapel debt, when the furrows of death were in his countenance, the flowers of the grave on his head, and his whole constitution was gradually dissolving, multitudes flocked to hear the old man preach. His genius never shone in greater splendour, nor was ever his hold upon his audience firmer, than in his last associational sermon delivered at the meeting of the Monmouthshire Association. After the illness which followed this great effort, he continued his journey to Swansea, where he arrived on Saturday, July 14th, 1838. On the Sunday he preached twice with great power, and on Monday evening, though exceedingly feeble, he was again in the pulpit. His text was Luke xxiv. 47, "Beginning at Jerusalem." "'At Jerusalem, Lord?' 'Yes.' 'Why, Lord, there are the men who crucified thee! we are not to preach it to *them?*' 'Yes, preach it to all.' 'To the man that plaited the crown of thorns, and placed it on thy head?' 'Yes; tell him that from my degradation he may attain a crown of glory.' 'Suppose we meet the very man that nailed thy sacred hands and feet to the cross—the very man that pierced thy side—that spat in thy face?' 'Preach the gospel to them all; tell them all that I am the Saviour; that they are welcome to participate in the blessings of my salvation; that I am the Lord over all, and rich unto all that call upon me.'"

In the act of coming down the pulpit stairs, he said, loud enough to be heard by many present, and in English, "*This is my last Sermon.*" That night he was taken very ill, and gradually declined till Friday morning, when, addressing some of his brethren at the bedside, he said, "I am leaving you; I have been labouring in the sanctuary for fifty-three years, and my confidence and consolation at this crisis, is, that I have not laboured without blood in the basin. Preach Christ to the people, brethren. Look at me in myself, I am nothing but ruin; but look at me in Christ, I am heaven and salvation." Then, after repeating four lines of a Welsh hymn, he waved his hand, and said in English, "Good bye!—drive on!" and sunk into a calm sleep, awaking no

more. His death caused profound grief to his countrymen of all classes and creeds. Wales saw in his departure the removal of one of her fairest ornaments; and the Christian church the setting of one of her brightest stars. We claim not for him the highest praise in all things. In many things he was surpassed by some of his contemporaries—in accuracy and extent of scholarship, in keenness and depth of logical power, and in the ability to organise and consolidate; but in the purity, disinterestedness, ardour, and devotion of his life, he had no superior, and his rare powers of preaching raised him far above the nearest competitor. His name is dear to us, and like a shadow cast by his heavenly immortality rests upon the church below. No one, especially no young man, can read the story of his life without being refreshed and stimulated, and without an increased admiration of the ennobling power of divine grace, which turns the weak, poor, and foolish things of this world into instruments of the greatest good, and centres of the widest influence. Christmas Evans was one of those few men whose memory is like the tomb of the abbot of Melrose Abbey, which, it is said, whenever it was opened, sent a rich fragrance abroad.

The Sunny Side.

NO sooner do you pass the brow of the St. Gothard pass, on your way to Italy, than you perceive that beyond all question, you are on the sunny side of the Alps. The snow is nothing in comparison to the vast accumulation upon the Swiss side of the summit, the wind ceases to be sharp and cutting, and a very few minutes' ride brings you into a balmy air which makes you forget that you are so greatly elevated above the sea level. There is a very manifest difference between the southern side and the bleak northern aspect. He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer. Some pilgrims to heaven appear never to have passed the summit of religious difficulty; they are still toiling over the Devil's bridge, or loitering at Andermatt, or plunging into the deep snowdrifts of their own personal unworthiness, ever learning but never coming to a full knowledge of the truth; they have not attained to a comfortable perception of the glory, preciousness, and all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus, and therefore abide amid the winter of their doubts and fears. If they had but faith to surmount their spiritual impediments, how changed would everything become. It is fair travelling with a sunny land smiling before your eyes, especially when you retain a grateful remembrance of the bleak and wintry road which you have traversed; but it is sorry work to be always stopping on the Swiss side of the mountain. How is it that so many do this?—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. SPURGEON.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. III.—POOR SARAH.*

BY EDWARD LEACH.

IN a populous thoroughfare, not far from the busiest haunts of merchant life, there resided some years ago a singular unmarried couple. To find them out it was necessary to pass through an innocent little milk-shop, up some dingy stairs that creaked like new boots, proverbially said to be unpaid for, and shook as though they were subject to some staircase-fever, into a top back room which, however clean and tidy, was, like most small rooms that accommodatingly serve as kitchen, parlour, and bed-room, redolent with smells proceeding from articles derived from all quarters of the globe. Old Dinah's pocket was a marvellous emporium of a variety of goods that had no natural affinity; and if nutmeg-graters, spice, blue, tobacco, and pocket-handkerchiefs could speak, we fear they would have been aghast at their close alliance to each other. We care not to analyse the variety of smells which one whiff will take in when you visit such humble domestic establishments as that in which "Poor Sarah" lived with her deaf sister. This little room is no worse than many others; indeed, it is far better than most of its neighbours: it is near the skies, and is the better for it. The leaden clouds hanging like a pall overhead, remind you of coffins and funeral arrangements; and through such a dull atmosphere the persevering sun will sometimes shoot out a few benignant rays. Those rays—great revealers of home neglectfulness, of cobwebs, and dust; fierce enemies to the cheap varnish that cracks in the sun's honest face!—should be welcomed as cheery friends; but they so rarely come, that when they do manifest their presence, their glowing brightness is deemed to be unblushing, and, like too familiar visitors, they are unceremoniously told, as the blinds are lowered, "they are not wanted here." Alas! good genial sun, thou hast the misfortune of having a red face; and as thou wilt not hide thy colours, but like a true soldier will persist in appearing—which is not too often in this dull country—in full regimentals, thou art treated as a bold-headed intruder, and thy room is thought to be better than thy company. Old maids never like thee, thou barefaced sun; the full-moon, when not prefaced by honey, is their universal favourite—the emblem of innocence and of youth—for, like them, it is never old, and when it looks most aged is only waiting a favourable time when it will appear *new*. Yet when the sun did dart forth a friendly ray into this top room, it lent its aid in revealing many little mysteries that were shrouded in dingy darkness. For instance, and most notably, did it display to good advantage two fine old tom cats, couchant like lions in two arm-chairs. These chairs were their quiet resting-places. They were each guarded like sacred enclosures; to infringe upon each other's rights, for one to poach on the other's manor—that is, to attempt to gain forcible possession of the wrong chair, was a declaration of war more fierce than was ever waged this side of Kilkenny. These cats were honoured by their owner, who

* Not having been able to complete the necessary information on *Night* Cabmen, I am compelled to postpone the insertion of my promised paper on that class of men until another month.

would starve that they might not hunger. That owner was ——— deaf; did you think I was going to write an old maid?

But in the room, lying or sitting in a bed, the coverings of which are snow-white—"white as drip" some ladies say, whatever that may fully mean—was an object curious, yet pleasant, to behold. A poor woman, contracted, cramped, for thirty years an intense sufferer from rheumatism, ill-living, and bad-treatment, lies contentedly there. You are told that she is a marvel of God's grace displayed triumphantly over weakness and infirmity. Her cheerfulness has a merry, genuine ring about it; her face betokens the joyousness of her heart. "She seems full of the Holy Ghost," remarked a Baptist minister once, who was struck by her happy saint-like face. And those who knew her best, and were most with her, confessed their amazement at seeing so contracted and disease-stricken a form the temple of a Spirit that made her unceasingly happy. This is "Poor Sarah." She is no longer poor in any sense. Five or six years ago she inherited her blessed possessions; passed from a garret in St. Luke's to a mansion in heaven; from a scene of misery and pain to a region of joy and happiness. The story of her life, as told me by one whom she recognised as her pastor, though she never heard him preach nor entered his chapel, I now propose to relate.

Poor Sarah's father was a hair-cloth weaver. She was the eldest child of a large family. All her life she was immured in London. No Sunday-schools, then, took her and her childish companions into the green fields. She never saw in her life a wheat or barley field. Her knowledge of oak trees was derived from the possession of a few acorns given her by some friends, and she became acquainted with the nature of wheat crops by obtaining some ears of corn. Her father died while she was a little maid-of-all-work. She left this employment to work for longer hours at weaving. From five in the morning till ten o'clock at night she laboured on; it was a life of toil unbroken by pleasant associations. To awake her in the morning tin-kettles hanging from a high window-sill in her bedroom were rattled by a night-policeman who would, at a given hour, pull the string. Her little heart was at that time unattracted by the Saviour. She preferred labour on Sundays to attendance at God's house. She knew no more of the suburbs of London than a New Zealander who had lived all his days in the trackless forest. She once ventured as far as St. George's in the Borough, but on crossing the bridge the sight of so much water made her head giddy. Subsequently she attended to a relative's domestic arrangements, and while thus engaged suffered severely from rheumatism. The cholera came. She fell a victim to what seemed worse than death. She never recovered from this attack. She was obliged to use crutches.

Her friends did not well treat her. Indeed, she suffered much at their hands. Once she was resolved to effect her own destruction. With the help of her crutches she hobbled to the window. Opening it, she succeeded so far as to put her head through it, but by the interposition of providence, she could not force her body through for lack of power. Some one ran up stairs, and by her help she was placed again in her bed. Sarah never referred to this circumstance without giving vent to her feelings of gratitude in language derived from the "sweet singer of Israel," whose songs she loved. On three other occasions did her

heavenly Father interpose for her. A relative who lived with her at one period, grew weary and impatient of attending to the wants of the emaciated sufferer. She, it appears, had been worried and driven to desperation by her low circumstances. So vexed was she at the small sum received one morning for the shirts she had made, that she threatened to "finish" poor Sarah on her return from shopping. To be "finished" may be an admirable condition of things in an educational point of view, though even that is absurd. To be "finished" in the sense of being "polished," a threat common enough among schoolboys, may be grievous to the flesh that endures the trial. But the "finishing" with which Poor Sarah was threatened had a murderous signification. In all Sarah's trials she betook herself to him who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." She had hardly ceased praying when her relative came in, limping like a cripple. She had disabled herself by running a hook into her foot, and, full of her own trouble, was prevented accomplishing what she had it in her heart to effect. Nor was this the only deliverance "Poor Sarah" experienced. On one occasion this same person, infuriated by evil passions, rose to strike the bed-ridden creature, but in doing so she missed her aim, and striking the unimpressible bedpost put out her own shoulder. She made a similar attempt on a subsequent day, which was so signally defeated, that, convinced the destinies were against her, she ceased her cruel attempts to injure one who was so manifestly sustained and preserved by the hand of God.

A young lady who was in the habit of visiting the poor of St. Luke's, in connection with Mr. Farley's little church in St. James Street, found out Poor Sarah one fortunate day. This person was a famous helper in all good works. Her enthusiasm for Christ and his cause was wonderful. One day she met a crossing-sweeper in the streets: "Do you ever go to chapel, my good woman?" she prettily asked. "No, ma'am." "But wouldn't you like?" "Perhaps, ma'am." "Will you come with me now; I am going to one close by." "Can't, ma'am, what could I do with my broom?" "Oh, I'll manage that for you," and so saying she took the broom, hid it under her mantle, and arriving at the chapel, placed it behind the door, and its owner in a comfortable seat.

Poor Sarah was in great want when this good woman first saw her. She had scarcely any clothes; and was shivering in the cold. A friend called, afforded suitable help, made up some warm flannel, and collected regularly from those with whom she worked in a warehouse close by, in halfpennies and pence, two shillings a-week, money she would say "for my *bird*," for Sarah's surname was Bird. But it was through the conversation and pleadings of the first visitor that poor Sarah was led to put her trust in him who, through the rest of her days, was her Lover and Comforter. What grace did in transforming her abject life into one of the brightest and most brilliant manifestations of Christian experiences, no pen can adequately describe. The blessed influences of her life of sacred communion dropped, like fruit that falls to the ground by the weight of its own ripeness, for the refreshment of all whose hearts were with her in fellowship. If her daily life could not convince sceptics of the truth and power of Christianity, all the books on "evidences" would be useless. In her life was verified this sweet saying, "The flower of Christian graces grows only under the shade of the cross, and

the root of them all is humility." Her whole days were seemingly spent in thankfulness and in praise. It was said by Epictetus, that if he were a nightingale, he would by singing fulfil the vocation of a nightingale; if he were a swan, he would fulfil the vocation of a swan; but since he was a reasonable being, it was his calling to praise God. Those who knew Poor Sarah testify that her constant song was, "While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being." She used to say when reviewing all the kind mercies of a loving Father, "Ah, sir, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise."

For more than sixteen years had she lain in bed, helpless, yet she would say, "It is wonderful I should be continued here, when so many who are young and active are taken away. The thought that my sins are forgiven, and my dependence is on the great love of Jesus, my Saviour, makes me content to remain here until he is good enough to call me home."

She would lay awake in the night, communing with her Saviour, and meditating on his promises. She would say she never wanted a candle to help her to think of them. She was too poor, generally, to burn a candle, except in times of illness. The friends who visited her brought in their own light. A neighbour once did a thoughtful action. She considered how lonely Sarah must be without any one, or any light, in the room; so she determined to give the poor cripple her clock. She brought it. "A very great comfort it was to me," observed Sarah, "to hear it tick and see how the time went; but afterwards it stopped. We tried to have it mended, but my friend who gave it to me feared it was a deception, sold to her by an American that went about with such things; still I liked to look at it for her kindness' sake." But she had better company. Her friend who had been the means of leading her to Christ would frequently talk with her about the good things touching the kingdom. Two neighbours would visit her by turns, and attend to her wants; and in long summer's evenings would bring their needlework and sit by her side. Mr. Farley tells me that so little did Poor Sarah need "nature's kind restorer—sleep," that she seldom slept more than two hours during the night. Many happy, joyous prayer-meetings has he held in this room, and many Christian workers, toiling among the lowest classes of the "roughs," were strengthened in their work by the influences of those unique gatherings.

A heart so full of praise was never silent when it was possible to recount God's acts of lovingkindness. She always had some rich tale of providential deliverance with which to interest her visitors. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," was a text which she could illustrate in a hundred ways out of her own wonderful experience. One day, when living with her deaf sister, she had nothing in the house to eat, save a mouldy crust, which in her temper, her sister brought to her bedside, saying, "There, that is all the parish will allow you this week!" "Never mind," was the answer, "cut out the crumb, and wipe the crust with a clean cloth, and if you've got any butter, scrape it together." While this was being done, a knock was heard at the bedroom door. It was her friend who first led her to love the Saviour, who came with a loaf in her hand, which she had just bought at a baker's for her poor friend.

When she lived in an adjoining court, a fire broke out in the house. Even the beam over her bed caught on fire. She lay, however, calm and serene, watching the leapings of the flames, assured that God would somehow prevent them hurting her. Her friends removed her to a room in another house, of which she became the tenant.

Once she was sad at heart, for there was little for breakfast in the morning. Unbelief came in, and she almost gave way to its insidious advances. Before breakfast next morning, a gentleman unknown to her and to her friends, knocked at her door. "Very early," he kindly observed, "to disturb an invalid, but I thought that I would just leave this parcel on my way to the city," and so saying he placed a packet on a chair near the door, and went away. Poor Sarah had of course the innate curiosity that characterises her sex, rich and poor, ill or well, and it seemed a long time till her friend belonging to Mr. Farley's church, came upstairs, and opened the parcel for her. When it was opened, imagine her delight on seeing the necessary articles for more than one breakfast, viz., half-a-pound of tea, half-a-pound of coffee, a pound of loaf and an equal quantity of moist sugar. Nor was that the only gift of the day. The expected gift which she had doubted whether she would have received, came also, and so once more was Jesus better to her than her doubts and fears.

For nine or ten years poor Sarah received one shilling a week from the Sick Fund in connection with the church at James street, besides other helps from friends who were raised up at various times to relieve the necessities of the poor woman. Towards the latter end of her life she received from a number of sources, sufficient to meet her current necessities, without being exercised in any way. Yet she never manifested so brilliantly the splendour of a life of faith as when she lived wholly upon its daily exercise. Never was her influence so magnetic as then. The large amount of sympathy evoked on her behalf from all who heard of her story, was, if anything, likely to deaden the effulgence of that wonderful life that seemed so thoroughly to have been irradiated by the divine sunlight.

To us it has been quite a treat to look over the clean-looking Bible which poor Sarah loved so to read. This Bible she obtained in the days of her deep distress, by going without butter and sugar to pay a penny a week for it. She had only the use of one thumb. Her other hand and all her fingers, with the exception of this thumb, were stiff and useless. *She had to lift the leaves of her Bible with a fork*, but so carefully was this done that there are not, so far as I can see, any impressions from the prongs. It is curious and refreshing to observe the chapters and verses which seemed to have been most blessed to her. It would be impossible to enumerate them all. Yet I noticed that the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm must have been peculiarly precious to her waiting heart, which would have thrilled responsive to the psalmist's experience: "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." The same may be said of the eighty-sixth Psalm, the twelfth and thirteenth verses of which are emphatically marked, as though they were doubly expressive of her noblest convictions: "I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore. For great is thy mercy towards

me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." Matthew twelfth, eighteenth verse, "My beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased," was a passage which seemed to have been peculiarly appropriate to her appropriating faith. She

"In that charter read, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies."

What a fine, strongly-drawn mark there is at the twentieth verse of the second chapter of Paul's epistle to the Galatians: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." And in the presence of a joy unspeakable and full of glory about to be revealed to her, Faith, like an enchantress, rose from the sordid earth, and with a wave of her magic wand, dispelled the mists of sin and doubt: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." This text having been so well scored, I was not surprised to find that the apostle's description of the coming of Christ to judgment was well marked also:—

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Through the generosity of kind friends to whom the story of her life had become known, and the temporal and spiritual help afforded through the Bible-woman of the district, poor Sarah spent the last few years of her life in comparatively comfortable circumstances. To the kind visitors in connection with the little active church in James street, and to its pastor, Mr. Farley, whose care for her was unremitting, she owed much for her sustenance and consolation. It has given the writer no little pleasure to have learned how much a small working men's congregation may do for the Master and the Master's poor in a quiet, unostentatious way. The little community worshipping in James street has for some years past struggled with the ignorance and destitution of a large number of hard-working artisans of third-rate position, has relieved hundreds of the deserving and starving poor, to whom the word of God has been given, and has, by its persevering and earnest sick visitors been the means of bringing many poor sinners to hear the gospel of the blessed God. The pastor being a tradesman, gives his services voluntarily, and to his exertions and liberality the cause has been greatly indebted from its commencement. There is a debt of £300 upon the chapel, and Mr. Farley has promised to pay £150 of it, provided the remainder be subscribed within a given period. Through the assistance of those whose hearts may be moved to help a church that, though very poor, subscribes over £100 per annum for benevolent and other purposes without any external aid, it is hoped that the chapel debt, which is an incumbrance, may be speedily removed, so that the institutions of the church may be strengthened.

We hold that in neighbourhoods like that of St. Luke's, where the poor are absolutely unable to raise a salary for a minister, men like Mr. Farley, who can devote their leisure voluntarily to so good a work, are serving God and his church in a noble, Christian spirit. And to us it is a source of the highest gratification to find that God has greatly blessed the work of this community—the church, the Sabbath-school, and the other organisations being in a flourishing and increasingly prosperous condition. May those who for so long a period ministered to the necessities of so afflicted a saint as poor Sarah—for sixteen years bed-ridden and a helpless cripple— be abundantly rewarded here—and beyond!

Gleanings from Rutherford.

ONE in writing of Rutherford remarks as follows:—"Such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherford was, I never knew nor do I know any in Scotland like him to whom so many great gifts were given; for he seemed to be altogether taken up with everything good, and excellent, and useful. He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying. He had two quick eyes, and when he walked, it was observed that he held his face upward. He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of *shreigh* that I never heard the like. Many times I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ. He was never in his right element but when he was commending him. One day, when preaching in Edinburgh, after dwelling for some time on the differences of the day, he broke out with, 'Woe is unto us for these sad divisions, that make us lose the fair scent of the Rose of Sharon;' and then went on commending Christ, going over all his precious titles about a quarter of an hour, upon which the laird of Glanderston said in a loud whisper, 'Ay, now you are right, hold you there.'"

From Aberdeen he writes, "I think aye the longer the better of my royal and worthy Master. He is become a new Wellbeloved to me now in renewed consolations by the presence of the Spirit of grace and glory. A king dineth with me, and his spikenard casteth a sweet smell. I never knew by my nine years' preaching so much of Christ's love as he hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment." On his death-bed, he said, "Now my tabernacle is weak, and I would think it a more glorious way of going hence to lay down my life for the cause at the cross of Edinburgh or St. Andrew's, but I submit to my Master's will."

"He departed," says Dr. McRie, "just in time to avoid an ignominious death; for, although everybody knew he was dying, the Council had, with impotent malice, summoned him to appear before them at Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. When the citation came, he said, 'Tell them I have got a summons already before a superior court of judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come.' When they returned and reported that he was dying, the Parliament, with a few dissenting voices, voted that he should not die in the college. Upon

this, Lord Burleigh said, 'You have voted that honest man out of his college, but you cannot vote him out of heaven.'"

His end was perfect peace and quiet assurance. He died on the 20th of March, 1661, at St. Andrew's, and his remains were buried there.

EXTRACTS.

Blessed be God, Christ and we are not heard before men's courts; it is at home betwixt himself and us that pleas are taken away.

Christ knoweth that the body of sin unsubdued needs all the crosses, losses, changes, and sad hearts that befall us.

I hear that the Lord hath taken pains to afflict and dress you as a fruitful vine to himself: grow and be green, and cast out your branches and bring forth fruit; green and fruitful may you be in the true root.

I dare not expound the Lord's dealings as sorrow and unbelief often dictate to me: I look often with my blind eyes to my Lord's cross, and when I look on the wrong side of the cross, I know I miss a step and slide.

Whenever our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to hold a court upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, "How wilt thou do this and that?" we lose ground. We have nothing to do there; it is our part to let the almighty exercise his own office; there is nothing left us, but to see how we may be approved of him, and how we may roll the weight of our souls in well doing upon him who is God omnipotent.

I am in as sweet communion with Christ as a poor sinner can be, and am only pained that he hath much beauty and fairness, and I little love; he great power and mercy, and I little faith; he much light, and I bleared eyes.

I seek no more here, but room for grace's defence, and Christ's white throne whereto a sinner condemned by the law may appeal.

I am so comfortless and full of heaviness that I am not able to stand under the burden any longer. It is hard to keep sight of Christ in a storm, especially when he hides himself for the trial of his children. If he would be pleased to remove his hand, I have a purpose to seek him more than I have done. Happy are they who can get away with their souls. I am afraid of his judgments. I bless my God that there is a death, and a heaven. I would weary to begin again to be a Christian; so bitter is it to drink of the cup which Christ drank of. I have comfort in this that he hath said, "I must fight and overcome the world."

Go on through your waters without wearying; your guide knoweth the way, follow him, and cast your cares and temptations on him, and let not worms, the sons of men, affright you.

Who knoweth how needful winnowing is to us, and what dross we must lose ere we come to the kingdom of God.

He hath taught me in my wilderness not to spin or entwine his sweet love in one web or in one thread with the world, and the things thereof.

Oh, if I could but hold and keep Christ all alone, and mix him with nothing!

Christ and his cross are not separable in this life; howbeit they part at heaven's door. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss or thought of trouble cannot find lodging there; they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide inn and stormy country on this side of death. I find his sweet presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. Oh, what a portion is Christ! O that the saints would dig deeper into the treasures of his wisdom and excellency!

All I can do is but to stand beside Christ's love, and look and wonder. My debts of thankfulness affright me. When I count with him for his mercies to me, I must go away as a poor debtor who hath nothing to pay.

I see mortification, and to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be. Oh, how heavenly a thing is it to be deaf and dumb to this world's music! I scarce now either see nor hear what it is that this world offereth me; I know it is little that it can take from me, and as little can it give me. I recommend to you mortification above anything, for alas! we but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our worn spirits for the froth and over-gilded clay of a dying life.

I observe many who think it holiness enough to complain and set themselves to do nothing, as if to say, "I am sick," would cure them; they think complaints a good charm against guiltiness.

To a dying Christian.—Be not heavy, the life of faith is now called for; the passage is free and not stopped; the print of the footsteps of the Forerunner is clear and manifest, and many have gone before you. You will not sleep long in the dust before the daybreak. Look at that word, "Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It is not a life by doing or holy walking, but the living of Christ in you. If you look to yourself as divided from him, you must be more than heavy. Let all your wants lie upon him; you are his debtor, grace must sum up, and subscribe your accounts as paid; stand not upon items, cast yourself upon him who justifieth the ungodly; look to the east, the dawning of glory is near. Your Guide is good company, and knoweth all the miles and the *ups and downs* in the way.

The great Tun of Heidelberg.

A MONSTROUS vat certainly. It might hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine at the least; but what is the use of such wasted capacity, since for nearly a hundred years there has not been a drop of liquor in it? Hollow and sounding, empty and void and waste, vintages come and go, and find it perishing of dry rot. An empty cask is not so great a spectacle after all, let its size be what it may, though old travellers called this monster one of the wonders of the world. What a thousand pities it is that many men of genius and of learning are, in respect of usefulness, no better than this huge but empty tun of Heidelberg! Very capacious are their minds, but very unpractical. Better be a poor household kilderkin and give forth one's little freely, than exist as a useless prodigy, capable of much and available for nothing.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Dr. John Caird on the declining Influence of the Pulpit.

TO complain that the former days were better than now is a common diversion and a frequent infirmity, a diversion for sour spirits, and an infirmity of impatient minds. It may be harmless if confined to the complainant's own bosom, and according as it may be true or false it may be beneficial or baneful when proclaimed abroad. The spirit of the utterance will have much to do with its value, and the remedies which the prophet of woe prescribes for the evil which he deplores must in a great measure apportion the judgment due to his lamentation. Vain is the cry if the evil be not there; equally vain if there be no balm in Gilead, no physician for the disease of Israel. In the March number of *Good Words*, a divine who has, before now, taken up his parable in the presence of royalty, comes forth as a wailing prophet with the exceeding great and bitter cry, "The pulpit is fallen, the glory of the ministry is departed." Well may the Lord's servants weep between the porch and the altar, and proclaim a fast, and gather a solemn assembly, since the excellency has departed from Zion and the majesty out of the midst of Judah. "How is the gold become dim? How is the most fine gold changed? The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter?" Not that our present prophet bids us humble ourselves, or seek the Lord by prayer, or invoke the energy of the Holy Ghost, or wait upon the great Head of the Church for deliverance; far from it; he has no burden from the Lord as to such "archaic" and "conventional" instructions; his message to this enlightened and thoughtful age is far better adapted to the present times and the existing phases of society. He sees no need to warn ministers to cultivate fellowship with God, but much more cause to bid them keep abreast of the culture of the age and know something of what its deepest speculators have said and its sweetest poets have sung. He is not afraid lest the cross of Christ and the doctrines of the gospel should be obscured by human wisdom, but he is very severe upon those "who insist upon our identifying divine truth with the historic accidents and archaic forms in which it has been couched, with the literal interpretation of the language of allegory and symbol, with statements, which true and beautiful as poetry, lose their reality and beauty when construed as literal fact." What that fine jargon means, those who are acquainted with Broad School inuendoes very well know. Sermons are not recommended to be baptised with power from on high, but it is said to be of the first importance that they should bear traces of careful thought, logical arrangement, cosecution of argument conclusiveness of result; they must contain novel and interesting interpretations of Scripture, and sparkle with imagery: lacking these the auditor goes away discontented, and reads with entire assent a sneering article in the next *Times*, or *Saturday Review*, on the decline of the pulpit in modern times.

Now we are prepared to endorse any man's opinion who shall say that it is most desirable that our ministers should be well educated, and

should command respect by their substantial attainments, but we are indignant when we find these secondary matters thrust into the first place, and the weightiest of all considerations, compared with which these are light as feathers, thrust into oblivion. Moreover we are not prepared to allow that the school of preaching which the writer of the *Good Words* article would desiderate would be any gain to the church or to the world if it could be called forth from our universities and theological schools; on the contrary, we believe that no greater calamity could befall mankind than to be preached to by such men as "the highly cultured and fastidiously critical class" would patronise. The high culture of a mortal man! Bah! How ludicrous it must seem to the Eternal mind! Vain man would be wise, though he be born like a wild ass's colt. Refinement of intellect to be the guide of gospel ministrations! What then means the apostle when he says, "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God, for I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. 1 Cor. ii.

When men who imagine themselves to have great genius, and to be qualified judges of pulpit excellence condescend to descant upon their brethren, they have generally a superabundance of sneers at hand. While they themselves may never have won for Jesus a dozen hearts in all their lives, those earnest evangelists who are instant in season and out of season, and whom their Master honours with his Spirit's approbation, are ridiculed as "showy, ready-tongued, loud-voiced, shallow declaimers," whose dogmatism is rigid in proportion to its feebleness. Saul, because he is head and shoulders taller than others, despises the shepherd, forgetting whose hand it was that slew Goliath, or perhaps hating him the more because he had wrought a service of which the monarch was incapable. Indifferent themselves to the very fundamentals of truth, craving always a liberty to depart from the standards of the faith, and yet to eat the bread of the church, the gentlemen of the superfine, cream-laid order, hang up before men's eyes a caricature of the "faithful" minister who adheres steadfastly to the once-delivered faith, and point at him the finger of scorn. To preach the gospel as it is revealed, is to these men to be servile; to mutilate it is independence of mind; to be simple and fervent is to adopt conventional verbiage and conventional solemnity. Yes, *conventional*, that is the word, which is over and over again dealt out judicially, as though it meant something criminal. Scattered all over England and Scotland are self-educated men who have been called of God to be soul-winners, who care not a jot for what Darwin or Colenso, or even the great Scotch Latitudinarians may have to say for themselves who are doing their work all the better because they have eschewed the refinements of modern scepticism, and have not come into the secret of the new liberalism. These may be pooh-poohed as much behind their times, but we are persuaded that they have contributed far more to maintain the power of the pulpit than anything which has been achieved by the "*deep-thinking*" and

free-thinking doctors and professors with all their boasts. If the pulpit be declining in power, it is due in a great measure to the men who mistake error for freshness, self-conceit for culture, and a determination to go astray for nobility of mind. So far from despising brethren of small literary accomplishments who excel in spiritual power and life, it is our duty to have them in abundant honour, to cheer them under their difficulties, and imitate them in their industrious use of their few talents. They can arouse a conscience though they cannot elucidate a problem; they can stir the affections, though they cannot revel in poetic imagery; they can reclaim sinners, though they cannot mystify with subtleties. If the fields of literature and science do not entice them, have they not enough of understanding if they are mighty in the Scriptures? If they are devoid of the fear of "creating an aversion in men of taste to evangelical religion," may it not suffice them to have a holy fear of being unfaithful to the consciences of men? Suppose that they do not quote from learned authorities, does not the word of God possess a superlative authority in its authorship and truth? What if they never attempt to prove a doctrine of revelation by an appeal to so-called "natural religion," have not the truths themselves a self-evidencing power? *They* have not denounced their more learned brethren, or laid the supposed decline of the pulpit at their door, where then is the politeness and refinement so much vaunted? Is it needful to say where is the Christian spirit which allows the "*intellectual*" and "*cultured*" to talk so lightly of men whom the Lord has chosen? Are supercilious arrogance and censorious uncharitableness the choice fruits of "thorough culture"? Then, thank heaven, there are a few who have escaped the privilege, and can yet believe that whether learned or unlearned, gracious men may do good service for Christ.

The fact is that the cant which dins into our ears such ungenerous phrases as "superficial culture, and narrowness of thought," "shallow dogmatism and merest platitudes," and smirkingly boasts its own intellectual superiority, is known to be cant by all thoughtful men, and is treated as such. When the celebrated Cobbler How, with much learning, proved the uselessness of all learning, men smiled, and went on their way, but when professors A, B, or C, with much scorn, traduce their less philosophical brethren, some men think it time to rebuke them sharply for their own sake and for others. There is no truth whatever in the cry of the fastidious school; the world will no more be saved by carnal wisdom now than in times gone by. When our Lord selected his apostles they were evidently chosen not on account of their intellectual endowments or scientific acquisitions, but on account of their religious character. John was perhaps accustomed to better society than Peter. Luke may have enjoyed a good education; Paul was skilled in the learning of the schools; but the rest were men of little scholarship. It would seem that our Lord chose as the first preachers of the gospel men of every variety of attainment and grade of intellectual culture, neither repudiating nor glorifying intellect, but using it and everything else that is human for his own glory. "But," says Dr. Wayland, "It will be said, of course, that our circumstances at the present day are very different from those at the time of the apostles. This is more easily said than proved. The whole world of heathenism was then arrayed against the

church of Christ. Never was the cultivation of the intellect and the taste carried to higher perfection. The poets and orators, the historians, sculptors, and architects of this heathen world, are, to the present day, our acknowledged masters. The church of Christ was sent forth to subdue this cultivated and intellectual world, and the masses associated with it. And what was the class of men of whom this church and its leaders were composed? They were stigmatised as unlearned and ignorant. The intellectual difference between them and the men whom they were called to meet, was as great in the times of the apostles as it has ever been since. Yet God chose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. When men of more disciplined mind were wanting, they were called by the Head of the church; but even here, the greatest of them all declared that he made no use of excellency of speech, or of wisdom, in declaring the testimony of God; that he determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. There is nothing really in the relative condition of the parties which would render a rule inapplicable *now* which was applicable *then*."

We greatly doubt whether the Christian pulpit was ever more generally powerful than at the present moment; certainly congregations were never larger, nor religious effort as a rule more abundant. Far enough are we from being satisfied, but still there is much to rejoice over as well as much to deplore. We could rehearse the names of a score of active, useful, attractive, spiritually-minded evangelists, all exceedingly popular and powerful, and this we the more rejoice in because this class has only of late been called into existence. In our own denomination alone we have pastors whose churches from year to year increase at a ratio altogether unprecedented in modern times. Bad as things are they are not worse, but much better than formerly, and this is owing mainly to the growing power of the pulpit. We do not believe that our educated people care an atom for the brilliant sermons which Mr. Caird would prescribe for them. The thoughtful and intellectual men with whom we are acquainted, tell us that they do not want that kind of refreshment on the Sabbath; being eminent in their professions they find enough of the intellectual in their daily work, and are just the men above all others who delight in the simple, earnest appeal to the heart and conscience. Preach Christ to them with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and they will be content, but try to dazzle them with the fireworks of intellectual display, and they will tell you that the articles in a respectable review are far preferable.

If, indeed, the ministry be declining in power, let us betake ourselves to the grand resource of prayer; let us invoke the Holy Spirit's aid; let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest. Then as matters of detail let us purge our colleges of sceptical professors, let us make the training more homiletical and less metaphysical, let us seek after unction rather than intellect, and encourage our young men in pursuits of practical evangelism rather than speculative theorising. In opposition to learned men, who by elaborate essays cry up the Diana or Minerva of their idolatry, let us look to the heavenly Comforter, and have respect unto that Scripture, "*Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.*"

C. H. SPURGEON.

Our Personal Testimony to a Faithful God.

YEARS ago, when we first opened our College, and waited upon the Lord in prayer for the means, he suddenly sent us £200 when our funds were at the lowest ebb. Who the friend was from whom the money came we were never able to guess, but little can that bountiful heart know how the timely gift cheered a heavy heart, and probably kept in existence an institution which otherwise, humanly speaking, must have come to an untimely end. No one but the Lord knows the searchings of heart we have had since then, for times of depression have occurred in which we have been tried with the question, "Is it the Lord's work, or is it only a whim of your own? If his work, of course he will carry it on, but if not you will run into debt and be ruined." Frequently have we looked the matter in the face and said, "Even so, if it be not his work let it cease, and cease at once; but it is his work, and he will support it, and that without our dreaming of debt. Every penny we have in the world we will spend, and then if no assistance comes, the students must go, and the Lord's will be done." Always at these junctures we have experienced remarkable deliverances, one of which we recorded last month. Our stores were not quite exhausted, but still funds were not coming in with regularity, and therefore unbelief reminded us that our late illness, and our present inability to travel, would inevitably cripple our resources; before we could answer the evil suggestion, the large sum of £1,000 which we mentioned last month, came to hand, and we could but see the hand of God in it. To walk by faith is the gift of God, and is a path as full of joys and trials as the sea is full of waves. Our College is our daily anxiety and delight. It sends us often to our knees in prayer, and as often to our God in praise. Our college is doing a very remarkable work which the Lord is singularly blessing; but its secret history, full of struggle and labour, hope, disappointment, and success, is intertwisted with the very roots of our heart. We cannot expect others to feel the interest in it that we do; but we wish they did, for the effort is not for our profit, but for the good of the Lord's church in which every member of Christ has a share. The loving words which we have received with donations, small or great, have been a sweet reward for much labour, and have often lifted up our drooping hands. The Lord reward abundantly those of his servants who have thus cheered a willing worker, who sighs and groans daily because he cannot do more for his Lord, but who witnesses joyfully to the fact that the Lord is good, and suffers not those who wait on him to be ashamed. He is ready to help the faithful—even their little faith he does not despise; he comes to the rescue of Peter when he is beginning to sink, and enables him yet to walk the waves. Blessed are all they who put their trust in him. Tremblers, be of good courage, ye weary ones, take heart, for while Jehovah lives the faithful shall never be confounded.

Our Individual Responsibility.

NO more important subject can be considered by the Lord's people at the present moment than that of their personal responsibility in the matter of extending the kingdom of Christ. The times in which we live are so extraordinary, the necessity for the utmost Christian activity is so increasingly great, that we do well to review our past services, examine what are our present opportunities, and seek under the blessing of the divine Master, whose sympathy we all share, to serve him with greater earnestness in the future.

One of the most important duties of the Christian life is indicated by the apostle (James iii. 17), when he says, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." The moment a man obeys the divine call and believes with full purpose of heart on the Son of God, he commences a new life. That life he gladly finds has its duties and obligations. They cannot be burdensome to him, since the only spirit in which they can be rightly performed, is that which animated the apostle Paul when he declared, "For the love of Christ constraineth us." He soon finds there is no profit attending the slavish drudgery of Christian service—the service of the mere mind and body without the entire heart. He learns by a blessed experience, that there is a wealth of high spiritual enjoyment in the willinghood of the higher life. He can say, with Thomas á Kempis, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, except only the love of God and an entire devotedness to his service." Of one thing we may be sure, namely, that the spiritual man never gets tired of fellowship with Christ. And in proportion as his heart is in sympathy with the divine purpose, will that fellowship be increased and prolonged. There is nothing so likely to bring him near to Christ as serving him; and the more he serves so good a Master, the more will he love him.

When we, after the manner of the ancient Christians, "gave ourselves to the Lord," we forsook all to follow him. We preferred him to all relations and friends. In the flush of our youthful enthusiasm, the zeal of our first and perhaps most healthy love, we solemnly vowed an entire surrender of our all to him. Our lives were no longer dear unto us. All our selfish schemes of self-aggrandisement we renounced. That which was once dear to us, we counted dross; that which was dross we cherished as the best of refined gold. Full of holy love to the Saviour who had, with such munificence of grace, washed us from our sins and given us access to the Father, we asked, "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his mercies?" With what hardihood, and daring, and willingness, and gladness did we not, dear Christian reader, serve him then! Our zeal knew but few bounds. We felt all the springs of a new and powerful life within us; and to us it was a happy day when we put on Christ by public baptism, and consecrated our lives, thus publicly, to his cause.

It is well for us to look back upon our former vows. The reflection causes us pain, it is true, inasmuch as it induces the mournful confession, "We have lacked, sadly lacked." "I do remember my faults this day." These convictions of our hearts bring us to the throne of God's mercy with contrite feeling. We see a wide chasm between our duties and our performances, which nothing but God's ever ready love could fill up. But this humility may be a good preparative to greater activity. If we were all to recognise and mourn over our shortcomings, we should do more than give our passive assent to the apostle's words already quoted, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." We sometimes think that if every Christian really believed, and consequently acted upon, this truth, the world would in a Christian and moral sense, be very different to what it is now. The great want of the Christian church, one happily to which she is getting sensible, is a more hearty apprehension of the priesthood of believers, a due recognition of the power of the many, ay, and of the weak, in the conversion of the world. The hundreds of organisations carried on, with no vain pomp or show, in our Christian churches, the earnest

unpretentious efforts of the thousands upon thousands of simple-hearted Christian men and women who seek to do good among the poor and ignorant, is a sufficient answer to the unjust charge that the church is asleep. Thank God, she is not asleep, and can never be slumbering while she holds with tenacity the truth we are enforcing. Still, with all that is being done, there is much left undone that might be carried out, and Christ's church needs only to be reminded by the Master of her duty in order to gain her true position as the evangeliser of the world.

The teaching of the New Testament on the subject of our stewardship is exceedingly clear. "As every man hath received the gift," saith the apostle Peter, "even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth." Other passages equally emphatic might be quoted. The experience of the Christian church of all ages—the testimony of every page of church history that gleams with the sunlight of recorded prosperity and spiritual success is this—that in proportion as the church exerts herself for the ingathering of the heathen around her, will she prosper and extend herself. The moment she neglects this her duty and privilege, will she famish herself and decline; for *sin* will always ruin a church, and to know to do good, and not to do it, is sin, as saith the apostle.

There are moments when the awful fact of the wide-spread irreligion and alienation from God of our countrymen comes before our minds with deepest sorrow. We look abroad, and are pained at the want of knowledge of the most simple precepts of our holy religion. The indifference of the masses to revealed truth, the carelessness about the future which so many thousands evince, and the depravity and profaneness that pollute our streets, shock our tender susceptibilities, and make us cry to God that he would have mercy upon such as have no mercy upon themselves. All these awful facts are so many irresistible arguments pointing to one common duty—the utmost exercise of Christian service on behalf of the unsaved. The souls of these careless ones are precious. Their future will be pleasant or painful. With them, as with us, it is a case of eternal life or eternal death. The gulf which separates the sinner from his God widens daily. It is yawning beneath him, and the blind madman is on the very verge of the precipice: a little longer, and he will have met with destruction. O hasten, my Christian reader, to the rescue! Point out the danger; show the only refuge, so that the sinner may not be lost without a pleading cry, without a sound of warning, without a loving entreaty, that may, by God's grace, be blessed to his eternal good. You know the importance of the soul yourself; teach it to others, lest you be guilty of the sin of not doing the greatest good which it is possible for you to do.

The precept is, *to do good*—not to preach so much as to do good. Every Christian heart knows that there are innumerable opportunities of doing good in diverse ways. We are apt to think ministers of the gospel possess wider spheres of usefulness than those who are less prominently serving Christ. This is both true and untrue. No one will be more ready than ministers to confess that the quiet, unobserved, untrumpeted work of each individual member of a Christian church may do far more for the extension of Christ's kingdom than even their own ministrations, however faithful. The holy, consistent life of each member during the six days of the week has more power than the two sermons preached on Sunday. The minister's voice is confined to certain places, but each member speaking a word for the Saviour may exert an influence in every street in the town. This is the power that will raise the people out of their indifference as to the claims of religion. Seeing we have a real religion, they will learn to respect and admire it, and will desire it for themselves. No new organisation will be required, no overturning of existing ones. The fallacies of Plymouth Brethrenism will never supersede the preaching of the word of life by men set apart by God for this great work. The every-man

system is no system at all: it produces disorder, confusion, bickerings, heresies, schisms, and needless irritations. The advantage of the old apostolic order of things is that, under it, the church will be well nourished and nurtured, will progress in the divine life, will extend its borders, seek for new works for Christ, spread abroad the saving truths of the gospel, and so bring about the time when the glory of the Lord, in all its effulgence, shall rise upon this land; when the gross, thick darkness that covers the people shall be dispelled by the Sun of Righteousness, and when "a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." To help to bring about this great and glorious result we should make it our business to blow the gospel trumpet whenever an opportunity may occur. We should tell the careless that our merciful Lord is sought of them that asked not for him; that he is found of them that sought him not; that he has a very ready ear for the penitent cry; that his love is such that he cannot refuse the petition of the vilest. We have met with men of the lowest character, who for years have given up all thought of religion because they considered their unholy lives had put them out of the consolations of the gospel. The popular idea of the ungodly masses of our towns is a very erroneous one. It seems to be an instinctive belief among a large number of Christian people, that non-attendants at our places of worship hate religion—that they sucked in that hatred at their mothers' breasts. No greater mistake was ever made. The testimony of evangelists is that these people may soon be led to love the gospel—that the only hatred shown to the gospel is exhibited by those simple-minded fellows, whom one really pities, whose minds have been impregnated with secular notions and infidel thoughts, or by those obstinate-minded Papists, whose slavish adherence to the priestly teachings of the Romish church is *the* hindrance to their reception of the word of life. But with the vast majority of the people, the great hindrance to Christian teaching is first of all their indifference to it, and next their social habits. And, God be thanked, both these obstacles may be broken down by the persistent efforts of the lowliest missionary of the cross.

This important subject of our relations as Christian people with the unsaved, leads very naturally to one question most vitally affecting our own spiritual condition before God. The only doing of good that is likely to be accepted by God, is that which is prompted by love to him. Love to God begets likeness to God, and being like God we must love others. Love to the lost becomes to be the spontaneous expression of my deepest spiritual feeling. For when I love others who like myself were lost by nature and sin, I have the truest sympathy with my Master in his sufferings and agony, which he endured because he loved the fallen and ruined. And lacking this, I lack, as it seems to me, the very essence of Christianity. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Though I have faith enough to remove mountains, the apostle Paul tells us, and am destitute of charity, "I am nothing"—nothing even when I give my goods to feed the poor. And we cannot conceive of any success accruing from the labours of any worker for Christ who does not begin and end his labours under the powerful influence of this love *to* Christ. Without it, it is true, he may talk of mysteries; he may be a prophet among the superlapsarians or sublapsarians; he may untie Gordian knots of doctrine, and split hairs, and re-split the splits of them; but he is nevertheless as sounding brass, and as such, unfitted for his work. Destitute of this grace of love, he may preach to the people, but he will make no impression. Without this love to Christ, which produces love to the souls of men, the tract distributor who is afraid to sit upon the old cane chair because its seat is well worn, and hands the poor woman she visits a tract at the extreme tips of her fingers, will never thaw the spiritually frozen heart of the poor and ignorant. Hence it is well for us to prayerfully ascertain what is our spiritual temperature? Is our own heart cold when we talk of divine things? Are our thoughts chilly? When we repeat familiar, well-tried, ever-to-be-loved passages of Scripture, do we do it with the heart? Do we throw our souls into our pleadings? The working men who met at the conference in London, to

explain the reasons why they did not attend our churches and chapels, said ministers too frequently preached as if they did not mean it—that some of them had no fire in their bosoms, and could not therefore inflame the hearts of working men. And believing that to be the case, they questioned the sincerity of religious people. We ourselves pronounce a judgment very like the working men's when we mourn that we do everything at such a poor dying rate. Oh! how apt we are to forget the love which rescued us from sin and misery—the love which bore our griefs and carried our sorrows—the love which bore down with an irresistible sweep the torrents of opposition, so that we might not suffer the death we had so richly deserved. We talk easily—the words are so readily put together—of our love to the Saviour, but what an immeasurable distance is there between the strength of our love and the colossal grandeur of his love!

We sometimes fear the times are far from being so favourable as once they were to the quiet, solemn searchings of soul which our Puritan forefathers once enjoyed. We say *enjoyed*, because to them these were seasons, not only of spiritual conflict, deep and strong, but of spiritual enjoyment and refreshment. Like Ephraim, they bemoaned themselves, but they were comforted. Their experience was like that of the psalmist's when he so grievously said, "So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee," adding with a joyous "Nevertheless, I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand." If we want to be made strong in the grace in which we stand, we must come before God with some such experiences as these, with confessions of as deep a contrition, casting ourselves entirely upon him; and by a glance of his loving eye, he will so rejoice our hearts that we shall exultingly cry to him, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

No reader of this magazine need enquire, "How may I do good?" Not a number is printed without some examples of what humble-minded men have done. From their zeal and enterprise we should carry away a harvest of golden hints and suggestions. We cannot all labour among costermongers, like dear Mr. Orsman; or among thieves and vagabonds, like Mr. M'Cree and Mr. Carter; we cannot all serve Christ in the noble way in which Mrs. Hillyard has done; but we may all be mouthpieces for Jesus. And so let us do it.

E. L.

The Huguenots in England.*

MR. SMILES, one of the ablest authors of our time, has produced a work upon the Huguenots which is not only intensely interesting in its style, but of the utmost importance in its subject. It should be read carefully by every statesman in Europe, especially by those who entertain a lingering love to persecution for righteousness' sake, for beyond anything else in print it illustrates the great fact that the oppression of the conscience is an injury to the state, an injury not only to its mental and moral health, but to its material prosperity. We were not aware that our little isle, the asylum of the banished, had received so great a reward for the entertainment of the Lord's exiles. We knew that they had brought with them many of our most lucrative trades, but we had no idea of the great extent of the boon. England must have been a poor land until, in entertaining strangers, she entertained angels unawares. We are certainly a very singular race; the Huguenot blood has had more to do with us than many suppose; let us hope that by God's grace enough of the characteristics of these good men may be found among us to keep us from drifting utterly to Rome and perdition. If England's opening her gates to receive the hunted Protestants of the Continent may be rewarded in our day,

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* "The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland," by Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," "Lives of the Engineers," &c. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

by a revival of the brave spirit which they brought with them, it would be a blessing from the Lord's own right hand. We have made a few extracts from Mr. Smiles' remarkable volume, in the hope that many of our readers may procure it for themselves. It has far more thrilling interest in it than tons of light literature; it reads as pleasantly as the best-told tale, and leaves as gracious a savour behind as the ablest sermon. We are beyond measure charmed with it. Our quotations all illustrate the benefits conferred upon our country by the fugitive followers of the gospel.

"Before the arrival of the Flemings, Sandwich had been a poor and decayed place. It was originally a town of considerable importance, and one of the Cinque Ports. But when the River Stour became choked with silt, the navigation, on which it had before depended, was so seriously impeded that its trade soon fell into decay, and the inhabitants were reduced to great poverty. No sooner, however, had the first colony of Flemings, above four hundred in number, settled there under the Queen's protection, than the empty houses were occupied, the town became instinct with new life, and was more than restored to its former importance. The artisans set up their looms, and began diligently to work at the manufacture of sayes, bayes, and other kinds of cloth, which met with a ready sale; the London merchants resorting to the bi-weekly markets, and buying up the goods at remunerative prices.

"The native population also shared in the general prosperity; learning from the strangers the art of cloth-making, and becoming competitors with them for the trade."

"The Protestant exiles at Sandwich did not, however, confine themselves to cloth-making, but engaged in various other branches of industry. Some of them were millers, who erected the first windmills near the town in which they plied their trade. Two potters from Delft began the pottery manufacture. Others were smiths, brewers, hatmakers, carpenters, or shipwrights. Thus trade and population increased; new buildings arose on all sides, until Sandwich became almost transformed into a Flemish town; and to this day, though fallen again into comparative decay, the quaint, foreign-looking aspect of the place never fails to strike the modern visitor with surprise.

"Among other branches of industry introduced by the Flemings at Sandwich, that of gardening is worthy of notice. The people of Flanders had long been famous for their horticulture, and one of the first things which the foreign settlers did on arriving in the place, was to turn to account the excellent qualities of the soil in the neighbourhood, so well suited for gardening purposes. Though long before practised by the monks, gardening had become almost a lost art in England; and it is said that Katherine, queen of Henry VIII., unable to obtain a salad for her dinner in all England, had her table supplied from the Low Countries. The first Flemish gardens proved highly successful. The cabbage, carrots, and celery produced by the foreigners met with so ready a sale, and were so much in demand in London itself, that a body of gardeners shortly removed from Sandwich and settled at Wandsworth, Battersea, and Bermondsey, where many of the rich garden-grounds first planted by the Flemings continue to this day the most productive in the neighbourhood of the metropolis."

"Of the Flemings and French who settled in London, the greater part congregated in special districts, for the convenience of carrying on their trades together. Thus a large number of the Flemings settled in Southwark and Bermondsey, and began many branches of industry which continue there to this day, Southwark being still the principal manufacturing district of London. There was a quarter in Bermondsey, known as 'The Borgeney,' or 'Petty Burgundy,' because of the foreigners who inhabited it. Joiner's Street, which still exists in name, lay in the district, and was so called because of its being almost wholly occupied by Flemish joiners, who were skilled in all kinds of carpentry. Another branch of trade begun by the Flemings in Bermondsey was the manufacture of felts or hats. Tanneries and breweries were also

started by them, and carried on with great success. Henry Leek, originally Hoek or Hook, from Wesel, was one of the principal brewers of his time, to whose philanthropic bequest Southwark owes the foundation of the excellent free school of St. Olave's—one of the best of its class.

"Another important settlement of the Flemings was that at Bow, where they established dye-works on a large scale. Before their time, white cloth of English manufacture was usually sent abroad to be dyed, after which it was reimported and sold as Flemish cloth. The best known among the early dyers were Peter de Croix and Dr. Kepler, the latter of whom established the first dye-work in England; and cloth of 'Bow dye' soon became famous. Another body of the refugees settled at Wandsworth, and began several branches of industry, such as the manufacture of felts, and the making of brass plates for culinary utensils, which Aubrey says they 'kept a mystery.' One Fromantel introduced the manufacture of pendulum or Dutch clocks, which shortly came into common use. At Mortlake the French exiles began the manufacture of arras, and at Fulham of tapestry. The art of printing paper-hangings was introduced by some artisans from Rouen, where it had been originally practised; and many other skilled workers in metal settled in different parts of the metropolis, as cutlers, jewellers, and makers of mathematical instruments, in which the French and Flemish workmen then greatly excelled."

"In Norwich the exiles were very shortly enabled, not only to maintain themselves by their industry, but to restore the city to more than its former prosperity. The houses which had been standing empty were again tenanted, the native population were again fully employed, and the adjoining districts shared in the general prosperity. In the course of a few years, as many as 3,000 of the foreign workmen had settled in the city, and many entirely new branches of trade were introduced and successfully carried on by them. Besides the manufacture of sayes, bayes, serges, arras, mouchade, and bombazines, they introduced the striping and flowering of silks and damasks, which shortly became one of the most thriving branches of trade in the place. The manufacture of beaver and felt hats, before imported from abroad, was also successfully established. One Anthony Solen introduced the art of printing, for which he was awarded the freedom of the city. Two potters from Antwerp, Jasper Andries, and Jacob Janson, started a pottery, though in a very humble way. Other Flemings introduced the art of gardening in the neighbourhood, and culinary stuffs became more plentiful in Norwich than in any other town or city in England. The general result was—abundant employment, remunerative trade, cheap food, and great prosperity; Bishop Parkhurst declaring his persuasion that 'these blessings from God have happened by reason of the godly exiles who were here so kindly harboured.'"

"Other Flemings introduced the art of thread and lace making. A body of them who settled at Maidstone, in 1567, carried on the thread-manufacture, flax spun for the thread-man being still known there as 'Dutch work.' Some lace-makers from Alengon and Valenciennes settled at Cranfield, in Bedfordshire, in 1568; after which others settled at Buckingham, Stony-Stratford, and Newport-Pagnel, from whence the manufacture gradually extended over the shires of Oxford, Northampton, and Cambridge. About the same time the manufacture of bone-lace, with thread obtained from Antwerp, was introduced into Devonshire by the Flemish exiles, who settled in considerable numbers at Honiton, Colyton, and other places, where the trade continued to be carried on by their descendants almost to our own time—the Flemish and French names of Stocker, Murch, Spiller, Genest, Maynard, Gerard, Raymunds, Rochett, Kettel, etc., being still common in the lace-towns of the west.

"Besides these various branches of textile manufacture, the immigrants applied themselves to mining, working in metals, salt-making, fish-curing, and other arts, in which they were much better skilled than the English then were. Thus, we find a body of them from the neighbourhood of Liege establishing

themselves at Shotley Bridge, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they introduced the making of steel, and became celebrated for the swords and edged tools which they manufactured."

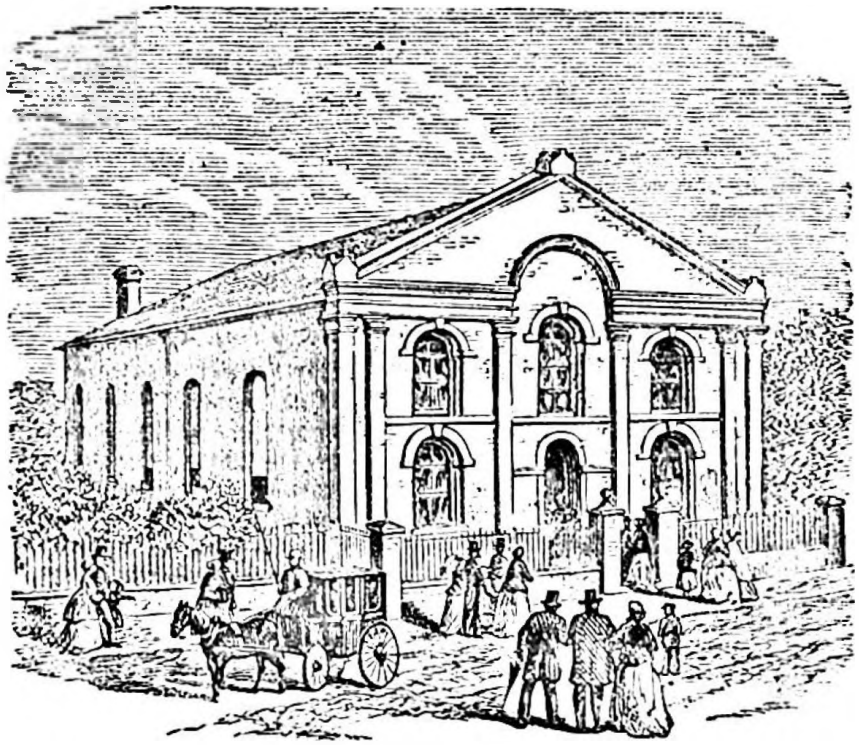
"Another body of skilled workers in iron and steel settled at Sheffield under the protection of the Earl of Shrewsbury, on condition that they should take English apprentices and instruct them in their trade. What the skill of the Low Country iron-workers was, will be understood by any one who has seen the beautiful specimens of ancient iron-work to be met with in Belgium—as, for instance, the exquisite iron canopy over the draw-well in front of the cathedral at Antwerp, or the still more elaborate iron gates enclosing the little chapels behind the high altar of the cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent. Only the Nurembergers, in all Germany, could then vie with the Flemings in such kind of work. The effects of the instruction given by the Flemish artisans to their Sheffield apprentices were soon felt in the impulse which the improvement of their manufactures gave to the trade of the town; and Sheffield acquired a reputation for its productions in steel and iron which it retains to this day.

"A body of refugees of the seafaring class established themselves at Yarmouth in 1568, with the Queen's licence, and there carried on the business of fishing with great success. Before then, the fish along the English coasts were mostly caught by the Dutch, who cured them in Holland, and brought them back for sale in the English markets. But shortly after the establishment of the fishery at Yarmouth by the Flemings, the home demand was almost entirely supplied by their industry. They also introduced the arts of salt-making and herring-curing, originally a Flemish invention; and the trade gradually extended to other places, and furnished employment to a large number of persons.

"By the enterprise chiefly of the Flemish merchants settled in London, a scheme was set on foot for the reclamation of the drowned lands in Hatfield Chase and the great level of the Fens; and a large number of labourers assembled under Cornelius Vermuyden to execute the necessary works. They were, however, a very different class of men from the modern 'navvies,' for wherever they went they formed themselves into congregations, erected churches, and appointed ministers to conduct their worship. Upwards of two hundred Flemish families settled on the land reclaimed by them in the Isle of Axholm; the ships which brought the immigrants up the Humber to their new homes being facetiously hailed as 'the navy of Tarshish.' The reclaimers afterwards prosecuted their labours, under Vermuyden, in the great level of the Fens, where they were instrumental in recovering a large extent of drowned land, before then a mere watery waste, but now among the richest and most fertile land in England. In short, wherever the refugees settled they acted as so many missionaries of skilled work, exhibiting the best practical examples of diligence, industry, and thrift, and teaching the English people in the most effective manner the beginnings of those various industrial arts in which they have since acquired so much distinction and wealth."

Nursing Fathers.

IN a church in Verona stands, or rather sits, a wooden image of St. Zeno, an ancient bishop, with knees so ludicrously short that there is no lap on which a babe could sit. Not the first nor the last ecclesiastic who was utterly incapable of being a nursing father to the Church. It were well if all ministers had a heavenly instinct for the nourishing and bringing up of the Lord's little ones. Is there not much lack in this?—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.



Sittingbourne Chapel.

DURING the past year, by means of the College, the work of God has been considerably assisted. We give, above, a woodcut of one of the chapels erected through the labours of our brethren. Mr. Makin found no Baptist church in Sittingbourne, in Kent, to begin with, but commenced in a hall. As the result of his ministry, many have been converted, and the church has become strong enough to erect a chapel. It is, however, encumbered with a burdensome debt, and friends cannot spend their money better than by helping this struggling interest. We shall be happy to receive donations.

Six and Half-a-dozen.

YES, the orthodox Greek churchman is grievously scandalised at the image-worship of the Romanist; it is flat idolatry, and he denounces it vehemently. But what are those pictures, many of them made to stand out with solid plates of gold and silver? Why, these are pictures of the Virgin or of her Son, as the case may be, and your anti-idolatrous Greek bows before these with voluntary humility. He hates image-worship, you see, but stands up for picture-worship. Behold how sinners disagree in name and unite in spirit! Put Greek and Roman in a sack together, and let the greatest idolater out first: the wisest solution would be to keep them both in, for Solomon himself would be puzzled to decide between them. Are there no such inconsistencies among ourselves? Do we not condemn in one form what we allow in another? Do we not censure in our neighbours what we allow in ourselves? This query need not be answered in a hurry; the reply will be the more extensive for a little waiting.

Reviews.

The Christian Ordinances considered in their Scriptural Simplicity. By the Rev. A. H. Synge, Incumbent of St. Peter's, Ipswich. Wm. Hunt & Co., 23, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

We are daily more and more amazed with the perversity of the human intellect, and should scarcely be surprised if a school of theologians should arise combining the doctrines of the gospel with the Parsee worship of fire, and in good faith propagating both as part of the same Biblical system. Mr. Synge is a most estimable clergyman, something more than a mere evangelical, he is a thorough free-grace man, and rings out the word "covenant," with that certain sound which rejoices our heart, but when he comes to defend or extenuate the liturgy of his church, he is something more than wild, he beats the air and claims the victory as coolly as if he had slain his antagonist. Arguments which prove as clearly as noonday, that believers only should be baptised, are used by him to prove a point upon which they have no bearing. He says:—

"There are at least four Scriptures which put circumcision and baptism after the promulgation of divine truth: that is, in the second place in the order of time and instruction. First, God gave Abraham his covenant long before he instituted circumcision—the latter being but a token of the former, and those circumcised were only so treated because they were included in it: the link in that case, as a general rule, being family birth.

"Secondly, in the passage of the Red Sea. This great event was the second and not the first in Israel's deliverance. The knowledge and use of the blood had been previously possessed. So the person bringing the child to baptism must give expression of this before either can have any right in the ordinance, a requirement which at once excludes heathen.

"Thirdly, Christ in instituting the ordinance directed that the gospel should be preached before it was administered. Surely the inference is too plain to admit of a doubt; that he intended that at least profession should be made of the doctrine preached before the administration of the outward sign.

"Fourthly, in our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus, he first declares that 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;' and then, in his second reply, adds, 'Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.'"

"Knowledge of the kingdom of heaven and its spiritual character must be apprehended before an external sign is made the mark of an entrance into it."

Clearly to us it proves that the teaching and receiving of the word should in every case precede baptism, but no such conclusion suggests itself to Mr. Synge. The following passage, to our mind, beats all to nothing anything ever exposed by Pascal in his "Provincial Letters." We are truly grieved that so enlightened, and we will add, honest a man as he is, could have written so perversely. We say honest, because none but a very transparent man could have ventured to confess his mental reservation so unblushingly. He attempts to show that "the loud bombast of the great Tabernacle preacher," falls to the ground, and that in baptism he can use with a free conscience the words, "We thank thee that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant with the Holy Spirit," &c., because he uses them *with a mental reservation.* Feeling that his own words are far more condemnatory than any of ours, which of course would be only "*bombast,*" we leave them with the reader, deeply mourning that anything so atrocious could come from so good a man. If a blasphemer had so spoken of our Lord, we could have shuddered and forgotten it, but for true lovers of the Lord so to speak, can only be explained by our Master's dying words, "They know not what they do."

"To revert to the objection that a mental reservation is implied: this may at first startle honest minds; but like many an alarm, observation and reflection will allay it. For my own part, I fully admit, that I make this a condition for using the word reviewed, and feel in no wise ashamed to acknowledge it, and rather wonder how it can be held to be an objection, seeing that all Bible teaching is based upon the same principle, and that in every religious act a mental reservation is implied. It is supposed that there is sincerity in the heart, and no man can decide that of another.

"I read the words under consideration as declarative of what baptism, in the spiritual sense of the term, effects, and as if they were written thus—"seeing, that when the Holy Spirit applies the truth symbolised in this act to this child it is regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's church." When

asked by what right this addition is inserted, I reply, by the universal law of all spiritual life, teaching, and truth. For whether it be expressed or not, it must be understood by every one who submits to the authority and teaching of the word of God, that the Holy Ghost must apply truth to make it available; and to object to such a shortened form of expression, is only objecting to a mode of speech constantly employed by our blessed Lord. I take my stand behind him, and through all the noisy declamations against this service, I calmly sit at my heavenly Master's feet, quite contented that, so long as my ideas in matters of typical service are cast in the same mould with his, I cannot very widely err. Of this I am confident, that the objections raised against, and the hard things said of, this service, may with equal truth be applied to Christ's own words. Men forbear to do this, not convinced of the propriety of the form of reasoning employed, but silenced by reverence for the authority of the Speaker. The Prayer-book coming from man's hands has no such protection, therefore it must stand the fire of opposition, and those who use it must not be ashamed or afraid to share with it the noisy revilings of those who cannot understand it, or who, for party purpose, throw stones at it when they dare not do the like at the Bible, lest they be turned out of the synagogue altogether."

Without the slightest mental reservation, we venture to say, that the modern infidel could not be furnished with a more potent weapon against Christianity than this statement, if there were a word of truth in it. But it is false, utterly false. Jesus, who was truth itself, never either directly or indirectly sanctioned any man in teaching children to say that they were regenerated in baptism, when the teacher himself knows that they were not; or in declaring every sprinkled babe to be regenerate, when the speaker has in his mind the mental reservation that they are regenerated, *if they are regenerated, and not else.*

Edged Tools. By the Author of "Win and Wear." Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant.

"EDGED TOOLS" is a well-written story of school-life. The edged tools are those actions and thoughts of youths that help to form their character. There are three representative boys—one a bully, a boy who thrashes him, and a third the victim of the naughty lad's rage. The three boys have each their own characteristics, which are well drawn, and the moral capitally introduced. The bully is an instance of a boy neglected by uncouth and injudicious parents, who, however, is softened by the affection he evinced for a baby-sister, and ultimately, by kind treatment, is moulded to good purposes.

The Great Pilot and His Lessons. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.

DR. NEWTON'S contributions to children's literature are well known. They are remarkably pleasant reading. The present little volume consists of ten sermons for children on Jesus, the Great Pilot who "teaches us how to steer safely past every danger, and enter the harbour of heaven." This is just *the* book for children — simple, terse, tender, sympathetic, and captivating. The themes are good and well chosen; and the gospel is strikingly and prettily illustrated.

The Homiletical Treasury, or Holy Scripture Analytically Arranged for the Use of the Pulpit and the Closet. By the Rev. J. LYTH, D.D. "Isaiah." London: R. D. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon Street.

THE easiest method of dividing eggs is to drop them on the ground, and let them break themselves; after this fashion the verses of the book of Isaiah are divided by the respected Doctor of Divinity, who issues this specimen of a projected work. He must be a very poor sermoniser who would be helped by these verbal analyses; they are so remarkably free from freshness and thought, that we should suspect our students of utter incompetence if they produced such very unsuggestive skeletons.

The Great Architect, as manifested in the Material Universe. By MUNGO PONTON, Esq., F.R.S.E. Second Edition. T. Nelson and Sons.

A GRAND book, suggesting loftiest thought. The deep student, who is not content with mere skimmings, will find food convenient in these pages. We regret that space compels us to say so little where so much is deserved.

Is Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister prohibited by the Law of God? By the Rev. J. Hannah. Elliot Stock.

In this sixpenny pamphlet, the writer calmly and clearly states his reasons for believing that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is forbidden by the Mosaic law, but he does not enter into the question as to whether laws of the Jewish polity are binding upon Christians. Upon the first point, his reasoning is very cogent, the second is, however, to our mind, the main question. We do not intend to marry our wife's sister, but those who do, had better look at the business carefully.

The Story of a clean Heart. By T. B. Stevenson, B.A. Elliot Stock.

This is No. 2 of the Lancashire Tracts, and advocates Christian perfection. Our Wesleyan friends seem to mean by this what we understand by the higher spiritual life in its noblest forms of complete resignation, consecration, and faith, and so needful is it to excite believers to make advances in the divine life, that we shall not quarrel about terms; at the same time, we wish that incautious persons would not speak as though they were actually living without the slightest imperfection of thought, desire, motive, or imagination. Greatly as we reverence their holy lives, we would not have believed Fletcher or Wesley himself if either of them had made such a claim, much less can we put up with the bragging of modern pretenders to absolute perfection.

The Hero of the Humber; or, the History of John Ellerthorpe, Foreman of the Humber Dock Gates, Hull, the saviour of more than forty persons from death by drowning. By the Rev. Henry Woodcock. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Woodcock has produced one of the most interesting little books it was ever our pleasure to read. The subject is a happy one, such men as John Ellerthorpe deserve to be known and honoured. The author makes no pretence to fine writing, but gives the story in a manner which we wish other writers would imitate, namely, straightforward and to the point. If the public know an interesting book when it is offered to them, they will purchase this by thousands. Every seafaring man should take it with him on his next voyage.

Although we do not, of course, agree in all its denominational peculiarities, *The Friend*, a monthly newspaper of the Society of Friends, always commands our attention and approbation, and appears to us to be exceedingly well edited. *The Alliance News*, a weekly newspaper, is the vehement advocate of the Permissive Bill. We do not accept its conclusions, but we admire its ability. We do not know any paper in existence which pursues its object with such persistent determination, sustained energy, and common-sense shrewdness. One thing it does, and that one thing with a vengeance. *The Weekly Record*, the organ of the National Temperance League, is such a temperance paper as all papers should be; earnest, clever, temperate, and Christian, and filled with interesting reading, such as would catch the eye of the non-teetotaller, and constrain him to hear the argument for total abstinence. *The Freeman*, the Baptist weekly paper, is a great credit and discredit to the denomination: a credit because it is usually well conducted, a discredit because it is so little supported. *The Homilist* and *Pulpit Analyst*, are neither of them to our taste. *The Children's Record of the Free Church of Scotland.* T. Nelson and Sons. Price one half-penny. Is the best conducted of all the juvenile missionary magazines. We only wish our "Baptist Juvenile Herald" were a tithe as good. Our friend, the editor, is one of the best children's caterers we have ever met with. *Old Jonathan*, *The British Workman*, *and The Band of Hope Review*, become, if possible, better every month. *The Scattered Nation* is the best advocate of the claims of Israel that we know of; we wish our friend Dr. Schwartz growing success. *Religious Opinion*, a weekly paper, is calculated, as we believe, to do a very great deal more harm than good.

Memoranda.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. G. T. Ennals, of the College, as pastor of the church assembling in Harvey-lane Chapel, Leicester, were held on Sunday, the 15th, and Monday, the 16th of March. Two sermons were preached on Sunday by Mr. G. Rogers, tutor at the college, after which liberal collections were made towards the chapel funds. On Monday evening Mr. J. P. Mursell presided. Mr. N. Haycroft, M.A., offered the introductory prayer. The statement on behalf of the church was made by Mr. Butler. Mr. Ennals then made the usual statement in relation to his experience, his call to the ministry, and his doctrinal sentiments. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. T. Lomas. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. G. Rogers, and the charge to the church by Mr. J. P. Mursell. Mr. J. J. Irving, of Melton Mowbray, concluded with prayer. Messrs. T. Stephenson, J. J. Goadby, J. Myers, and W. Tubb were also present in token of their sympathy with the occasion. Mr. Ennals has commenced his ministry here under the most favourable circumstances, both on account of the increase of the congregation, and the sympathy of the ministers and leading friends of Nonconformity in the town. Many allusions in the above-mentioned services were made to the eloquent preacher, Robert Hall, who for many years exercised his ministry in that place.

A meeting to recognise Mr. J. Green, of the College, as pastor of the Baptist church, Stogumber, Somerset, was held on Feb. 28th. Mr. J. Mills, the late pastor presided. A portion of Scripture was read and prayer offered by Mr. R. Priske, of Watchet, when Mr. G. Burnitt, deacon, detailed the circumstances of Mr. Green's settlement. The newly-elected minister then briefly stated his call to the kingdom of grace, to the gospel ministry, and to the church at Stogumber, after which a charge was given to him by Mr. G. Rogers, theological tutor of the Tabernacle College. The ordination prayer having been offered by Mr. J. Mills, Mr. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., of Wellington, gave an address to the church. After tea another service was held; Mr. G. Rogers occupied the chair. Addresses were given by Messrs. G. W. Humphreys, B.A.; R. Priske; R. Kerr, Montacute; W. Spurgeon (Independent), Stowey; J. Cruikshank, Uffculme; J. Green, and the chairman. Efforts are being made by the church to rebuild the chapel, which, besides being in a dilapidated state, is too small for them. Assistance towards this object will be gratefully received.

The friends at Penge appear to be prospering abundantly. They are about to commence erecting schoolrooms.

The special services at the Tabernacle have been fraught with a blessing far greater than ever. The day of prayer was a season of high and hallowed devotion. From seven a.m. to nine p.m. prayer never flagged; in fact, there was not time enough for all to pour out their desires. The church is rebaptised in the Holy Ghost, and many sinners have been saved.

Mrs. Spurgeon's continued illness, to our deep distress, quite prevents her from superintending the Bazaar, and we shall be in a great strait in June next unless our lady friends everywhere come to the rescue. It would be a great relief to us to hear from those who are working for the Orphans' Bazaar. We do also very affectionately ask prayer for the recovery of Mrs. Spurgeon from her long and painful illness.

On Lord's day, March 22nd, the last portion of the sum needed for the *Almshouses and Schools* was raised in two collections, the sum of £216 being contributed in the boxes, £40 at a previous collection, and £500 by a few friends. Let the name of the Lord be praised. May the Lord carry us through the Orphanage to as happy a consummation.

Our friend Mr. Gordon, of Darlington, has had a gallant contest with Dr. Massingham. In reading the record of the discussion we admired the manner in which our friend kept to his point of demanding Scriptural proof for religious taxation; vain were the comments and evasions of the doctor, no Scripture would come to his aid. Mr. Gordon deserves the thanks of all who believe in spiritual religion and the voluntary system. The report should have been published in London. It can be had by any one who sends stamps to Mr. Gordon.

We are proceeding at the Stockwell Orphanage with the schoolroom, dining-hall, master's house, four dwelling houses, and the shell of three other houses, which for the present will be used as a hall, in lieu of the erection which was blown down. For all this we look up for means, and means will come.

We have received a most admirable letter from the Liberation Society, *but* it is too long for our columns. It urges the necessity of earnest Nonconformists at ending the triennial Conference announced in our advertisement columns. With the

utmost intensity of earnestness we press the matter upon all true Nonconformists. Now is our time, and if this be neglected, woe to us. All our churches and societies should send delegates. Let it be seen to at once, and with decision.

The first anniversary of the new Baptist interest in Albion Hall, Dalston, was held on January 29th; 150 friends sat down to tea. At the public meeting, A. T. Bowser, Esq., of Hackney, being unavoidably absent, the pastor, Mr. Joseph Blake, presided, and stated that the first year had not been without its difficulties, but still had been one of progress; several had been baptised, others stood proposed for membership, and many were asking their way to Zion. A Sunday-school and servants' Bible class had been formed, the school was fast increasing, and the Bible class had begun to produce spiritual fruit. It was in contemplation to erect a suitable place of worship. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. W. A. Blake, W. Alderson, J. Pearce, G. Wyard, and T. Baugh.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—Feb. 20, seven; 27, twenty-one; Mar. 5, thirteen; 12, fourteen.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 88.

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. 20th, to March 18th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Paisley, per Mr. Crouch	3	3	0
„ Glasgow, per Mr. Chamberlain	5	5	0
A Thankoffering, Mr. and Mrs. Ryder	1	1	0
Mr. Haddleton	0	10	0
A Thursday-Night Hearer	2	10	0
John xvii. 20, 21, 22	5	5	0
Mr. J. M. Bell, M.D.	1	0	0
East Grinstead	0	10	0
Mr S. Holroyd	5	0	0
E. J. P.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Parks	0	5	0
A. A.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Budge	0	10	0
Mr. C. Tucker	0	2	6
Mr. M. C. Hardy	1	1	0
Mr. J. Johnston	1	0	0
A. V. L.	3	8	3
Collection at Aberchirder, per Mr. Crabb	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, J. W.	0	10	0
Moiety of Collection at Stantonbury, after Sermons, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. W. Mack	5	0	0
Mr Percival	0	3	0
A Silent Friend	0	10	0
An Invalid	0	3	0
Mr. J. Deverell	2	0	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Bradford	0	6	0
B. D.	0	5	0
Mr. Tatnell	5	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. Jones, per Mr. Drayson	0	2	6
H. E.	1	0	0
Mr. A. MacLeod	0	5	0
E. S.	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Coutts	0	5	0
Mr. E. Griffiths	0	4	0
The Widow's Mite	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. A. Jephs	1	5	6
Mr. J. A. Smith	0	10	6
A Reader of Sermons	5	0	0
Collection at Bury St. Edmund's, after Sermon by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon	12	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 23	37	11	3
„ „ „ Mar. 1	31	8	5
„ „ „ „ 8	30	3	10
„ „ „ „ 15	37	11	3
	£217	15	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th, 1868, to March 18th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Pike	0	10	0
Mr. Simpson	0	5	0
A Thursday-Night Hearer	3	10	0
Mrs. Howard	1	1	0
Mr. S. P. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Greig	0	2	6
Mr. W. Moore	1	0	0
A Servant	0	2	6
Mr. J. Walker	0	5	7
A Missionary's Orphan	0	5	0
E. R.	0	10	0
Mr. Dring	0	1	0
Mr. E. Harris, per Mr. Waters	1	0	0
E. S. B.	0	5	0
Friends, per Mrs. Tyson, Brocklesby	0	3	0
W. Llanvapley	0	10	0
Mr. G. Fisher	0	2	6
E. C. L.	0	2	6
Mrs. Harvey	0	5	0
Mrs. Morris	1	0	0
Mr. J. Simpson	0	1	1
A Widow's Mite	0	0	6
A few Friends, per Mrs. Petrie	0	6	6
E. J. P.	0	5	0
D. H.	0	10	0
R. and K. Lacey	0	5	0
Wellington, Somerset	0	1	0
Mrs. Craighead	0	2	6
A Friend	0	4	0
Blairgowrie	1	0	0
Mrs. People	0	10	0
Mr. M. C. Hardy	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Abingdon	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Selwood	1	0	0
Mrs. Clements	0	5	0
Mr. F. L. Shaw	0	1	3
Mr. J. Shaw	0	1	9
A Thankoffering	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. G. Francis	0	10	0
Mrs. Hardwick	0	9	1
Mr. J. Donaldson	2	0	0
Mr. W. G. Heath	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, J. W.	0	10	0
Mr. Rathbone	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	0
Mr. J. Helsdon	0	5	0
A. B.	0	2	6
Miss Gardyne	0	1	0
The Misses Johnson	1	0	0
Mr Q. W. Thomson	2	0	0
B. D.	0	5	0
Mr. Hulme	1	0	0
Friend B.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Mackrill	1	12	0
Mr. James Ward	2	2	0
Miss Marie Glanville	0	5	0
A Sister, Annan	1	0	0
S. N. S. L., per Mrs. Paul	0	5	0
H. E.	0	5	0
A Friend, Aberchirder	0	1	0
Old Swan	1	0	0
D. N., Glasgow	0	5	0
Mr. John Hills	1	0	0
E. S.	0	1	6
Stowmarket	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Buxton	3	4	6
Per Editor "Christian World"	1	15	0
C. A. W.	0	10	0
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	5	0
M. J. Ball	0	5	0
A few Friends, per Rev. W. Burton	0	15	0
J. G.	0	2	0
A few Friends, Aberdeen	1	0	0
	£50	1	3

SUNDAY SCHOOL HOUSE, STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

The Committee acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Subscriptions, and solicit the assistance of any Sunday-schools that may be willing to contribute towards this worthy object. Collecting Cards will be sent, on application to Thomas H. Olney, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Cornwall Road, Notting Hill, Sunday-school				5	1	6
Harrow, Baptist Sunday-school				0	10	0
Greenwich " "						
Mr. Wybrow's Class	6	10	8			
The Teacher Collecting £2 1s. 8d. by a Penny Subscription.						
Mr. Salisbury's Class	0	3	6			
" Perry's "	0	2	3			
" J. J. Wilson's "	0	2	6			
" G. Cox's "	0	2	1			
Miss Morley's "	2	17	9			
" Hay's "	0	7	4			
" Todd & Scovell's	0	9	4			
" Wood's "	0	3	4			
" Safe's "	0	1	6			
" Nicholl's "	0	13	10			
" Neville's "	0	3	0			
" Reid's "	0	3	4			
Anonymous	0	1	9			
				12	2	2
South St., Exeter, Sunday-school				0	7	8
Tooting Sunday-school				1	0	0
Master Riddell, Glasgow				0	12	0
Uphill Folkeston, Sunday-school				0	7	0
Bury St. Edmund's Baptist Sunday-school				3	13	6
Highgate Sunday-school				0	13	4
Kingsgate Street, Holborn Sunday-school				11	4	6
Stockwell Baptist Sunday-school				1	1	0
Cotton Street " "				1	0	9
Wesleyan Free Church, Lewisham, Sunday-school				2	18	10
Stepney Green Tabernacle Sunday-school				11	11	0
				52	8	3
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school				13	12	4
				66	0	7
Amounts previously acknowledged				265	3	3
				£331	3	10

Error in last month's statement, "Wellingborough Sunday-school," should be "Wellington, Somerset, Sunday-school," £1 8s.

For Mr. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers, and Free Ragged School, Golden Lane, E.C.—E. W., 6s.; C. H. Hawkins, 10s.; Z., £1; John Orton, 10s.; Mrs. Street, 5s.; Lex, 3s.; O. H., 5s.; Misses Johnson, £1; S. T., "A Thankoffering," 5s.; E. W., 1s. and parcel. *For destitute children's dinners*, Capt W. Smith, £5.

For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscriptions.—Mrs. Jones, £1 1s.; Mr. Freeman, 10s.; Mr. A. L. Brandon, 10s. Donations—Mr. E. Olmetherly, 5s.; ——, 2s. 6d.; A Working Man, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. P. Bourne, Plymouth, 5s.; Ewell, Surrey, 5s.; E. K., 10s.; E. R., 10s.; A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," 10s.; A few Friends, Aberdeen, 6s.; Mr. H. Gifford, North Cadbury, £5.

For Orphanage Bazaar.—Miss Clayton, £3.

For Chapel Building Fund.—Misses Johnson, £2.

For Almhouses.—Misses Johnson, £2; Mr. Cook, £5; Mr. W. Olney, £5; Mr. Passmore, £5; Mr. Mills, £5; Mr. Bowker, 10s.; Mr. Garland, £1; Mr. Dransfield, £5 5s.; Miss Hadland, £1 1s.; Mr. Chilvers, £5; Mr. Millar, £1; Mrs. Mackrill, 10s.; Mr. Murrell, £5; Mr. Harris, £1 1s.; Mr. J. W. Brown, £5; Mr. Croker, £1; Mr. H. Olney, £10; Mr. Ranford, £5; Mr. Hall, £1 1s.; A Manchester Friend, £10; Mr. Hackett, £2 2s.; Mr. C. Neville, £3; Mr. Pasfield, 10s.; A Widow, £5.

For Pastors' Advocate.—Misses Johnson, £1.

East Prussia Relief Fund.—"Wishing it Were More," £1; Mr. R. Lacey, £3; Mr. J. Mills, 10s.; Mr. W. Drury, 10s.; Mr. E. Backhouse, £5; Mr. E. Morgan, £2; Mr. T. King, £1; H. H. T., 7s. 6d.

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.



C. H. SPURGEON,

EDITOR OF "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL."

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1868.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. IV.—NIGHT CABMEN.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

IT is midnight. A church clock strikes *one*. Sundry other church clocks, far and near, strike one also. Some, with their wonted courtesy, give warning by a merry peal of bells; others, open throats, unceremoniously jerk out their message to a sleeping city. One loud boom from the Clock Tower of Parliament House comes sweeping past in noisy, yet majestic, rivalry; and its cannon-roar is followed by a number of pellet-gun shots from adjacent steeples. Some clocks in the rear, after due and serious reflection, varying from one to five minutes in length, follow suit. All kinds of tones contribute to the midnight disharmony; some impart their information in deep bass, others in clear alto, others in squeaking, expiring treble; some are loud, some hoarse, others modestly tinkling and solemnly lingering, as if proud of the opportunity of adding to people's stock of knowledge, or as if old Father Time had not quite made up his mind to trouble anyone with his progress. Sharp, cold winds, deep frost, falling snow! A bitter morning this! One poor clock, half-frozen, answers affirmatively by striking One. The city, like a water-wheel at rest, is solemn in its silence; the cloudy bosom, that has long hoarded its crystallised treasures, fast unburdens itself, and

> "Silent and soft, and slow,
> Descends the snow."

The streets are not wholly deserted. Here are the protectors and the disturbers of the peace; the few drunkards who reel home, singing for their own amusement, and who are arrested here and there by the imaginary sight of some gay sprite dancing on the snow-flakes as they fall before their path. The rioting youths whose evenings are spent with spirits, in the cup and in the polluted air, arm-in-arm, march hurriedly along; while women, both fair-decked and ill-clad, silently shrink from contact with the falling snow that sadly reminds them of the purity once theirs, but now for ever gone. The flakes fall gently on them, as if tenderly seeking to woo them from their lives of mutiny

'gainst their Creator and his providence. Cabs dash by, the muffled drivers ejaculating, in short syllables, their opinions as to the weather, answering each other indistinctly enough through their woollen comforters. The passengers have come from a private party in yonder brilliantly-lighted hotel. Numbers of cabmen are waiting outside in the snow for a fare. Music inside, bustling horse-driving outside; the poor cabmen, shivering in the cold, half-frozen, hoping that the festivities may speedily close.

"The weather's rather sharp this morning, my friend," observes a gentlemanly-looking, middle-aged, well-spoken man, to an aged cabman.

"Ay, sir; I'm almost froze to death, and I haven't a penny to get a cup of coffee with."

"Well, here, father, is a penny for a cup of coffee," and the friendly hand slips the coin between the cold fingers.

"Ah, sir, glad to see you again," cheerfully remarks another aged cabman, as he heartily grasps the hand of the visitor; "I haven't forgotten a little conversation we had when the cholera was about; you read a text out of the Bible, sir, which I tried to shake off, so as not to think about it; but it followed me wherever I went, and often when I was on my cab it would come into my mind, and what you said about it, too. The text was 'Set thy house in order,' &c., and it's made me a different man, sir. It made me feel something like this, 'How is it so many just round about where I live, even my next-door neighbours, have been taken away so suddenly by death, and I am spared.' I pray now, sir, that I may be kept by the power of God even unto death."

On trudges the missionary. Here is Farringdon Street—a dreary, melancholy-looking deserted thoroughfare; old Fleet prison gateway (now being pulled down at this moment) frowning moodily upon you. Here, too, is the cab-rank. Six cabs, but no "cabby" in either of them. At the end of the rank is a fire-escape, and the six cabmen are seated upon it. The missionary, whose greatest chance of success depends on his judicious appropriation of what he sees to illustrate what he has to say, at once converses with the men, drawing a vivid and by no means exaggerated analogy between the fire-escape and the escape from that danger which threatens both body and soul. In a few minutes a little group is formed, including two policemen, who were going their rounds, and the missionary, with solemnity and brotherly earnestness, impresses upon them the importance of an application to the Saviour of sinners, by whom alone safety was obtained from everlasting woe; and some seemed impressed. One cabman remarked, "I never saw religion so clear before; the illustration is very true; and I feel there is no time to lose—I trust I shall think more about another world than I have yet done."

After a weary round of visits, four o'clock is nigh. The missionary leaves the cab in which he has been sitting, conversing with a driver on his hopes of future happiness. He reaches the Great Eastern Railway. He always aims to be fifteen minutes with the men before the arrival of the early mail train. No passenger is to be seen at this early hour. A death-like stillness pervades the station, and you begin seriously to doubt whether you are visiting a terminus at all. Everything wears a sombre aspect. The lamp flickers fitfully, as if it were disposed to adjourn its attendance upon the ghostly scene. The wind

wails terribly. The heavy tread of the policeman, whose steps are monotonously slow, and cause you to creep shudderingly within yourself, is relieved now and then by the light cheerful steps of the labourer who, whistling clearly in the sharp air, hastens on to the scene of his morning toil. Now, there are one or two lights which put into the shade the dull flame that almost expired in lonely solitude. There are no cabmen yet. By-and-by, there is a sound heard faintly in the distance; then wheels rattle, stones crash, voices are discerned, salutes are exchanged, and a little company of men soon assembles. The missionary chats with them; the porters join the little band, and at this strange hour the Word of God is preached. No, not preached—but a few seasonable evangelical observations are made on some appropriate text of Scripture that bears on the eternal interests of man. The words are few; the sentences short; and in a few minutes the quiet scene is exchanged for one of bustle. The mail has arrived from the General Post Office. One of the railway officials may now be seen walking very quickly down the platform. He has just received a telegraphic despatch announcing the number of passengers, and how many cabs are likely to be wanted. The number is not favourable this morning. Anxiety is visible in the countenances of the poor old cabmen. They are disappointed this time, for many of them are not wanted. A whistle is heard. The train comes in. Porters run hither and thither. All down the platform there is bustle and excitement, which appears more intense because more observed at night than in the daytime. Horses, as well as men, seem to take the cue, and understand the meaning of the change. Within a short time silence again reigns, and the station assumes a similar aspect to its former solitariness.

The missionary invariably leaves his humble home at twelve o'clock in the night, and returns about eight o'clock in the morning. For five years and a-half, with but little intermission, he has been going on his rounds, visiting altogether no fewer than 190 stands. He, with a brother missionary, is supported by the London City Mission, through the kind exertions—may they be rewarded by the good Master!—of the wife of the vicar of Lowestoft, who raises the funds for the support of both missionaries. A lady now living at Sydenham first suggested the idea and the number of the cabmen is so great, and their spiritual instruction so much needed, that the effort has proved to be one of the most necessary as well as fruitful departments of evangelism. There are nearly two thousand night cabmen. They are chiefly old men, who are less able to drive a cab in the busy streets during the day than they once were. Like the gossiping weaver's wife who could never beat her husband except in the morning, because that was the only time she was at home—the night cabman is only accessible to the Christian teacher during the hours when ordinary creation seeks repose. Many of these men are between sixty and eighty years of age. Some, like that soldier who, with his savage love of fighting, cared for nothing in heaven or hell, as long as he had his sword in hand or his pipe in mouth, are utterly regardless of the future, with its solemn issues. Witnessing nightly scenes revolting in their glaring wickedness, thrown among the intoxicating pleasures of sin, they are hardened and thoughtless; many of them have never entered a place of worship for years.

Some have confessed that, but for the missionaries they would have utterly forgotten that they had a soul to be saved. They are very docile, remarkably glad to be taught the message of God's love. And, indeed, the two missionaries seem greatly attached to them. Being earnestly desirous for their best welfare, and remembering how close death must be to most of them, these messengers of peace yearn over their souls. In numbers of instances their efforts have been blessed. Poor old men, down whose furrowed checks the tears of penitence have flowed, have found in Christ the truest consolation for their wearied hearts. In the hour of life's eclipse—for death to the Christian is nought more—they have witnessed a good confession, and have given bright and glorious testimonies that they had been born again. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Salter, one of the missionaries referred to, "difficult as my task is, I enjoy it; it is where my Master has placed me, and I am in my right element." Yet, night work in all weathers, he confesses, has taken seven years' wear out of his constitution, but then he is seven years nearer Home!

Night public-houses, cab-stands, railway stations, coffee-houses, &c., are visited; and tracts are given away, the Word of God is explained and enforced, and conversations are entered into on the pressing topic of the soul's salvation. During the months of January and February, many public and private entertainments are held in London, and consequently they bring together many cabmen. Such places are visited. In the summer, tea-gardens and dancing-saloons attract multitudes of the giddy and the gay, and as the proprietors of these resorts, in many cases, have special licenses to keep open till a later hour, large numbers of cabmen are to be found there waiting for fares. "I try," the missionary tells me, "in a kind and faithful manner to turn all their calamities to good account. Sometimes they will speak of tyranny and oppression, I would then remind them that in the service of Jesus Christ there is perfect freedom; that his yoke is easy and his burden light. Sometimes they will refer to their hard-earned money, and how difficult it is to lay by for a future day. I then try to enforce the duty of laying up treasure in heaven, &c. At other times, they will speak of the lamp agitation, and I then endeavour to show them that God's word is a lamp, which, by taking heed thereto, would prove a safe guide through this dark world to the place where no lamps are needed, because God is the light thereof." If the weather be wet, the cabmen will seek shelter, and the missionary will "get up a talk" about the shelter in the great day of God's wrath. By these and other seductive arts, so necessary under the circumstances, the interest of the men is excited, and they will listen gladly to the gospel. Prior to the passing of the Early Closing Act, the cab trade in the Haymarket was exceedingly profitable, inasmuch as it was interwoven with the gross scenes of wickedness which made that neighbourhood notorious. Now, it is much less remunerative. At the same time, though vice has been largely suppressed, so far as outward appearances go, it would startle the undiscerning public were I to record how cleverly the law is evaded, and give from the missionary's own lips a description of scenes about which the less one knows, the less sad one is likely to become. In visiting these haunts of impurity, where cabmen make their calls to obtain refreshment, the missionary

is seldom insulted. He has been threatened with violence, but not by the proprietor, the frail women, or the cabmen. The former, in nearly every instance, permits the missionary to distribute his tracts—even those which advocate temperance are not objected to—and to converse on religious subjects at the bar. On one occasion, a "swell" threatened to strike the missionary. A cabman overheard the menacing words, and coming up, showed a formidable pair of fists, close contact with which would be shunned by any one who had respect to his *physique*, and elevating them certain degrees into the air, he offered to show what remarkable ability he had in flooring an antagonist. "Touch that man, if you dare; he's my friend; hit him and I'll send yer sprawling on the pavement." The temptation fled, and the threatened assailant sneaked away, without even declining to show fight or offering to appoint a more favourable season for the exhibition of his prowess.

It would form a wonderful work if some one could gather together the cases of remarkable conversions seen after many days as the result of a godly mother's instructions. She who has been described as—

> "A being, seeming sent from heaven among
> Mankind, to show what heavenly wonders be,"

has often been the means under the Holy Spirit's direction and inspiration, of turning many from darkness unto light. Yet it is not always—perhaps it is not often—that she lives long enough to witness the result of her efforts. The only authentic portrait we have of Dante is a fac-simile drawing of Giotto's fresco portrait, once visible in the chapel of the palace of the Podesta, in Florence. For years it was covered with whitewash, and the painter's great masterpiece was hidden from the world until the whitewash was removed in 1840, and the long-hidden likeness was discovered. So may the untiring efforts of a mother's pious winning instruction and faithful counsel be seemingly lost for years, but "the day" shall declare what may now be hidden. The bread that has been cast upon the waters shall be seen after many days. This has been proved over and over again in the experience of the poor aged men of whom we are writing. Listening to the counsels and entreaties of the missionary, some sentences have been dropped which they have remembered as having been spoken to them by their mothers, even fifty or sixty years ago. Struck with this fact, they have thought it over, and the words have so clung to them, wrestling with them with an earnestness that will not be denied, that they have cried, "Great God, I yield—

> 'Low at thy feet I fall
> Subdued by sovereign grace.'"

This is perhaps, one of the most distinctive results of the work of the missionaries: they have brought to remembrance words spoken years ago, which God has blessed when those who uttered them are "mouldering in the dust." Blessed be God for godly mothers! They are emphatically soul-winners of the noblest, truest type.

In collating some of the spiritual results of the mission to night cabmen, a difficulty presents itself. Out of a mass of material that would fill about one hundred pages of this magazine with interesting information, one must necessarily give the preference to typical cases,

and representative efforts. I will, therefore, select a few such pictures out of the mass of undigested notes lying before me.

One cold damp night, a ball was being held in Hanover Square-rooms, outside of which were at least fifty cabs. The missionary entered into conversation with several cabmen who were grouped together, and offered a few remarks on the Psalmist's words, "But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me," impressing on each man the thought that God cared for the old and grey-haired, the poor and the distressed. Several of the listeners shed tears copiously, and begged that the speaker would tell them where that beautiful verse was, that they might find it out, and think about it when they got home. The scene altogether was most affecting, and several men who were deeply impressed, followed the missionary, just as sea-birds follow a vessel, if mayhap a few crumbs may fall for their benefit. On another occasion, at the same place, while the rain was pouring heavily, the missionary was invited into one of the cabs, and as many as could squeeze in and stand outside the doors did so, and in this novel way the third chapter of St. John was read, and its lessons enforced. Mr. Salter, the missionary, speaks as one who has believed, and experienced all that he relates. The great power of Dante, Macaulay tells us, arose from the fact that he seemed to be an eye-witness and ear-witness of what he relates; "his own hands had grasped the shaggy side of Lucifer," "his own brow had been marked by the purifying angel." The missionary's success is, under God, to be attributed to the same cause—the glow of enthusiasm, the fervour of sincerity, the sympathy of tenderness, the authority of a heaven-sent teacher, flash in the eye and sparkle in the message. When he speaks to the aged men of Christ, he convinces them that he was no mean prophet. The world, it has been said, has had many monarchs, but only one Michael Angelo: men have witnessed many noble deeds of self-sacrificing love, but "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This story of the cross is most effective in changing the lives of these men, who are more arrested by the Saviour's death than by the marvel of His birth:—

"Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power,
For comfort, than an angel's mirth:
That to the cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?"

The missionary holds two meetings each week for cabmen—one on Sunday and the other on Friday evening. One meeting is held within quarter of an hour's walk of the great building hallowed to us and to thousands by so many sacred associations, where the beloved Editor of this magazine preaches. In this room, the average attendance is 35, and good results have followed the exhortations made to these aged men. Under the arch at Waterloo Railway Station, from forty to fifty men will assemble to listen to the missionary's message. Of these meetings, he gives me some telling descriptions.

"The time to hold the meeting," he says, "must be arranged by the arrival of the trains, and the hour of nine is best, as there are no trains expected till

ten minutes to ten. Then I enter the place, which has been fitted up for the purpose of gaining refreshments expressly for the cabmen. Numbers of them may be seen conversing together, sometimes rather loudly; but when I open my Bible everything is laid aside and they all sit very attentively till the meeting is closed. I generally select a narrative, and endeavour to bring out some of the great lessons to be derived, giving them the opportunity of asking any question on the subject afterwards. Here I often find a few Christian cabmen who cheer me in my work, and I very seldom leave without receiving many expressions of thankfulness from the men; and I believe many have often been deeply impressed on the necessity of personal religion. A short time since, I addressed them from the narrative of the Shunammite woman, who, speaking of the death of her little child, could say amidst her grief, 'It is well.' I made some remarks on the death of little children, and remarked, 'Perhaps some of you, like myself, have had to part with your children. Let me ask you, how did you feel? could you from your heart say, 'It is well, God has done right'? This touched a very tender chord, for I saw several of them wiping their eyes," &c.

Three cabmen, it appears, were arrested by the message, and, says the missionary, "In my visitations, I often meet with cabmen who refer to this meeting." The following extract from one of the missionary's reports will be worth reading:—

"One wonderful thing that the Early Closing Act has accomplished is to clear the streets of those hundreds of night-begging impostors and outcasts who were to be found huddled together under the porches of theatres, on the stone seats of the different bridges, around the National Gallery, and in fact in every available spot. These people used to push their way into the night houses, and tell their pretended tale of woe to half-drunken swells, who would sometimes give them sixpence or a shilling, which they would spend in gin. When I have warned them of their sinful course of life, they would clasp their hands, turn up their eyes, and appeal to God with the greatest lie imaginable on their lips. I know of no class of people that I so disliked to meet as these, for as soon as I began to speak to them they would begin to beg, although half drunk. Some of them had been in good circumstances, and had had a tolerable education, but, like the prodigal, had spent their substance in riotous living, and were now feeding on the husks. Many of them lounge about the parks in the daytime, or where they can find a place of seclusion; and yet even visits to this abandoned class of persons have not been in vain, as the following case will show:—

"Two years ago there was to be seen at the Haymarket by night a person of dark complexion, a native of South America, who was known among the outcast and beggars by the name of Yankee. I had several conversations with him, and found him to be an educated man, and that his father had been possessed of large property in America, which fell to him, and which he disposed of and came to England. Here he fell into bad company, and soon ran through his money, till by degrees he became utterly destitute of home, food, and almost clothing, and no man gave unto him. In this condition I found him one night, and gave him a cup of coffee, and ever after I used to speak to him of that Saviour who came to seek and to save the lost, which appeared to make a deep impression on his mind. All at once I lost sight of poor Yankee, till I went to the May Meetings last May, and found a copy of the 'Revival' paper on one of the seats, which contained an account of my old friend. It stated that as he was walking up Whitechapel on one occasion, he wandered into a meeting, which led to his conversion to Almighty God, and being an educated man, he was afterwards ordained to go as a missionary abroad, and while giving an account of his conversion he related the kindness he received from the missionary, in connexion with other things, as having led to his decision for the Lord Jesus Christ. May not one sincerely hope that there are other instances

in which good has been done among this class of persons, although it may never be known till the great day of reckoning?"

Here is another noticeable case:—

"On another occasion a pugilist gave me his address, told me that when a little boy, his mother used to teach him his prayers, some of which he repeated to me, and said he often wept when he thought of his sinful course of life. He told me he had got the best wife in the world, but he treated her like a brute. I talked to the poor fellow till he wept like a child, and he took hold of my arm and said, 'You shall go home with me to-night.' I begged to be excused, as it was now three o'clock in the morning. However, there was no alternative, so off I went with him, arm-and-arm. He called his poor wife up, although I wished him not to do so, but so far from being angry when she saw that my object was to try and reform her husband, she thanked me with tears in her eyes. He promised by God's help to seek to lead a new life, and give his heart to God. As I had a Testament in my pocket I gave them it, and we knelt down and prayed for God's blessing on our meeting. I went home musing on the event which had occurred, and could not help feeling that the Lord had directed my steps back with the man. I have called since, and find that by trade he is a sawyer. He is now working at his trade, is a teetotaller, and in a hopeful state of mind."

The conversions do not seem to be frequently immediate. The men's consciences are arrested: their attention is awakened; they go home and meditate, or think over what they have heard while seated on their cabs; and so are led to pray, and to confide in the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer. The tracts are thankfully received and well pondered over; homely truths, appropriately uttered, and suitably applied, have a magic force with them; while what some are ever regarding as the common-places of evangelical teaching, strike their minds with freshness and beauty. Their profession of Christianity is charming in its naked simplicity. They do not attain to great knowledge; and beginning only at the close of life's history to experimentally work out the first formulas of the divine life, they do not gain those deeper and richer acquaintances with truth which characterise believers who have been long taught of God. Yet they live with bright, cheerful prospects; and die with the calm, restful assurance of eternal enjoyment of heavenly blessings. Here they are soldiers, training in God's military academies: there they cease the conflict and enjoy blissful repose. Or, using a figure of old Master Brooks, they see their loved Lord, "in all his heavenly bravery, and in all his divine embroidery and bespangled glory." "For now," saith the apostle, "we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Food Attracts.

EVERYBODY knows that large flocks of pigeons assemble at the strike of the great clock in the Square of St. Mark: believe me it is not the music of the bell which attracts them, they can hear that every hour; they come, Mr. Preacher, for food, and no mere sound would long collect them. This is a hint for filling your meeting-house, it must be done not merely by that fine bell-like voice of yours, but by all the neighbourhood's being assured that spiritual food is to be had when you open your mouth. Barley for pigeons, good sir, and the gospel for men and women. Try it in earnest, and you cannot fail; you will soon be saying, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?"—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.



THIS is no fancy sketch, but is the faithful representation of three clergymen of the church of England while performing some of their favourite devotional exercises. They are presented to the reader that he may be duly impressed with the fact that THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS THE GREAT BULWARK OF PROTESTANTISM! Behold before you three of the goodly buttresses of that bulwark! Disestablish and disendow the church of England, and we are told that Popery will find nothing left to stay its onward rush. It is well for us to know our benefactors; look then, gentle reader, and look again at three of the many clerical breakwaters which prevent our being deluged by the abominations of Rome! Those birettas, and copes, and girdles, are the bonds and rivets of religious liberty, the emblems of Protestant simplicity, the safeguards of the State! Unless England keeps these gentlemen and their church in its pay and patronage, it will cease to be a Christian country, and will become the unhappy victim of the Pope! The watchword is given, "*No Popery!*" Defend the church, whose precious priests so elegantly adorn their persons, and perfume themselves with incense, and then Protestantism will be safe! Disestablish their church, or even a branch of it, and the deluge has arrived!

In truth, this fooling about Protestantism is too transparent to deceive any but the most idiotic. The church of England has done and is doing very much to lead back this nation to that reverence of priests and sacraments from which our martyred forefathers delivered us. The evangelical clergy dare not deny this; and the Tractarians glory in it. The distinction between the Popery of Rome and the Popery of Oxford is only the difference between prussic acid and

arsenic: they are both equally deadly, and are equally to be abhorred. It is undeniable that some of the most eminent divines in the Anglican church are straining their utmost to effect the union of their community with Rome, and their admiration for everything Popish is undisguised. As a rule they are bold, outspoken men, and are acting upon earnest convictions when they oppose Protestantism. Yet we are to recognise this English Popery as the great bulwark of Protestantism! We will believe it when we believe wolves to be the guardians of sheepfolds, felons to be the defenders of property, and fallen angels to be the body-guard of heaven—and not till then. Many of the clergy avowedly reject the very name of Protestant, and yet we are to accept them as its defenders! Protestantism has been wounded and betrayed by the church of England, and has found within its walls its most skilled and energetic foes. Bulwark of Protestantism indeed! Twin sister of Rome is nearer the mark. Look on the three graces in the woodcut, and see whether the sons of the Anglican mother do not bear a strong family likeness to those of the renowned scarlet lady of the seven hills! Indeed, so far from being scandalised at this remark, the gentlemen would own the soft impeachment with a smile, and think it a deserved commendation, for whatever other parties in the church may be, the men of this school are not cowards, and do not conceal their Romanising tendencies. Yet a church abounding with undisguised Romanisers is the bulwark of Prostestantism! Who believes it?

The fact is, that a strong and purely evangelical Episcopalian church never will be seen in this country again till the church is set free from the state. Then those hundreds of godly men who now remain in communion with Romanisers will form themselves into a truly Protestant church, and will in brotherly union with the other free churches form the true bulwark of Protestantism, against which, by God's grace, the gates of hell shall not prevail. It is a great misfortune that those who know and preach the gospel, do not come out voluntarily from the Anglican Papacy, but if they will not, every true Protestant should labour to separate the church and state so as to drive them out, that they may no longer be a shield to Romanisers, and partakers of their sins. The union of church and state is the nest for the Romish crows, down with it at once and for ever. Not one of its truths or its gospel ministers would be hurt thereby, but the truths would be separated from error, and the ministers of the word loosed from the bondage of their present connection with sacramentarianism. If Evangelical churchmen were wise they would see that the separation of the church from the state would be the birth of a pure church, the resurrection of spiritual life, the purging out of the old leaven, and by God's grace the best event that could possibly happen for Protestantism.

Reader, believe us, faith in Jesus brings salvation, not faith in priests; the church of Christ is not a state-made corporation, but a body of believers in Jesus. Take sides with Christ and his truth, and do not be duped by the clap-trap cries of the moribund state church, which will say anything to postpone its inevitable doom.

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The Time of the Resurrection.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Remember that our Lord Jesus Christ was raised from the dead."—2 Timothy ii. 8.

FIRST POINT.—Consider that our Lord rose again *the third day* after his death. "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." This number is full of mystery, and that which happened to the Son of God in those three days, teaches us what we ought to do and what we may expect from his goodness. The first day, he bears his cross, he suffers upon it, he dies upon it. Herein behold what we must imitate through our whole life. Our Lord says to each one of us, "Take up thy cross and follow me." "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Expect not here below temporal prosperity. "Promise not thyself what the gospel doth not promise thee," saith Augustine. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." "Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice." This is your portion.

The second day, his body rests in the grave, separated from the soul, and the soul too enjoys its own repose. Thus, after death, our bodies remain in the earth until the end of the world, and the souls of the just enjoy rest eternal in paradise so soon as they leave the body: the elect "rest in peace."

The third day, the soul of our Lord reunites itself to his body, and communicates to it a glorious and immortal life; and this is what we hope for at the day of the general resurrection, when shall be accomplished the words of the prophet Hosea: "After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up." He means that the death of Christ is the meritorious cause of our resurrection to life eternal, and that his resurrection is its effective and exemplary cause: effective, because his humanity is the instrument of the divinity, which works through the power it thence receives; exemplary, because his resurrection is of all others the most perfect and the first of all; and for this reason it will be the pattern of that of all others.

Learn then, that in order to rise again with our Lord, we must await the third day, the day of triumph, which must be preceded by those of conflict and of death. For these three days are of divine institution. The day of labour is the first, the day of rest the second, the day of resurrection the last. Take heed that thou add not a fourth of man's invention, in order to defer repentance and toil. "They who have been dead four days, stink, and rise not again," says Bernard. Beware of reversing the order of God, and of desiring to enjoy before thou hast suffered. If thou die not with Christ, thou wilt not rise with him: if thou cast not away "the old man," thou wilt not "bear the image of the heavenly." "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." "As" then "we have borne the image of the earthy," let us "also bear the image of the heavenly;" that glorious image to which the eternal Father hath from all eternity predestinated all his adopted children; that precious image which desireth that we should willingly embrace every sort of toil and suffering in order to acquire it; that image

which is now "hid in God with Jesus Christ:" but "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." All creatures groan with this earnest expectation, hoping to partake in the "liberty" and glory "of the children of God." Do ye then also groan with them, waiting for the effect of the divine adoption, "To wit, the redemption of your bodies." "Crucify the members of the earthly man which are in thee." "Put ye off the old man and his works, and put ye on the new man." For "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." "Be ye then steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

SECOND POINT.—Consider that our Lord was raised from the dead, upon the same *day in which the world was created.* The first day which saw the birth of the world, saw the rising of the Saviour of the world. "This day is venerable," says Augustine, "it is the day of the Lord; the perfect day, the light-giving day, on which the first light appeared, the Israelites passed the Red Sea dry shod, manna fell from heaven, our Lord honoured the baptism of John, changed water into wine, multiplied the loaves in the wilderness, and sent down the Holy Ghost." Ignatius the martyr, before Augustine, said, "Live we in conformity to the Lord's day, on which our life first dawned through him and his death."

It was on this day that God said, in the beginning of the world, "Let there be light, and there was light;" and it is on this day that he shed upon his body a light of glory which made it brighter than the sun: upon his disciples, a light of faith and love, which enraptured them at the sight of their risen Lord: upon the new-born church the light of the gospel, which spread itself ere long throughout the whole world, according to the prophecy of Zephaniah, "Wait ye upon me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey: for my determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the kingdoms, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord to serve him with one consent.

Here reflect upon thine own inward state, and see whether the Son of God hath made a new light arise in thy heart; whether he is risen again therein, has infused into it light, and love, and joy, and a spirit of penitence. Canst thou say with Gregory Nazianzen: "Yesterday I was raised upon the cross with Christ, to-day I am raised with him in glory. Yesterday I was buried with him, to-day I rise again"?

THIRD POINT.—Consider that Christ arose *at the break of day,* when the sun seems to make all the beauties of nature revive, and in spring-time, when the fruits and flowers of the earth spring up afresh. "My flesh hath revived." Nothing blossoms anew which hath not blossomed before. The flesh of the Lord was as an opening flower when it came forth from the virgin's womb: it unfolded itself anew when it burst from the sepulchre, and like a flower exhaled upon mankind the sweet odour of immortality. Observe that our Lord died at three in the afternoon, when the day was closing, and rose again about three in the morning, when the sun was rising. An old writer says that the sun had fled before nightfall, when the Saviour of the world was nailed to

the cross; but that, when he rose again, it indemnified itself by forestalling the night, and in its turn chased it away earlier then its wont, in order to restore to the day of the resurrection those three hours of which the darkness had robbed the day of the crucifixion. However that may be, this instructive thought warns thee to redouble thy fervour in order to repair the many hours and precious moments which thou shouldst have spent in the service of God, and which by thy negligence thou hast lost. See how the Son of God, who is the Sun of Righteousness, hastens the time for his resurrection, that he may cheer thee and hasten thy deliverance. Hearken to his loving call, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth." Rise up quickly, for the Sun of Righteousness would shed his light upon thy darkness; he would disperse thine enemies, warm thy coldness, and make all graces blossom anew in thy soul.

ASPIRATIONS AND PRACTICES. 1. *Joy.*—"This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it."

2. *Hope.*—"We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." "O disciples," saith Augustine. "ye trusted; do ye then trust no more? What! Christ liveth, and faith is dead in you!"

3. *Faith.*—We shall rise again.

4. *Patience.*—"Behold," said Minutius Felix, "how all nature presents thee with an image of the resurrection for thy comfort! The sun sets, and then rises; the stars hide themselves, and then appear again; the flowers die and then bloom afresh; seeds do not spring up till after they have decayed in the bosom of the earth; trees do not renew their foliage till after winter has despoiled them of their leaves. So is it with our bodies; they will not rise again till after death. Why wilt thou that they should live again in the depth of winter? Thou must await the spring?"

Enoch's Walk with God.

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

"And Enoch walked with God; and he *was* not; for God took him." Gen. v. 2.

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God." Hebrews xi. 5.

IT is interesting to remark that the brightest believers have often lived in the darkest times. So it was with Enoch. He lived at a time when "the wickedness of man was great in the earth;" when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." He lived at that time when the flood of iniquity had so risen and spread that God said it repented him that he had made man on the earth; and yet, brethren, he was one of the simplest, holiest believers that ever lived. What could you say more of the brightest believer in gospel days, than that he "walked with God"? and what could you say more of the death of such a

* Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. Preached Lord's-day morning, October 2nd, 1842.

believer than that "he was not, for God took him"? Ah! brethren, he that turned Saul of Tarsus, into a preacher of righteousness; he that turned the African blasphemer into the sweet singer of Olney; he chose Enoch out of that wicked generation. Why did he this? I think there are two reasons. (1) *To show that it is not learning;* it is God alone that can change the heart. It is not education, it is not good example, it is not means, it is the free sovereign grace of God. (2) *To condemn the world.* God holds up this bright star to show that the world is righteously condemned. Let us consider—

I. ENOCH'S DIFFICULTIES.

1st. The first difficulty Enoch had was this: *he was a married man, and, it seems, with a large family.* (Ver. 22.) "And Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters." It is curious to notice that Enoch seems not to have begun his heavenly walk till after the birth of his first child. Now you know, brethren, that marriage is honourable in all, and we would not speak lightly of it, for it is an ordinance of God; but then there are many temptations in it. A man's wife and his family is often an idol coming between his soul and God. (See 1 Cor. vii. 32.) "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." The meaning is this, that marriage does not beget temptation, but it is apt to lead to it. How many are there amongst you who are losing your own soul in caring for the bodies of your children? How many mothers keep away from the house of God during the time of nursing, forgetting God, forgetting prayer, forgetting their Bibles. It is said of Archbishop Leighton that he used to be much alone, and did not care for the things of the world. One day, his sister said to him, "Ah, brother, if you had a wife and family, you would not behave as you do." He meekly replied, "I know not what I would do, but I know what I should do, for Enoch walked with God three hundred years and begat sons and daughters." Many of you say, "I have no time for prayer, or reading the Bible, I have so many mouths to feed." Many mothers say, "I have no time for secret prayer; by the time I get the children to bed I am so wearied." Ah! brethren, Enoch will rise up in judgment, and condemn you. He was the father of a large family, and yet he walked with God.

2nd. *He had a long trial.* "Three hundred years." I have often showed you that a man's life, from the time of conversion to the coronation day, is one scene of trials. One apostle writing of it says, "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not; for the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do." "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh," &c. And it says in the Song that believers are like "the company of two armies." But believers in our day have but a short fight; some, like the dying thief, have but to fight for one brief hour—brands plucked from the burning and taken to paradise in one day; or, like Abel, wheat soon ripe for the harvest. They are stars that shine but for one half-hour, and then taken to shine in another

hemisphere. And even the oldest believer has but a short time, a few years of fighting, a few years battling with corruption, a few years of Satan's temptations, a few years of wrestling, and all will be done. But it was not so with Enoch. He had three hundred years in which the world did its worst against him. Three hundred years of inward corruption. Three hundred years in which he had to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" He had three hundred years of wrestling with Satan's temptations, and yet grace carried him through! "My grace is sufficient for thee for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Why should you, then, fear, believer? He that carried Enoch is able to carry you. If the Shepherd's arms were strong enough to carry Enoch three hundred years, think you he will not carry you? And then—

3. *There was an ungodly world.* He lived in a very wicked generation. See Genesis vi. 3, "And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." Verse 11, "The earth also was corrupt before God; and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt, for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." Compare with this what is said in Jude, 14 and 15—"And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." You will notice from this, that it was an ungodly generation. Then, he lived among those who mocked and blasphemed God. No doubt, brethren, the world made a mock at the believer then, as they do now. Ah! your blasphemies were all spoken even before the flood, there is nothing new in them. Some poor believer may be saying, "How can I live godly when all around me are living in sin?" Some may be saying, "Wo is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar. My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace; I am for peace, but they are for war." How can I walk with God, among a generation that are serving Satan? I say, brethren, how did Enoch walk with God? How did Lot do in Sodom? How did the few names in Sardis, that defiled not their garments do? Ah! brethren, these will rise up in judgment and condemn you. They walked close with God, and so may you. He that kept Lot from falling in Sodom, he that kept the few names in Sardis from defiling their garments, he that kept Enoch living a heavenly life in that wicked generation, will keep you. "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

II. I come now, in the second place, to consider ENOCH'S WALK WITH GOD. Verse 22: "And Enoch walked with God." Compare with this the sixth chapter and ninth verse: "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." See also the seventeenth chapter, first verse: "And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram and said unto him, I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect." And in another place we read, "Abraham was called the friend of God." To walk

with God implies a near and close intimacy with him. This walk implies—

1st. *That he was brought nigh to God.* It is impossible, in the nature of things, for God to walk with an unpardoned sinner. Your iniquities have separated between you and God, and have hid his face from you. There is a great gulf fixed between you and God. "The wicked and him that hateth violence his soul hateth." "God is angry with the wicked every day." Ah! brethren, some of you think you can walk with God, though your sins are not washed away, but it is impossible. Brethren, there is but one way in which we can begin to walk with God; we must be brought nigh by the blood of the cross. "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." Ah! unless the blood of atonement be sprinkled on your heart and on your life, unless the sins of your guilty life be washed away, unless the enmity of your heart be removed, you will never walk with God. Many of you try to begin to walk with God though you have not gone to the blood of sprinkling—the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel, but it is impossible. If you remain unpardoned, you may dream of religion as much as you like, you may dream of walking with God as much as you like, you may dream of going to heaven when you die, but unless you have your sins pardoned and your guilt washed away, you will never walk with God, either in time or eternity.

2nd. *Enoch was made like God.* "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Unless two friends love the same things they cannot agree. Suppose one friend loves the things that are unseen and eternal, loves to think about the golden harp, and is continually looking within the vail, and suppose the other friend is looking to the things of the world, looking at the things of sense—the swine's husks—they cannot agree; they will soon part company. It is an unequal yoke; it is like putting two different animals in a yoke together. But, brethren, if two companions love the same things, they will walk together. The one may be a man of great powers of mind, the other may be but like a child, yet if they are going the same road, and if they love the same things, they may walk sweetly together. So was it with Enoch and God. Enoch was but a worm, but he loved what God loved; his heart was made after God's image, and so he could walk with him. Brethren, do you want to walk with God here? then you must get the Spirit of God; you must get you heart changed; you must get your will renewed, or you will never walk with God. "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." Some poor creatures think that they will be with God in heaven, and yet their hearts are not changed; they love their lusts, they love their pleasures, they love their sins, and yet they dream about being with God when they die. It cannot be; you must be made like him, if you would see him as he is.

3rd. *Enoch sought much of the presence of God.* You know, two friends may be one, yet they may be removed to a great distance from one another. If one is in India and the other here, they cannot walk together; but Enoch walked with God in near fellowship. When he was in the midst of his family, with his wife and children about him, he was near to God. God was nearer to him than his wife or children.

He conversed with God more than with his family. Or when he went into the busy market-place, its bustle did not keep out God. And most of all, when the day came to a close, and the hum of the market was over, Enoch walked alone with God in some secret place—the garden, or in the lonely valley. He loved to hide himself in God. Often, like Jacob, he could say, "Surely the Lord is in this place."

Brethren, would you like to walk with God as Enoch did? take, then, these three directions:—

1st. *Suffer no stain on your conscience.* One sin will separate between you and God. Keep near the fountain; keep near the bleeding side of Jesus. So will you walk with God.

2nd. *Keep not one idol in the heart.* One idol will keep you from God. You cannot walk with God and with idols too. "My little children, keep yourselves from idols." One sin that you are unwilling to part with will make a quarrel between you and God.

3rd. *Walk much in secret with God.* Walk much with God in secret, and then you will be able to walk with God in public. If you walk much in secret with God in the morning, it will be easy to walk with him through the day. You who walk closest with God in this congregation would need to spend twice as much time in secret with God than you do if you would wish to have an Enoch's walk.

III. ENOCH'S HAPPINESS. Verse 24: "And Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters." *Enoch was happy in prosperity.* We learn this from its being said, "He begat sons and daughters." But the sweetest thing in his prosperity was, he walked with God. He walked by faith, not by sight. And when the world frowned, it did not drive him from his God, but nearer him. Ah! brethren, Enoch had true happiness. You do not know how to enjoy the world if you are not walking with God. You do not know how to enjoy your families; you do not know how to enjoy your meals. Read what is said of the three thousand that were awakened on the day of Pentecost: "They did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." *And Enoch was happy in his afflictions.* Three hundred years will bring many troubles. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Afflictions had lost their sting. When troubles did swell up to the brim, they did not overwhelm his soul. All his afflictions, losses, and crosses, did not separate him from God. And then, *he was happy when he left the world.* God was so near him that at last he took him to himself. His friends sought him in the morning, but he was not. His children went to the mountain side and to the deep valley where he used to hold communion with his God, but he was not there. They went to the market-place where he used to mingle with his fellow-men, but he was not. They went to the chair where he used to sit, but he was not. God had taken him to himself. So it is with believers still, God takes them to himself. It is but the gathering of the lily to transplant it in another clime. Have you ever stood by the bedside of a believer when dying; and have you noticed his calm eye, and his serene brow; and have you seen him breathe his soul into the hands of God? then you can understand what this means. How will you die, you that know not God? Will you not die like those mentioned in

Proverbs, saying, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof"? Ah! you will die mourning at the last!

Last of all. *Enoch was happy in heaven.* Remember the promise, "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." Enoch is now happy; he is out of reach of all your hard speeches. No more spite and malice, no more afflictions, will ever reach him. And so will it be with you too, poor believer, in this Sardis town; you, too, will walk with him in white; you will be where Enoch is. And you that are their enemies, you will soon be where the enemies of Enoch, in the world before the flood, now are. Amen.

Life in Earnest.*

FROM the parable of the talents, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, we may fairly conclude that no true Christian, or servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, does not possess at least *one* talent. From the same parable it appears that he who has the smallest ability entrusted to him is likeliest to be faithless to his stewardship: "But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money." A solemn warning this to all of us who are not stars of the first or second magnitude in the church's sky, to let our light so shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is n heaven.

"Do what you can,
Be what you are,
Shine as a glowworm
If you are not a star."

We have a striking and encouraging illustration of this kind of doing and shining in the last seven years of the life of the late Robert Annan, a working man of Dundee, who departed this life July 31st, 1867, in the thirty-third year of his age. A rough and hard stone from nature's quarry, we have in him a rather unusual example of what the grace of God and the love of Christ can do. By his pastor and biographer, the Rev. J. Macpherson, his early life is described as, "reckless, wayward, ungovernable, and fierce." Frequenting the tavern, he soon became addicted to drinking, swearing, fighting, and kindred vices, till at length he found himself in prison for three months, where he vainly prayed for a miraculous release, remembering the case of the apostle Peter's deliverance by an angel. At the end of his punishment the "angel of justice" set him free, and his father sent him to America. In the United States his life was no better. Passing over to Canada he "began to be in want," and was literally employed in "feeding swine." There he enlisted in the 100th Regiment, which was immediately sent to England to encamp at Aldershot; thence he deserted, and came to London in disguise, across fields and edges, with a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other. In a wretched plight he assumed his mother's maiden name, and enlisted in the naval service for the sake of the

* Suggested by an admirable little book, "The Christian Hero: a Sketch of the Life of Robert Annan." Morgan and Chase.

bounty-money. He was at once sent to Gibraltar, where he found the 100th Regiment sent on before him. From the deck of the "Edgar" he could see his old comrades stationed on the rock; his troubled conscience constrained him to give himself up as a deserter, for which he suffered the penalty, and then resolved to turn over a new leaf. "In this spirit he wrote to his parents, who procured his discharge; and Robert returned to his father's house, seemingly a sadder and a wiser man."

As it is not designed in this paper to dwell on the aboundings of sin, so much as to give the reader an example of the super-aboundings of divine grace, as manifested in the closing years of this young man's earthly life, we turn from his "wanderings" to consider his return to God. Not all at once was he made aware of his absolute need of a thorough renewal. Mean, as well as mighty men, bricklayers and labourers, as well as rulers and members of Parliament, are astonishingly averse and slow to believe that old truth, namely, the necessity of the new birth. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." After sundry futile endeavours, the self-righteous schemes and attempts of Robert Annan ended in the total wreck of all his hopes; the drunkard, like the dog, returned to his vomit. But the strugglings of an evil spirit within do not always, nor even often, indicate reprobation or the final departure of the quickening spirit. In those days (1860-61) the Spirit of God was manifestly working in Dundee, and Robert, in great distress of mind, went to a revival-meeting held in Kinnaird Hall, where he was convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Returning home he ascended the hay-loft, where, "during the night and all next day, for the space of thirteen hours, he lay on his face before God, and, with agonising cries, pleaded for mercy." Pity that such earnest importunity should ever be attended by spiritual ignorance, as it was in his case, in seeking signs from heaven, and in listening for a celestial voice saying to him, "Your sins are forgiven." After three days' encountering the storm, he cast anchor, not in "the hold of his own vessel," to use his own phrase, but within the veil sure and steadfast. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Believing this promise he found peace with God, through Jesus Christ.

By means of much prayer and meditation upon the Scriptures, as well as incessant labours in his new Master's vineyard, the divine life in him was healthy and of rapid development. The vigorous exercise of his graces multiplied them. The day of his Christian work commenced with his new birth. "Give me some tracts," said he to his minister, "for I wish to do something for Christ." The next evening he stood up at a public meeting, and declared what the Lord had done for his soul. Employed as a mason during the day, he devoted his evenings to street preaching and cottage meetings, and not unfrequently spent whole nights in private prayer! His holy zeal and courage created opportunities of doing good to the souls of his fellow men. Out of his daily wages he would manage to save as much as would now and then enable him to take a fortnight's evangelistic tour, an example the writer would commend to the attention of all devout Christian men in our cities and large towns. Gentleman, you enjoy the stated ministrations

of the ablest ministers, your means enable you now and then to take a tour, endeavour to make it an evangelistic one; trip to the country hills or to the sea-side with your heads full of knowledge, and your hearts full of love, as well as with your purses full of money, and generously give us a share in all that you possess. It would probably result in incalculable spiritual good both to the church and to the world if Christian ministers everywhere as well as laymen, would attempt the same kind of thing. An occasional stirring of the salt amongst the mass would have a seasoning effect. An exchange like this of pulpits, ay, and of pews and pulpits, might at the same time be destructive to many unfriendly criticisms, and productive of much mutual sympathy and Christian love.

In 1862 Robert married, and devoted himself entirely to missionary labour in connection with the North East Coast Mission. In this work he was greatly discouraged by seeing no fruits to his labour. After great searchings of heart he returned to Dundee in 1864, where again in connection with his calling his voluntary labours were signally blessed. Often on going to his work at an early hour he would write on the pavement passages of Scripture, such as, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Thus many of his fellow workmen were met on the threshold of the day by a voice from heaven, preaching from the very stones. Limited as were his means he managed always to give away many tracts and little books. "You may get your portrait taken for five shillings," said his wife to him one day. To which he replied, with much feeling, "My dear Jeanie, I would to God I had five shillings to buy gospel tracts with for poor sinners." He stood prepared to do good in every way possible. Many times did he plunge into the water and risk his own life to rescue another from drowning, for which he received a medal and parchment from the Dundee Humane Society. One boy, whom he was saving, he held up in the water, and all the while spoke to him of Jesus, saying, "Trust in Jesus, he will save you from eternal death." Poor starving creatures, he would take home and share with them his own humble meal. He would write letters and entail on himself any amount of trouble and care to secure the prostitute's return from her course of sin. Now he would write a kind and faithful letter to one who trusted in his own righteousness, reminding him of the testimony of Bible saints, as Isaiah, "Woe is me! I am undone. I am a man of unclean lips." Again he wrote to a family that made a profession of religion, but lived in practical ungodliness, making a solemn appeal to them. To another who was trying to hold both with Christ and the world, he writes, "The things I have seen and heard concerning you are inconsistent with the grace of God. The word of God tells us that they who are friends of the world are enemies of God. 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.' 'No man can serve two masters: ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' 'A divided heart God will never accept.' Christ is like the woman mentioned in 1 Kings iii. 25. The whole child or no child. The devil is like the other woman who

wanted the child halved. He wants sinners to enjoy the pleasures of the world and hold Christ too; but that will never do. The lion of Judah and the lion of hell can never be yoked in the same chariot."

But his chief delight and means of doing good, was preaching Christ in the streets. In the darkest Wynds of Dundee, his rough but pathetic voice would be often heard. "Around the indefatigable seeker of straying souls would gather, at the sound of a hymn, a motley crowd of coal-heavers, shore-porters, loafers, do-nothings, fish wives, begging women with ill-favoured babes in their arms, girls of the streets, and others that defy all description; and as they listen to the bluff, manly, kind-hearted preacher, his solemn utterances begin to tell upon consciences that have long slumbered, and his passionate appeals find a response in the tears that score many an unwashed face." Suddenly a policeman comes and bids him "move on." With a tear in his eye, the disheartened preacher steps from his homely pulpit, a chair, and goes away. "Ay, ay," says one of the poor people, "we ken wha has dune this (meaning the publican); it il no pit naething inta his pouch, I'se warran' ye. Had it been a chiel singin' a sang at a door, he wad a latten him stan' till eleven o'clock at nicht. But the guid man maun gang ava', and we'll nae get a chance awa." "Na, na," says another, "that's aye the wye. They wud prosekeete (persecute) Christ himsel' if he cam doon the closs." Not long before his death he was ordered by the police to leave his preaching stance and return no more. "May I not speak at such a place?" he asked. "No." "Well, then, in Helen Street, which is not a thoroughfare?" "No." "Well, I will go home, and take my stand in my own house, and open the window and shout with all might, and every soul in my neighbourhood at least will hear of salvation."

Thus Robert laboured hard in his Master's vineyard, and God rewarded him with extraordinary manifestations of grace to prepare him for the glory soon to be revealed. "On Wednesday, July 24, 1867, just seven days before he went home, he was standing upon a raft, and as he floated about, he was suddenly visited with an extraordinary manifestation of God to his soul. He had long ere this, attained to close, habitual, and almost unbroken fellowship with his great Redeemer; but now he was brought so near, that for the time he knew not that he was in the body. The glory of the Lord filled his soul with a radiance well nigh unsupportable. . . . Robert spoke of this to his Christian friends, and said, 'Jesus came to me on the water, and I thought I was home.' 'Do not wonder,' he said, to some of his brethren, 'if you hear some strange things about me one of these days.'" "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." On the following Friday, at an early hour, he found a wretched young woman at the docks resolved to drown herself. She had wandered from the paths of virtue. He, along with another Christian friend, took the girl and sent her by train to a quiet retreat, where under the wing of a devoted Christian lady, she might be encouraged in well-doing. Two days afterwards, he wrote her the following letter—the last he ever wrote:—

"Dundee, July 28, 1867.

"My dear Friend,—I write you this day about Jesus, the Saviour of poor sinners like you and me. I do not see any reason why you should not be

washed in his blood, but that which every other careless sinner has. You have cost me more tears than many. I trust not in these for any good to you, but I do trust in Jesus that He will save you.

"Remember, dear Elizabeth, that more are praying for you than me, or even your dear mother, brother, or others. Jesus is at the Father's right hand pleading for you; and the reason why you are not in hell suffering the vengeance of eternal fire, is, because Jesus pleads and says, 'Spare it yet a little longer, till I shall dig about it, and dung it.'

"Dear sister, what a dreadful hell yours will be if you go there. You will have to go forcing your way over your mother's prayers, tears, and warnings, your own profession once made, and the entreaties of others. Will not all this make hell hotter? An eternal hell! Elizabeth, think about that! Mercy offered now! Think about that! Jesus inviting you! Think of that! His loving arms open to receive you! Think about that! Elizabeth, I wish I could give you to Jesus: I will try to do it by faith. Will you not go to the dear loving Saviour who bled and died on Calvary to save sinners like you from hell? Dear soul, will you resist Him any longer? I am as certain He will save you as I write this note, if you will but trust in Him.

"I ask you, as a dear friend, to go to Jesus, and He will forgive you, taking you to His bosom, where you will be safe for ever.

"I am, your real friend,

"Robert Annan."

All Saturday night Robert, as was his wont, spent in prayer. On Sabbath morning, he put up his family for worship at half-past six. Thereafter he went to the police authorities and obtained leave to hold one more meeting in Couttie's Wynd, where he began by singing,

"For ever with the Lord."

On returning from his morning service, he went to church; but he was so filled with divine light and joy that he could not enter the sanctuary, and retired to pour out his soul in secret praises. In the afternoon he went and spoke to the gipsies; came home and went to his knees again; then to Lilybank to address an open-air meeting; and again to Couttie's Wynd at seven o'clock. Thence again to the gipsies' tent, where he spoke, sang, and prayed; and returned to his own house at half-past ten in a state of complete exhaustion, but full of joy in the Lord. *His Sabbaths during the seven years of his life of faith had been spent much in the same way.* He did more in seven years than many in seven times seven. "You are working too hard, Robert," was often said to him. He replied, "The harder I work, I'll get the sooner hame. We must deny ourselves. We'll no get to heaven on a feather bed."

He had prayed for a triumphant death. One day, when speaking about heaven, Mrs. B. said, "I'll be satisfied if I manage somehow to get in." "What," said Robert, pointing to a sunken vessel that had just been dragged up the Tay, "would you like to be pulled into heaven by two tugs, like the *London* yonder? I tell you, I would like to go in with all my sails set, and colours flying."

On the morning of Wednesday, 31st July, he rose at four o'clock and spent a long time in secret prayer. Some of the neighbours heard the sound of his wrestlings, and remarked to his wife that Robert had been "very busy with his God that morning." He returned to breakfast as usual, and after family worship spent half an hour in secret prayer. He then hung upon the walls of his house outside two boards on which

were pasted placards calling the attention of passers-by to "THE TWO ROADS," the "*Broad*" and the "*Narrow*;" concluding with this solemn question—"*Reader, where will you spend eternity?*" Then taking a piece of chalk, he wrote upon the pavement "ETERNITY," and on the gate "DEATH," and went to his work at the docks. About twelve o'clock a boy, eleven years old, fell into the water, and Robert, hearing the cry, plunged in to save him. Swimming to the spot, he laid hold on him, and bidding him "hang on by his neck," he made way for the shore. But the current proved too strong for even the strong swimmer, and two boats put off to his assistance. The child was saved, but the man of God went down. He might have saved himself by letting the boy go, but the self-sacrificing and Christ-like man would save another if he perished himself. Waving his hand, as if bidding farewell—so says a spectator of the scene—and with a smile on his face, he laid himself on his back and went down! No; not down, but up: for the man himself, the nobler part, washed in the blood of Christ, and clad in the beauty of holiness, went up to be for ever with his God.

We must refer the reader to the admirable sketch of the life of this heroic Christian working man, from which this paper is extracted, for further interesting details. Suffice to add that his death changed the east of Dundee into a Bochim. The man who a few days before was despised and hated by many, was mobbed, derided, hooted down, pelted with soot and stones, and spat upon for the sole crime of preaching Jesus to perishing men, was now the object of universal lamentation. On Saturday, the 3rd August, his remains were interred in the Eastern Necropolis. By order of the Provost, the great bell of the old steeple rang out a solemn peal—an honour, it is said, accorded to a working man for the first time in the present century. Never in the halls of kings did tears fall more fast and freely than those that fell in "the *but* and *ben*" which was the humble but happy home of Robert Annan. And many were, and still are, the unexpected echoes of his prayerful labours. Instrumentally he converted many sinners and aroused many saints. His works do follow him. By what instrument did he perform them? By the simple gospel. Ruin by the Fall, Redemption by Jesus Christ, Regeneration and Sanctification by the Holy Spirit: these appear to have been the cardinal truths of his faith. But he took an *earnest* hold of them by prayer and meditation, and *used them perpetually* in the service of God, *just in his own way*. And this way, although sometimes imperfect, was best for him, as probably it is for most of us. To Robert was given a ram's horn; and many a strong blast did he blow, as during his week of years he walked round and round the walls of Jericho. Nervous people put their fingers in their ears, for the ram's horn was not sweetly musical, or according to science; but Robert went on blowing. Some laughed and mocked, some cursed and swore, but the ram's horn waxed louder and louder. "He will do more harm than good," said the timid folks; but Robert, having no idea of timidity on a field of battle, thought only of obeying his Captain's order, and went on as before. And certain it is, that ere he had gone his last round, and blown his last blast, great breaches were made in the walls, and great towers had fallen, as even the men of Jericho themselves acknowledge. "There is nobody now to care for

my soul," said a poor woman, as she wept and looked upon his dead body. O Dundee, the scene of the labours of the devout McCheyne, thou hast lost another good citizen and a man of God. May his mantle nave fallen upon another like-minded. And by his life let us all be assured that we can, by the diligent use of similar means, make our own much better than they are at present.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait."

John Ploughman's Talk.

MEN WHO ARE DOWN.

NO man's lot is fully known till he is dead, change of fortune is the lot of life. He who rides in the carriage may yet have to clean it. Sawyers change places, and he who is up aloft may have to take his turn in the pit. In less than a thousand years we shall all be bald and poor too, and who knows what he may come to before that? The thought that we may ourselves be one day under the window should make us careful when we are throwing out our dirty water. With what measure we mete it shall be measured to us again, and therefore let us look well to our dealings with the unfortunate.

Nothing makes me more sick of human nature than to see the way in which men treat others when they fall down the ladder of fortune. "Down with him," they cry, "he always was good for nothing."

"Down among the dead men, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men, there let him lie."

Dog won't eat dog, but men will eat each other up like cannibals, and boast of it too. There are thousands in this world who fly like vultures to feed on a tradesman or a merchant as soon as ever he gets into trouble. Where the carcass is, thither will the eagles be gathered together. Instead of a little help, they give the sinking man a great deal of cruelty, and cry, "Serves him right." All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets. If providence smites him, all men's whips begin to crack. The dog is drowning, and therefore all his friends empty their buckets over him. The tree has fallen, and everybody runs for his hatchet. The house is on fire, and all the neighbours warm themselves. The man has ill luck, therefore his friends give him ill usage; he has tumbled into the road, and they drive their carts over him; he is down, and selfishness cries, "Let him be kept down, then there will be the more room for those who are up."

How aggravating it is when those who knocked you down, kick you for not standing up! It is not very pleasant to hear that you have been a great fool, and that there were fifty ways at least of keeping out of your difficulty, only you had not the sense to see them. You ought not to have lost the game; even Tom Fool can see where you made a bad move. "*He ought to have locked the stable door;*" everybody can see that, but nobody offers to buy the loser a new nag. "*What a pity he went so far on the ice!*" That's very true, but that won't save the poor fellow from drowning. When a man's coat

threadbare, it is an easy thing to pick a hole in it. Good advice is poor food for a hungry family.

"A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds."

Lend me a bit of string to tie up the traces, and find fault with my old harness when I get home. Help my old horse to a few oats, and then tell him to mend his pace. Feel for me, and I shall be much obliged to you, but mind you feel in your pocket, or else a fig for your feelings.

Most men who go downhill meet with Judas before they get to the bottom. Those whom they helped in their better days generally forget the debt, or repay it with unkindness. The young sucker runs away with the sap from the old tree. The foal drains his mother, and then kicks her. The old saying is, "I taught you to swim, and now you would drown me," and many a time it comes true. The dog wags his tail till he gets the bone, and then he snaps and bites at the man who fed him. Eaten bread is forgotten, and the hand that gave it is despised. The candle lights others and is burnt away itself. For the most part, nothing is more easily blotted out than a good turn. Every one for himself is the world's golden rule, and we all know who takes the hindmost. The fox looks after his own skin, and has no idea of losing his brush out of gratitude to a friend.

A noble spirit always takes the side of the weak, but noble spirits do not often ride along our roads; they are as scarce as eagles; you can get magpies, and hawks, and kites, by the score, but the nobler breed you don't see once in a lifetime. Did you ever hear the crows read the burial service over a dead sheep before they eat it? Well, that's wonderfully like the neighbours crying, "What a pity? How did it happen? Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" and then falling to work to get each of them a share of the plunder. Most people will help those who do not need it; every traveller throws a stone where there is a heap already; all the cooks baste the fat pig, and the lean one gets burned.

"In times of prosperity friends will be plenty:
In times of adversity not one in twenty."

When the wind serves, all aid. While the pot boils friendship blooms. But flatterers haunt not cottages, and the faded rose no suitor knows. All the neighbours are cousins to the rich man, but the poor man's brother does not know him. When we have a ewe and a lamb, every one cries, "Welcome, Peter!" The squire can be heard for half-a-mile if he only whispers, but Widow Needy is not heard across the park railings, let her call as she may. Men willingly pour water into a full tub, and give feasts to those who are not hungry, because they look to have as good or better in return. Have a goose and get a goose. Have a horse of your own, and then you can borrow one. It is safe to lend barley where the barn is full of wheat, but who lends or gives where there's none? Who, indeed, unless it be some antiquated old soul who believes in his Bible, and loves his Lord, and therefore gives, "hoping for nothing again"?

I have noticed certain gentry who pretend to be great friends to a falling man because there are some few pickings yet to be got off his bones. The lawyer and the money-lender will cover the poor fellow

with their wings, and then peck at him with their bills till there's nothing left. When these folks are very polite and considerate, poor men had need beware. It was not a good sign when the fox walked into the hen-roost and said, "Good morning to you all, my very dear friends."

Down men, however, must not despair, for God is yet alive, and he is the friend of the friendless. If there be no one else found to hold out a hand to him who has fallen, the Lord's hand shall not fail to bring deliverance to those who trust him. A good man may be put in the fire, but he cannot be burned. His hope may be drenched but not drowned. He plucks up courage and sets a stout heart to a stiff hill, and gets over rough ground where others lie down and die. While there's life there's hope. Therefore, my friend, if you've tumbled off the back of prosperity, John Ploughman bids you not to lie in the ditch, but up with you and try again. Jonah went to the bottom of the sea, but he got to shore again all the better for his watery journey.

"Though the bird's in the net,
It may get away yet;
Though I'm down in the dust,
In my God I will trust,
I will hope in him still,
And leave all to his will;
For he'll surely appear,
And will banish my fear."

A Sermon from the Pew to the Pulpit;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

BY W. G. MACGREGOR.

DEAR BRETHREN.—It has been thought that those of us who sit in the pews might render you some slight service, if we came among you this evening, and told you in a frank and outspoken manner what we think and expect of those who occupy our pulpits. Whether you wish it or not, you will, all of you, have to submit to the ordeal of criticism in your turn, and you may as well know now what is approved, and what condemned in those who occupy at present the position which you hope to fill by-and-by.

As the basis then, for a few remarks, I fasten upon one little word which appears prominently in the announcement of this meeting. That word is *zeal*. And you will please to note at the outset that I do not mean the zeal which is not according to knowledge. Far from it, for of the two evils one hardly knows which to choose as the least—knowledge without a deep religious life, or gross and general ignorance with it. I mean the zeal which springs from a regenerated, purified heart, and also from a well-balanced, well-cultivated, disciplined mind; in short, an intelligent burning love for doing good, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown.

I am free to confess that we in the pews are sadly deficient in this element. I am afraid there is no disguising the fact, that the great

tendency of professing Christians generally is towards affluence and self-pleasing. We are not heroic nor self-sacrificing by any means; not zealous for the glory of God, and the conversion of the perishing thousands around us.

There is a story told of a number of passengers, who appeared, with tickets in their hands, at the advertised hour, on the platform of a Highland railway station. Half-an-hour had elapsed, and still there were no symptoms of starting. They became very impatient. At length one gentleman remonstrated with the guard, and demanded in tones of authority the reason of the delay. "Had they no water?" "Oo, ay," was the provokingly dry answer of the Scotch guard, "There's plenty o' watter, but it's nae bilin." Such, to a very great extent, is the case with our Christian and philanthropic organisations. They seem to be complete enough. The train and the rails are all there, and capable of carrying forward a vast amount of beneficence, but alas, the water is cold, and the whole apparatus stands still. According to the great idea of Scripture, Christians themselves ought to be the sacrifices which they offer—living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God; but is it not too true, that we who occupy the pews are very much like the sacrifice which Elijah prepared of old as a test of his mission? "He put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four bowls with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood." This was repeated three times. But what is the use of it all so long as the one great essential element is wanting? The whole affair is a perfect failure unless the fire from heaven come down, kindle the wood, and burn up the sacrifice. And depend upon it, the church of Christ will never fulfil her great mission in the world, till this fire from heaven—a spirit of intense earnestness and burning zeal—takes possession of her individual members.

Under these circumstances the question presents itself—and need I remind you, brethren, that it is one with which your minds ought to be exercised at present to the very last degree? How are we to get it? We are sadly wanting in it, and it is highly essential; where are we to look for it? Without any hesitation, my reply is, that we, in the pew, look to our pulpits for it. Of course, we are well aware that it must come in the first place from the great Head of the church himself. But have we not a right to demand that the under shepherds first catch the Spirit of their great Master, and so be channels of the blessing to us? By all means, we look to the pulpit for guidance and leadership. Of all places we expect downright decided earnestness there, men who have a passion for souls, who are not content to let well enough alone: men ready and willing to bear the brunt of the fight, to grasp the colours and the sword, encounter danger and death, if need be, and so, by noble daring and doing, encourage the hosts of the Lord forward. We expect all that, and claim a right to demand all this from our pulpits.

Responsible office, then, you say, that of a minister of the gospel! By all means, my brother; have you only just discovered it? It is one of the most responsible—nay, it is *the* most responsible, dignified, exalted station that man born of woman can stand in. Think of it! a fellow

worker with God! seeking to make a corner of this poor sin-blighted, devil-be-cursed world a little greener, more fertile! to make some human hearts a little wiser, more blessed, less accursed! Striking hands with God, and going forth, in company with him, to lessen the evil and to increase the good; to push the blessings and triumphs of the morning upon the borders of the night. O brethren! surely this is great, and there is no other greatness. Rest assured, that if you allow yourselves for one moment to think that there is any other vocation under the sun equal to yours in solemn and august dignity, you are traitors to it, and the sooner you throw it up the better for yourself and the church of Christ at large. Of you, if you are really called to this high office, an eloquent writer has said, "He is God's minister, Christ's ambassador, his position is at once regal and sacerdotal, his message is divine, his commission is stamped with the seal of heaven's own chancery, the Lord who sends him is the Prince of Peace, and his object is the salvation of souls." Carlyle's remarks are so forcible and so much to the point here, that I venture to give the quotation, although somewhat lengthy. "There is not," says the sage prophet, speaking solemn truths, as he often does, in his mournful way:—

"There is not a hamlet where poor peasants congregate, but by one means and another a church apparatus has been got together—roofed edifice with revenues and belfries; pulpit, reading-desk, with books and methods; possibility, in short, and strict prescription, that a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to man. It is beautiful; even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifulest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This speaking man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas! as it were, totally lost sight of the point; yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries, boarded and lodged on the industry of modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavour to save the souls of men; contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this speaking one, and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy, for there is need of him yet. The speaking function, this of truth, coming to us with a living voice, nay, in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar; this, with all our writing and printing functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again, take the old spectacles off his nose, and, looking up, discover, almost in contact with him, what the real Satanas, and soul-devouring; world-devouring devil, now is."

Such, then, brethren, is the character, the responsibility of the office which you have undertaken; and you will allow me to ask and press the question, "Are you—you who believe yourselves solemnly called to this high calling—are you animated with a spirit of zeal in connection with it? Are you susceptible of being brought up to a glowing heat? Is the fire smouldering at this moment in your breast, and threatening to consume you unless you give it vent?" Remember it is essentially necessary towards securing the great ends which you profess to seek; you can never be soul-winners without it. True, it is cold, hard steel that cuts, and a cool, keen intellect may be the most serviceable instrument when only argument is needed, but for such work as lies before you, the main requisite is a soul kindled into a paroxysm of holy zeal which cannot be restrained.

It is evident that too many of those who occupy the pulpits of the present day are comparative strangers to this spirit, and if they are to remain in their office till the zeal of God's house has eaten them up, we are not likely to get rid of them for some time to come. But the cause of truth has suffered, and is now suffering in consequence; and the retort of the infidel upon his clerical opponent was as unanswerable as it was apt: "Sir," said he, "I am not only an unbeliever in the religion which you profess, but, for the life of me, I cannot be persuaded that you are a believer in it yourself; for if you really feel in your soul that the thousands around you are on their way to the hell that you speak of, your conduct to me seems the most striking inconsistency under the sun." It was too true.

If you would, however, have an example of what this zeal will do through a man, when he is once possessed with it, let me call your attention to an incident in the life of the great apostle of the Gentiles.

Paul has arrived in Athens. It was no intention of his to be there; he appears, indeed, to be passive in the whole affair—"They that conducted Paul brought him to Athens." Having found himself there, however, he sets to work at once, and lays down a programme; his keen, quick eye discerns Athens to be a glorious mission-field, and before his conductors left him, to return to their homes, he sent a message with them to Silas and Timotheus, who were at work in Berea, to join him without delay; his plan evidently being to wait their arrival, and then, with their united force, to strike home for God in the very heart of the heathen world. Away went the escort, and Paul enters upon his part of the programme—he waited for them at Athens; but ah! he soon finds out that he is not a man of the waiting sort; it was hard to begin work alone, but it was harder still to look on in silence and see the god of this world reigning rampant, and living, immortal men bowing down to idols who could neither hear nor save them. "Now while Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry; therefore disputed he," &c. The fire began to burn, and would have consumed the man if it had been pent up. Extinguish it? Put it out? Pshaw! vain attempt; you might almost as well try to extinguish gunpowder before it has spent itself. You had better leave such a man alone; you will get no good through interfering with him, more likely to get harm; far better for you to stand by, giving him a wide berth and leaving him to his own way.

But Paul is a highly educated man, a philosopher, has pre-eminently a cultivated taste, and Athens at this time presented rich and rare attractions to men of his stamp. Can he not, until the arrival of his fellow labourers, enter and revel in the halls of learning and science? Surely, he has not begun to despise marble statues! No, not he; but he has begun to regard immortal souls as infinitely more important. A master-passion has possessed his soul, and driven all rivals from the field. He is eaten up with it. The man has placed himself—his time, his talents, his energies, all that he is and has—upon the altar, and unreservedly offered himself up as a blazing holocaust to God. He has no aim, no object, no idea, but the glory of God in the conversion of sinners, and hence he becomes such a grand instrument in blessing the world.

And it is worthy of notice, that when a man is thus brought up to a glowing heat in the service of God, he is not so liable to fall into the errors and failings which are attributed to some preachers, and which, I think, are especially rife among students for the ministry.

Reference has been already made this evening to the great requisite of originality in the pulpit, and justly so. But if you are possessed with a spirit of zeal for God's glory, it will not be necessary for you to devote much time to that branch of study. Paul could not help being original, could not help being himself, and rely upon it that if you are once fired with a similar spirit you will be yourselves too, and thereby saved from the detestable practice of aping somebody else, however effective their style and manner may be.

You have also been told. in unmistakable terms, that, of all faults, the pew cannot bear that of conceit in the pulpit. And by conceit, we do not mean a firm unwavering faith in the greatness and ultimate success of your mission. It is said of Edward Irving, that when he entered his pulpit, his manner and bearing were such as convinced every beholder that the preacher firmly believed himself "equal to the occasion and to the assembly in the might and power of his own intellect and nature, and more than equal to it in the might of his Master, and in the grandeur and truth of his divine message." But that was not conceit. Far from it. At any rate, we could do with a little more of it nowadays. But what we cannot do with, and what we are sworn enemies to, is that shallow, groundless, self-flattering estimate of one's own person and abilities which is a perfect outrage upon the credulity of every sensible hearer. If, however, a flame of this burning zeal is lighted up in your spirit, and if it once gains the ascendancy there, it will drive the conceit, with all its filthy attendants out of you, just as speedily and effectually as our Saviour cleared the temple with a whip of small cords. The two elements are antagonistic, at deadly variance with each other, and can no more exist in company than can fire and water.

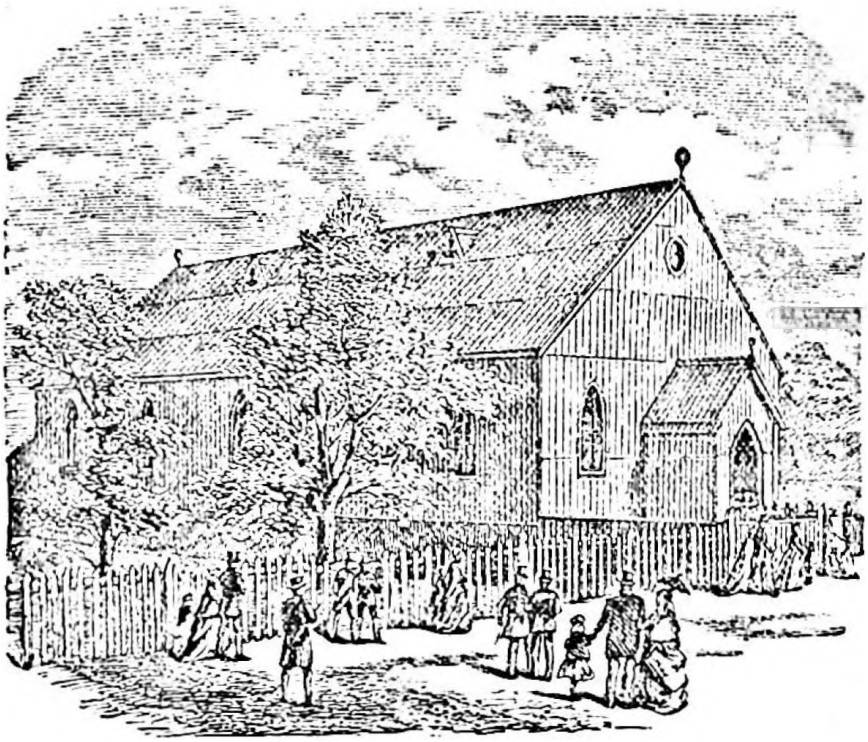
Note further, what an incentive to earnest, agonising prayer, this spirit of zeal is. "No good done," said Jeems, the doorkeeper, "until ye come to hae close grips with the Almighty." And no man more likely to come to close grips with the Almighty than he who is under the influence of this passion. Once possessed of it he will lay a hold of the Angel of the Covenant. To him it will be a matter of life and death. Again and again he will present his plea, saying, with Jacob of old, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

Finally, this godly zeal, once possessed, will deliver you from the temptation—a temptation too often yielded to, I think, by your order—of concerning yourselves over much about the exact amount of wages to which your work entitles you. We hear and read a good deal in our religious periodicals about "calls." And it is rather amusing to him who notices it, that all calls which have a larger income in their wake, are unhesitatingly ascribed to God, and must, at all sacrifices, be responded to; while those of the other character, are universally ascribed to man, and must, for conscientious reasons, however displeasing to the flesh, be respectfully declined. Dean Ramsay's anecdote is to the point. "I often think," he says, "of the remark of the outspoken ancient lady,

who, when told by her pastor, of whose disinterestedness in his charge she was not quite sure, that he 'had a call from his Lord and Master to go,' replied, 'Deed, sir, the Lord micht hae ca'ed and ca'ed to ye, lang eneuch, and ye'd ne'er hae hippened (trusted) till him, if the steepen' had nae been better.'" Does not all this savour rather strongly of the commercial, worldly element? Hardly this in keeping with the seal of the Baptist Missionary Union, on which there is an ox standing patiently, with a plough on one side, and an altar on the other, and the inscription beneath, "Ready for either." "Fair day's wages for a fair day's work!" Alas! when was it ever realised since the day that Adam opened his eyes on this planet? If you are wise, you will defer the question of wages, and be content to plod on at your work with such wages as you can get, till the settling day arrives. I hardly think Paul ever troubled himself much about the wages. True, we do hear him expressing some little concern about his coat, but that once on his back, his mind seems to have been pretty much at peace on the matter of wages. Besides, has the value of your work, then, fallen to such a low standard, in your estimation, that you think it is to be compensated with any concurrable amount of gold guineas that your fellow mortals can give you? I thought it was infinitely above that. No, no; you can never SELL your life in a satisfactory manner. Your Master GAVE his away, like a royal heart. And if you would dispose of yours to advantage, you must be an imitator of him in this respect as in all others. And pray do not think that you are treated badly if you have to do your day's work for sorry wages. Your case will be no exception. Why, all the wages they gave John Milton for his day's work in the shape of "Paradise Lost, and other works," was £10, paid by instalments, and a close escape from death on the gallows. All the wages the world had for the man who could write the Pilgrim's Progress was to shut him up for twelve years in Bedford jail. And there was another man who girded himself to the execution of a tough piece of work in his day, and he did it—roughly and unceremoniously, it may be, as such work could only be done—but he got through it somehow; and all the wages Oliver Cromwell had for his day's work was, as Carlyle says, "Burial under the gallows-tree, near Tyburn turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men." Oh, no! do not expect your wages here. Do not waste precious time in fretting and gabbling about them. Rather gird and consecrate yourselves to your work. You are embarked in a cause which must eventually triumph. Bright and glorious is the day before you; white and full are the fields that wait for you; girded and strong are the companions that shall go with you; beautiful upon the mountains shall be your feet whenever you carry tidings of mercy. Be in earnest. Passions, fierce and fiery passions, fight on the side of evil: there must be passion on the side of truth and of God. The destroyers are in earnest: the Saviour cannot remain cool. Go forth in the strength of faith, hope, and charity. Go to the dark alleys, and to the darker dwellings of the humble poor. Go in the spirit of that God to whom the soul of the poorest, meanest, humblest outcast is as precious as your own soul; and, remember, you go not alone. God is with you, Christ is with you,

the Holy Spirit is with you. Feel their presence, breathe their spirit, tell of their love; and while others are looking and labouring for their reward, here let it be yours—

"To live for those that love you,
For those that know you true;
For the heaven which is above you,
And waits your coming too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that you can do."



Enfield Chapel.

IT will cheer our friends, who so kindly assist the College, to know that many of our enterprises, during the past year, have been attended with most cheering success. Among the rest we have to record a good work at Enfield. A few brethren in that town thought that the time was come for forming a church upon our principles. We were rejoiced to promise them our aid, and they commenced in the large room of an inn. They have proved themselves to be thoroughly energetic men, and, having been suddenly deprived of their room, have raised an iron chapel, holding three hundred persons, where our friend, Mr. D. Evans, preaches the word with much success. Commencing with only twelve members, this new interest bids fair to become a flourishing branch of the living vine. Generous friends who wish to assist a deserving people cannot do better than help them to pay for their new chapel. We have done something, and as need arises must do more, but we have many irons in the fire, though none too many.

The Church of England the Bulwark of our Liberties (?)

WE have been very courteously admonished in the "Standard" Newspaper for taking any part in the agitation for dis-establishing and dis-endowing the Irish church, and for expressing the hope that the like justice might, ere long, be measured out to the Establishment in England. We are thankful for the advice, but can assure our friend that it does not strike us as valuable. Our friend evidently thinks that if we and other Dissenters were better advised we should rally round the present Establishment, since its existence has been and is the great security for religious liberty; and if it were removed the Romanists would soon be in the ascendant, and persecution would follow. To this our reply is ready—we do not believe that the church of England is any more the protector of our liberties than are the Beef-eaters at the Tower, or the cream-coloured horses in the royal stable. There is no sort of connection between the two by way of promotion, but very much in the way of hindrance. Historically, it will hardly be contended that Episcopacy, which hanged and imprisoned our forefathers in Elizabeth's day, was then the bulwark of Dissenting liberty; nor can it be pretended that, under James I. and Charles I., it guarded sacredly the freedom of consciences. Clipped ears, slit noses, and branded cheeks were not very convincing proofs that an established church was tender and tolerant, and careful to give freedom to Dissenters. Nonconformists would hardly have dealt out such severe measures to Episcopacy in the time of Cromwell, if they had found it to be their shield and bulwark. Did the Act of Uniformity tenderly respect the liberty of Dissenters, or the Five Mile Act, and other such edicts? Were Claverhouse, and other butchers, the advocates and promoters of liberty? Does Scotland owe her liberty to Episcopacy or to the Covenanters? Was the act of Catholic emancipation the work of bishops and deacons? The fact is that the existence of a sect, fondled by the state and supported by its wealth, in proportion as it dignifies the favoured church, is an insult to the honour of all others, and a shackle to their freedom. It is an idle tale that the Episcopal sect guards our liberties as a body; in its midst are many noble and liberal men, who are always on the people's side, but the bulk of its adherents incline in an opposite direction, and, as a church, it is almost always obstructive and disinclined to reform. Dissenters do not owe it, in political matters, the turn of a brass farthing, and have long enough been duped by the pretension that it is their friend and guardian.

At the present moment we also fail to discover how the Establishment is the fortress under whose guns we dwell in safety. Our notion is, that, under God, our liberties are in the hands of the people of the United Kingdom, and that they know too well the value of them to let them slip. The sons of the Ironsides are not yet departed from among us, and we who could not use the carnal weapon have yet our free press, our unfettered pulpit, and our open Bibles, and feel safe enough while these are our munitions of war. While the freely chosen representatives of the people are our rulers, and a limited monarchy our form of government, we do not see how it can be said that our freedom rests with an

Establishment which has no power to legislate for itself, much less for the nation. As well might the mistletoe pretend that its parasitical verdure is the true security of the oak, or the fox that its existence is the guarantee of the fertility of the land. We are at a loss to conceive where our friends see the connection. Is it in the fact that the bishops sit in the House of Lords, and always vote for every measure of a broad and liberal character? Or is it that the payment of tithes makes every man a lover of the constitution which enforces them? There may possibly be some recondite connection between a state-church and liberty, but we cannot see it. We are asked to go to Spain and Rome, but we prefer travelling to America, and there, without a state-church, we find a freedom certainly not less unlimited than our own. What can be done across the ocean can be done here. Americans can maintain their freedom without a state-church, and Englishmen are not less liberty-loving and not less able to take care of themselves. If, indeed, the state-church be such a bulwark of the constitution, why deprive the colonies of the blessing? Why act upon a wrong policy abroad, and save up all the good things for home? The case does not bear half a moment's investigation.

But the Catholics will be in the ascendant as soon as the church is disestablished. WHY? In the name of reason, WHY? Will they become the majority of the nation and of the House of Commons? Are we to believe that the Episcopal body is only pretendedly Protestant, and will go over to the Catholics as soon as their state pay is stopped? Then the nation will be the better for being rid of such mercenary defenders of her Protestantism. But, on the other hand, if the Protestant section of the church remains firm, what difference will be made? How will the numerical power of Protestantism be affected? Does the spiritual efficiency of the church in keeping back Popery depend upon tithes? Would not the Evangelical clergy pray and preach if they were disestablished? We are puzzled to know what is the foundation upon which the assertion rests as to this supposed hindrance of Catholic dominancy. We have no doubt Popery would like to mount the throne, and we could not trust its priests for an instant with power, but all the influence which now really operates to restrain their pretensions would remain still, and would gain immeasurably by the change. The church of England has in it a horde of Papists, and is doing Rome's work daily, and yet it is set up before us as the bulwark against Rome: disestablish the church, and it would purify itself at once. The true church will prevail against the gates of hell without the state's patronage. The issue is with God, and he needs no injustice to be perpetrated that his cause may be maintained. If the worst came to the worst, and the people of God were called to suffer, by God's grace they could do it triumphantly, and would rather do so than be found guilty of forgetting that Christ's kingdom is not of this world. Take away a state-church, and we are ready to bear the blame of all the consequences necessarily arising out of it; but we are not ready to aid and abet so glaring an act of oppression as compelling the many among the people of Ireland to support a religion in which scarcely one in ten of them believes.

No. 31.—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.

The College Annual Conference and Festival.

THE Annual Conference of ministers educated at the Pastors' College, was held during the week commencing March 23rd. About 140 ministers were present, making up, with students who have been with us six months, the number of 180. As we saw the noble host of worthy preachers of the word, our heart greatly rejoiced, and we were forced to cry, "What hath God wrought!"

The Prayer-meetings at the Tabernacle on Monday afternoon and evening were earnest and spiritual. The business of the session opened at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road. After the usual devotional exercises, C. H. Spurgeon, the President, gave the opening address on "Perseverance," which was greatly blessed to all, and tended to give the key-note to the succeeding meetings. In the course of general business the following resolution was passed:—"That this conference earnestly deprecates the evil of brother going to law with brother, and bringing the business of the church of God before civil courts, as expressly contrary to the law of Christ. Resolved further, that each member of this conference pledges himself that whenever cases of dispute shall arise between himself and his church and congregation, he will, in order to avoid all legal proceedings, endeavour to his utmost to have the matter arbitrated by such brethren as the President may appoint; the election of such arbitrators being left with the President alone, in order to prevent any unnecessary publicity, since it is hoped by this brotherly arrangement petty disputes may be settled before any public scandal is caused." Most earnestly do we desire to see all cases of difference and dispute settled by an appeal to some such committee of reference, that we may thus prevent the divisions and bitternesses which have at times sorely troubled our denomination. A discussion ensued on the best way (by the interchange of pulpits, and other methods) to help each other, and to strengthen especially the weakest positions, and those churches most needing help.

In the afternoon conference, J. A. Spurgeon, the Vice-President, gave an address on "Our Lord's view of ministerial work," based on the fifteenth chapter of Luke, followed by a paper from Pastor Marchant, on "The joy of the Lord our strength," which our readers will have the pleasure of perusing for themselves. In the evening, meetings were held in eight chapels in and around London, with a view to the extension of the Lord's kingdom, and the directing of the attention of Christians to the Stockwell Orphanage, and its claims upon their benevolence.

On the following day, the session was held in the school-room of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Almshouses, and papers were read, followed by discussions, of much interest. Pastor Chamberlain reading a paper on "Our Mission as a denomination." Pastor Speed, on "Temptations and trials peculiar to the ministry." J. A. Spurgeon called attention to our Denominational Home and Foreign Mission, supplying information thereon in reply to several questions; after dinner Pastor Bunning read a paper on "Sunday Schools." The evening was occupied with the festival, and the whole day was one of richest blessing.

Mr. Phillips' Annual Supper for the College was this year the greatest success with which we have been favoured, although we have always been remarkably encouraged by these marvellous gatherings. George Moore, Esq., of Bow Churchyard, presided in the ablest manner, and by his great liberality gave a tone to the meeting. He is one of those churchmen who love Christ and his truth wherever they find them, and who, while loving their own community, desire to see it greatly reformed. We were favoured with the *élite* of all denominations. It was a goodly vision to see Thomas Binney, William Brock, and Samuel Martin, sitting side by side, and it was a thing to be remembered to hear them one after the other speak so lovingly and eloquently, with such a genial warmth towards the President of the College and his work. The rooms in which the meetings were held were most tastefully decorated, and the

supper, which was most elegantly and sumptuously spread, was such a scene as s seldom beheld. The sum of £1,400 was spontaneously subscribed around that hospitable board. Thanks be to God for such mercy. The students and tutors of the College availed themselves of the opportunity of presenting to Mr. Phillips a testimonial engrossed on vellum, expressive of their high appreciation of his great kindness and generosity at these annual gatherings. The Lord bless him and his for ever.

On Thursday, the 26th, the President opened the business part of the meeting in Kingsgate Street Chapel, by calling attention to an article in which a Pædobaptist quarterly review advanced the theory that baptised children did not need conversion, and thereupon ensued some very appropriate remarks from himself and the brethren. Papers were read and discussed by Pastor Tessier, on "The maintenance of peace in churches." Pastor Jackson, on "Freshness in preaching, how to obtain and how to maintain it."

In the afternoon, the pastor of the place, Brother Burton, gave a most powerful address on the "Secret of success in winning souls," which, at the unanimous request of the brethren, he consented to allow to be printed, and we trust that all our readers will soon avail themselves of the opportunity of reading it, as it will certainly do them good.

A meeting was then held by the members of the Temperance Society, and Dr. McAll was present and gave an address.

In the evening, after a monster tea meeting, the Tabernacle was filled to hear the Pastor's lecture (illustrated by dissolving views), entitled, "Our history and work." Sheriff McArthur presided, and several of the former students gave admirable and interesting statements of the work of the Lord in their respective spheres of labour. The presidents, tutors, and students, in the course of the evening, expressed their sense of obligation to Mr. Murrell for his unwearied attention in connection with the weekly offerings and the funds of the College, and presented him with a suitable testimonial elegantly framed and engrossed on vellum.

The closing day of the session was also one of much refreshment. The brethren met early for prayer; and in the course of the meeting, which was again held at the Almshouses, Professor Rogers spoke on "Our College, its character and aim." Professor Gracey, on "Our dependency upon the power of the Holy Spirit." After the Lord's Supper, which was an hour of much enjoyment, all present joined hands and sang a hymn expressive of mutual love and united praise; and thus, in our usual spirit of thanksgiving for more than ordinary blessings, we parted refreshed and cheered for further labour, and closed the most enjoyable and profitable of all our conferences.

At the meeting before the supper, £301 were presented by the students and ministers to Mr Spurgeon as an instalment of the whole cost of a house at the Stockwell Orphanage to be called the College House. This spontaneous token of affection made our President's heart very glad, and he thanked the friends in the warmest manner.

Narrow Road, Narrow Cart.

MAKING a day's excursion from Botzen, in the Tyrol, we went along the very narrowest of roads, mere alleys, to which our country lanes would be turnpike roads. Well, you may be sure we did not engage an ordinary broad carriage, for that would have found the passage as difficult as the needle's eye to the camel; but our landlord had a very narrow chaise for us, just the very things for threading those four-feet passages. Now I must make you hear the moral of it, you fretful little gentleman; when you have a small estate, you must have small wants, and by contentment suit your carriage to your road. "Not so easy," say you; "Very necessary to a Christian," I say.—*From the Note Book of my Travels.* C. H. S.

Special Notice.

ON Whit Monday, June 1, we purpose to hold a great meeting upon the Orphanage ground at Stockwell, at 3 o'clock. Tea, and public meeting in the evening. On that occasion the sum of £1,200, subscribed by the Baptist churches, will be presented to Mr. Spurgeon, as a token of respect and affection; and the memorial stones of the two houses (to which ministers' orphans are to have a preference) to be erected with the money, will be laid. It will be exceedingly gratifying if our kind friends will muster largely.

On June 19, being Mr. Spurgeon's birthday, a fête will be held on the same spot, and the first stones of the Sabbath School House and the Students' House will be laid. As we go to press before the arrangements are complete, we can only call attention to the further announcements which will appear in the Weekly Sermons, the Christian World, and Christian Times. We hope to have great gatherings. Collecting cards, which will admit the collector to one of the meetings, can be had of Mr. Blackshaw, at the Tabernacle.

Ladies will please observe that the Bazaar will (D.V.) be held on the first week of July.

Reviews.

Par Vobis-cum; or, the Bible and the Family. By the Rev. DANIEL FRASER, A.M. Edinboro: W. P. Kennedy, 56, George Street.

THIS is the second time that our good friend, Mr. Fraser, has honoured us with a salute upon the baptismal question. He evidently covets a controversy with us, and we are sorry that we cannot oblige him, for we have other fish to fry. We are so obtuse as not to see any argument in either of his books which we feel endangers our cause. He is a worthy brother, but for all that, wave his shillelagh as he may, we do not intend giving him the crack which he challenges and deserves. We do not believe that any person but one whose mind is already made up to believe in infant baptism, would be in any way affected by his works. When Baptists begin to forsake their former principles through the power of Mr. Fraser's arguments, we may spike his gun, but while he aims so badly we shall imitate Oliver Cromwell's message to Flanagan, and with all respect shall say, "*Fire away, Fraser, Yours C. H. Spurgeon.*" At the same time we have a frank confession to make, namely, that we are still unable to find the scriptural formula for administering the sprinkling of infants. Our case is represented in the following story, which will give Mr. Fraser a painful proof of the gross ignorance of the Baptists, and their want of understanding in holy things. "When the eccentric John Leland was travelling as a sort of volunteer evangelist in His Majesty's Episcopal Colony of Virginia, he was benighted at a strange house one night, and craved shelter and a night's lodging of the proprietor. He was kindly received, and as he was soon discovered to be a minister, and at once supposed to be of 'the church,' the conversation soon turned upon religious topics. The gentleman and lady of the house were somewhat inclined to boast of their unusual familiarity with the Bible. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Leland was informed that the infant child of his host and hostess had never been baptised, and he was asked if he would administer the ordinance on the morrow. Mr. L. replied that he was always glad to have the privilege of administering the sacred ordinance, and would be pleased to do so on the morrow, if the necessary arrangements could be made. He was then asked if he would be willing to preach the next day. 'Certainly,' said he, 'if a congregation can be gathered.' The neighbourhood was notified, and quite a company assembled next day to hear

Mr. Leland preach. After the sermon a bowl of water was produced, and Mr. Leland, handing the Bible to his host, said, 'Please turn to the passage here, which mentions and enjoins this ordinance of baptising infants, and while you are finding it, I will prepare for its administration. I always read the authority when I baptise.' The gentleman searched for some time, and then returned the book to the preacher, saying, 'I don't happen to find that passage, Mr. Leland, but my wife can doubtless turn to it.' After a long, but fruitless search, that lady handed the book to Mr. L., and said, 'I don't see the passage, Mr. Leland, you had better find it yourself.' 'Why, madam,' said the preacher, 'I have been searching for that passage for forty years, and have utterly failed in the search. I reckon we had better give this matter over.' The astonishment of the worthy subjects of his Episcopal Majesty of Britain was considerable, but Leland was inexorable, and left the good people probably looking for the passage which so obstinately refused to be found. We wonder if it has been found yet!"

The Critical English Testament, 3 vols. Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A., and Rev. James Howes, M.A. Alexander Strahan.

A most admirable translation of Bengel's well-known and highly-prized "Gnomon," enriched with the results of modern criticism, and the whole so compiled as to enable a reader unacquainted with Greek to ascertain the exact English force and meaning of the language of the New Testament. After a careful perusal of these well-printed volumes, we most heartily commend them to our readers, as a valuable addition to the library of any Bible student. We could have wished that the Greek and Hebrew text had had the benefit of a little more careful editing. We count in the first two chapters for example, not less than eight most palpable oversights; these will doubtless be all set right in subsequent editions, but they are a serious drawback to the value of the present one. Our readers will find undoubted sympathy with infant sprinkling, but as a whole, this work will be of good service on the side of truth, as we think no one can read the criticisms on the ordinance of baptism without remarking that the overwhelming preponderance of weight is upon the side of the immersion of believers only. As a whole the doctrines of grace are fairly expounded, though we are not prepared to endorse expressions like these: "Universality of Grace," "Universal Redemption." If these things are so, we see no room either for the exercise of divine sovereignty with regard to personal election unto salvation, or for the possibility of eternal punishment, seeing that if all have grace and are alike redeemed from anything, it must be then surely from the wrath to come. The editors have appended an excellent translation, and a revised exposition of the book of the Revelation. To our minds the latter is the least satisfactory part of the whole. There is an abundant display of ecclesiastical history, and of ingenuity in applying it; but after all, the rock on which Bengel split (who assigned the year 1836 as the time for the overthrow of the beast by Christ's appearing) is doomed to be a stumbling-block to many beside him. We feel grateful to any who, feeling competent to do so, endeavour honestly to explain these mysteries; but for ourselves we are not worthy to take the book and open the seven seals thereof. We trust that this work will have what it deserves, a large circulation, and we believe it will take a permanent place in biblical literature.

The History of the Litigation and Legislation respecting Presbyterian Chapels and Charities in England and Ireland, between 1816 and 1849. By T. S. James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Few will be likely to *purchase* this huge record of the great fight concerning Lady Hewley's charity, in which the Unitarianism of Dissent made a tremendous effort to oust the orthodox, and the orthodox as strenuously maintained their own. That venerable patriot, Mr. Hadfield, M.P. for Sheffield, who deserves much honour for his part in that memorable contest, is presenting a copy of the history before us,

prepared by the son of the late John Angel James to the libraries of colleges, and to ministers who will appreciate, study, and preserve it. As a history the work is most valuable, and there are facts recorded in it which are worthy of the most solemn pondering. For our copy we are extremely grateful.

English Reprints. Master Hugh Latimer's Sermon on the Ploughers. Murray & Co., Queen Square, W.C.

This is a tasteful reprint on toned paper of one of the most celebrated sermons ever delivered. It can be had for Sixpence—what more need we write?

Life's work as it is, or the Emigrant's Home in Australia. By a Colonist. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

The author is struck with the dense ignorance which prevails among us as to the lands at the Antipodes, and in the half tale, half description before us, and its appendices, he endeavours to illuminate us. He aims, he tells us, "to make emigrants' homes happier." To thousands of working men whose outlook is across the sea, the work will be interesting.

Aids to the Spiritual Life day by day. By Rev. John Bate, author of "Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Truths." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A series of daily reflections not founded upon texts, but suggested by topics. We gather from some portions that the writer holds Arminian views, and we should therefore demur to certain expressions and sentiments, but there is much of thought-breeding matter in these aids, and much to excite the heart to a higher and holier life. Mr. Bate has read most extensively, and is himself a man of original mind: his works are therefore solid and suggestive.

The Christian Times, a Weekly Family Paper. Partridge & Co.

Commands our confidence, and has our best wishes. Its weekly portraits of ministers are remarkably good.

Tupper's Directorium; or, Plan of the Ritualistic Campaign, being secret Instructions to our Anglican Clergy. Simpkin & Marshall. Sixpence.

We are weak enough to admire "Proverbial Philosophy," and Mr. Tupper has been so savagely abused that we very greatly sympathise with him; moreover, anything against Ritualism pleases us; yet, for all this, we cannot say that these rhymes strike us as being either vigorous in sense or vivid with poetic fire.

Service at Home for the Young Folks in Schools and Families, for wet Sundays and winter evenings. By David A. Doudney. W. H. Collingridge.

We always feel safe theologically with anything which comes from our friend, Mr. Doudney's pen. If he were to touch on baptism and the church of England we should soon differ, but in the gospel he is one of the soundest of the sound, and in spirit he is most loving of the loving. His many trials we doubt not will be blessings to him. We never can admire written or printed prayers, but with this exception the idea of services at home was well conceived and admirably carried out. We have Scriptures, hymns, prayers, and a sermon. The sermons by the way are more fitted for the entire family than for the young folks alone.

From Seventeen to Thirty. The town life of a youth from the country—its trials, temptations, and advantages. Lessons from the History of Joseph. By T. Binney. Nisbet and Co.

For us to praise or criticise Mr. Binney would be as absurd as if a wren should sit in judgment on an eagle. He always has been, and is still a young man; despite his grey locks and his elderly wisdom, he has no superior in lecturing, instructing, and fascinating young men, for the simple reason that he is so young himself. He has ways of his own of putting things which some in years gone by have been frightened at, but we greatly question whether any man after all was ever sounder at heart towards

the old-fashioned gospel. In this delightful volume he proves himself to be the greatest business man in the ministry. He talks as if he had been bound apprentice to Mr. Samuel Morley, had worked his way into the warehouse, had become a partner, and was now appointed by the court of alderman to see to the morals of the city apprentices. He ought to be an archbishop over this nation of shop-keepers. He is at home in the Weigh-house among the merchants and the bankers; he does not flatter them, nor does he abuse them, nor talk transcendental impractical speculations, but he is a large-hearted counsellor and father among them, and his influence will abide when he himself is bewailed among us. Set him among a very spiritual audience of half-pay officers and wealthy spinsters, and he would be like a lion on a hearthrug, but for where he is, and for what is he, where is his equal? This History of Joseph will prove a guide through youth to hosts of our younger brethren.

The Curate of West Morton. By Rev. G. R. Wynne. Partridge and Co.

A most ingenious and interesting story; written with the view of showing that the Puseyite clergy are powerless for good, and are interlopers in the church of England. Persons who hold the Evangelicals to be right in their continuance in the church, and go in head over heels for that party, ought to purchase largely this very tasteful volume. We who love our Evangelical brethren far too well to wish them an easy time of it in the state-church, have been both pleased and amused by this story, in which the gospel of Jesus is skilfully interwoven with state-church principles; but we would remind both writer and readers that these little narratives prove nothing, and that one tale is good till another is told.

Note.—We are again falling behind in the Review department, but will endeavour to recover ground next month.

Memoranda.

A Good Word from China.—Mr. Marshall, of Shouldham Street, whose church supports a missionary, sends us the following extract from Mr. Barchet's letter, dated Feb. 3, 1868:—"Six men and two women were received into the Nying Kong Gyiao Baptist church yesterday, and we have still more than twenty hopeful enquirers. . . . I long to see a self-sustaining church here, that I may go to others who sit in utter darkness. . . . Our last baptism was in the first month of the Chinese year, when all China has holiday; multitudes came to be present at so strange a sight. As many were mischievously inclined, we called a Chinese official, or policeman, to our aid, and with his assistance we managed to keep the crowd somewhat in order, but it was impossible to stop the laughter, every time a person was immersed. It is no small thing, I assure you, to confess Christ before so many who come for the purpose of deriding. I felt for the women especially. May the Lord acknowledge them as his in that day. . . . To the honour of the policeman, I mention that he would not receive any remuneration for the services he rendered."

A tea and public meeting in connection with the ministry of Mr. James Eames was held in the Lammas Hall, Battersea, on Tuesday, the 7th inst. About 150 persons sat down to tea. At the public meeting, the hall was well filled. Charles Curling, Esq., J. P., presided. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Messrs. Frank White, H. Cocks, Chas. Druitt, R. Coleman, Esq., and the pastor. This newly-formed church contemplates erecting a new chapel so soon as a suitable piece of ground is secured.

Ordination services in connection with the settlement of Mr. H. Morgan, of the Pastors' College, as pastor of the Baptist church, Lydbrook, were held on Good Friday, April 10th. Mr. W. H. Tetley, of Coleford, delivered a sermon in the morning. At half-past two, the devotional exercises were conducted by Mr. J. M. Murphy, New Swindon, after which Mr. W. Cole, senior deacon, made the usual statement on behalf of the church. Mr. Morgan followed, giving an account of his conversion, call to the ministry, his doctrinal views, and his reasons for accepting the church's invitation to become their pastor. Mr. G. Rogers (theological tutor of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's college), offered the ordination prayer, and

gave a charge to the newly elected pastor. The afternoon services were concluded with prayer offered by Mr. Joseph Forth, of Pontypool: about 250 friends sat down to an excellent tea, after which, at half-past six, a public meeting was held. Mr. G. Rogers presided. After prayer and singing, Mr. J. M. Murphy gave a charge to the church. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. J. Forth, and Mr. H. Morgan, and a few closing remarks by the chairman. The meetings were well attended and well sustained throughout. The following Sunday, Mr G. Rogers preached to a large and attentive congregation.

On March 30th, recognition services were held in connection with the settlement of Mr. Makin, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the New Baptist church, at Sittingbourne, in Kent. Two sermons were preached on the Sabbath immediately preceding, by Mr. Rogers, one of the tutors of the College. In the afternoon of the 30th, Mr. Brightman, of Sheerness, presided. Mr. Hadler, of Sheerness, read a portion of Scripture and prayed. Mr. Dean, one of the deacons, made a statement on behalf of the church; after which, Mr. Makin gave an account of his Christian experience, his call to the ministry, and his doctrinal sentiments. Mr. Palmer Law, of Milton (Independent), offered the ordination prayer. The charge to the minister was given by Mr. Rogers, and that to the church, by Mr. B. Etheridge, of Ramsgate; Mr. Stanford, of Minster, concluded with prayer. After tea, Mr. Makin presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Etheridge, Law, Stanwell, Edgecomb, Stanford, and Dean. A handsome chapel has been erected at Sittingbourne; and the church, which numbered 13 only at its commencement, during the last year and a-half, has increased to nearly 100.

A Baptist church was formed in the Town Hall, Tunbridge, on Wednesday, April 8th, 1868, at three o'clock in the afternoon, by Mr. H. H. Dobney, of Maidstone. An address was delivered by Mr. G. Rogers, on the nature of a Christian church. Mr. J. Turner, who has been preaching in the hall since January last, received and accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor, after which, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered. In the evening, a tea and public meeting was held to recognise the newly-chosen pastor. Mr. Edward Smith, one of the originators of the movement, presided on the occasion. After an address by the pastor, Mr G. Rogers gave a charge to the minister, and Mr. J. R. Thomson, M.A., of Tunbridge Wells, an address to the church. Messrs. B. Dickens, of Edenbridge; J. Jackson, of Sevenoaks; V. Down, Methodist Free Church, Tunbridge; and F. M. Cockerton, of Limpsfield; also took part in the service. The hall was opened for worship a little more than a year ago, by a few friends who seceded from the Independent church, in consequence of the minister putting in force a clause in the trust deeds, requiring all Baptists uniting with the church to bring their children to be sprinkled. The congregation has largely increased, and a chapel is greatly needed.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon opened a new Baptist chapel at Dartford, on April 7th, in which Mr. Sturge has gathered a large congregation. This church has been formed on account of the trust deed of the Independent church being so rigidly exclusive of Baptists.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of Mr. C. L. Gordon over the church worshipping at Nailsworth Tabernacle, were held on the 13th of last month. In the afternoon, Mr. W. Jackson, of Cheltenham, presided. Mr. H. Morgan, of Lydbrook, read Cor. ii. 4. and offered prayer. The chairman having stated the purpose of meeting, called on one of the deacons to make a statement on behalf of the church. Mr. Teakle in doing so, explained the reasons for withdrawal from Shortwood, and the choice of a pastor. The chairman called on the pastor to give a statement concerning his conversion, call to ministry, and doctrinal sentiments. This being done, Mr. E. P. Barrett offered the recognition prayer. Mr. G. Rogers then gave the charge to the pastor. The right hand of fellowship given to the pastor by Messrs. W. Jackson, of Cheltenham; W. Collings, of Gloucester; W. C. Tayler, of Ulev; E. P. Barrett, of Woodchester; W. Woodcock, of Avening; H. Morgan, of Lydbrook; H. Watts, of Stanningley, York; and W. T. Price, of Shortwood. Mr. Price then closed the afternoon services with prayer for the pastor and people. A public tea-meeting was held, at which about 200 were present. At the evening service, Mr. G. Rogers, presided; Mr. H. Watts, offered prayer; Mr. W. Collings, gave the charge to the church; subject, "Encourage him;" Mr. E. P. Barrett, offered words of welcome to the pastor; Mr. W. Jackson, spoke to church members on their duties to each other, to the congregation, and neighbourhood at large. A word of exhortation was given from Mr. W. C. Tayler to the church on necessity of studying the Scriptures; Mr. H. Morgan, on power of love to Christ; Mr. N. Woodcock, on continuing earnest, united, and faithful; Mr. H. Watts, congratulatory remarks to

pastor and people concerning future prospects. The whole was concluded with a few words from the pastor and the chairman.

According to the wish of several friends we have tried to register the sermons for transmission abroad, but the Post Office authorities decline on the ground that the sermons do not contain news. As they have already registered several periodicals of a similar character, we are rather puzzled to understand the rule of action.

We shall be glad if friends will not worry us with such constant requests to preach for them. It is barbarous not to allow a man in bad health a little respite. We have often said that some religious people remind us of a lot of country cousins filling up a one-horse cart with themselves and their children. When there is nearly a dozen in it already, they cry, "John, is there room for another?" They never consider whether it is a fair load for a horse, but only regard their own pleasures. A little humanity would improve our divinity.

The quarterly meeting of the London Association, held at Mr. Tucker's, of Camden Town, was a high day. We are, as London Baptists, a compact phalanx, about 24,000 strong. O for power from on high, and nothing will be impossible!

The meeting of Christian Young Men's Society, at Exeter Hall, was a most delightful interlude in the midst of the stern fight now raging. There we met with Churchmen, Independents, and Wesleyans, and rejoiced in the common salvation.

The opening services of the Baptist Tabernacle, Bourne, Lincolnshire, were held April 1st and 2nd. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Henry Varley (of London) preached a most excellent sermon. At 5 o'clock the congregation adjourned to a tent which had been erected in a field near the chapel, kindly lent by Mr. Palmer, and about 300 persons sat down to tea. At 7 o'clock a large congregation assembled in the tent and barn adjoining, when Mr. Varley again addressed them. On Thursday afternoon he again spoke, specially to the parents and children. At 5 o'clock the friends adjourned to the tent, when about 120 sat down to tea. At 7 o'clock in the evening the tent and barn were again well filled, when Mr. Varley gave another address. On Sunday, April 5th, Mr. David Gracey preached two excellent sermons. On the same afternoon Mr. W. H. Smith, pastor of the church, baptised eight believers, on profession of their faith in Christ Jesus. We trust the light of better days is dawning upon us. The work going on among us is an evidence of what faith, earnest labour, and prayer can do. To all human appearance, it was a hope which could never be realised, that a few obscure believers should in so few months be occupying so comfortable a sanctuary in which to worship God. The collections after the services, and the bazaar, realised about £40, leaving us a debt of about £160. Any communications will be received and attended to by Mr. W. H. Smith, Spalding Road, Bourne, Lincolnshire.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, to April 18th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	20	0	0
Collected by G. Bowrie	0	6	6
Rev. v. 12	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	0	0
Mrs. McRitchie	0	10	0
Mr. Chilvers	20	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Wright	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Master J. L. Pledge	0	2	6
Collection at Cardiff	3	10	0
,, Ridgemount	2	14	6
,, Hatfield	1	0	0
Mr. George Moore	150	0	0
Mr. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. T. Bousfield	10	0	0
Mr. H. Varley	5	5	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. Fitch	2	2	0
A Friend	1	1	0
Faith	5	0	0
Rev. A. G. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. J. Grant	5	5	0
Mr. Straker	10	0	0
Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Mr. L. Balfour	1	1	0
Mr. Potier	10	10	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Miss Ellwood	1	1	0
Mr. G. Ellwood	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horniman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	50	0	0
Miss Higgs	2	2	0
Miss L. Higgs	2	2	0
Miss Watts	1	0	0
Mr. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. G. Hoare	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garland	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Hellier	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. Marshall...	1	1	0
Mr. G. Court	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stringer	1	11	6
Mr. J. Goodwin	2	2	0
Miss Mills	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Mills	1	10	0
Mr. E. Edwards	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cox	1	1	0
T. T.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Neal	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Wood	2	2	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	1	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	5	0	0
Miss Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vickery	5	0	0
Mr. J. Saunders	1	1	0
Mrs. Broughton	0	10	0
Mr. Kent	1	1	0
Mr. Farmiloe	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet	4	0	0
Mr. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. Croker	1	0	0
Mr. R. Boyes	1	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. C. Neville	1	0	0
A. J.	0	10	0
Visitor	0	3	0
Mr. A. Spicer	1	1	0
Mr. F. Spicer	1	1	0
Mr. H. Spicer	5	0	0
Mr. J. Spicer	5	5	0
Mr. J. Spicer, jun....	1	1	0
E. S.	0	10	0
S. E.	1	1	0
Mr. Hackett	2	2	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. Oxley	1	1	0
Mr. Coles	10	0	0
Mr. W. Muggeridge	5	5	0
Mr. Alabaster	10	0	0
Mr. Passmore	10	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	1	0	0
Miss Passmore	1	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Keen	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Butterworth	1	1	0
Miss Phillips	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rowton	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. E. Olney	1	0	0
Mr. Johnson	1	0	0
A.	5	0	0
Lady Burgoyne	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith	2	2	0
Mrs. Straten	1	1	0
Mr. C. Waters	1	1	0
J. W. K.	2	2	0
J. F. M.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Corderoy	2	2	0
Mr. J. T. Matthews	1	1	0
Miss Matthews	0	10	6
Mr. H. Mason	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. Mart	1	1	0
Mr. S. Mart	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cockrell	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Walker	2	2	0
Mr. A. McArthur	5	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. H. O. Hall	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mason	2	2	0
Mr. C. Southwell	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. J. Scott	2	2	0
Mr. J. Luff	1	1	0
Mr. Williams	1	1	0
A Friend from Colog. e	1	0	0
Mr. C. Hudson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot...	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	2	2	0
Mr. W. Cordrey	2	2	0
Mr. E. Cordrey	1	1	0
Mr. E. S. Oram	1	1	0
W. G. L.	1	1	0
Mr. Harris n	5	0	0
Mr. Parkinson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Vorley	2	0	0
Mr. R. Waters	5	0	0
Mr. R. Taylor	3	3	0
Mr. C. Taylor	3	3	0
Mr. Sutcliffe	2	0	0
Mr. P. Angus	3	0	0
Mr. R. J. Millar	2	2	0
Mr. Churchill	2	0	0
Miss Walker	1	0	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Miss Cornish	2	2	0
Miss Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. E. Butterworth	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6
Collection at Lochee	2	14	6
Mr. Murrell	10	10	0
Mr. Charles Murrell	2	2	0
Mr. W. Murrell	2	2	0
Miss Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. Andreae	5	5	0
Mr. J. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Palmer	2	2	0
Mr. Page	1	1	0
S. G.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Tucker	20	0	0
J. S.	100	0	0
A Churchman, per J. S.	5	5	0
Mr. J. Barlow	5	0	0
Mr. G. J. Morris	5	0	0
Sale of Diamond Ring	10	10	0
Mr. G. Stockdale	5	5	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haddock	2	2	0
Mr. Haddock, jun....	1	1	0
Mr. Izard	5	5	0
Mr. Willson	5	5	0
Mrs. Willson	5	5	0
Mrs. Emma Willson	5	5	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. G. Charlton	5	5	0
Mr. J. Rains	10	10	0
Mr. G. Hanbury	25	0	0
Mr. J. Colman	50	0	0
Mr. J. Benham	2	0	0
Rev. S. H. Booth	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Carpenter	4	4	0
Miss Carpenter	1	1	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. J. Betts	25	0	0
Mr. R. Smith	2	2	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Collection at Colchester, after Sermon by J. A. Spurgeon	16	0	0
Mr. T. Ford	5	5	0
Mr. P. C. Leckie	5	5	0
Mr. Huntley	5	5	0
Mr. Fisher	3	3	0
Collected at Nailsworth, by Rev. C. L. Gordon	1	8	6
Mr. Ackland	5	0	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Collected at Gillingham, per Rev. G. Boulsher	1	15	6
Mr. and Mrs. Webb	15	0	0
Mr. G. T. Congreve	2	2	0
Mrs. Congreve	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Congreve	1	1	0
Miss Jesse Congreve	1	1	0
Miss Annie Congreve	1	1	0
Rev. G. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. Todd	1	0	0
Mr. Perrin	5	0	0
Mrs. Pedgley, returned box	0	12	3
Mr. J. Harvey	50	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. Phillips	3	15	0
Mr. W. H. Grange	3	0	0
Mr. J. Latimer	0	1	0
Mr. Matthews	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	10	10	0
Miss Downing	1	1	0
Miss E. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. A. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. Simpson	2	2	0
Mr. H. Dodson	1	1	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Corderoy	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. K.	20	0	0
A Friend	20	0	0
Mr. Portal	1	1	0
Mr. T. Dare	1	1	0
Mr. W. S. Hackett	1	1	0
Mr. Jamieson	1	5	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mrs. Whittaker	1	1	0
J. N.	0	1	0
Mr. R. Ware	5	0	0
Mr. Pratt	2	0	0
Mr. S. Pewtress	2	2	0
D. C.	5	0	0
Mr. R. Harris	5	0	0
Mr. R. Pickworth	10	0	0
Miss Pickworth	3	3	0
O. H.	0	5	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	2	10	0
Mrs. Davies	1	0	0
Miss Pavey	0	10	0
Friends, per Rev. W. Page	0	5	0
Mrs. Wheatstone	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Levre	1	0	0
Mr. John Challis	1	0	0
Mr. James Challis	1	0	0
Miss Eliza Marsh	0	3	0
Maryport	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	10	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. B. Muggeridge	5	5	0
Friends in Littledale	21	2	6
Mr. S. Huyman	0	2	0
Mr. C. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	6
Dr. Tanne	3	3	0
Miss Marshall	3	3	0
Mr. C. Ball	0	15	0
Mr Griffiths	1	1	0
Mr. E. Hunt	2	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Mar. 22	26	4	1
" " " " 29	30	3	10
" " " April 5	27	0	11
" " " " 12	40	3	11
" " " " 19	28	14	6
	£1,471	3	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1868, to April 18th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
W. S.	0	4	6
Mr. E. Mason, Collected	1	1	6
R. Y.	0	2	6
E. Y.	0	2	6
Given and Collected by Mr. G. Bowri	0	11	0
Rev. v. 12	0	10	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	0	0
Mr. Clark	0	10	0
Miss Emily Franks, Collected	1	5	0
Mrs Franks "	1	14	6
Miss Spurgeon "	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Wright	0	5	0
Mr. James Withers, Collected	10	0	0
Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hutchinson and Friends	0	5	0
M. A. B.	0	10	0
Miss Fitzgerald, Collected	1	7	6
Miss Heath "	2	10	0
Mrs. Read "	0	11	0
Mr. Perkins, Old Collecting Card	1	0	0
Mr. Perkins	1	0	0
Mrs. Davis, Collected	3	4	0
Mr. Kistruck	0	10	0
On account Students' House	290	1	1
Miss Marriott, Collected	0	8	0
Mr. Hawkins "	1	10	7
Miss Humphries "	0	11	0
Mr. J. Tanner "	0	10	8
Miss Elwin "	0	7	10
Miss Payne "	0	4	0
Mr. J. N. Osborn "	1	1	0
Miss Partridge "	2	14	0
Mrs. Limbert, Collecting Box	0	11	11
Mr. Rock, Collected	0	10	0
Mr. Newton "	4	18	7
Mrs. Gurney "	2	5	0
Master Smith "	0	7	1
Miss Gilbert "	0	13	8
Mr. H. Webb	1	13	6
Mrs. Mead, Tring	5	0	0
Miss Green Collected	0	3	0
Master F. Brook "	1	3	6
Miss Gibbs "	0	6	6
Mrs. Spelman "	0	13	9
Mrs. Gwilliam "	1	7	0
Mr. J. J. Price "	1	13	6
Mr. Pettifer "	1	8	0
Mrs. Cropley "	0	9	6
Miss Perrin "	1	5	0
Miss Payne "	1	5	0
Master Payne "	0	13	0
Miss E. Jones "	1	14	6
Miss Bucknaster "	0	4	7
Master Bucknaster "	0	7	1
Mr. J. Passmore, jun. "	2	6	0
Mr. Bishop "	1	10	0
Mrs. Drayson "	1	2	9
Mr. W. Sanders "	3	14	0
Master H. Olney "	0	15	6
Mrs. Briggs "	1	7	4
Miss Isley "	0	5	6
Mrs. Webb "	1	10	7
Mr. G. Lloyd "	0	16	6
Mrs. W. Twiddy	0	7	0
Mr. E. H. Brown, Collected	4	14	6
W. B.	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Inchley	0	5	0
Mrs. Bental	0	15	0
Mr. White, Collected	1	5	6
Mr. E. Hanks, Collecting Box	0	11	5
Mr. C. Stapley	0	8	0
Miss Fountain, Collected	0	11	6
E. J.	0	1	0
Miss Hyde, Collected	0	11	6
Mr. Wilks, per Mrs. Bridges	15	0	0
Mrs. Bridges	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Ryman	15	0	0
Mr. R. Newman, Collected	2	5	0
Mrs. Dick	1	0	0
Master J. R. Goldsmith	1	1	
Mr. L. North	0	17	0
Mr. Bantick, Collected	0	10	0
Master Holgate „	1	14	5
Mrs. Mount	0	5	0
A Journeyman Carpenter...	0	4	7
Mrs. Evans, Collected	2	5	0
Mr. Scott „	1	3	2
W. T. S. „	0	10	0
Mr. R. Camps	1	0	0
Mr. Chew	10	0	0
Miss Sandys, Collected	0	12	4
Mr. J. Darby „	1	6	6
Mrs. Pash „	0	18	6
Mr. Pye „	0	13	8
Mr. McLellan	1	1	0
Miss Clark	0	5	0
Mr. Gibbins, Collected	1	5	0
Mrs. Gilbert „	0	6	0
Brechin	0	5	0
Newport	0	2	6
Kilkeel	0	5	0
Irvine	1	0	0
Mr. F. Hay	1	0	0
Mr. S. Haines	0	2	6
A Widow's Mite	0	1	0
Mrs. Walker	0	5	0
A Thankoffering	1	0	0
Mr. J. Naylor	0	2	6
Mrs. Henderson, Collected	0	7	6
Mrs. McPherson	0	10	0
J. R.	0	2	6
Chellaston	0	15	4
Weston-on-Trent	2	10	0
Willington	0	10	0
J. M. J.	0	8	7
E. K.	0	0	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	2	10	0
J. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis, Collected	0	6	0
Miss Cawood „	1	13	0
Miss J. Day „	1	10	0
Mr. Froud „	1	0	0
Friends, per Rev. W. Page	2	0	6
Mr. T. Lee, Collected	0	10	0
Mr. A. Ellis	1	18	0
Mr. Froud Collected	5	0	0
Miss Payne „	0	12	6
Mr. G. Foster „	0	10	6
A Welsh Woman	0	10	0
A Domestic Servant	0	10	0
Miss Spaull, Collecting Box	0	12	2
Mr. A. Clerk	0	10	0
Maryport	0	10	0
Mr. R. Haddock	0	3	10
Mrs. Belsey	2	0	0
Rothbury	1	0	0
R. Taylor (Annual Subscription)	1	1	0
Messrs. Bourn and Taylor , ...	5	5	0
	£518	3	3

COLLEGE HOUSE, STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

Will our Brethren who have not hitherto contributed, kindly make up and send in their Contributions at once, as we wish this affair speedily settled.

Articles for the Students' Stall at the forthcoming Bazaar are greatly needed.

All Communications and parcels of goods for "College House," should be addressed H. R. Brown, *Metropolitan Tabernacle College, Newington. Names marked (•) occur more than once.*

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Public Meetings Account, per Mr. Paterson, Kingsland Tabernacle	1	13	6			
Per Mr. F. H. White, Sloane Stree	6	5	3			
Per Mr. Field,* Rosemary Branch	3	15	5			
				11	14	2
Collections, &c.:—Per Mr. W. Cuff, Ridgemount	2	15	3			
Per Mr. W. Cuff, Bury St. Edmunds	9	7	6			
Per Mr. W. Cuff, Lecture, Inde Chapel, Stowe Market ...	5	9	0			
Per Mr. J. Smith, Redhill ...	8	3	0			
„ Simmons, Colingham ...	3	3	0			
„ J. Collins, Southampton	3	0	0			
„ R. Speed, Bedford ...	3	6	9			
„ E. Spurrier, Colchester...	6	0	0			
„ Ennals, Leicester ...	1	13	6			
„ Hillman (Lecture) ...	1	0	0			
„ Mark Noble, Carlton Rode	2	0	6			
„ Trapp, Mundesley ...	1	0	0			
„ Boulsher	20	0	0			
„ J. B. Warren, Westmancote	2	2	0			
„ W. H. J. Page, Calne ...	10	0	0			
„ E. P. Barrett, Woodchester	1	10	0			
„ J. O. Fellowes, John St., Edgeware Road ...	10	16	1			
„ Bowler, Grantham ...	1	10	0			
„ Crouch, Paisley	3	5	0			
„ Spanswick, Regent Street	2	0	0			
„ J. Green	2	10	0			
Per Mr. R. J. Beecliff,* Lancaster	4	12	8			
„ G. D. Evans, Grove Rd.	6	10	0			
„ P. F. Pearce,* Coleraine	3	3	0			
„ J. Field, Exeter	5	0	0			
„ D. Mace, Stotfold ...	5	0	0			
„ Hillier, South Shields ...	2	4	0			
„ Knell, Bildestone ...	2	0	0			
„ C. Chambers, Aberdeen	6	4	0			
				135	5	3
Collected on Cards:—Mr. Hart	2	11	3			
Mr. Ripper	1	6	3			
„ Mayo...	2	0	0			
„ Clark	1	3	0			
„ Whale	2	0	0			
„ Mukish	5	0	0			
„ T. J. Bristow, Woodford ...	4	5	0			
„ H. Dunnington	10	11	0			
„ Davis	2	1	0			
„ W. Green	1	1	0			
„ J. B. Field*	1	6	3			
„ Johnson	1	8	0			
„ Walter	2	5	0			
Master C. Spurgeon	5	0	0			
Master T. Spurgeon	5	0	0			
Mr. Mc Kenney	3	3	6			
„ Foley	1	2	6			
„ Owers	0	10	6			
„ T. M. Cockerton, Limpsfield	1	0	0			
„ Bradford	1	1	0			
„ Mummery	1	0	0			
„ Tresdray	1	12	0			
„ Mayers	1	12	2			
„ H. Morgan	0	11	6			
„ M. Cockerton	0	2	0			
„ Hanford	1	0	0			
„ A.	0	1	0			

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. A. Wilson	1	17	0
,, Dodwell	7	12	6
,, Serjeant	3	1	0
,, Welton,* Thetford	3	0	0
Per Mr. S. Crabb, Aberchirder—			
———	2	0	0
Miss Jane Gould	0	12	6
Mr. W. Browne	0	10	0
Mr. J. Donald	3	0	0
Per Mr. R. A. Griffin, Ipswich—			
Mrs. Head	2	6	0
Per Mr. H. Buck, Alfred St.—			
Mr. D. Gain, jun.	0	10	0
Miss Briggs	0	3	0
Miss Prior	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. Gain	0	7	6
Miss Blakeman	0	8	0
Miss Holding	0	14	0
Miss R. Masters	0	3	6
Mr. J. Saker	0	11	11
Mr. F. Thorogood	0	8	6
Miss Turnbull	0	2	11
Miss Noakes	0	8	0
Mr. Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Benham	0	5	0
Miss Still	0	5	0
Mr. H. Thorogood	1	2	10
Mr. Davie	0	2	0
Per Mr. R. J. Beecliff,* Lancaster—			
Mr. C. Smith	7	0	0
Miss M. Fawcett	6	0	8
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	1	9	6
Mr. T. Jackson	0	14	6
Miss E. Crosier	1	6	0
Mr. H. Shaw	2	2	0
Per Mr. H. A. James, Minchinhampton—			
Mrs. James	0	16	6
Mrs. Knee	0	6	6
Miss Griffin	0	3	0
Per Mr. W. Osborne, Gamlingay—			
Miss Gilbert	1	2	6
M. A. Sarll	1	1	0
A. Hodge	1	5	6
Mrs. Woodham	5	16	6
Miss W. Sarll	0	14	6
Per Mr. J. Cole, Burnham—			
Mrs. Bowles and Miss Newman	1	6	10
Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0
Miss J. Prior	0	10	0
Mr. H. Prior	1	0	0
Mr. Carter	0	10	0
Per Mr. Turner, Tunbridge ...	4	0	0
Per Mr. C. Pates, Aldwinckle—			
Miss E. Norwood	3	14	0
Miss S. A. Norwood ...	1	6	0
Per Mr. J. W. Genders, Wandsworth—			
Mrs. Cream	0	17	6
Mrs. Hirons	1	7	6
Per Mr. W. C. Bunning, Edinburgh—			
Miss S. A. Sharpe	1	0	0
Miss Mary Allen	1	4	6
Mrs. Bunning	1	6	0
Collected at Silk Mercers, Edinboro'	1	11	10
Per Mr. Marchant,* Birmingham, Lodge Road—			
Mrs. Butterworth	1	0	0
Miss A. H. Bradley ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Palmer	0	10	6
Mrs. Brearley	0	15	0
Mrs. Farnell*	0	16	0
Miss A. E. Johnson ...	0	7	6
Miss Aston	1	4	0
Per Mr. J. O. Wills, Lochee—			
Mrs. Wills	1	2	0
Miss Rushton	0	12	6
Mr. G. Alexander	0	10	6
Miss J. Rose	0	6	0
Miss Stark	0	3	0
Mr. Eason	0	7	6
Miss Ogilvie	1	5	0
Master Ogilvie	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lyon ...	0	5	0
Per Mr. A. H. Stote, Earl's Colne—			
Mr. J. Stote	1	10	0
Box, per Mr. Keys	0	17	4
———			154 5 9
Presented to Mr. Spurgeon, on March 25th			£301 5 2
Further Sums:—			
Mr. Welton,* Thetford			1 10 0
,, A. W. Grant, Barrow-in-Furness ...			6 7 0
,, McDougall, Rothesay			2 0 0
,, G. Walker, Fen y Stratford ...			0 10 0
Per Mr. C. B. Sawday			6 0 0
,, Malins, Dublin			3 0 0
,, E. Blewett, Westbury, Leigh ...			8 0 0
Per T. W. Medhurst, Glasgow—			
Thomas Coates, Esq.			5 0 0
Mrs. J. A. Campbell			1 0 0
Mrs. Campbell			0 10 0
———			0 7 6
Mrs. J. Campbell			0 5 0
"For Jesus"			0 5 0
Per Mr. P. S. Pearce,* Colemine			0 10 0
,, R. J. Mesquitta, Public Meeting, Kensington			3 2 2
			£28 6 8

Omitted—per Mr. F. G. Marchant,* Mrs. Grant, 6d.; Mrs. Farnell,* 5d.; Per Mr. J. Cole,* 1s.

East Prussia Relief Fund.—Miss Gibson, 5s.; Humanitas, £2; Mrs. Jenkins, £1; Mr. J. Cox, £2 18s.; Rev. G. H. Rouse, £2; Friend, per Mr. Cruickshank, £2 13s. 6d.

Denmark Relief Fund.—Mr. W. Knight, 10s.; Mr. J. Reynolds, £2.

For Mr. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers, and Free Ragged School, Golden Lane, E.C.—E. Leach, Esq., £1 1s.; Mr. Edmonds, 10s.; O. H. 5s.; for Destitute Children's Dinners, H. L., 3s. 6d; L. F., 4s.; E. A. R., 3s.; M. A. W., 5s.

For Colportage Association.—Annual Subscriptions.—Mr. W. G. Macgregor, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Willett, 5s; Mrs. W. Evans, 5s.—Donations.—Mr. W. Wright, 10s.; Mrs. Elizabeth Grace, 10s; M. A. B., 10s.; "Jehovah Jireh," 5s.; M. A. Wallace, 10s.; R. Corry, jun., Esq., £5; Mr. and Mrs. K., £20; L. D., 5s.; Mr. G. Bourn and Friends, 4s. 6d.; B. B., £5; Collected by T. J., 1s. 6d.; Mr. George Payne, 5s.; Mr. James Bruce, £1 5s. 6d.; C. W. E., 5s.; Miss Clara Kettle, 5s.; S. M., 1s.; C. M. L., 1s.; Mr. H. Hobson, 5s.; ———, 5s.; ———, 1s.; Mr. H. W. Leatherdale, 5s.; Mrs. Smart, 4s.; M. Jones, 10s.; Mr. Henry Ward, 3s. 6d.

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.



MR. THOMAS OLNEY,

SENIOR DEACON OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1868.

The Good Deacon.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OF late years we have heard a great deal against deacons, and have read discussions as to their office, evidently suggested by no idolatrous reverence for their persons. Many of our ministering brethren bitterly rate them, others tremble at the mention of their very name, and a few put on their armour and prepare to do battle with them wherever they go, as if they were the dragons of ministerial life. We ourselves are charged with having said that "a deacon is worse than a devil, for if you resist the devil he will flee from you, but if you resist a deacon he will fly at you." This is no saying of ours, we never had any cause to speak so severely, and although in some cases it is undoubtedly true, we have never had any experimental proof of it. Not one in a hundred of all the sayings fathered upon us are ours at all, and as to this one it was in vogue before we were born. Our observation of deacons leads us to observe that, as a rule, they are quite as good men as the pastors, and the bad and good in the ministry and the deaconate are to be found in very much the same proportions. If there be lordly deacons, are their not lordly pastors? If there be ignorant, crotchety men among deacons, are their not their rivals in our pulpits? The church owes an immeasurable debt of gratitude to those thousands of godly men who study her interests day and night, contribute largely of their substance, care for her poor, cheer her ministers, and in times of trouble as well as prosperity, remain faithfully at their posts. Whatever there may be here and there of mistake, infirmity, and even wrong we are assured from wide and close observation, that the greater number of our deacons are an honour to our faith, and we may style them as the apostle did his brethren, the "glory of Christ." Heaviest censure is occasionally deserved, but affectionate esteem is usually due. Deprive the church of her deacons, and she would be bereaved of her most valiant sons; their loss would be the shaking of the pillars of our spiritual house, and would cause a desolation on every side. Thanks be to God such a calamity is not likely to befall us, for the great Head of

the church in mercy to her, will always raise up a succession of faithful men, who will use the office well, and earn unto themselves a good degree and much boldness in the faith. Much ought to be taken into consideration in estimating the character of men sustaining office in the church, for many difficulties may be incidental to the position, and this may mitigate the severity with which we ought to judge the men. Our brethren in the deacon's work are not so migratory as our ministers; they are frequently born to Christ in the churches in which they live and die; they cannot readily remove when evil days becloud the church, but remain chained to the oar to bear the odium of discontent and the sorrow of decay. No frequent removal secures for them a renewal of popularity elsewhere; their whole career for bad or good is remembered by one and the same constituency, and hence false steps are with great difficulty retrieved, and awkward disagreements are painfully remembered. With new ministers come new ways, and men in office, especially elderly men, cannot so easily learn and unlearn as young and fresh comers might desire; perhaps cherished methods are crossed, and hallowed ideas overthrown, and this is not the smallest trial of a good man's life. We almost think it needs a better man to make a good deacon than a good minister. *We* who preach the word go first, and this pleases human nature; grace is needed to make older, wealthier, and often wiser men go second and keep their place without envyings and bickerings: thousands do this, and are to be honoured for it.

We did not, however, take up our pen to eulogise deacons as a class, but simply to record our own happy experience, believing that one fact is better than a thousand theories. The deacons of our first village ministry were in our esteem the excellent of the earth, in whom we took great delight. Hard-working men on the week-day, they spared no toil for their Lord on the Sabbath; we loved them sincerely, and do love them still, though another minister speaks of them with a severity never exceeded. In our idea they were as nearly the perfection of deacons of a country church as the kingdom could afford, and we wonder that the present occupant of the pulpit could have found out faults and vices of which we never saw a trace. Since our sojourn in London we have seen the burial of the fag-end of a race of deacons of whom only one survives, beloved and revered by us all. A fine gentlemanly race, rather stiff and unmanageable, not quite to our mind, but honourable, respectable, prudent grandees of dissent the last generation of deacons were; men to be spoken of with reverence in all places where holy memories are cherished. Our *own* growth of brethren are peculiarly lovable, active, energetic, warm-hearted generous men; but as we may have to live with them for another quarter of a century, we will only say of them that we could not exaggerate in speaking of our love to them as our generous-hearted fellow soldiers and true yoke-fellows. Of the one beloved father of the older school, who shares in all its excellencies and none of its grandiose stiffness, we give the best portrait that the best wood engraver in London could produce. Converted in early youth, Thomas Olney joined the church at Carter-lane in his youth, and for fifty-eight years has remained in membership with the same people. For thirty years he has been a deacon. A dear lover of his departed pastor, Dr. Rippon, he mourned his decease

very deeply, and thought that the glory was departed. He served the church under depressing changes of the pastorate, and then gave his heart to us without reserve, with very much of the juvenile ardour of a young man. He never acted as a drag to the wheels, or a dead weight to the chariot. His purse was ready, and his heart and energy forced him with it to the front of the battle. In our great works of building the Tabernacle, the College, Orphanage, Almhouses, he never lagged or so much as thought of holding back. Ten thousand blessings be upon him, and others of the same household, for the Lord's sake, and for the sake of the church of God. Flattery be far from us, but truth we must speak; we wish that every church had several such honourable men. The poor among us call him blessed, and all of us hold him in our highest esteem. We speak thus of men generally when they are dead; but it is a miserable policy which robs the living servant of Jesus of the little love-word which might have cheered declining years—it is more, it is an unworthy dishonesty which withholds the well-earned meed of praise. Paul was not afraid to commend the living, nor need we be; and Paul never saw a warmer lover of the church of God than we see in our friend. May his last days be bright with the dawn of heaven, and as his children and his children's children already walk in the truth, may he when gathered to his fathers amid their tears, be rejoiced over as a shock of corn fully ripe gathered into the garner. Meanwhile may he enjoy in his own heart an overflowing anticipation of the "Well done, good and faithful servant," which grace reserves for him.

Honeywood Park; or, a Story of my Grandfather.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE recurrence of the name of a village, a house, or a spot in one's family annals, interwoven with its most important events, is curious to observe. The superstitious imagine that a strange influence upon human destiny may be connected with peculiar places; we reject their theory, but all the more wonder at the facts upon which it is based. There is a spot in Essex, the name of which is as much associated with the life of my grandfather, now in heaven, as if providence had rooted him to it, and constrained him to live and die within its bounds. What I am about to write is as nearly as my recollection served me the story as I had it from himself. I had been preaching within twenty miles of Stambourne, where the good old man proclaimed the gospel for about sixty years; and I received a pressing letter from him, saying, that as he was now eighty-eight years of age, if I did not drive across country to see him, we might never meet again in this world. Little did the grandson need urging to so pleasant a duty. Starting early I reached the village at eight in the morning, and found the venerable man on the look-out for his boy. He was remarkably cheerful and communicative, talking of his tutor at Hackney College, of his early life, his trials and his deliverances, the good men who had gone before him, and the occasions upon which he had met them. He then touched on what was evidently a favourite topic, and remarked that there was formerly

a wood in what I think he called Honeywood Park, which was a very memorable place to him. In that wood he had groaned and wept before the Lord while under the burden of sin, and under a tree, an oak, then only a sapling, he had received the grace of faith, and entered upon the enjoyment of peace with God. It was a lonely spot, but henceforth it was to him no other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Often he resorted thither and praised the name of the Lord.

Some time after this happy event, having to go from Coggeshall to Halstead, his route was over the hallowed spot. On the night previous he dreamed very vividly that the devil appeared to him, and threatened to tear him in pieces if he dared to go along that footpath and pray under the oak as he had been wont to do. The evil one reminded him that there was another way through the farm yard, and that if he took the farmyard path all would go well with him. When my grandfather awoke, the impression on his mind was overpowering, and he reasoned thus with himself: Whether it be a dream or really a temptation from Satan I cannot tell, but anyhow I will not yield to it, but will show the devil that I will not do his bidding in anything, but will defy him to his face. This was the good man all over. Like Luther he had a vivid impression of the reality and personality of the great enemy, and was accustomed to make short work with his suggestions. One day when in the pulpit it came into his head that the place where the sand was kept for sanding the brick floor of his manse ought to be boarded in. His next thought was what business had the devil to make me think about the sand closet on a Sunday and in the pulpit too, it shall not be boarded in at all. I will let him see that he shall not have his way with me. But to return to the story, my grandfather, then a young man, went on cheerily enough till he came to the stile where the two paths diverged, then a horrible fear came upon him, and he felt his heart beat fast. Suppose he really should meet the archfiend, and should find him too strong for him, what then? Better take the farmyard path. No, that would be yielding to Satan, and he would not do that for ten thousand worlds. He plucked up courage and tremblingly pressed on. The stile was leaped, the narrow tract through the wood was trodden with resolution mingled with forebodings. The oak was in sight, the sweat was on his face, the pace was quickened, a dash was made, and the tree was grasped, but there was no Satan there. Taking breath a moment, the young man uttered aloud the exclamation, "Ah, cowardly devil, you threatened to tear me in pieces, and now you do not dare show your face." Then followed a fervent prayer and a song of praise, and the young man was about to go on his way, when his eye was caught by something shining on the ground. It was a ring, a very large ring, he told me nearly as large as a curtain ring, and it was solid gold; how it came there it would be hard to guess. Enquiries were made, but no claimant ever appeared, and my grandfather had it made into my grandmother's wedding ring, in memory of the spot so dear to him. Year by year he continued to visit the oak tree on the day of his conversion to pour out his soul before the Lord. The sapling had spread abroad its branches, and the man had become the parent of a numerous family, but the song of gratitude was not forgotten, nor the

prayer that he and his offspring might for ever be the Lord's; the angels of God, we doubt not, watched those consecrated seasons with delightful interest.

To add to the solemnity of the secluded wood, his father, while passing by the spot, was touched by the hand of God, and suddenly fell dead. He could then feel even more deeply how awful—in this place! This made the annual visitations to the tree more deeply impressive, and we believe beneficial. They would have been continued till my grandfather's last year, were it not that the hand of modern improvement ruthlessly swept away tree and wood, and every relic of the past. His last prayer upon the dear spot was most ludicrously interrupted—as the wood was almost all felled, he judged by the pathway as nearly as possible where the long-remembered oak had stood; the place was covered with growing wheat, but he kneeled down in it and began to bless the name of the Lord, when suddenly he heard a rough voice from over the hedge crying out, "Maister, there be a creazy man a saying his prayers down in the wheat over thay're." This startled the suppliant and made him beat a hasty retreat. Jacob must wrestle somewhere else; the man of God looked at the spot and went his way, but in spirit he still raised an altar in that Bethel, and praised the God of his salvation. He has gone to his rest after having fought a good fight, but the prayers of Honeywood Park are blessing his children and his children's children, to the third generation at this very hour. To them and all the world his testimony is, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," and equally does he instruct us to "Bless the Lord and forget not all his benefits." It were well if all of us were as decided to overcome temptation, let it come as it may. To indulge in that which may even seem to be sin is evil—to strive against its very appearance is safety. Forgive, gentle reader, the egoism which made me think this odd story might have an interest beyond my own family-circle; it is no small pleasure to remember such a grandsire, and to recall an incident in his life is pardonable.

Revivals in Religion, the Minister's Position and Duty towards them.*

BY ARCHIBALD G. BROWN, OF STEPNEY GREEN TABERNACLE.

IN order to clear the ground before me, I will try and define what a true revival is, and first let me say, *I distinguish it from much that goes under the name at the present day.* This is a revival age, if not of experience, yet of talk. Revival meetings, revivalism and revivalists, abound on every hand. A craving on the part of the masses for the truth to be presented in a more lively, sensational form than was to be found in the sanctuaries of the land, has been met by a large section of Christians to the very full. "They have out-heroded Herod."

* Read at John Street Chapel, before the members of the London Baptist Association.

Sensational names, sensational bills, sensational services, have all been tried, and I am willing to admit with some success, especially as regards the collecting of large audiences. "Spiritual galvanism," as it has been felicitously called by Mr. J. A. James, has been tried to the utmost. The feelings and the imagination have been wrought on to an extreme; for what is at first extraordinary, soon, by periodical repetition, becomes ordinary, and men demand still stronger stimulants. We would not cast a single slur upon those who hold with and employ these ultra means, for among their number many of the most eminent and holy children of God are to be found, and in many instances, God has added a most abundant blessing. But we do ask the question, is this all that we are to understand by a revival of religion? Personally, I reply, surely not. I look upon these spiritual excitements more as the necessary accompaniments of a revival than the revival itself. They are as the foam-wreath riding on the summit of the mighty billow; not the wave itself, but *its attendant. Wherever a billow of true revival rolls, the light froth of excited revivalism always more or less rises to the surface.* But shall we despise the billow because of the foam? God forbid. Yet how many ignore and despise the very idea of a revival, and point to the indiscreet excitements we have mentioned as their excuse!

Though I attach no value to the many proceedings which are classified in the present day as revivals, for *what they are in themselves*, yet I prize them for what they indicate; namely, that there is a deeper movement underlying them, for *it is only in a dead calm that there is no froth or foam.* I cannot here abstain from saying (and I believe many of the brethren echo the sentiment), how much I disapprove of any one styling himself, or permitting himself to be called a "Revivalist," the very term *seems* to claim for man the high prerogative which belongs alone to him who sits upon the throne of heaven; and to cast a slight upon the glorious work of the Spirit upon which we are so absolutely dependent.

"Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain."

An eminent writer says, "That the revival on the days of Pentecost may safely be used by us as a test to discover the genuineness of modern ones; for though they may not be identical in every point, yet in the main features there will be a great similarity." What were the main features of that glorious time of refreshing?

It was preceded by earnest expectant prayer. Before the full breeze of the Spirit comes, there will be heard a sighing among the branches. A sense of its need will be felt. Before a revival, the cry, "O Lord, revive thy work," will usually become more frequent at our gatherings for prayer. In cases where the cry has not been heard at the prayer-meetings, if a revival occurs, and an observer asks his fellow, in astonishment, how has this come about? we answer, *secret prayer has been at work.* Enquire among the obscure members of the church, and you will find that an unknown Jacob has been crying, wrestling, agonising in prayer for the blessing. The revival may have found the minister slumbering and the body of the church fast asleep; but though few knew it, you may be sure that some lone one has been

npon his watch-tower, constant in prayer till the blessing came. Some Elijah, alone, perhaps with head bowed between his knees, asking for the rain, and keeping a sharp look-out for the gathering cloud. Finney, in his lectures, relates the following incident, "A revival commenced in a church in America with a devoted woman. She became anxious about sinners, and gave herself to prayer for them; her distress increased; she went to the minister and asked him to appoint a meeting for anxious souls; he put her off, for he felt nothing of it himself. She came the next week and besought him, for she felt as if God was about to pour out his Spirit. He sent her off again: at last she said to him, '*If you don't appoint an anxious meeting, I shall die;* for there is certainly going to be a revival.' The next Lord's-day he appointed one, not knowing of a single one likely to come; but great was his astonishment on reaching the place, to find a large number waiting for him to point them to Christ."

The revival at Pentecost began among the ministers of the gospel. There were thousands of all nations in Jerusalem at the time: the fields were white unto the harvest, but before the sheaves were brought in, the Lord had a work to do among the reapers. Behold them gathered together in yonder room. What are they waiting for? Their answer is, we tarry until we are "endued with power from on high." A noise like mighty rushing wind is heard, exultingly they cry, "It comes, it comes," and lo, the place is filled with the rushing mighty wind, while each receives a baptism of fire.

> "Thus arm'd he sent his champions forth,
> From east to west from south to north;
> 'Go and assert your Saviour's cause;
> Go, *spread the mystery* of his cross.'" .

That there may be exceptions we grant, but we believe that when God purposes to kindle a holy conflagration in a neighbourhood or nation, he usually begins by setting his *servants'* hearts on fire; the deacons and elders catch the flame; the fire runs from heart to heart till the whole church glows like a burnt offering; and THEN the masses feel its power. Friends, pardon me if I am going too far, but behold the parallel. Are not the fields around us by their very vastness asking for the sickle? Have not we met in one place with one accord? O that the fire might fall on us, that all of us from the eldest to the youngest, from the most known to the most obscure, might have a day of refreshing for our own souls.

The revival of Pentecost followed the simple preaching of Christ crucified. Listen to Peter preaching. No rounded, pointless sentences, fall from his lip. No high-flown eulogy on the natural dignity of man. No polite apologies lest he should hurt or wound their feelings. *He passed* no eloquent encomium on cold chaste morality, *apart from the blood of the atonement.* He manifested no cowardly shirking of the sovereignty of God on the one hand, he used no bated breath in declaring the duty of the sinner on the other. "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." "Repent, and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for remission of sins." Is there to be apostolic blessing? there must be apostolic preaching. Down with cold

speculations, up with warm-hearted declarations. Down with hair splitting, up with heart breaking. Down with sinner lauding, up with Christ exalting. Down with the crucifix, up with Christ crucified.

Many other resemblances might be mentioned, but space and time forbid. I think I cannot do better than here give Dr. Jenkyn's description of a revival in his own words. "A revival is the spring of religion, the renovation of life and gladness. It is the season in which young converts burst into existence and beautiful activity. The church resumes her toil and labour with freshness and energy. The air all around is balmy, and diffusing the sweetest odours. The whole landscape teems with living promises of abundant harvest. It is the jubilee of holiness; a genial warmth pervades and refreshes the whole church. Showers of vernal delight and joy descend gently and copiously. Delightful influences are wafted by every breeze. Where the dead leaves of winter still linger, the primrose and the daisy spring up in modest loveliness. Trees long barren put forth buds of beauty and power. The whole valley is crowned with fragrant and varied blossoms. Forms of beauty bloom on every side, and Zion is the joy of the whole earth."

If we would be informed, "What is a true revival?" Let Scripture speak. "In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people." "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." May these words be our sweet experience as individual believers in Jesus, and may they yet be found a true picture of our churches.

My next point is, that the way in which God has chosen to carry on his work in the world and prosper his church, IS BY SENDING DISTINCT REVIVALS.

They are identified with the history of the church in all ages. On looking back and tracing the onward progress of the church, there is not so much resemblance to the steady flowing river as to the incoming tide. It has advanced by wave succeeding wave; after each wave there has been an apparent ebb, but the next billow has swept a little further than the last, and thus has the flood advanced. Finney says, "Almost all the religion in the world has been produced by revivals. Men are so sluggish; there are so many things to lead their minds off from religion, and to oppose the influence of the gospel, that it is necessary to raise an excitement among them, till the tide runs so high as to sweep away the opposing obstacles." For illustration of this truth, let us refer to church history, and in doing so, we find repeated revivals in Old Testament days, which have been rejoiced in and celebrated by the pious as the choicest displays of divine mercy, and have cheered and encouraged the faithful in the darkest times of declension. The remembrance of what God HAD done formed the argument in their pleadings, and gave them confidence whilst they cried, "Lord, THOU HAST been favourable unto thy land; *thou hast* brought back the captivity of Jacob. Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?" "O Lord,

revive thy work, in the midst of the years. in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy." What a glorious revival was that which took place during the reign of Hezekiah, when the high places were removed, the images broken, and the groves cut down, while a holy fury, like a purging fire, swept through the land. What a succession of revivals do we find recorded in connection with the reigns of David, Solomon, Jehoshaphat, Joash, Uzziah, and Josiah! and were not the days of Ezra and of Nehemiah rendered famous by reason of great reformations and powerful manifestations of religious zeal?

Turn we to *apostolic days*. How marvellous was the revival which took place directly after the Pentecostal shower! Nothing but the extraordinary agency of the Holy Spirit accompanying the preaching of the gospel can account for the rapidity with which it spread throughout the Roman empire. All the feelings of the natural heart were opposed to the doctrines of a crucified Saviour; all the existing religions were at war with its uncompromising claims; all the social habits and influences of the people were hostile to the requirements of the gospel; and all the prejudices and philosophies of the great and lordly were arrayed against the lowly sufferer of Calvary; and yet, notwithstanding all, in a very few years from the death of Christ, his gospel was spread over the civilised world. Let it be remembered too, that all this was done without the early disciples possessing the means and facilities for combined action we now possess. They were without even the powerful and legitimate aid of the printing-press. Their victory was accomplished alone through the simple preaching of the truth and the hearing of the word, for the books of the New Testament were written to meet the exigencies of churches already formed. The same feature is to be observed in the early history of the church subsequent to apostolic days. The power of the gospel was not only illustrated by the unflinching heroism of those who rather than deny their Lord permitted the lions' jaws to drip with their hearts' gore; but by the multitudes who, with martyrdom before them, YET came forward to profess Christ. During the dark night of the thirteenth century, there were powerful revivals of religion, as let the history of the Waldenses, the Israel of the Alps, testify. In the fourteenth century a marked revival swept through England, through the ministry of Wickliffe; and during the fifteenth century the church on the continent was greatly revived and enlarged through the labours of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. But how grandly does the sixteenth century stand forth as a period of revival! At its commencement a gross darkness covered the earth. Popedom and superstition held the sway. A lethargy had crept over the whole church, a deadly lethargy pervaded all, but now is the time for God to work. A revival so mighty, that it has well been called the reformation, marched triumphantly on. Martin Luther, the Wittenburgh doctor, thundered in Germany, and the mighty peals reverberated through England. John Calvin at Geneva, taught and wrote, argued and explained; and while Martin Luther tried to knock the Pope and devil down, Calvin laboured to build up the church with polished stones. A spark from Geneva kindled a heart in Scotland, and John Knox set the kingdom on a blaze. Time fails us to do more than close the list by reminding you that a century ago, the sleeping church was roused, when north and south, east

and west, those incarnate seraphim, George Whitefield and John Wesley, went abroad and filled the land with the flame of fervent piety.

We will now consider THE BEARING OF THIS SUBJECT UPON US.

What is our great need, what is our great desire, what is the world's great requirement? Is it not a revival of religion in our hearts, and in our churches? There seems to exist a general conviction that the church is not telling on the world as it should, and various are the suggestions offered as to the remedy. "Alter your style of buildings," say some, "if the little plain chapel is half empty, build a large Gothic place with a spire—that will draw the people." "Alter your style of worship," say others. "Do away with the warm-hearted old clerk who has led the singing from that table pew for the last ten years, and who sings more earnestly than sweetly; put an organ in his place; have a machine instead of a man—that will draw the masses." "Change the preachers," says a third. "Silence all the uneducated ministers," says one party. "Do away with all your classic preachers," hotly answers the other. "Dismiss all the young ministers," says one. "I have no patience with these boys," said an aged matron in my hearing but lately. "Have only young and zealous men," answers the opposite party. Pension the venerable gentlemen—their time is gone by." What is the true want? We venture to answer, a revival in our midst. Let us have that, and all the difficulties will vanish. Is our place of worship plain—are we unable to boast a spire? never mind, we shall find that heaven's fire can descend in our midst without the help of that conductor. Is our singing not of the most classical kind? Never mind, let a revival come, and every heart will sing so loudly, that the little harshness of the tongue will be forgotten. Let a revival come, and the minister with but little education, and less of this world's rhetoric, will yet speak words none shall be able to gainsay, for he shall speak as moved by the Holy Ghost. Let a revival come, and a classical education shall in nowise chill the burning thoughts which God has kindled, but being sanctified, learning shall become a glittering weapon, doing execution in parts of the field where the uneducated could be of little service. Let a revival come, and the young will so preach that none shall be able to depise their youth. Let a revival come, and many an aged servant of the Lord shall, like Samson, feel the locks of his strength growing afresh, and the congregation shall see that the dew of his youth is yet upon him.

If, indeed, revivals be God's *modus operandi*, then let us cry, "Lord, send us a revival." "When?" We answer, "Why not now?" It seems to me as if we were already on the verge of glorious days. The church yearns and sighs for it. There is a noise heard among the dry bones of the valley; the tramp of 20,000 wending their way to hear the gospel preached at the Agricultural Hall has already sounded loudly in our ear. The church which, like a ship, has long been stranded on the shore, glides slowly down towards the water's edge; *already she begins to feel the power* of the rolling tide—another heave, she is off, (shall she receive it now?) and then with studding sails, and every stitch of canvas filled with the Spirit's breeze, the good old bark, which has already weathered many a storm, shall gallantly career through the waves.

God send a revival in our hearts. If any of us have become cramped and fettered in our work by the bonds of dry officialism and by lack of spiritual power, may he snap the one and supply the other; from us may our churches catch the holy impulse; from them may the circle widen till all our sister churches in the kingdom are included in its belt of fire, and may this our age stand grandly forth as one of God's revival epochs.

"Pity the Poor Blind!"

A GENTLEMAN once wrote to the *Times*, exposing an ingenious but not thoroughly successful trick. At different times he had dropped coppers into the hands of a woman who appeared to be blind. One day he met with her in a quiet back street, with her eyes open, evidently seeing as perfectly as her benefactor. The next time he saw her begging, he could not restrain his indignation. "You old humbug," he said, "you know you are no more blind than I am." "Well, sir," was the audacious, but unanswerable reply, "and ain't that a blessing to be very thankful for?" The gentleman acknowledged that he was confounded by the answer; and so sought relief in the columns of a journal that had enbalmed many a grievance, and given publicity to many an Englishman's grumble. Still, such cases of feigned blindness are very rare. Blind mendicants are pretty numerous in the metropolis, and their "makings" are not so great as they used to be. The consequence is that imposture invariably assumes a different form—such as lameness, diseased, useless arms, and incurable diseases of some description which have baffled the skill of all the physicians in the London hospitals. Such impostors succeed better in deluding the generous public than if they were to pretend to suffer from deprivation of sight. A dozen years ago, blind mendicants obtained large sums of money, and some who boasted of being "musicianers" have taken £2 or £2 10s. a day in a large town. But such strokes of good luck belong to the good old times. Free trade in mendicancy has developed. Where there was one blind beggar there are now ten or more. The profession has increased; its respectability declined; its resources are lessened; and its power for evoking public sympathy diminished. So materially diminished, indeed, that one poor fellow who reads in the streets from Paul's epistles, acknowledges that he only makes 2s. 6d. a week, while one Whit-Monday, though he read himself hoarse, he only made twopence half-penny. Nor is this change to be deplored. Public sympathy takes a more sensible turn. Those who once gave indiscriminately to the poor of our streets, now prefer to manifest their sympathy with blindness by assisting those benevolent institutions which have been established during the last few years for the rescue and relief of the sightless.

Mr. Mayhew's enquiry into the condition of life of the blind beggars of the metropolis brought to light facts that might well startle the public. Supposing the narratives he has published to be, in the main,

trustworthy, we find, on the testimony of some of the blind themselves, that their lives are none of the happiest. One man walks in the streets from ten in the morning till twelve at night; has two meals a day; gets tired and weary, and many times sleeps as he walks, knocking his stick just the same as if he were awake; is "always a little in debt;" thanks God he has a good "kerackter" as all blind men have, and therefore can get credit; never has any amusements; gets 10s. a week when "the quality" are in town, and 5s. when they are not; could not live at all were it not for "the quality" and their pensions to the blind during the winter: and could not gain so much sympathy as he does were it not for the dog which attracts so much attention, and gains by its good behaviour such golden opinions. This man seems to be well acquainted with his own class; and assuming his statements to be truthful, one gets the following insight into low life among these unfortunate mendicants. They have a religious, and in most cases a priestly, turn of mind. Roman Catholicism they most admire, certainly not on æsthetic grounds, but probably on account of the practical benevolence of sisters of mercy, and the insinuating kindness of the priests. They are not addicted to drink; though few are abstainers, and a drunken blind man is quite an exception. They are marked by jealousy; prefer blind to seeing women, because they are more fond of home, and less inclined to dress, gaiety, pleasures, and evil passions. Their household arrangements are generally perfect; they pride themselves upon their cleanliness and neatness; they are fond of their children, and are as kind to those belonging to other people. Generous and charitable to others, notwithstanding their feeling of isolation, they are easily touched by a tale of sorrow, and in their way are ready to help. We have all seen the kind of dog that leads the blind in the streets, and have probably pitied the poor creature with its "hang-dog" countenance, its Puritanic sobriety of demeanour, stiff-starchedness, and melancholy air. So different is it from the sharp, snapping, gay, dashing little fellow that scampers madly and joyously along the streets, that we have passed a gloomy verdict upon its habits of life. I am not quite sure we are correct in our judgments of dogs, any more than we are in our views of the characters of men. Let a blind man tell the story of the matchless cleverness of his street conductor. "I have had him," he says, "nine years, and he is with me night and day, goes to church with me and all. If I go out without him he misses me, and then he scampers all through the streets where I am in the habit of going, crying and howling after me, just as if he was fairly out of his mind. It's astonishing!" He has said that he would rather lose his wife than his dog, though he was sorry he had ever said so, for, having had two blind wives and one seeing one, he laments the loss of the first and best wife. If he says a cross word to the dog, "he'll cry like a Christian." He had a dog before him, named Blucher—a clever dog, who went stone blind. "The way I first noticed him going blind was when I would come to cross a street on my way home; at nightfall, the shade of the house on the opposite side, as we was crossing, would frighten him and drive him in the middle of the road, and he wouldn't draw to the pavement till he found he was wrong; and then after that he began to run again' the lamp-posts in the dark—when he did this

he'd cry out just like a Christian. I was sorry for him, and he know'd that, for I used to fret." At last, continued the blind man, with tears choking his utterance, he was "obligated" to dispense with Blucher's services. For a time he allowed him to run out with him; but whenever he remained at home he would fret. "I couldn't bear it, and so got at length to take him always with me, and then he used to follow the knock of my stick. He done so for about six months, and then I was one night going along Piccadilly, and I stops speaking to a policeman, and Blucher misses me; he couldn't hear where I was for the noise of the carriages. He didn't catch the sound of my stick, and couldn't hear my voice for the carriages, so he went seeking me into the middle of the road." Poor creature, he was run over by an omnibus. Still he was able to lead his master home, blind as he was, but the next morning he couldn't rise up at all, "his hind parts was useless to him. Well, he never eat nor drink nothing for a week, and got to be in such dreadful pain that I was forced to have him killed." The blind master felt it to be as bad as "killing a Christian:" he dreamt about the dog night and day—for had it not been his constant, faithful, and trusty companion?

In Great Britain there are not fewer than thirty thousand blind persons, and the majority belong to the poorer classes. They are, it would seem, very unequally scattered over the country; and statistics show some very curious details in reference to the causes of blindness. Smallpox is very largely the origination of life-long darkness. "Some of the accidental causes recorded are singular, and such as no foresight could have prevented. A was peeping through a key-hole, when her father thrust a wire through the opening and pierced one eye, and the sight of the other soon perished; B ran up against another boy in the street; C fell while carrying a basin, and the broken china cut open both eyes; D was watching a thrashing machine, when a morsel of some acrid weed was blown into his eye; E was hedging, when a thorn pricked him; F was beating for game, when a bough struck him in the face."* Defiance of sanitary laws will bring ophthalmia, as the epidemics which have attacked our Irish soldiery prove.

Reserving an account of a visit we have just paid to the largest Blind School in this country for a second paper, we would refer to some of the peculiarities of blind life, and mention a few remarkable instances of what the blind have done. No affliction can scarcely be more distressing than blindness. We are aware that this has been questioned, and Dr. Kitto, whose deafness made him personally interested in the question, very warmly debated whether blindness was the worse calamity. Deafness, no doubt, is one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to an intelligent man; but it seems to us that born blindness—the entire loss of that sense which is the most wondrous avenue of varied perceptions and of knowledge, which reveals beauties, feeds the imagination, opens up space, with its thousand and one attractions, and expands the mental faculties until there are few subjects which it may not grasp—is a sad reality that strips the world of its pleasantness, intercepts Heaven's light and choicest gifts, and turns them into the gloom of sadness and

* Blind People—their Works and Ways.—Rev. B. J. Johns, M.A.

the isolation of despair. Milton felt this when in the solitude of grief he wrote—

> "Seasons return, but not to me returns
> The sight of vernal bloom, or summer rose,
> But cloud instead, and ever during dark
> Surround me: from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
> Presented with a universal blank."

There is, however, no dispensation of life that may be considered to be hopeless. Like as the star in sparkling majesty—

> "Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,
> Bright'ning the half-veil'd face of heaven afar"—

hope, with its radiant smile and friendly influence, turns the melancholy house of care and sorrow into a palace of joy. And though a night of unending darkness shuts in the blind, yet from personal knowledge we can say that none are more cheerful than they. At least, when a hope of a bright immortality gilds the darkness of the present and throws a halo of sweet anticipation round the future, this is pre-eminently so. We have known some blind persons whose Christianity has been not only no mere outward profession, but no mere isolation from a world which has been deemed too sin-stricken to influence for God. Though not receiving light, save from the Father of lights, they have given light, and have so placed it that it shall be seen to the glory of the divine Giver. Great as are their difficulties, they seem to meet them with an indomitable manly courage, and their general vivacity of disposition and delicacy of sensations are superior to most persons. Their industry and perseverance are exhibited in combination with plodding sobriety of earnestness. Naturally shy and reserved they are not, as a rule, given to that rapid outflow of thought and unrestrained expression of inward feeling that characterise the honest and intelligent who are not bereft of sight. "The blind man rarely, if ever," observes a writer whom we have already quoted, "takes a broad view of things. If he thinks intently on any given point, he fails to see, or is apt to forget, some one other of equal weight and close at hand. This makes him one-sided, and ready to hug his own judgment to the very death, slow to receive the opinion of others, captious as well as cautious, a temper which easily hardens into narrow prejudice." We could give instances of their cautiousness, worthy of even canny Scotchmen, and hastiness of temper—all which are serious disadvantages in their education for life. But lack of breadth of mental view is not surprising; and so far from wondering at their narrow prejudices, one only marvels that they are so harmless. Harshness of judgment seems only a natural consequent of their lack of acquaintance with the softness and beauty of nature, of the human face, of human sunshine, and a mother's smile.

Not a few blind men and women have gained considerable eminence; yet but little has been recorded of what would interest us most, namely, how they gained the knowledge which made them so prominent. Strange to say, there have been blind travellers: but the only blind traveller of any note had seen much of the world before he lost his

sight. He was Lieut. Holman, who published, in seven volumes, an account of his travels. He went through France, Italy, Russia, Poland, Austria, Prussia, &c., and proposed, indeed, to journey round the world. Explaining how he gained his information, he wrote: "I believe that, notwithstanding my want of vision, I do not fail to visit as many interesting points in the course of my travels as the majority of my contemporaries; and by having things described to me *on the spot*, I think it is possible for me to form as correct a judgment as my own sight would enable me to do; and to confirm my accuracy, I could bring many living witnesses to bear testimony to my endless enquiries and insatiable thirst for collecting information. Indeed, this is the secret of the delight I derive from travelling, affording me as it does a constant source of mental occupation,"* &c. There was a man named Dunnett, in Devonshire, who walked five miles and back each day to convey letters and newspapers from Braunston to Barnstaple. There have been blind poets. Need we mention the names of old Homer—the first of poets (917 B.C.)—and Milton, who, with a tinge of sadness, wrote of the lady who, after his blindness, became his wife—

"I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven."

There was James Blacklock, who, in 1766, received the degree of Doctor in Divinity, being, it is believed, the only person blind from infancy who ever gained that distinction; and James Wilson; and later on, Frances Brown. Of blind musicians, we need hardly say anything. "It is difficult," Kitto aptly observes, "to find a blind person to whom music is not the highest luxury of life." The most interesting cases are those of blind philosophers, who have bravely surmounted difficulties in order to gain acquaintance with philosophic knowledge.

Of blind divines, there have been not a few. Yet none of them, so far as we have been able to find out, have left any impress upon their age. Under the old Levitical dispensation, no blind man was permitted to perform sacrificial acts. But we are under a new economy, and blindness is no disqualification—save spiritual blindness—for the spiritual services of the sanctuary. In the Romish church, natural blindness incapacitates for orders—spiritual blindness, whether in the Romish or Anglican church, is, so far as facts go, no hindrance: in many cases, as presentations to livings show, such blindness is preferred. James Troughton, a Puritan, was blind; he was ejected from his fellowship of St. John's College, Oxford, on the restoration of Charles II., and wrote several works, including a vindication of Justification by Faith, and an Apology for Nonconformists. Zisca, a Bohemian Reformer, in the time of Huss, lost his eyes from an arrow-wound, but it is said of him, "He was more dreaded by the enemies of his country after he became blind, than he had been before the accident." He manfully resisted the encroachments of the Pope, and on his tomb it is shrewdly stated, "He rests in this hallowed place in spite of the Pope." Dr. Guyse, Toplady mentions in one of his books, lost his eyesight while at prayer before the sermon. It must have been with extraordinary self-command and coolness that he preached the

* The Lost Senses: Blindness. By John Kitto, D.D.

sermon, not being able to use the manuscript which he had before him. It is said than an old lady of the congregation—whether wisely or truthfully we leave—congratulated the doctor on his blindness, saying that he had never preached so well before: "Now, we shall have no more notes. I wish, for my own part, that the Lord had taken away your sight twenty years ago, for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees."

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. V.—PUBLIC-HOUSES.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

A LONDON gin-palace needs scarcely to be described. Most persons are acquainted with its exterior aspects. Its massive plate glass windows, solid mahogany doors, artistically decorated and gilded pilasters, architraves, and friezes, flaming gas, polished metal pipes, and gaily coloured vats, have made it the most unblushingly conspicuous sight in the streets of London. Nor need we picture the scenes of riot, of indelicacy, showy vulgarity, and intemperance, which are too frequently witnessed in and outside these drinking establishments. Nor shall we describe the less pretentious beer-houses, nor those dingy-looking pseudo coffee-houses, in which if any one were to ask for refreshments he would be ridiculed. We shall assume our readers to be sufficiently well acquainted with the external character of these houses at least; and as our object is not to depict vice and intemperance, but to show the triumphs of the cross in the earthly realms of Satan, we shall content ourselves with a simple unvarnished recital of some of the most interesting facts with which we have become acquainted.

The larger number of our readers, will, in all probability, be surprised to learn that there are such persons as missionaries to public-houses. This feature of the many-sided work of the London City Mission does not strike one as peculiarly appropriate. We have so long and so justly regarded gin-palaces as part of the domains of the evil One, that they do not appear, at first sight, to be the most desirable places in which to scatter the good seed of the kingdom. The bare thought of entering a music hall or dancing saloon for this purpose, seems an outrage upon Christian delicacy and honesty. And yet, personally undesirable as these spheres of usefulness may be to most of us—from which we should instinctively shrink as from a foul leprosy, many persons have had cause to thank God for the felicity that sprang from contact with good and brave men who have sought out the lost from these borders of hell. We candidly confess that we have not been able on this occasion to "screw up courage" to visit with the missionary the low haunts of infamy, vice, and degradation, to which he goes every night. We have visited some of the lowest haunts of poverty and ruffianism, and would not object to do so again were any good purpose to be served thereby, but to enter those nests of profligacy which, under the cloak of coffee-houses and dancing saloons, are the seminaries of sensuality in its vulgarest forms, is more than the author would do

were his existence dependent upon it. And yet these missionaries venture, leaning wholly on the divine strength, to enter the doors leading close to perdition, to snatch from the burning those whom the Lord our God would call. They witness, as one of them writes, scenes that are disgusting in the extreme, and hear language of a most diabolical character. One of these men observes, "I often go to a public-house door, and push it open, and walk in, when my body goes in against my feelings, and I am compelled to cry to God for help. The door of a public-house is often to me a throne of grace, for there it is where I lift my heart to God, and look to him for support and success, and when I have most felt my weakness the Lord has given me the greatest success." I am indebted to my good friend, Mr. William Olney, who is one of the excellent of the earth, for an introduction to one of the public-house missionaries, whose district lies in Bermondsey and its neighbourhood. Mr. Olney's sympathies so naturally flow into the channel of evangelism, that no one who knows him will be surprised to learn that he acts as local superintendent for the City Mission, in Bermondsey, and is therefore well acquainted with the work of the gentleman who has furnished me with many of the facts recorded in this paper.

Missionary effort in public-houses and music-halls must ever be regarded as strange, if not exceptional work. It is so felt by those who engage in it; yet the opportunities for usefulness are so great that the advantages override the difficulties. It is also considered to be strange work by the people who are visited. "Religion in a public-house!" some one will remark to the missionary, "Do you know, sir, this is no place for you or religion?" But, if this be said, and said it has been, some one will be sure to retort, "Why, Jack, if this be the devil's house, this is just the place for the gentleman to come to reform us." The publicans at first ridicule the effort, but, as we shall see further on, almost always countenance it. That there is absolute necessity for bearding the lion of sin in his den is only too apparent when we consider the number of persons who spend the best part of their leisure hours in these places. Anyone acquainted with domiciliary visitation to the poor will have recognised the great difficulty of meeting with the men. Where are they to be found? Naturally, a minister of the gospel is anxious to protect his own reputation, and cannot visit public-houses to "get at" these people. This work must be left to missionaries; and therefore we most heartily commend the City Mission for the boldness of its policy in selecting hardy and godly men to visit those who, finding no attraction in their wretched homes, spend their evenings in public-houses. The work, of course, is essentially of an aggressive character, and for that reason we like it. There are, too, hosts of difficulties in connection with it. There is the bitter taunt, the blackguard language, the sottish effects of drink, the irritating misrepresentation, inuendo, and double meaning given to the clearest reasoning, the unconquerable force of degraded habit, the contact with fallen women, intolerable obscenity and foul blasphemy, the frequent presentation under subtle forms of the worst temptations, the obtuseness of the hardened intellect, and the pretentiousness of flimsy conceit. But then there are a number of striking advantages which those who preach in conventicles and visit the homes of the poor seldom get.

The men are in the public-house at leisure, and will therefore grant the time for listening; they will bear to be lectured in a way that they would not submit to in the presence of their wives and children; the tracts will be sure to be read; not only one but dozens of men who are not to be reached by other agencies, are met with here; no privacy is invaded; no suspicion is excited among habitually suspicious men; and "a clear stage and no favour," or, in other words, fair-play is given where, under other surroundings, it might be denied. Great grace is wanted for this work. The company is sometimes dreadful; and to become familiar with scenes of vice must depress the mind and blunt the moral sensibilities. Even Lot could not live in Sodom without offering, whether as the result of rashness or heat in a moment of extreme perplexity or trial one can hardly determine, a compromise to the demands of the violent citizens. One may well pray for the preservation of the public-house missionaries. "Several nights," says one of them, "have I laid awake for hours and could not sleep—the language I had heard and the scenes I had witnessed preventing me; and yet amidst all this sin our heavenly Father has been pleased to work by the power of his Spirit."

I said, the landlords approved of the work of these men. This is greatly to their credit, and adds to the pleasure and encouragement of the workers. But it is not always that the first introduction to the publican is agreeable. It requires not a little tact, skill, and judgment, to obtain his good opinion. Perhaps the first question put to the missionary will be, "Do you want to make men teetotalers?" and if the missionary be a rigid abstainer his difficulties will be increased. Or, he may be invited into the parlour on account of his respectability, and asked what he will take. And perhaps he will be considered to have taken a liberty to intrude for a purpose so different from that of the customers. But in a few moments the frown of disappointment, if not vexation, will be exchanged for the smile of approval, as the proprietor will say, "Well, no doubt, your purpose is good, and you are welcome here." Indeed, the landlords have a deep personal regard for the visitor. In hundreds of instances they have given their hearty welcomes, and have well appreciated the errand on which the missionaries have been sent. Even some landladies will distribute the tracts which are left with them for the benefit of the most depraved of their customers. Cards containing mottoes prettily printed—such as, "Be sober," "Swear not at all," "Thou God seest me," &c., to the number of over five-hundred, have been distributed among publicans, and exhibited by them; some having previously enframed them in rosewood. "Whenever a customer swears," says one publican, "I direct him to that card, and it has checked many persons in using bad language." "Mate, we musn't swear now," said a man to his companion. "Ah! that's coming it too strong," remarked another, "if they left out 'Be sober,' it would do very well." In a club-room in a public-house in Lower Shadwell, each man who swears is fined one penny. There are many instances of a like nature, proving that when the patronage of publicans is obtained, good is frequently done. Many of them have manifested a kind of pride in having their establishments visited by a missionary. They have introduced him to their astonished patrons,

and his efforts have been favourably referred to and highly commended by them. In two instances, they have insisted upon having the missionary's portrait taken, and have made him presents.

A few such publicans have been brought to the Saviour's feet, bowed down under the masterly influences of deep contrition. Their wives, too, are often impressed with the importance of eternity and its solemn issues. Some of them are Christian women, striving earnestly to counteract by personal piety and constant pleading with their children, the evil influences under which their families are brought. Surrounded by such a miasma, it is no small difficulty for the flower of Christian virtues to grow. The soil is ungenial, the breezes are unhealthy, and the gloomy clouds too thick for the brightness of heaven's cheering rays. The missionaries declare that many publicans are unhappy in their business. One of their reports states:—"The landlady of the —— told me, with tears streaming from her eyes, that she felt her soul was lost, and that she had been training up her children for hell all the years that she had been in the beer-trade: 'And now that my children have grown up,' she added, 'they turn round and abuse me; and if I talk to them about religion, they call me a maniac.'" Some publicans resist altogether the thought of religion, and abandon themselves to despair and to their evil destiny. A publican said to a missionary, "I can't be religious if I would. You come and take my place for twelve months, and that will soon knock all religion out of you." Their great gains—one of them advertises a gin palace to let, "doing £250 a week over the bar," and another is known to pay £300 a month for malt—is a great barrier to a religious life. An increasing number are desirous of closing on the Sabbath day. Many do this already. Others are undergoing a favourable change of opinion on the subject. Still, these, I fear, are comparatively few; and although the missionaries seem to write hopefully as to the feeling among the publicans, the recent strong opposition to the bill placed before Parliament for restrictions upon Sunday trading does not speak favourably of the opinions of this class.

It would seem that in most districts there is a much larger proportion of men than of women who visit beer-houses. We are told by one of the mission agents that he meets with ten men to one woman. This average would not be found, of course, in gin-palaces, where a larger number of disreputable women congregate. But the women who are generally seen in common beer-houses are of the most degraded type. Their language is frequently beyond description. The men blaspheme at intervals, but the women seem never to stop, or allow of the possibility of an interval. The proprietors of beer-houses, in low districts, get up special attractions for their customers. They have, as the police-courts sometimes reveal, "rat-pits," and bets are made upon dogs killing a given number of rats within a stated time. As an instance of the power of drinking habits, and the accommodating policy of the publicans, the Bermondsey missionary informed me that women will take off some of their clothing, and hand it over the bar for gin to the publican, who will retain the article until it is redeemed—of course, a perfectly illegal procedure, but one, I am assured, that is by no means uncommon.

A missionary's round on the Sunday night is full of incident. Rude

and lewd talk is not banished. He goes in one tap-room, and finds a score of youths, with short-cropped hair, showing that their personal liberty has been guarded within prison walls, gambling for money. He is roughly received, but securing their attention by a reference to a forthcoming royal marriage, he passes on to our Lord's parable of the marriage of the King's son. Some of the lads are deeply interested, and these leave the place for private conversation outside. In the parlour of the next beer-house, there are several tradesman and three young Frenchmen who wish to have a controversy respecting the claims of the Pope. In another public-house, there are a number of Irish labourers, and—for the missionary always aims at appositeness—the parable of the builders is recited. The bar of another house is filled with soldiers. The missionary observes the entrance of a jolly-looking sailor, in company with a young woman. He tells them that when Nelson at Trafalgar was shot, he cried, "I conquer," but he died; when the Christian died he cried, "I conquer" too, but he lived for ever. In the next tap—we are using one of the reports of the missionary—are some navvies, and two men who are deaf and dumb. With these latter, a conversation is entered upon by means of scraps of paper. A low gin-shop is next visited. "The bar was crowded with men of the baser sort. The barman held up my tract, and then tore it to pieces. I quickly exclaimed, 'We expect that sort of thing. I am a sower come out to sow, and some of my seed is sure to fall upon the wayside, or among thorns.' The men pressed round me, one of them declaring that Bishop Colenso had proved the Bible to be all a lie. I therefore took my seat upon a barrel, and read Matthew viii. 3—12, with comments." Perhaps none of these men, and thousands are met with in the course of a few months, are ever seen again; so that the results of this unobtrusive effort cannot be fully known until the day of universal revelation. A few years ago, a visit was paid to a thieves' den; and as this will form the best illustration of the work of the missionaries among the lowest class of people, I give it entire:—

"One evening I met with a thief of my acquaintance, who informed me that 'a lot of chaps was as how going to have a little jaw together at the —— beer-shop.' By this I understood that thieves of his order were to have a meeting among themselves. I therefore bent my steps towards the place. There were only two men before the bar, to whom I said a few words. The tap-room is in a very awkward place. A door opens from the bar into a dark passage conducting to the tap-room. As I approached this, the landlord, in an angry tone, exclaimed, 'Don't go there.' I, however, hurried through. Upon entering the tap, I was met with a loud expression of disapprobation. About thirty men and youths were present, two of whom I know to be ticket-of-leave men, and several were known thieves. The majority were of the class known as 'sneaks,' or common thieves, and I was surprised to see several gentlemanly-looking men among them, evidently 'magsmen' or 'pickpockets.' It is true, strange as it may appear, that these classes keep very distinct. They rarely fraternise; the one class, I suppose, feeling the pride of ability and rank, and the other being conscious of their inferior position. I was, therefore, surprised at finding the two classes together. It was evident that a common interest or danger had brought them there. Three or four ordered me out, but there was a friendly smile upon several faces. I therefore exclaimed, "Pretty fellows, indeed, to hold a secret meeting; why, I could not come down the Marylebone-road without hearing about you. 'Well,' I continued, after a pause, 'You know I'm

safe, and I have come to do you a good turn—the best thing one man can do for another.' I was stopped by one of the men, a thorough rough, handing me a copy of the *Times* newspaper. It was dirty and beer-stained. He enquired if that was not a disgrace to the country? and if I thought men were to be treated without justice, like savages, because they were unfortunate? and if I didn't think that the man who wrote that ought to be garrotted? The article in question approved of the severe sentence passed upon some prisoners for street robbery, with violence. I quickly changed the subject by telling them that I had read in French history of a prison in which a blacksmith was kept to rivet fetters upon the limbs of the unfortunate prisoners. They listened with breathless interest to the narrative. I then told them that all men who commit sin 'forge their own fetters,' and so bind themselves to sin and hell. But, I exclaimed in a less solemn tone, 'seven hundred years before *Jesus Christ* was born, a prophet wrote of him as the great fetter breaker, that *he* should proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' I commented upon these words in connexion with Luke iv. 16—20, for about ten minutes amidst profound silence, and ended by giving them an earnest call to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus. The men seemed subdued, and discussed the difficulty of getting an honest living, after having been convicted. One of them remarked, 'You made a Christian of 'Rattling Bill' (a young man named——.) I told them about his conversion, and the points of several letters I received from him and from the chaplain of Dartmoor Convict Establishment, of his enlisting as a soldier, and his happy death in India. This was another matter of interest, so I stayed for more than an hour. At leaving, several followed me out, and walked part of the way home with me. I gave my address, and am glad to add that I received visits from three of them. One, who had not been convicted, though charged, has enlisted into the army; and another called to tell me that he had obtained work at a wharf. In each of these cases there seemed to be deep religious impressions. I cannot, with certainty, say more."

It will be seen, from what has been already stated, that for this peculiar work, the greatest prudence and the utmost possible ingenuity are pre-requisites. These must be partly natural gifts. Quickly to seize hold of opportune moments, to keep a sharp look-out for any passing event or incident that may introduce some portion of scriptural teaching, and to do this so surreptitiously as not to lash the conceited and the sceptical into fury, and so simply as not to be above the comprehension of the most muddled and fuddled intellect, is the distinctive work of the eight missionaries employed by the City Mission in this department of Christian labour. Take some cases. The Bermondsey missionary was once amused by two soldiers, one of whom seriously advised the other to "open his mouth and shut his eyes, to see what God would send him." The soldier was fool enough to close his eyes, and open his good-sized mouth. In the twinkling of an eye, the missionary stepped up, and thrust a tract in the stupid fellow's mouth, observing that there was more probability of God's sending him that, than that he should have sent what his comrade was about to give him. And so, this tract and incident formed a suitable introduction to a conversation on the bread of heaven. The news of the day necessarily forms the staple topic of discourse in public-houses. When any great event occurs, it is the universal subject of conversation in beer-houses. After the wreck of the "London," some men in Bethnal Green refused to receive the missionary's tracts, on the ground of their unbelief in the efficacy of prayer. "Were not the sailors all praying?" observed one of

the men, "but God did not hear or answer, for the ship went down and they were all drowned; and I have been ill for two years, and praying for health all the time, but I am no better, so I think I will give over praying." "There are so many religions—which are we to believe?" is a question often put, and the missionary who quotes and comments on the Saviour's own words, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent," will be more likely to satisfactorily answer the question than if he were to talk to them about the distinctive peculiarities of Protestantism, or of any section of the Protestant church. When in February, 1864, the execution took place at Old Bailey of five pirates, a publican said to one of the missionaries, "Let us have a lecture on capital punishment, for we very much need it from the appearance outside." This afforded an opportunity for the proclamation of the great truths of the Cross, and the vicarious death thereon of our Lord. "We don't believe in God," observed a a publican in the west end. "Oh," replied the missionary, pointing to a jug of flowers—

"No God! no God! the simplest flower
That in the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound."

"There is a God, my friend—a flower-maker and a star-maker, and in these last days he has spoken to us by his Son, whom he raised from the dead." "You're a good chap, and no gammon," remarked a rough-looking fellow. "Ah, if that's true," answered the missionary, "I was'nt so once; if I show the portrait of the kind of character I was before God saved me, you would say, 'He is a bad chap, and no gammon.'" And so, there followed a short discourse on man's condition by nature, and the contrast—man saved by divine grace.

Of the known results of this effort among beer-houses—I have no space on this occasion for any account of visits paid to coffee-houses, music-halls, and night haunts—a satisfactory account could be given. We will briefly epitomise some of the remarkable cases which the missionaries have reported to the *City Mission Magazine*. One missionary can report the change of life of three hundred souls, and although some have gone back into "the beggarly elements of the world," he rejoices that "a number of his mission children," are walking in the truth. One stout-willed, contemptuous landlord, who had made a small fortune at the Australian gold-diggings, amused himself at the missionary's expense whenever he visited his bar. One Sunday, in the midst of the derision which was being heaped upon the messenger of good tidings, a lamplighter was observed to light a lamp at the door, and to walk in the bar-room and call for "a pint." The missionary, who was in want of an illustration, immediately pointed towards the new comer, and observed, "I'm in that line of business." "Indeed! how is that?" He has not only obtained a light in his lamp there, but he runs about with his ladder over his shoulder, lighting up all the dark lamps in the street. Well, the Saviour of the world has called our hearts lamps. Some men are wise, and get the light of salvation in them; others are foolish, and walk in darkness. Now, when a man obtains spiritual light he becomes a 'light bearer,' and this is why I have come in here, to give

each of you the glorious light of the gospel of Christ." The men listened; so did the landlord. The Holy Spirit's work of regeneration was the topic; the Holy Spirit's power was felt, and the landlord, once so sturdy and derisive, was influenced by a supernatural conviction that changed the current of his thoughts. For some time he struggled against the miserable evils of his trade. He closed his house on the Sabbath. He declined to serve drunkards. He proposed giving up business, but ere his plans were perfected, he was seized with disease, from which he suffered for many months. His sickness aided his spiritual growth. His spiritual growth ripened him for heaven. He died a believer, and his wife lived to manifest "like precious faith." Similar cases might be mentioned; cases in which the closing of the beer-house on the Sunday has been the precursor of the greatest gain—the hope of heaven. One landlord gave up Sunday trading, and found the Sabbath a rich possession. And now "his wife and grown-up daughters confess Christ, and by their lives give evidence of a work of grace." Take another instance of conversion through public-house visitation. One of the agents, in visiting a public-house, met with an aged man, who had the appearance of a gentleman, in the parlour:—

"A pleasant remark was made about his lonely position, and I asked permission 'to put the question to him which a great King who sat upon the throne of the Pharaohs once put to an aged man who was led up to his throne.' He smiled, and said, 'Certainly.' 'Well, then,' I continued, 'how old art thou?' 'Eighty-four,' he replied. 'That,' I added, 'is not so good an answer as good old Jacob gave; he said that his days had been few, but of many sorrows; has it not been so with you?' 'It has,' he answered. 'But,' I continued, 'he called life the days of the years of his pilgrimage—has yours been a pilgrimage to the better country?' As I spoke the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he replied, 'That is my trouble; my life has been prosperous, and I have an ample fortune, but for some years past I have felt crushed under the weight of my sins. I know that my days are few, and at times I am so unhappy that I leave home and wander about. That was the case this morning, and I felt weary as I passed here, and as no one was in the parlour I stepped in for a glass of sherry.' This he had before him. He gave anxious heed while I dwelt upon the meaning of the Saviour's sweetest name, 'even Jesus,' and told him about the Father's love. Several rough men came in, and we rose to leave. He then offered me his hand, and said, 'Do let me see you again, sir; come and dine with me.' I promised to call upon him, and we exchanged cards. Since then I have seen him frequently, and I have sought his salvation with much conversation and prayer. Upon a recent visit he received me with a smile, and said, 'Oh! Mr. W——, I have cast all upon the Saviour, and can now say, 'Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' I continue to visit him, and I believe that he is saved."

We might go on with such instances—our patience is not exhausted—but our space is already filled. We might give instances of conversions of landlords who have, for conscience sake, given up their businesses, and sacrificed much for principles for which no sacrifice can be too great; of drunkards who have dashed away the temptation, and accounted it for ever accursed; of harlots who have been rescued even in the midst of the bewitching enchantments of gaiety; of infidels who have turned from the intoxications of self-conceit, and have humbled themselves under the simple verities of the gospel; of sailors who, scarce landed on shore, have, by divine grace, abandoned the infatuations of

passion, and sought the soberer and more enduring joys of a life of faith; of the conversion of those who but for the criminal fastidiousness of those who should have warned them, might long ago have turned from the corrupting paths of licentiousness—young men who have been caught up in the whirlpool of London fast life, and who after a round of false pleasures have been mercifully delivered from the torture-room of abused outraged nature, in which room "Nature casts down the wretch, searches every vein, makes a road of every nerve for the scorching feet of pain to travel on, pulls at every muscle, breaks in the breast, builds fires in the brain, eats out the skin, and casts living coals of torment on the heart." Let the agonies witnessed in hospitals where the victims of gaiety ooze out the remnant of a sin-besotted life, be a justification more than sufficient for missionary operations among those who, entangled by vice, must, but for the mercy and restraints of heaven, go down from the strange woman's house through the corridors of hell, even to "the chambers of death."

John Ploughman's Talk.

HOPE.

EGGS are eggs, but some are rotten; and so hopes are hopes, but many of them are delusions. Hopes are like women, there is a touch of angel about them all, but there are two sorts. My boy Tom, has been blowing a lot of bird's-eggs, and threading them on a string; I have been doing the same thing with hopes, and here's a few of them, good, bad, and indifferent.

The sanguine man's hope pops up in a moment like jack-in-the-box; it works with a spring, and does not go by reason. Whenever this man looks out of the window he sees better times coming, and although it is nearly all in his own eye and nowhere else, yet to see plum-puddings in the moon is a far more cheerful habit than croaking at everything like a two-legged frog. This is the kind of brother to be on the road with on a pitch-dark night, when it pours with rain, for he carries candles in his eyes, and a fireside in his heart. Beware of being misled by him, and then you may safely keep his company. His fault is that he counts his chickens before they are hatched, and sells his herrings before they are in the net. All his sparrow's-eggs are bound to turn into thrushes, at the least, if not partridges and pheasants. Summer has fully come, for he has seen one swallow. He is sure to make his fortune at his new shop, for he had not opened the door five minutes before two of the neighbours crowded in, one of them wanted a loaf of bread on trust, and the other asked change for a shilling. He is certain that the squire means to give him his custom, for he saw him reading the name over the shop door as he rode past. He does not believe in slips between cups and lips, but makes certainties out of perhapses. Well, good soul, though he is a little soft at times, there is much in him to praise, and I like to think of one of his odd sayings, "Never say *die* till you are dead, and then it's no use, so let it alone." There are other odd people in the world, you see, besides John Ploughman.

My neighbour, Shiftless, is waiting for his aunt to die, but the old lady has as many lives as nine cats, and my notion is that when she does die she will leave her little money to the Hospital for Diseased Cats or Stray Dogs, sooner than her nephew Jack shall have it. Poor creature, he is dreadfully down at the heel, and lays it all on the dear old lady's provoking constitution. However, he hopes on, and gets worse and worse, for while the grass grows the horse starves. He pulls at a long rope who waits for another's death; he who hunts after legacies had need have iron shoes. He that waits for dead men's shoes may long go barefoot; he who waits for his uncle's cow need not be in a hurry to spread the butter. He who lives on hope has a slim diet. If Jack Shiftless had never had an aunt he might have tucked up his shirt sleeves and worked for himself, but they told him that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and that made a spoon of him, so that he is no more use at work than a cow at catching hares. If anybody likes to leave John Ploughman a legacy, he will be very much obliged to them, but they had better not tell him of it for fear he should not plough so straight a furrow; they had better make it twice as much, and take him by surprise. On the whole, it would be better to leave it to the Pastors' College or the Stockwell Orphanage, for it will be well used in either case. I wish people would think less about windfalls, and plant more apple-trees. Hopes that grow out of graves are grave mistakes; and when they cripple a man's own energies, they are a sort of hangman's rope, dangling round a man's neck.

Some people were born on the first of April, and are always hoping without sense or reason. Their ship is to come home, they are to dig up a pot of gold, or to hear of something to their advantage. Poor sillies, they have wind on the brain, and dream while they are awake. They may hold their mouths open a long while before fried ham and eggs will come flying into them, and yet they really seem to believe that some stroke of luck, some windfall of golden apples, will one day set them up and make gentlemen of them. They hope to ride in their coaches, and by-and-by find themselves shut up in a place where the coaches won't run over them. You may whistle a long while before goldfinches will hop on to your thumb. Once in a while one man in a million may stumble against a fortune, but thousands ruin themselves by idle expectations. Expect to get half of what you earn, a quater of what is your due, and none of what you have lent, and you will be near the mark; but to look for a fortune to fall from the moon is to play the fool with a vengeance. A man ought to hope within the bounds of reason and the promises of the good old Book. Hope leans on an anchor, but an anchor must have something to hold by and to hold to. A hope without grounds is a tub without a bottom, a horse without a head, a goose without a body, a shoe without a sole, a knife without a blade. Who but Simple Simon would begin to build a house at the top? there must be a foundation. Hope is no hope but sheer folly when a man hopes for impossibilities, or looks for crops without sowing seed, and for happiness without doing good. Such hopes lead to great boast and small roast; they act like a jack-o'-lantern, and lead men into the ditch. There's poor Will at the workhouse, who always declares that he owns a great estate, only the right owner keeps him

out of it; his name is Jenyns, or Jennings, and somebody of that name he says has left enough money to buy the Bank of England, and one day he is to have a share of it; but meanwhile poor Will finds the parish broth poor stuff for such a great gentleman's stomach; he has promised me an odd thousand or two when he gets his fortune, and I am going to build a castle in the air with it, and ride to it on a broomstick. Poor soul, like a good many others he has windmills in his head, and may make his will on his thumbnail for anything that he has to give. Depend upon it, ploughing the air is not half so profitable as it is easy: he who hopes in this world for more than he can get by his own earnings hopes to find apricots on a crab-tree. He who marries a slovenly, dressy girl, and hopes to make her a good wife, might as well buy a goose and expect it to turn out a milch cow. He who takes his boys to the beer shop, and trusts that they will grow up sober, puts his coffee-pot on the fire and expects to see it look bright as new tin. Men cannot be in their senses when they brew with bad malt and look for good beer, or set a wicked example and reckon upon raising a respectable family. You may hope and hope till your heart grows sick; but when you send your boy up the chimney, he'll come down black for all your hoping. Teach a child to lie, and then hope that he will grow up honest; better put a wasp in a tar barrel and wait till he makes you honey. As to the next world, it is a great pity that men do not take a little more care when they talk of it. If a man dies drunk, somebody or other is sure to say, "I hope he is gone to heaven." It is all very well to wish it, but to hope it, is another thing. Men turn their faces to hell, and hope to get to heaven; why don't they walk into the horsepond, and hope to be dry? Hopes of heaven are solemn things, and should be tried by the word of God. A man might as well hope, as our Lord says, to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, as look for a happy hereafter at the end of a bad life. There is only one rock to build good hopes on, and that is not Peter, as the Pope says, neither is it sacraments, as the old Roman beasts' cubs tell us, but the merits of the Lord Jesus. There John Ploughman rests, and he is not afraid, for this is a firm footing, and gives him a hope sure and steadfast, which neither life nor death can shake; but I must not turn preacher, so please remember that presumption is a ladder which will break the mounter's neck, and don't try it as you love your soul.

The Celestial Fauna.

YOU can buy complete sets of all the flowers of the Alpine district at the hotel near the foot of the Rosenlaui glacier, very neatly pressed and enclosed in cases. Some of the flowers are very common, but they *must* be included, or the fauna would not be completely represented. The botanist is as careful to see that the common ones are there, as he is to note that the rarer specimens are not excluded. Our blessed Lord will be sure to make a perfect collection of all the flowers of his field, and even the ordinary believer, the every-day worker, the common convert, will not be forgotten. To Jesus' eye, there is beauty in all his plants, and each one is needed to perfect the fauna of Paradise. May I be found among his flowers, if only as one out of myriad daisies, who with sweet simplicity shall look up and wonder at his love for ever.—*From my Note Book.* C. H. S.

Andrew Crichton.

IT has been said that the more a common daisy is examined, the more interesting does this simple, starry flower become: since in its little circle there are multitudes of perfect flowers, each with its own organisation, and in every stalk, leaf, and tiny seed, there are wonderfully-contrived tissues, and beautifully-adapted mechanisms, which add to the pleasant associations that cluster round this modest plant. Many a quiet life of unobtrusive devotion to God's cause presents a like subject for marvel. It is gratifying, in reading the biography of a godly man, to find, as we proceed, new beauties developing in his character, and that, as the life matures, the mental and spiritual characteristics shine forth brighter and brighter. The graces of a quiet spirit are precisely those that bear the test of analysis; and what gives such zest to our interest in biographies of the great and good, is the ever-increasing delight we find in tracing the workings and the power of God's indwelling grace. Much of this pleasant feeling we recently had in writing for this magazine a short sketch of the life of Robert M'Cheyne. It has recurred to us in reading the biography edited by Dr. Blaikie, of the late Mr. Andrew Crichton, a Free Church minister, also of Dundee. Mentally, the two men had some things in common. Crichton died in the green of his youth. "Had he lived," Mr. Robert Taylor, now of Camberwell, observed in preaching his funeral sermon, "and laboured a little longer here, I cannot doubt that in fine genius, in saintliness of spirit, rapidly mellowing in the early autumn of suffering that fell on him—and perhaps also in success in the ministry, of which I learn there were precious first fruits—the name of Andrew Crichton would have been linked to that of Robert M'Cheyne in the religious annals of Dundee, as their spirits are now associated before the throne of that Saviour whom they both served so faithfully and loved so well."

There was nothing particularly eventful in the life of Mr. Crichton. He was the son of a Free Church minister, and was trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Amid the picturesque scenery of Arbroath, where there was sufficient to stimulate his imaginative faculties and to instruct him in the sober realities of every-day business life, Andrew Crichton lived, until at the age of sixteen he entered the university of Edinburgh. He studied hard and met with his reward in obtaining university honours. From the first, he manifested considerable literary ability—a gift in which he subsequently excelled. His natural modesty made him retiring in the presence of his class-fellows, who were startled by his talents when they became known through the result of the examinations and of essays being announced. In the presence of his ministerial future he was solemnly impressed. Throughout life he was unceasingly anxious that Christians, young men especially, should be fully in earnest in fulfilling their obligations to serve God by the advancement of his kingdom in their native land. While at college, he conducted a prayer-meeting, "chiefly" as he says, "of old wives and bairns," once a fortnight. He preached at a place called Coltbridge, near Edinburgh, and the second time he drew a crowd, notwithstanding the rain, which in Edinburgh is frequently fearfully heavy. At first he spoke with "fear and trembling." But, he says, "when I went over in greatest depression, without a rag of confidence to cover the nakedness which I felt, I was strangely strengthened and carried on with fluency and vigour, and with pleasure and success which God seems always to give to self-abnegation, and implicit dependence on the help that comes from above." In this way, he made trial of his gifts, and manifested that passionate love for souls that must ever characterise a truly-sent messenger of God's love to the fallen. Yet, for a time, he seems to have lacked those gifts which could only be supplied by experience. "There could hardly fail to be more of the student than of the pastor in his addresses and services, for the long curriculum of study tends in the first instance to carry young ministers into a sort of imaginary intellectual

world which has little or no contact with actual life." This, indeed, makes it the more desirable to accustom students for the ministry to preaching while they are at college, so that they may gain that practical knowledge which experience only fully brings. This is done at the Pastors' College, and is attended not only with the advantage we have already pointed out, but with others equally important.

At the age of twenty-three, Mr. Crichton became assistant to Dr. Brown, of the New North Free Church, Edinburgh, a charge he held for five years. He was ordained co-pastor in December, 1860. It was unfortunate, for him, at least, to occupy so important a sphere. Dr. Brown's ministry was so highly prized, that his youthful colleague's abilities were for a time put somewhat in the shade. His preaching commanded Dr. Brown's admiration, but it met with but a feeble response from the congregation. Even this, in time, was changed, and Mr. Crichton's influence ultimately made itself felt. Young men were fond of him. "Devout, spiritual, earnest, and evangelical, he had withal a simplicity and transparency of character, which drew their interest and gained their confidence, while his sympathy, his charity, his love of beauty, his naturalness, more and more commended him as their guide." Dr. Brown's estimate of his colleague's preaching was very high. He admired his freshness, high pictorial power, love of nature, and "healthful style and character of mind." "How I did," he observes, "with my whole heart use to relish his lectures and his sermons, not for their intellectual character only, but for their usefulness to my own soul, and every day give God thanks that I had ever found such a colleague!" The Cowgate and Canongate form an admirable training-school for young Presbyterian ministers, who, after working among the poor creatures living in the wynds, cannot be ignorant of the degradation which sin brings to humanity. Mr. Crichton, notwithstanding his refinement of mind, succeeded in obtaining the sympathy and good-will of the congregation meeting in the Cowgate—a proof that high attainments, properly used, are not altogether unsuited for the meanest spheres of labour.

In 1866, Mr. Crichton became pastor of Chapelside, Dundee. Fears had been entertained as to his suitability for a congregation that had been accustomed to about the highest type of really spiritual and intelligent preaching. Those fears were rapidly dispelled. His success was marvellous and immediate. He became at once the most popular preacher of the town. Crowds followed him. His earnestness, simplicity, and mental force, attracted all who came within his reach. His gentleness and sympathetic affection made his hearers glad. "A new sense," observes Dr. Blaikie, "of divine realities seemed to come upon them as he preached. An upward direction was given to many a heart. Earth became little, Christ became glorious, and sin disgusting to their view." He preached literally as a dying man to dying men. He felt it: a presentiment haunted him that death was near. In the presence of that awful fact, he could allow of no trifling. His weariness did not interfere with his earnestness; his earnestness and activity did not interfere with his hours of hard study and preparation for the pulpit. He commenced his labours in Dundee, under distressing circumstances. He suffered severely from a pain in his side, and was hardly able to walk to the church. His labours were suspended for a short period, with the hope that a visit to various country places would re-establish his health. He returned to his labours in the beginning of 1867, with the old feeling that "Time is short, and there is much to be done." His cry was, "O for more life in the work, more zeal; for, after all, there is nothing worth living for but Christ." In March of that year, he again made trial of the water-cure, but he soon longed to get home to see his "wifie and his bairns." It was found that, among other things, he was suffering from a large abscess which had been formed upon the liver. He underwent a painful operation, which reduced his system. He again tried country air, but to no purpose. He came home—alas, to die!

His good wife's description of the closing scene of his short life is so touching

that his must have a hard heart who could not weep over it. She records that after a visit from Dr. Brown, she went gently into his room and sat down beside her husband, "and he lifted his hand and placed it in mine, and was silent for awhile. He then spoke to me with great composure about himself, and repeated the text, 'In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' I read the twenty-third psalm, and he repeated part of it himself. After getting some stimulant, he felt stronger, and exerted himself to speak, and try to say something to comfort me: 'You must just think of me as being away in Australia for some necessary purpose. I leave you and the little ones to God and our friends.' On Tuesday, he tried to speak to me of how we would live after he was taken from us; but at that time it was too much for his strength, and he asked me to read from the first chapter of Revelation from the twelfth verse to the end. After a little, he said, 'Oh, what will the lifted veil disclose?' I said, 'The King in his beauty.' Next day, after being quiet for a time, as if in prayer, he said to me, 'That was a sweet word, the sweetest I ever got, that you gave me yesterday.' Not knowing to what he referred, I said, 'What word?' and he answered, 'When you said, The King in his beauty?' Seeing me distressed, he tried to comfort me, and said, 'How kind God has been to us all the years past, adding, 'You will come in due time, when his hand shall wipe away all tears, and our sorrow shall be turned into joy.' On Friday, Katie was at a friend's house, and he had got very low in the afternoon, and said to me, 'Bring Katie, that I may say good-bye to her, and then *I'll slip away.*'"

"Seldom," remarks his biographer, has any young man of thirty left behind him the "record of a purer spirit or a nobler life. Amid our deepest condolences with his young widow and fatherless little ones, and his bereaved parents, and other relatives, we cannot but thank God for the fragrance of the memory they are called to cherish, and the honour of the name they bear."

Mr. Crichton's abilities were of a very high character. His mind seems to have been well poised. Unswerving in his fidelity to what are known as orthodox views, he was able to detect the subtle errors of heterodoxy and scepticism. His calm and generous temperament led him to deal with religious doubters with tenderness and feeling; and while speaking emphatically upon the religious controversies of the day, he was always cautious—perhaps too much so for some of us who have no patience with the morbid prettinesses and pretensiousness of sceptical dogmatism. He was not an Elijah—a prophet of fire. He had more of the spirit of John. "He felt that the truth must go forth, radiant with all the divine colouring which belongs of right to whatsoever is born of God, and be associated with an elevation and purity of spirit, on the part of those handling it, fitted to show that the balsam they commend to others has healed their own malady and sweetened their own breath." As a preacher, he will perhaps be most remembered. His sermons were fresh and captivating. Some of them have been published, and it is hoped that a volume of them may some day appear.

Spes Unica.

ON a huge cross by the side of an Italian highway hung a hideous caricature of the Beloved of our souls, who poured out his life for our redemption. Out of reverence to the living Christ we turned aside disgusted from the revolting image, but not until we had espied the words SPES UNICA, in capitals, over its head. Here was truth emblazoned on an idol. Yes, indeed, Jesus, our now exalted but once crucified Lord, is the sole and *only hope* of man. Assuredly, O Lord Jesus, thou art *Spes unica* to our soul.

"Other refuge have we none,
Hangs our helpless soul on thee."

We found this diamond in the mire of superstition: does it sparkle any the less?—*From my Note Book.* C. H. S.

"Yet Without Sin."

(HEBREWS IV. 15.)

"WITHOUT SIN." Of whom does this scripture speak?

Of Paul? Let the apostle answer for himself. "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing. . . . I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." Romans vii. 18, 22, 23. Of John, the favoured John, the disciple whom Jesus loved? Was he without sin? No; for he writes, "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (1 John i. 8.) Of the Virgin Mary? Nay, she sang, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my *Saviour*." The context points to a priest. But not one of our modern man-made priests, for no man taketh this honour to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron. Was Aaron, then, without sin? No. His holy linen garments only told of *symbolical* purity. *Essentially*, he was a sinner, as other men; else what meant that solemn preface to the great work of atonement, on the tenth day of the seventh month, when Israel's high priest first brought the bullock of the sin offering, and offered for *himself*, and made an atonement for *himself*, and for his house—thus acknowledging he was not without sin? No, it is to a greater high priest than Aaron that the words are applied, insomuch as the antitype is greater than the type, the substance than the shadow, that which remaineth than that which is done away.

Of whom then is this affirmed? Of whom *could* it be affirmed but of him concerning whom it is written?—"Such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." "Jesus, the Son of God." "The man Christ Jesus."? Oh, how refreshing after being occupied so long with one's self, and seeing nothing on which the eye can rest with satisfaction! How refreshing to know that there is one in my own nature, and so near akin to me, as to be touched with the feeling of my infirmities, and to be tempted in *all* points like as I am, "*Yet without sin.*" O tempted believer, consider the Apostle and High Priest of your profession, Christ Jesus. Turn away your eyes from your wretched self, and fix them upon the "perfect man." Behold him as afflicted with your afflictions; tempted with your temptations. "In *all things* made like unto his brethren." "Yet without sin." Oh! to think of a man altogether and absolutely sinless, pure even to the thoughts and intents of the heart, and his entire character, "light," without one spot of darkness, his life unsullied by a single stain, his person without even the taint of impurity! who, ere he was conceived of the virgin, was called of the angel that Holy Thing. O *consider* him, my soul! Born of a woman, born under the law, "Yet without sin;" brought up as a carpenter, "Yet without sin." Becoming one with those who went out to the Baptist, and were immersed of him in Jordan, "confessing their sins," yet *himself* without sin. Alone in the wilderness and tempted of the devil, yet without sin. Worn out and wearied with the toils and trials which belong to a public ministry, misunderstood by his friends, maligned by his enemies, enduring continually the contradiction of sinners, "Yet without sin." A friend of publicans and sinners, brought into daily contact with almost every shade of sin, and every sort of sinner, from the sanctimonious and pretentious Pharisee to the shameless and degraded harlot, "Yet without sin." Betrayed by one of his disciples, denied by another, forsaken by all, "Yet without sin." Apprehended as a criminal, accused of the chief priests and elders, insulted by the mockings and spittings of the Roman soldiery, "Yet without sin." Led away all bruised and bleeding to Calvary, hung up between two thieves, a worm, and no man, a reproach of men, and despised of the people, "Yet without sin." "Cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of his

people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth." He was "without sin."

O my soul, wonder, yet adore, for behold in him thine all sufficient Saviour! Thy sinless sin-bearing substitute, wounded for thy transgressions, and bruised for thine iniquities. In his stripes, behold thy healing; in his suffering and shame, see thine eternal glory secured.

"For while his death thy sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too."

"*Without sin.*" Dear believer, consider this, not only as reminding thee of what thou art *not*, but of what by grace thou art. Viewed in thy glorious representative, who thus offered himself without spot to God, he himself can say of thee, "*Thou* art all fair, my love: there is no spot in thee." And in common with John and other saints, thou mayst look and exclaim, "Herein is love with us *(see margin)* made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world." "Made of God unto us. . . . . sanctification." My soul, thou canst exultingly sing—

"And now my surety, and my priest,
From sin I too am free,
For by thy grace, the very least
Are only seen in thee."*

"*Without sin.*" Yes, this is what we shall be *absolutely*, and we will aim at nothing less now, than to follow in his steps "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Yes, we would be *practically* conformed to the image of our perfect Exemplar; but the day hastens when we shall not only see his face, but be made like him—changed into his image, as from glory to glory, both body and soul, translated and transformed at the same time. Oh! glorious transformation, wherein we shall be fashioned like unto our glorious Head, so as to be absolutely without sin, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

"'Mid the splendours of the glory
Which we hope ere long to share,
Christ our Head, and we his members,
Shall appear, divinely fair.
Oh, how glorious!
When we meet him in the air!

Till then, looking only unto Jesus, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Girding up the loins of our mind, "let us be sober, and hope perfectly for (because of) the grace that is brought unto us at (or in) the revelation of Jesus Christ," as obedient children, not fashioning ourselves according to our former lusts in our ignorance, but as he who hath called us is holy, so let us be holy in all manner of conversation.

"O patient, spotless One!
Our hearts in meekness train,
To bear thy yoke, and learn of thee,
That we may rest obtain.

Jesus! thou art enough
The mind and heart to fill;
Thy life to calm the anxious soul,
Thy love its fear dispel.

Oh fix our earnest gaze,
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That with Thy beauty occupied,
We elsewhere none may see."

FRANK H. WHITE.

* Poems by Amy Ann Watson. Jackson: 47, Paternoster Row.

Natural Phenomena.

MOTION.

BY W. R. SELWAY, ESQ.

WHEN walking amid the trees, in a plantation of firs and pines, on a bright summer's day, how often have our thoughts been arrested and our reverie awakened by troops of busy bustling ants, running hither and thither on their varying errands; and when following a stream of the little workers, we stop to see them enter beneath the shelter of their nest, we cannot but feel here is a community full of activity, performing the functions of their existence—doubtless enjoying the blessings attendant upon their lives, but wholly unmoved by the cares, anxieties, bustle, and turmoil by which vast numbers of beings outside their little world are beset. They come and go; they gather their daily food, rear their little ones to a similar quiet, but useful round of life, unheeding the movements which everywhere surround them. It sometimes happens that, while travelling in a railway carriage, a bee or a fly will find its way in at the window and dreamily fly about from place to place, now resting, and anon using its wings, wholly unconscious that the carriage is moving at great speed, bearing all within it on a voluntary or involuntary journey. Can our readers imagine a thoughtful intelligent being suspended some miles above the earth upon which we dwell, bathing himself in the full light of the sun, high up beyond our clouds—nay, beyond our atmosphere, and out of the range of that attractive force which impels all bodies to the earth's centre! How superb and how surprising would be the view that would meet his wondering gaze as he looked out or down upon a vast globe teeming, at least in many parts of it, with myriads of people who traverse the streets of its cities or cultivate its fields, giving as little heed to outward motion as do the ants and bees. His attention becomes concentrated, we may suppose, upon our own City of London: gazing down upon Charing Cross or the Royal Exchange, he observes multitudes of ant-like creatures, moving frantically from spot to spot, engaged upon the duties or pleasures of life, and not a few employed in gross vice and terrible violation of law, both human as well as divine, but all, apparently, unconscious of the stupendous phenomena which speedily reveal themselves to our imaginary looker-on. Scarcely has he made his observation—nay, before the form and manner of things have impressed themselves upon his mind, they are gone. Now looms full in view the great dome of St. Paul's; there are the towers which mark the Abbey at Westminster; here is the great roof of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; there, again, are bridges and railway stations; but they speed on and on in their eastward career, until at length they reach the horizon, and pass beyond the view as on the westward side—new scenes, Windsor Castle, cathedral spires, great plains, rivers, and seas—succeed; and then, after a wide range of waters, a strange continent, gigantic forests, with here and there cities, strange buildings and stranger men fill up the picture, until in due time, and that but a short period, the wellknown scenes of London and its neighbourhood again come under the rays of the sun and beneath the eye of our observer. Twenty-four hours had elapsed, and in that short day the great city, with all its multifarious works and human inhabitants, had performed a journey round upon the central axis of the globe, moving at the rate of five hundred and sixty miles in every hour. We have stood often on the platform at a railway station when an ordinary train has been passing with a speed of about twenty miles in the hour, and found it difficult to detect more than the forms of the carriages; but when we stand in a similar position while an express train sweeps by at the rate of a mile a minute the speed is so terrific, and the effect upon the air so great, that we prefer to be at a moderate distance from it, and the eye in vain attempts to realise the outline of objects, far less to gather up any features that might mark the individuality of the train. Vast as is this speed, it is only about one-tenth of that at which every object upon the earth is changing its position. The

eternal pyramids and the everlasting hills, as well as the trees of the forest, and the flower hiding its sweetness in the woodland vale, the eagle soaring amid the mountains, the lark carolling in mid air, together with the butterfly as it hovers from flower to flower, are each and all alike borne with all the inhabitants of the earth on this rapid and involuntary journey. Yet this is not the only motion to which all earthly things are subject. The observer, placed between the earth and the sun, as he gazed upon the revolving body, would very quickly become conscious that the globe, as it turned round and round, was speeding away from the spot it occupied in space, when the attention was first directed towards it, at a rate so swift that it would be with extreme difficulty the eye could follow it. If the motion upon its axis, ten times that of the swiftest express train, is bewildering, what shall we say of this further motion which bears the great ball along at a speed more than one thousand times greater than the railway? How is the power to be measured which at the beginning was impressed upon this huge mass of inert matter? Here is motion unceasing, but not unvarying: now the march is somewhat sluggish, but yet beyond anything we have on earth with which it can be compared; then it quickens and proceeds still faster, until again it slackens in its course, soon however to resume its more rapid movement; and so on, completing year after year its annual journey of some six hundred millions of miles; while all this complication of motion is so beautifully adjusted that the feathers upon an insect's wing, the down falling from off the thistle's head, or the bubbles blown by the playful child, are unaffected by it in the least; the interchange of forces of motion and gravitation being arranged with so exquisite a nicety that the balloon ascends and the rain drop falls alike under the same law, and are neither impelled from their course by the rapid motions to which the earth is subject.

Our imaginary observer of the motions of this planet would be regaled by a sight of yet far greater wonder and splendour. As he continued his observations, and extended them so as to include the great sun and the planetary bodies, with their numerous satellites which attend upon that vast luminary, he would discover that the central orb is not a fixed point in space, but is moving away on a pathway, the end of which no man knoweth. The sun, bearing with him a gorgeous train, moves triumphantly, but silently, through a great crowd of compeers, on a course which human intellect has not grasped, but the result is to impress upon the earth a *third* motion through space at a speed of about seventeen thousand five hundred miles in every hour.

It need scarcely be added, that as the earth is affected by these three compound and varied motions, so is the moon, and so are all the numerous planetary bodies, our companions in the celestial march—some moving more slowly, others with greater velocity, but all having their sizes gauged, their paths wrought out, and their times appointed by him who commanded and they stood forth, who spake and it was done.

NOTE.—It is proposed in a subsequent paper to mention some instances of molecular motion.

Stockwell Orphanage.

WE have been compelled by the unreadiness of the buildings and the backward state of bazaar preparations, owing to Mrs. Spurgeon's illness, to postpone the bazaar till *the first week of August*. We now earnestly pray our friends to come to our aid to make the bazaar like all our other enterprises, a great success.

When this number of our magazine shall reach the reader, we shall (D.V.) be celebrating the fête of the first of June, concerning which the trustees have issued the following circular:—

"On Monday, June the 1st, 1868, Thomas Olney, Esq., sen., will lay the memorial stone of the schools and dining hall. The Rev. John Aldis, of Reading, and A. B. Goodall, Esq., will lay the first stones of the two testimonial

houses, the cost of which has been subscribed by the Baptist churches, as a token of regard for Mr. Spurgeon. Tea will be provided, and in the evening a meeting will be held in the large hall, or in the open air, if the weather be favourable. The following gentlemen are expected to be present, and to take part in the proceedings:—Revs. Thos. Binney, Dr. Raleigh, W. Landels, J. T. Wigner, W. Brock, W. Howieson, A. Mursell, Henry Varley, W. Stott, S. H. Booth, G. Gould, of Norwich; J. Raven, of Ipswich; J. H. Millard, of Huntingdon; John Spurgeon, C. H. Spurgeon, and James A. Spurgeon.

In the providence of God we have been enabled to push on the works of the Stockwell Orphanage, and have now erected four houses, and a large permanent hall for public meetings connected with the charity, and for recreation for the boys. The school-room and dining-hall are also raised up to the roof line, and the foundations of four more houses are laid: when these are completed, we shall have concluded all the building operations at present contemplated. From the generosity of friends we have received about £9,000, which has paid for the freehold ground, and met all the contracts for roads and buildings up to this date. Before the whole of the buildings can be finished and furnished we need about £5,200 more, towards which £1,200 is to be presented by the Baptist churches on June 1st, as a testimonial of respect to Mr. Spurgeon, £300 more is promised to complete the Sunday-school house, and £300 more for the College house, thus reducing the sum required to £3,400, which amount, by God's gracious influence upon the hearts of his people, will, we trust, be raised in a short time, without drawing for a single penny upon the original endowment fund. Then will come the feeding and clothing of the little ones, year by year, which work in confidence we commit to the Father of the fatherless, who always has provided, and always will.

The remarkable circumstances attending the founding and growth of this Institution prove it to be the Lord's own work, and therefore we the more earnestly press it upon the attention of Christian men. The children will be received without giving the parents the labour and expense of polling; the religious views of the parents will not operate upon our selection, but we shall give the preference to the greatest need. We expect to be able ultimately to accommodate 250 children. Applications are pouring in, and we trust we shall, as trustees for the public, be enabled to carry our holy and humane purpose into full effect, through the co-operation of all classes of the community. We would suggest to friends, that as the furniture of each house will cost about £200, persons of wealth and generosity might furnish a house personally, while several, by uniting smaller sums, might achieve the same result. On June 1st, we hope we shall be encouraged by the presence of numerous friends; and any donations which they may bring with them will be most gratefully received at the entrance lodge, where secretaries will be placed, who will be there at the time of admission and during the whole of the meeting.

As the day's proceedings are so honourably connected with our much-esteemed Chairman, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, we look especially to those who love him for his work's sake to be present on that occasion, to cheer his heart, and make the day a great success. Such an occasion for expressing regard may not occur again, and we trust it will be extensively used.

Friends who cannot be present will gladden our Chairman, if they send him donations by letter. Let not the rich withhold of their abundance, nor the poor refuse of their little.

Ladies can serve us greatly if they will give their assistance to the bazaar, which we hope to hold on the ground in the Great Hall and the School-house, in the first week of August next, commencing August 4th.

On behalf of the Trustees,

CHAS. BLACKSHAW, Hon. Secretary.

The Meeting, June 1st, will commence at Three o'clock. Tickets of Admission, including tea, may be had at the Tabernacle, one shilling each. An early application is requested."

On June 19th, which is our thirty-fourth birthday, another gathering will take place, and Mrs. Spurgeon, if well enough, will lay the first stone of the College House, and Thomas Olney, Esq., jun., that of the Sunday-school house, and a birthday present will be offered by the friends for the College and Orphanage.

On one or other of these days many friends can surely contrive to be present. The Lord has blessed us by raising up many helpers, and he will do so, seeing we have no object but his glory.

What more can be done for Children?

IN answer to the enquiry, "What more can be done for the children?" we have received a considerable amount of correspondence, of which we give the two following letters as specimens:—

No. 1.

DEAR SIR,—Every earnest Sunday-school teacher will thank you heartily for the article on this subject in your last number. There is a growing belief that something more *can* be done for the children, and I think also a growing desire to try and do it. In reply to your invitation for suggestions, I can give what is perhaps better, a record of what has been done already at one school in the way of special services for the young. The principle seems to me of universal application, and I am anxious that the movement should be much more widely known than it is.

For some months past, I have attended the children's meetings, held at Surrey Chapel. I do not belong to the school, for I live at some distance, but I have been a frequent visitor at these services. They are held on Sunday evenings, at half-past six, and on Tuesday evenings, at seven, in the school-room attached to Surrey Chapel. They have been conducted by Mr. Samuel Tyler, one of the teachers in the school, who devotes all his energies to this work. About three hundred children, on an average, attend on Sunday (when the admission is by ticket), and about one hundred and twenty on Tuesday evening.

The special aim of these meetings, is *to bring the young to decision for Christ.* We are confident that in our Sunday-schools there are oftentimes many who have had their minds impressed with divine truth, but who are still halting between two opinions, and need something to bring them and lead them to a right choice while they are yet under pious influences. We seek, also, to show those who have found the Saviour how they can become active and useful, and to give them scope for missionary effort amongst their schoolfellows. We do not forget, also, the careless and indifferent, and we find that these are sometimes brought to serious thought and concern about their souls when they see the earnestness and happiness of the little Christians around them.

To accomplish our object, we think it all important to be able to speak personally, and to pray with the children, especially with those who seem anxious or impressed. These meetings originated with the special services held last summer by Mr. Hammond, of America, the "Children's Preacher." At the close of each of his addresses, Mr. Hammond always invited those who had already found the Saviour, or who were anxious to give themselves to him—"those who loved Jesus and those who wanted to love Jesus"—to remain to what was called an "Enquiry Meeting," when teachers and Christian friends could speak to them individually, and pray with them. The same course has been adopted in the present services, and we value the Enquiry Meeting very highly. The children gather in little groups round the different teachers and listen earnestly to the story of the cross. We encourage them also to speak to one another, and sometimes to pray together. Several have brought us "requests

for prayer" for themselves or their friends, and we have not refused them. These requests are read anonymously in the Enquiry Meeting, and prayer is offered for each. The children are thus led to sympathise with one another, and to pray for one another—and they do pray most earnestly, many of them.

The preliminary meeting lasts about an hour, or rather less. Plenty of singing at frequent intervals; lively tunes, often with a chorus; brief and pithy addresses; several short but earnest prayers, at different times and by different persons, the children sometimes repeating sentence by sentence. These are its characteristic features. Then comes the Enquiry Meeting. The teachers present gather into classes the children who remain to it, and speak to them for about twenty minutes, after which the meeting is closed with singing and prayer.

I have been very much surprised at the attention and earnestness shown by the children at these services. It was quite a sight last Sunday evening to see three hundred faces, with scarcely an exception, turned towards the speaker, who was talking about gospel truths in the simplest way. This is even more marked during the Enquiry Meeting, which is, in fact, a Sunday-school under the most favourable circumstances possible. Somehow or other the children nearly always seem eager to listen. You need no special attractiveness of style or matter, but they drink in the simplest truths about the Saviour's life and work. I know that there is a leaven of "little Christians" amongst them, which accounts for much of this, but I think something is also due to the character of the meeting itself. And the effect on the teacher is quite as great as that on the scholar. Untrammelled by school routine, and undisturbed by class books, and missionary boxes, and library books, and the thousand-and-one other useful adjuncts to Sunday-school work, but sad hindrances nevertheless to the teacher, one feels free to pursue the one grand object of lifting-up Jesus before these little ones, and seeking to bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd. All the circumstances tend to stir one up to earnest effort and to fervent prayer, and one's own soul gets a rich blessing thereby.

There is an air of joyousness, too, about these services that is very remarkable. It is evident that many of the children take an intense delight in them; indeed, they tell us so constantly. "A whole week to wait for another meeting," said a little girl one night. I think this kind of spirit is an essential to the success of such meetings. Unless the children really love them, they are useless. By all means let it be seen and felt that religion is a happy thing; let it be associated in the mind of childhood with all that is bright, and joyous, and gladsome. Such a spirit is much encouraged by the tone of our hymns; they speak of joy and happiness, but joy and happiness, however, in intimate connection with the pardon of sin and holiness of life. Take, for example, the following one from Mr. Hammond's hymn book (founded on the letter of a little American girl):—

"I feel like singing all the time
My tears are wiped away,
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve him every day.
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high,

When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears, but now
I'm singing all the time.
Singing, &c.

* * * *

O happy little singing one,
What music is like thine?
With Jesus as my Life and Sun,
I'm singing all the time.
Singing," &c.

It is our constant endeavour to bring these services in all respects down to the capacities of children, and to take care that not only the addresses but all the prayers shall be such as they can understand and enter into. One of the most serious defects in our Sunday-schools is the unsuitableness of the prayers offered up in the name of the children, and in which they are expected and supposed to join. If teachers who open school would only be short and simple in their petitions, putting themselves in the place of the children for the time, there would be much more real prayer than there is. It is an excellent plan to get the children to repeat sentence by sentence after the teacher. We sometimes invite them to engage for a few moments in silent prayer, and the effect is marvellous—there is such perfect stillness that one could hear a pin drop.

The healthiness and naturalness of the youthful piety brought out by these services is another feature worthy of note. They have not developed any unnatural phase of child life. The "little Christians" are children still, and though some of them have come very early to the Saviour, they have not been turned into premature men and women. The written "requests for prayer" which have been received from several abundantly testify to this; there is such genuineness, such naturalness, such childlike simplicity and faith about them, that one feels in reading them the full force of our Lord's words, "Except ye be converted and *become as little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

I must add that the children's meeting is quite distinct from the Sunday-school assembling at Surrey Chapel. It is now, in fact, recognised as a separate school by the Southwark Sunday-school Society. Those who help at the enquiry classes are very few of them teachers in the Sunday-school. We earnestly wish that more would come and assist. I should think we have as many as a dozen different schools represented at some of our services. Rather more than half probably belong to Surrey Chapel School. The Church of England Schools around send us a great many children; I have sometimes found them contributing quite a third of our number.

The Sunday and Tuesday evening meetings have given rise to others. On Thursday evening a meeting conducted by two female teachers, and chiefly attended by the poorer class of children, is held in a room not far from the chapel. It begun from an open-air meeting, last summer, held in one of the back streets. For some weeks I had a Bible Class on Friday evening, which was attended by thirty or forty, nearly all under thirteen, and I am now besieged with applications to resume it. I hear that one of the teachers in the school has her class weekly to her house for a prayer meeting. All this proves that there is an earnest desire amongst the young generally for more spiritual food than they get on the Sabbath.

I will not trespass further upon you by speaking of the opposition which this work has encountered. Suffice it to say that, as a result, many look coldly on us, and without really knowing the true character of the meetings, pass condemnation upon them. Many more treat them with neglect and indifference, and altogether the movement has not received the support it deserves. We now sadly want a few more willing and warm-hearted workers. Our number is far too small to deal properly with the children who remain to the enquiry meetings, and it often happens that there are many with no one to speak to them. There is much work to be done also in the way of visiting the homes of some of the children, could we find any one able to undertake it. You will do us, sir, a real service if you can induce some earnest young men with their hearts full of love to Christ and to the lambs of his flock, to come and work amongst us.

I am anxious that this movement should spread far and wide. I believe it to be the one thing needed to make Sunday-schools really efficient for their great purpose. There are already several meetings in different parts of London, chiefly at the schools visited by Mr. Hammond, though all are not conducted in

the same way. I am sure that when the benefits resulting from such services are more fully understood, there will be a more general desire to adopt them in connection with all our schools.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
10, Bedford-street, Bedford-square, W.C. T. B. Bishop.

No. 2.

Suggestions in reference to the above having been invited by the respected writer of the leading piece in the April number, perhaps the following may not be unduly wide of the mark:—Mr. Sawday, in one of his discourses, in which something about network cropped up, took the opportunity of saying that, though ministers of the gospel were called to be fishers of men (*ergo*, of human kind), the meshes of their nets were often made too large, so that the little fishes escaped. He desired earnestly that this oversight or neglect might be rectified, and then we might, as churches of Christ, look for blessed results. He rejoiced over young converts whom he had been privileged to receive into the church under his charge, and further said that some time ago a youth of nine years of age had been baptised by him, who was so small that a gown was made for him specially for the occasion; and when, some time after, he visited at his parents' house, he was delighted to hear this little boy lead their devotions—praying, amongst others, for his pastor with all the fervour of a young apostle. Now, my view is that, in figurative language, our baptising gowns are not made small enough; in other words, the church is not in the proper posture of mind for the reception of young children into her fellowship, her net meshes are not prepared small enough, and so, unwittingly, she allows the young, whom she might secure in early life, to go out into the broad sea of worldly pleasure and pursuit, instead of retaining them with the bonds of love within the compass of her own fostering care. Now, one main reason, I conceive, of this state of things is what I shall call the disinclination of our churches to admit numbers of junior members who, according to our present mode, would be entitled by their membership to take part in the legislation of our churches, and the whole affairs thereof as to its future direction might depend upon the will and pleasure of those who, in the common estimation of man, would, in ordinary affairs, scarcely know their right hand from their left, though they have given satisfactory evidence that the Spirit of God had wrought effectually in them, and made them new creatures in Christ Jesus. I would that I might be a partial instrument in the overcoming of such a state of things, and a developer of a better, by setting before our churches the propriety and wisdom of appointing a period when young members should be allowed to take part in the management of the church's affairs, prior to which they would be in a state of tutelage to the elder members, and would doubtless be looking forward to the time when, by maturity of age, they would be able fully to exercise all the powers, and enjoy all the privileges of full communion. I can see no other valid objection to the reception of young converts at the very earliest period at which they could give a satisfactory reason of the hope that was in them, provided that other testimony was forthcoming to confirm the reality of their conversion; and when I contemplate the fact of such being received and trained truly as the lambs of Christ's flock, under the guidance of wise Christian shepherds and bishops of souls, my heart bounds at the thought of the vast gain to the Redeemer's visible kingdom, and the contrary loss to the kingdom of darkness. The term *lambs* is often applied indiscriminately to all young children; but when the dear Redeemer said to Peter, "Feed *my* lambs," I would that this command should stand in the same category with "Feed my sheep." From this course of action on the part of the church, might be fairly expected to arise

the gracious youths alluded to in the April number to assist prominently in "The meeting and services for the young," and from thence also would spring *the praying boys and girls*, charged with untold blessings to the souls of their fellow juveniles. Young people will get good to their own souls by being qualified by the Holy Spirit to do good, and this getting and doing may be mightily furthered by the wise action of the church in time to come. "*Fine education this for* FUTURE *church members*," says the April writer, and here the turning point of the matter lies. Why *future*, why not *now*? If the love of Christ be given, why not enrol these spiritual cadets as open followers of the Lamb? I can readily imagine an increase of earnestness springing up in the breasts of those labouring amongst the young, when they are persuaded that the church, as a foster mother, stands ready to clasp to her heart of hearts these early recipients of divine grace—"*They that seek me early shall find me.*" Lord, give more grace to thy churches, that they may not through fear or pride *reject* those whom thou hast *accepted*. In my reference to a certain period of age, at which, or until which, young members should be suffered to vote or otherwise—while a line might be drawn, say, at sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen—yet special exceptions might be made by vote, that the rule should not operate in an arbitrary manner. In answer to some who might object, Where is your authority for shutting out any member of the church from voting when once received? Is it not unscriptural? I answer, I believe that general scriptural principles are in its favour, and I may add, are all our proceedings duly of this character? I think not. I find no authority for fixed payments for sittings in the house of God, and yet it is tolerated, until the time shall come for a more excellent way. Dr. Watts remarks thus—

"A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

If this be not in vain with the Lord, why should we be so backward in receiving it in the Lord's name?

J. N. O.

[Other letters of equal weight with these will be heartily welcomed, but friends whose letters are omitted must excuse the exercise of our editorial discretion. We do not feel it necessary that everything in a letter should seem to us to be judicious or right, but it must be concise and worthy of thoughtful readers. C. H. S.]

Reviews.

Out at Sea. By the Rev. CHAS. W. DENISON. London: S. W. Partridge.

MOTHERS with sailor boys, or friends with dear ones who do business on the mighty waters, will find an excellent little gift book in this well-printed and profusely-illustrated volume of poetry.

Children and Jesus; or, Stories to Children about Jesus. By EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND. London: S. W. Partridge.

A CAPITAL book for young people. Mr. Hammond is, among the juveniles, a master in Israel, and knows well how to attract the little ones to him, that he may point them to the children's Friend.

Jaques Bonneval; or, the Days of the Dragonnades. By the author of "Mary Powell." Religious Tract Society.

THE persecutions of the Huguenots are splendid quarries for the historian and the writer of religious stories. Mr. Smiles has so thoroughly drawn attention to this eventful period of church history, that we should not wonder if swarms of works should issue from its annals; but among them all we can scarcely expect to meet with a more entertaining little story than Jaques Bonneval, which we have read through at a sitting, and finished with the wish that it had been twice as long. It is a sound gospel,

Protestant story, strictly in accordance with the facts of history, vividly written, and most artistically illustrated. The Tract Society is as wise in its generation as if it were not a child of light.

Apologetic Lectures on the Saving Truths of Christianity. By C. H. Luthardt. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

From the great satisfaction which we felt in reading a former volume by this author, we had expected a royal banquet in reading this work, but we are sadly disappointed. We find plenty of thought and profound scholarship; but, alas! for the fly in the ointment—we must protest with all our heart against its doctrines. The author denies the doctrine of election. "God has not his individual favourites, as Homer's gods had; his heart belongs to all, and Christ died for the whole world." He protests against "effectual calling:" "For certainly God will constrain none; neither can he." He explains away substitution and confounds it with sympathy: "There is a substitutionary acting, and there is a substitutionary suffering in all love for others, in which love, both outwardly and inwardly, does, in a certain sense, take upon itself that which falls upon another, and thus appears for him." A curious bearing of our punishment this is, if it falls on us, in order that the Saviour may afterwards share it with us, which is what the passage we have quoted implies. He limits the power of Omnipotence in more than one passage similar to this: "Such is the greatness of human freedom, that it is capable of resisting even God. Such is our great, but, alas! our sad privilege, that our sinful hearts may be unconquerable even by God." If this is not verging towards a denial of an essential attribute of God, we are much mistaken. We believe in no weakling Deity, but in a God of power, who does ever what seemeth good in his sight. We cannot commend, but must condemn as utterly unsound this well printed volume.

Caryl on Job.

We are delighted to find that there is some hope of this great and precious book being placed within the reach of every minister. Mr. Dickinson, of Farringdon Street, to whom we are already much indebted for some most valuable reprints from the Puritans, proposes to re-issue *Caryl* in three volumes, for the astonishingly low cost of thirty shillings. But as the outlay in reprinting a work of this magnitude is *many* hundreds of pounds, Mr. Dickinson is waiting for subscribers' names, or for a general expression of opinion in reference to his scheme. We most earnestly hope that he will be amply encouraged to proceed. It would indeed be a shame if so generous a project were allowed to fall through from lack of support. Let every one who feels interest in the matter write to Mr. Dickinson at once. Caryl is not tediously prolix, as some imagine; he is deep but interesting. Truly he is a mountain, but the sheep feed even to the summit.

Holiness as set forth in the Scriptures. Morgan & Chase.

A compilation of the various passages of Holy Writ which treat upon holiness. It is exceedingly well arranged under the heads of scriptural prayers for holiness; God commands his children to be holy; God shows that it is possible for his children to be holy, and to please him; God shows us how to be holy; personal experience (from the Scriptures) of the possibility of pleasing God by the power of Christ working in the believer; Christ the life of the believer, our real oneness in Christ; concerning temptation or trial, and what Jesus is able to do.

A Letter to a Preacher on his Entrance into the work of the Ministry, and a treatise on the Nature and Design of the Holy Eucharist. By Dr. Adam Clarke. William Tegg.

No man of Adam Clarke's calibre could write upon the ministry without saying wise and valuable things, but at the same time we greatly demur to some of his more technical advice. His taste was too nice, his criticisms are too sweeping; from our point of view we should not only tolerate but commend a great deal which he condemns; nevertheless the letter is such as young men may read with profit, if they do not too slavishly accept all its canons. We should also take grave exception to many things in the second treatise, but it is valuable as showing what a great and good man believed and taught.

The Popery of Protestantism. By the late HENRY CRAIK. Second edition. Nisbet and Co. Price 6d.

THIS powerful pamphlet, with much sacred charity mingled with holy boldness, unmasks the old deceiver of Rome, in his Protestant disguises, and turns the lantern of gospel truth full upon his face. It is the work of one who was both scholarly and spiritual, untrammelled, and yet conservative. It will best commend the work if we give an extract upon Popery in the so-called church of England.

"The Anglican Church was not formed on the model of Scripture. In its external constitution it has retained very much of the system to which it succeeded. It has been admirably described, by the Roman Catholic poet, as, when viewed from his standing point,

'The least *d*eformed because *r*eformed the least.'

The lordly position of its bishops; the unrestrained worldliness of many of its ministers; the total disuse of discipline; the character of its ritual; all savour of Rome. Diocesan episcopacy has no sanction in the New Testament. The bishops there spoken of, were equivalent to presbyters or elders. This is evident from Tit. i. 5, 7. Instead of *one* bishop being set over *several* churches, in the Apostolic assemblies, there were *many*, or at least *several bishops* engaged in taking the oversight over *one church* (see Acts xx. 28; Philip. 1. 1). In the Scriptural sense of the terms, bishops, or elders, or presbyters, correspond to such as exercise godly oversight among a body of disciples, walking together in church capacity. There is not the slightest resemblance between the bishops referred to in Scripture, and the lordly prelates of the National Establishment.

The Prayer Book of the Church of England was, as you are aware, compiled from the liturgies of the Romish Church. While, therefore, it contains much that is excellent, which had come down from the purer days of Christianity, it will be found, on examination, to have retained much that will not bear the test of Scripture. The principle of compromise on which the Anglican system is based, discovers itself in the discrepancy between the services of the ritual and the generally Scriptural character of the thirty-nine articles. Well might one of England's greatest patriots assert that, in the National Establishment there were to be found "a Popish Liturgy, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian Clergy." The present divided, distracted condition of the establishment serves manifestly to corroborate this charge. The secessions to Rome, from among the ranks of her own clergy, are evidently most closely connected with the anti-Protestant leaven which inheres in the Liturgy. Those who, in the national system, are most distinguished for clearness of gospel statement and right-hearted Protestantism, are the very men who dissent most widely from the plain and obvious meaning of those formulæ, which, by the very condition of their office, they are bound habitually to employ. No thoroughly consistent Protestant can, *in his heart*, approve of the phraseology employed in the Book of Common Prayer. He may submit to use it; he may assent to what it is understood to express; he may even do so with a good conscience, as having persuaded himself that the words are susceptible of another than their obvious meaning; but, *when hard pressed*, he will acknowledge that he considers the phraseology, in some instances, unguarded, and capable of being employed in the upholding of serious error.

In the Book of Common Prayer the Church of England designates her ministers as *priests, to whom has been committed authority to forgive sin.* This is evident from the use of the term *priest*, as explained by the ordination service, compared with the office for the visitation of the sick. *Regeneration in baptism* is clearly taught in the Baptismal Service, as explained by the Church Catechism. The indiscriminate reading of the Service for the Dead, over all sorts of characters, enforced by legal requirement and submitted to by the clergy, is obviously calculated to harden the hearts of the ungodly, and to nullify the most solemn threatenings of Scripture against the finally impenitent. These objections to the statements of the Liturgy will not be deemed captious or censorious by any unprejudiced Christian. I have not thought it needful to scrutinize the Service Book, with the view of sifting and exposing every objectionable statement which may be detected in its forms. The particulars I have specified do not require any *exact search*, any *sifting scrutiny* to discover them. There they stand out in their anti-Protestant, anti-Evangelical character, manifest to every intelligent reader. I say nothing respecting the needless repetitions; the sacerdotal vestments; the signing with the cross; the bowing to the east; the multitude of forms and rites and idle ceremonies utterly at variance with the godly simplicity of the New Testament. But the statements just specified, and the errors founded upon them, are exercising a wide-spread and deleterious influence over our nominally Protestant England; and every instructed Christian and intelligent patriot must grieve over their disastrous results."

Modern Spiritualism. A Lecture by JOHN MORGAN, of Manchester.

NONSENSE. The spirits are rather out of repute since their favourite medium, Mr. Home, has become so much the object of public admiration for his disinterested pursuit of the occult sciences.

Images in the Windows of Churches: protest against them. By GEORGE ROCHFORT CLARKE, M.A, in letters addressed to the Bishops of Oxford, London, and St. David's, &c. Seeley, Jackson and Halliday, Fleet Street.

THESE letters are written by one who very naturally fears that idolatrous tendencies are fostered by images in church windows; we think so too, and should like the opportunity of smashing the whole lot, old and new, whether in cathedrals or dissenting chapels. Even painted windows without figures do not please us in places of worship, they are too fine and showy and artificial for our ideal of a meeting place for spiritual communion with God. Besides, we have almost been tempted to laugh when the sun has shone through the glass, and made Jezebels of the ladies; we have seen one with a crimson nose, another with a green eye, a third with delightfully red teeth, and a fourth with blue cheeks. It may be no great matter, but we wish all Nonconformists would abstain from "the superfluous decking of churches."

MESSRS. SHELDON & Co., 498 and 500, Broadway, New York, have sent us their illustrated magazine, *The Galaxy*. It is quite out of our line to review ordinary literature, or we would denounce the engravings as utterly unworthy to be put side by side with a good deal of very respectable literary matter. Some of our readers may be amused with the following extracts, which illustrate the fact that "money answereth all things."

"The purpose of all trade, as now understood, is to get much for little; it is not an exchange of value for value, but it is to give little and get much. No trader feels bound to enlighten the ignorance of the other party, and inform him that he is selling too cheap. Merchants would laugh at the man who did that and might call him disparaging names. It is understood that Mr. Astor was no exception to this custom, and it is understood that whenever he could buy valuable sable and mink furs for glass beads, and whiskey and red paint, he did it; and it is not understood that he violated his own sense of just dealing by doing so."

"A slight incident is told of a Boston trader, engaged in this business, which may bear retelling here. It appears that he was in the habit of having manufactured a very cheap and worthless cast-iron musket to sell to the Indians. Some brother in his church learned this, and was pained by it. He went to our trader, who stood high, and, indeed, had a sort of conventional conscience which he valued.

"'How is this, Brother A? Do you think it quite the thing to sell these things to these poor, ignorant heathen? Consider that the guns are sure to burst, and that their lives will be required at your hands!'

"'Oh! brother B., I thought of all that; that was all provided for. Far be it from me to injure these poor children of our common Father. No, they are quite safe. I gave strict orders not to have the touch-holes bored *quite* through. You see, they are entirely safe!'"

"The wonderful value of interest is well enough illustrated by a slight anecdote told of the once millionaire Stephen Whitney. In a thoughtless moment he was about to give a penny to a beggar, but arrested his hand in time, saying, 'I am disposed to do so, I don't care for the penny, but I should lose the *interest* for ever, and I really can't afford that.'"

"We indulge in pleasant little salves to what we please to call our consciences—that commerce is a 'great civiliser,' that 'it carries Bibles,' that it promotes 'good fellowship,' etc., etc.; all very soothing, no doubt, but very foolish talk. We only need to remember, that with every Bible, which commerce carries, goes ten thousand gallons of whiskey! Such terrible things are statistics among these glittering generalities!"

"We were much amused, the other day, by an anecdote of a certain secretary of a governor, several removes backward from the present Chief Magistrate of the Empire State. Like most sub-officials, to whom some 'pressing' final process is committed, he had an itching palm, while, at the same time, it would not be exactly safe to show his hand too openly. On one occasion he had, for the third time been waited upon by an impatient party, interested in two important bills which had passed the legislature, and, with sundry others, were awaiting the governor's signature.

"'Did you place my bills before his excellency?' asked the party of the secretary.

"'N—n—not yet,' said he—he had a slight impediment in his speech—'n—not quite yet; the G—g—overnor's v—very busy. By-the-bye, w—hat was the n—ame of the m—man that g—ot up into a t—tree, when our Saviour was w—walking along that w—way?'

"'Oh, you mean Zaccheus?'

"'Ye—es; *that's* the man. We—ell, do you r—recollect what was s—said to him?'

"'Certainly: 'Zaccheus, come down!'"

"'Ex—a—actly; y—es, '*Come down!*' I was thinking of that ye—esterday, when you c—called, but I c—couldn't rem—member the name!'

The hint was taken: the party '*came down*' accordingly; and when he next called, his signed bills were ready for him."

The Orphans of Glen Elder. A Tale of Scottish Life. Religious Tract Society.

A good and interesting but somewhat lachrymose story. Our young friends will doubtless read it with pleasure, not unattended with profit, if the gentle spirit of its teaching abides with them.

Memoranda.

During the past month we have been cheered by many answers to prayer. We have received of late so few donations for the College *from our readers* that we began to fear that their interest was declining; but in answer to prayer many loving hearts have been led to remember the Lord's work. We prize greatly the large sums sent, for they show that grace is operating upon the wealthy, and enabling them to do nobly; but when we receive many small sums we feel a peculiar delight, because it manifests the love of many, and from the poor especially it reveals self-denial, which is one of the most precious of Christian graces. We speak not at all in respect of want, for the Lord graciously supplies all our needs, but because we rejoice to see liberality abounding to the glory of God.

We were privileged to preach the Annual Sermon to young men for our Independent friends in Mr. Martin's noble house at Westminister; we were also honoured to address brethren of the Congregational Union at the breakfast given by Dr. Raleigh, the chairman. These occasions will, we trust, prove that we love unity, and will as God enables us do anything to show our hearty love to all the Lord's people; we feel bound to say this because we grow every day more and more resolved to oppose with ceaseless energy any attempt at the absorption of the Baptist body into the Congregational. Beneath our common standard we will as the Coldstreams fight side by side with the Hussars, but we will not burn our regimental flag whoever may offer us another.

We are anxious to meet with friends in the towns and large villages of Surrey, who would assist us in commencing Baptist churches in their place of residence, if none exist there.

Apologies for the temporary suspension of our comments on the Psalms are offered to our readers. It has been impossible for us to go on with them, but we will as soon as our body and mind are in a fit state resume that labour of love.

Our schools at the almshouses have proved to be most successful: we opened with prayer and the blessing came.

The chapel recently erected for Mr. Marchant, from the Tabernacle College, in Lodge Road, Birmingham, was opened on Tuesday, April 21st. Mr. J. P. Chown preached in the morning, and Dr. Landels in the evening. The collections amounted to £52 14s. On the school-room, which was built nearly eight years ago, a debt remained of £450. The builder's estimate for the chapel and vestries was £1,875, to which other considerable charges must be added. A little more than £1,000, including £100 given by Mr. Spurgeon, has been contributed. This is an object well worthy of the practical sympathy of those who are disposed to help those who are doing their utmost to help themselves.

Mr. Lauderdale, of the Tabernacle College, having supplied the pulpit of the Baptist chapel at Streatham for several months, was invited by the members and friends to a social meeting on the 27th of April last. After tea one of the deacons presented him, on behalf of the church, with handsome copies of the works of Adams, Charnock, and Sibbes, and a sum of money. Mr. Tebbutt, the deacon, expressed the entire satisfaction of the church and people with his ministry during his continuance with them, and their regret at the prospect of his removal from them. Mr. Lauderdale responded in terms of cordial sympathy with them, and regretted that a connection of such a pleasing character should, of necessity, be dissolved. Mr. Lauderdale's collegiate course having approached to its termination, and having received a cordial and unanimous invitation from a Baptist church at Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, he has commenced his labours in that populous district with the prospect of much success.

Mr. W. H. Smith, of the Tabernacle College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the old Baptist church, Bourne, Lincolnshire, for which a new chapel has recently been erected in North Street.

The recognition of Mr. J. Hillman of the Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist Church, assembling both at Barton Mills, and at Mildenhall, Suffolk, took place on Thursday, May 14th. In the afternoon Mr. Cuff, of Bury St. Edmund's, preached a sermon well adapted to the occasion. A tea meeting was afterwards

held, at which about 200 were present. An evening meeting was held in the chapel at Barton Mills, which is modern and spacious, and was well filled. Mr. Ball, of Burwell, presided. Mr. Cuff read the scriptures. Mr. Inglis, of Soham, offered prayer. The senior deacon read a statement on behalf of the church. The chairman put some questions to Mr. Hillman, which were replied to by him with much readiness and suitability. Mr. Frank White, of Chelsea, presented the ordination prayer. The charge to the minister was given by Mr. Rogers of the Tabernacle College, and the charge to the church, by Mr. Elven, of Bury. Mr. Rogers concluded with prayer. Mr. Mesquitta, of Kensington, and Mr. Morgan, of Burwell, were present on the occasion. With two good chapels about a mile distant from each other, and an earnest and united people, we augur good and great things from our young brother, Mr. Hillman.

On Monday, May 18th, Mr. Welton, of the Tabernacle College, was recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church at Thetford, in Norfolk. On Sunday, the day preceding, Mr. Rogers, from the College, preached in the morning and evening, and Mr. Welton in the afternoon. A meeting was held on Monday afternoon, at which Mr. Joslin presided. Mr. F. Webster, a Primitive Methodist minister, read the Scriptures. Mr. Cuff, of Bury St. Edmund's, prayed. Mr. Joslin gave a full account of the circumstances which had directed the church to the unanimous request to Mr. Welton to become its pastor. Mr. Welton then gave a very interesting summary of his history—his call to the ministry, and his partiality to the church at Thetford. Mr. J. Barrett, of Bury, offered prayer. The charge to the minister was given by Mr. Rogers, and the charge to the church by Mr. Cuff. About two hundred and fifty persons partook of tea, which was provided in the Town Hall by some friends. At the evening meeting, which was held in the chapel, the pastor presided. Addresses were given by Mr. Geech, Wesleyan minister, Mr. Webster, Mr. Cuff, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Gallant. The Baptist chapel in Thetford is an excellent modern building, which cost £1,170; towards which £830 have already been raised, leaving a debt of £340. Mr. Spurgeon has kindly promised £10 to every £100 for the removal of this debt the friends are doing their best for this purpose, and would be very thankful for the help of others. Many tokens of usefulness have been given to the ministry of Mr. Welton, and the attendance has greatly increased; not from other places of worship in the town, but from those who had been living in entire neglect of the means of grace.

The second anniversary of the services conducted at the "Rosemary Branch," Peckham, presided over by Mr. J. B. Field, was held on the 13th May. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. In the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. William Olney presiding. Messrs. G. Rogers, W. Dransfield, J. Spanswick, G. Hearson, W. Anderson, and J. B. Field, delivered addresses. Collections were made after each service for the benefit of the building fund—the friends here having determined, by God's help, to erect a new chapel in the neighbourhood. Much help is needed ere this effort can be completed. The two collections amounted to about £25. Besides this a purse containing £12 was presented to the minister. This notice would not be complete if we were not to add, that during the two years of the ministry of Mr. J. B. Field here, 36 persons have been converted, and joined the Tabernacle church. To the Lord be all the praise.

The third annual meeting of the Band of Hope was held on Tuesday evening, 20th May, in the Lecture Hall of the Tabernacle. The president, W. R. Selway, Esq., occupied the chair, and the meeting was opened with singing and prayer. The report was read by Mr. C. Waters, the Secretary. It states that thirteen meetings have been held during the past year, at which 121 pledges were received. The total number received from the commencement in May, 1865, to 31st December, 1867, was 619, of whom 119 have joined other societies, violated their pledges, or died, leaving 500 as the total number on the books. Of these, however, 119 have not yet been visited. After the report, addresses were delivered by the chairman, John Taylor, Esq., Messrs. Anderson and Tipper, of the Pastors' College, Mr. T. E. Davis, and Mr. G. W. M'Cree. A Band of Hope choir sung several temperance and other melodies, conducted by Mr. S. Matthews, and Mr. C. Davis gave some selections on the harmonium. Two members also gave recitations. The proceedings closed by all singing the doxology. About 500 were present.

Mr. W. Willis of the Tabernacle College, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Carlton-le-Morland, Lincolnshire.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon:—March 19, eighteen; March 30, ten; April 2, eighteen; April 27, eighteen; April 30, nineteen; May 14, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th, to May 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. J. Leighton	0	1	0
Sale of Articles from last Bazaar... ...	7	16	0
Miss M. H.	0	10	0
Two Friends, Kirkdale	2	10	0
Mr. T. Banson	1	1	0
E. G.	0	10	0
Aberdeen	0	2	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Two Sisters, Greenford	0	6	0
Amy	0	3	0
Proceeds of Tea Meeting at the Tabernacle	41	1	1
Mr. Alderman James C. Lawrence ...	10	10	0
Mr. Edwin Lawrence	5	5	0
Friends, per Mrs. Anderson	0	12	0
Mr. W. Moore	1	1	0
Denny	0	2	6
Mr. H. Speight	0	6	0
Mr. W. P. Balfern	2	2	0
Mr. J. Gray	2	0	0
Mr. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	6
Mr. J. Doulton	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Mecking	1	4	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Mr. Parton	2	0	0
Mr. Alexander	2	2	0
Mr. Redgate	3	3	0
Lillah	1	0	0
Mr. Fulkes	1	0	0
Mr. F. Petford	1	0	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Miss Lucy Best	1	0	0
S. S.	10	0	0
Mr. W. McArthur	25	0	0
E. J.	0	1	0
Mr. J. Brockie	1	0	0
A Friend, Cransley	0	1	0
A Thankoffering, per Mr. J. Meeclove ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Pledge	0	2	6
O. H.	0	5	0
Sunday-school Children, Cornwall Road Chapel	1	3	0
A Friend	20	0	0
Mr. R. Pullar	5	0	0
Mr. E. Harding	0	6	0
Miss Scott's Collecting Box	0	4	0
Mr. Foster	0	5	0
G. H. R.	0	3	0
J. H. Bedford	0	2	0
A Mite from Tubbermore	0	1	0
Mr. J. Lee	1	1	0
Mr. J. Johnstone	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	50	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, April 26	8	19	11
" " " May 3	45	13	4
" " " " 10	31	14	0
" " " " 17	40	3	11
	£373	14	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th, 1868, *to May 19th,* 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bishop, Collected	0	4	0
Mr. L. Collins "	1	15	0
Miss Parradine "	2	5	4
Miss Munro "	1	12	6
Miss Rushworth "	1	4	0
Mr. Hobson "	4	3	6
Mrs. Hubbard "	1	8	0
Collected by a Friend	0	8	11
Collected in pence	3	1	7
Baxter and Ernest	0	1	6
Mr. J. Sneesby	0	1	0
Ps. xxvii. 10.	0	5	0
Returned box, No. 91, Mr. Balchin ...	1	10	9
Mr. King	5	0	0
Master A. Parker, Collected	1	5	0
Mrs. Moul, "	1	17	0
A Friend from Poole	0	5	0
Miss M. H.	0	10	0
Edwin	0	5	0
Two Friends, Kirkdale	2	10	0
Mrs. Slater	1	0	0
E. E.	0	2	0
Mr. W. Eland	0	2	6
Aberdeen	0	1	0
Mrs. Hinton, Collected	1	3	0
Mr. Banks "	1	11	3
Mrs. Taylor	0	0	10
Friends per Mr. J. Adams...	1	17	0
Fees for Attendance at a Charitable Institution	2	2	0
W. B. Sidmouth	0	2	6
Mr. D. Couttie	1	0	0
A Reader of Sermons	0	2	6
Mr. W. Moore	1	1	0
Mr. H. Speight	0	4	0
A Poor Man	0	2	6
Mrs. L. Purser	0	10	0
A Friend, per C. H. S.	0	10	0
Rev. J. Sella Martin	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Spencer	1	1	0
Mr. Troke, Collected	0	5	6
Tenby	1	0	0
Godalming	0	5	0
Mr. E. Joscelyn	3	0	0
C. L.	0	7	6
Mrs. Hubbard, Collected	0	10	7
A Thankoffering, per Mr. J. Meeclove ...	0	5	0
Children's Bazaar, Newcastle	0	6	0
Mr. R. Eaton, Collected	1	5	3
Mr. E. Dunnett	0	5	0
A mite from Tubbermore...	0	1	0
Miss Stackhouse	0	10	0
Mrs. Littlewood	0	5	0
J. O. Littlewood	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Mead	0	14	0
Mr. & Mrs. Guinness	5	0	0
Young Men's Christian Association, Henley	1	0	0
Friends, per Rev. J. P. Carey	0	3	0
A few Friends, per Mr. Robin	0	11	6
Mr. Kirby, Collected	1	6	0
Prayer Meeting at Newton Hill	0	8	6
Mr. R. Haddock	0	3	0
Miss M. Tice, Collected	1	5	6
Miss Lottie Tice "	0	16	6
Miss Smith "	0	10	0
Mr. J. Kingston "	0	6	0
Per London and County Bank	5	0	0
Mrs. Mortlock (Annual Subscription) ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. Brown " ...	1	1	0
	£70	13	0

Colportage Association.

Donations—	£	s.	d.
A Sister, per Levi Palmer...	0	1	6
A. B. C.	0	5	0
A Bible Class of very poor People ...	0	4	6
A Friend, Pulteney Town	0	2	0
Readers of Sermons, Warlockhead ...	0	11	6
A Returned Prodigal	0	1	0
Mrs. Low	0	1	0
E. G.	0	10	0
Putney	0	2	0
A Wretched Sinner...	0	5	0
Collected by—			
Mr. J. J. Mills	0	7	0
Mr. W. J. Murphy, jun.	0	6	0
Mr. G. Groves	0	3	6
Mr. G. Davies	0	10	0
Lissie Malston	0	2	0
Mr. W. Paris...	0	4	2
Mr. A. Davis	0	5	6
Mr. C. Bidewell	0	5	3
Neil McPherson	0	9	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	6	6
Mr. W. M. Barclay	0	11	8
M. F. Sandeman	1	12	0
Mr. George Longbott m	0	6	0
Mr. A. Heighlamman	0	1	0
Mr. E. Jones...	0	18	6
Mrs. Harlow, Nonington	1	6	5
Mr. Charles Lott, Frogham	1	0	3
Mr. D. Franklin	0	6	0
Mrs. Townsend	0	10	6
M. Ferrari	0	7	6
Mr. J. Forster	1	2	0
W. E. R.	0	4	6
Miss Eva Pentelow, St. Neot's	0	10	7
Mrs. Davies, Oswestry	2	0	0
Mr. James Innocent	0	2	0
Miss M. Haslam, per Rev. J. W. Chisholm	1	3	6
Agnes Robertson, Edinburgh	0	7	6
Mdlle. Simmen, Aberdeen...	0	11	0
Mr. James Johnston, Carluke	1	0	0
J. G., Aldgate	0	2	0
	£19	5	3

Mr. H. Gifford, 5s. (acknowledged in error as £5, in April number.)

For Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School, and Mission to the Costermongers, Golden Lane, E.C.—E. Booth, £1; L. D., "A Birthday Offering," £3; R. Hanbury, Esq., £5; Mrs. W., 5s., and Parcel of the Baptist Messenger; Miss Cooper, £1; O H., 5s.

East Prussia Relief Fund.—Mr. W. Cloake, 5s.; Mr. J. P. Bacon, £5; One who reads "The Freeman," 10s.; Friends at Horsham, per W. T. Hoddy, £1 13s. 4d.; Mr. E. Morgan, £2; Mr. R. Edminson, 7s. 6d.; Rev. G. Rouse, £1.

Mr. Kobner's Church, Copenhagen.—Mr. W. Cloake, 5s.; Mr. R. Perry, 10s.; Rev. G. H. Rouse, £3.

For Almshouses.—Miss Helen Best, 10s.; Miss Celia Best, 10s.

Stockwell Orphanage.

General Account for the Year ending 31st March, 1868.

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations—			
By Mrs. Hillyard			
Railway and other Bonds, at par	18,400	0	0
Freehold Houses (estimate) ...	1,400	0	0
Cash	200	0	0
	20,000	0	0
By An Unknown Friend—"A. B."	2,000	0	0
For The "Merchants' House," J. H.	600	0	0
For "Silver Wedding House" ...	500	0	0
For "Unity House"—Messrs. Olney	500	0	0
For a House—Mr. Joynson ...	500	0	0
For "Sunday School House," (on account)	250	0	0
For "Students' House" (ditto) ...	339	11	10
For General purposes	4,303	6	6
	28,992	18	4
To Annual Subscriptions	14	13	0
To Interest and Rents...	768	2	9
	£29,775	14	1

Payments.

	£	s.	d.
By Property—			
Freehold Land and Conveyance ...	2,881	9	10
Roads and Drains (on account)	150	0	0
Building and Furnishing Orphan Houses, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4; (on account)	1,761	12	8
School Room and Dining Hall, (on account)	6	5	0
Play Room	323	8	5
	5,122	15	11
By General Expenses—			
Law Charges—Trust Deed 18 5 4			
Public Meeting—Erecting Sheds, Decorating, Providing Tea, Printing, Advertising, Trowels, Gas, &c. 148 13 11			
Printing, Stationery, Postages, &c.... ... ... 72 2 8			
	239	1	11
By Maintenance and Education of Orphans	133	6	0
	5,495	3	10
By Balance—			
Railway and other Bonds 18,400 0 0			
Less received 1,000 0 0			
17,400 0 0			
The Freehold Houses 1,400 0 0			
India 4 per cent Stock, purchased 3,500 0 0			
Cash ... (on deposit) 1,000 0 0			
Ditto on Drawing a/c 980 10 3			
	24,280	10	3
	£29,775	14	1

Audited and Approved, May 12th, 1868.

BENJAMIN SCOTT,
THOMAS GREENWOOD, } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1868.

An Afternoon in a Blind School.

AT the corner of one of the most important thoroughfares in a densely crowded part of South London, in what still bears the name of St. George's Fields, is a range of grey buildings erected in the most unpicturesque style of Gothic architecture. At the corner is a small shop, in the windows of which may be seen displayed a variety of door mats and rugs, of varied sizes, combinations, and prices. There are also ropes and brushes, baskets for trinkets, and bassinettes for living toys. Into this shop we enter, and beg the favour of a "tour of inspection" through the establishment. This application is most cordially acceded to; and accompanied by an intelligent and courteous assistant we are introduced into the Institution at once. The building, which stretches over nearly two acres of land, which has probably doubled its value since it was purchased for the Blind School, is divided into two distinct wings. One wing is entirely used for the males, and the other for females. Whether out of that high chivalrous consideration that still gives the sex the preference in attentions, or from the more sordid motive of convenience, we decline to say, we first enter the wing for the gentler sex. In a long, pleasant, well lighted, admirably ventilated and beautifully clean room we meet with a number of blind girls, of various sizes and ages. Some are engaged at needle-work, others are walking to and fro with steady steps and slow, conversing confidentially and earnestly; while some are seated at forms writing. Writing. did we say? Well, it seemed to us a queer method. We had heard of writing with broom sticks—have some dismal recollection of some such, by no means playful effort at sarcasm by our pedagogue in years gone by. But this was to us quite a new idea. The slate is a board about fourteen inches long, by eight wide, covered on one side with a thick layer of flannel or velvet, and the other of a plain frame-work of horizontal bars about half an inch apart; the two, it appears, being connected by hinges which join them together as a slip of leather does the two covers of a book. The writing paper is placed between the two boards, and the girl takes a peg or pin, which pressed on the paper pricks a letter, just as children

prick a pattern in paper, save that each peg pricks one letter. The operation somewhat resembles setting up type, and all the "writing" is in Roman capital letters. Of course, the process is a slow one; but the document is precious to the poor heart far away that beats with affection at the sight of her child's epistle. What gratitude the sight of every printed page and written sheet should raise in our minds, for truly it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun, and no inventions can fully recompense the blind for the loss of the sweet light.

It is holiday afternoon with the girls, so we do not see them at work, but we see the tools they use, and have the *modus operandi* explained to us. Well, we shall not describe it all, for that would be difficult, and feminine accomplishments are beyond the descriptive powers of man. So we pass into the male wing. The first large lofty room is devoted to basket-making. Ranged on each side of this long apartment are a number of boys and men, all blind, save the two teachers; some are kneeling, some bending over unfinished baskets, others seated tailor-fashion, and a few are conveying osiers on their backs across the room, depositing them with the utmost precision in the very spot where they are required; while one or two are lounging and conversing pretty loudly with each other. Indeed, one noteworthy feature of the whole arrangements is that conversation is unchecked. In every room there is a hum of voices, tune-whistling, or beating the work with a bar of iron. It is a scene of noisy life. But there is not a single unhappy face; everyone, even the most silent, is cheerful. "It would be a pity," remarked our guide, "to keep them quiet: it would irritate them beyond measure." And looking at those sightless eyeballs, who could not admire the elasticity of the society's rule? Let them chat, and sing, and shout, since the gratification of seeing, one of God's greatest boons, is denied to them! Gentleness towards all sufferers is a pressing Christian duty. There is enough of sorrow without our adding to it by hard restrictions or thoughtless neglects.

Our enquiries of our guide were spoken in a whisper. We knew how sensitive the blind were with reference to their affliction. Some years ago, we were in the company of a blind person, for days together, without mentioning, or indicating by remote reference, her blindness; and what we frequently observed was the singular way in which her affliction was ignored by herself. Like most blind persons, if they understand anything, they observe, "I see it." "I have looked at it;" and their mental vision is certainly wonderful. We were glad, therefore, to notice, on our leaving the place, a printed card, requesting visitors not to put questions to the inmates directly referring to their unfortunate deprivation. Of course we obeyed the rule. A slight reference to the matter has often made them unhappy and despondent for hours. In answer to a question, as to how far the blindness of the boys and men was partial or total, we were told that no one was admitted into the school who could distinguish objects by the sight. They could tell, most of them, the difference between light and darkness, and their perceptions were acute. They know a stranger's walk, although they are not always able to keep clear of his path. Sometimes in parading the room, they will come across a form somewhat disagreeably; but, then, experience, as in other cases, teaches most persons wisdom; and the same instinct

that guides a burnt child to dread the fire, makes these blind boys and girls careful not to knock themselves unnecessarily against objects harder than themselves. The chaplain of the school, whose interesting book on the blind was quoted in our previous paper,* very truly observes, "The blind boy educates his senses of touch and hearing into a state of exceeding acuteness, till they almost begin to atone to him for that which is denied, though, after all, they cannot do for him what a single ray of vision would do by one swift glance. 'It's a long time before you learn to be blind,' said a shrewd old blind woman.'" Some learn it more perfectly than others. A blind woman in a strange house will soon learn the whereabouts of every domestic appointment. There was a blind bell-ringer in Dumfries, who, early every morning, visited the belfry, tripping up the stone steps as nimbly as if possessed of the keenest sight, and rarely missed the key-hole at the first trial. An old story is told of a blind messenger, a canny Scot, at Edinburgh, by Mr. Anderson. He says: "I had occasion to send out one of two blind men with a mattrass; I gave him the bill with it, that he might receive payment; but, to my surprise, he returned with the account and the mattrass too. 'I've brought back baith, ye see, sir,' said he. 'How so?' 'Indeed, sir, I didna' like to leave it yonder, else I'm sure we wad ne'er see the siller; there's nae a stick of furniture within the door.' 'How do you come to know that? O sir, twa taps on the floor wi' my stick soon tell't me that.'" It was a shrewd guess.

One of the young men, conversing by the side of another blind man, engaged at basket-work, was pointed out to us as a remarkable instance of the powers of memory. This man, we were informed, was gifted with a most wonderfully retentive memory. Some time ago, charmed with Milton's noble poem, "Paradise Lost," he had it read over to him, a few lines at a time, and learnt the whole of the poem in fewer hours than any ordinary person like ourselves would require to commit to memory one of the twelve books into which it is divided. He has also managed to learn the whole of the hundred and fifty Prayer-book Psalms, and a large number of metrical psalms and hymns, as well as a considerable number of modern poems. Everything seems fish that comes to the net of his memory. "What this man, whose name is Daniel Brown, has achieved," remarks the chaplain, "may, to a certain extent, be done, and is done, by his fellow sufferers elsewhere. It must be remembered, too, that the blind youth is compelled to derive nearly all his knowledge from books that are read to him (his embossed books being very few in number, very expensive, and almost entirely on religious subjects). While his friend reads, he listens most intently; he is now all ear; not a word, not a syllable, escapes him. He cuts off every channel of communication with the outer world, and opens but the one inlet to the wave of sound. Much depends, of course, on the fluency and distinctness of his teacher, but far more on his own habit of fixed and undivided attention. Here, in the mere task of learning by heart, he has to listen acutely and patiently to all—even to every word—and this by dint of practice becomes comparatively easy."

A very large number of the blind inmates know most of the Psalms.

* See article "Pity the Poor Blind," p. 253, June number.

Indeed, so well do they commit the word of God to memory, that the chaplain would be readily detected in any misquotation: and while we are on this point, we may add, that to attempt to teach such shrewd intellects, which are so well trained, and are always ready to detect a blunder, a man must have no small acquaintance with the subjects on which he speaks, and a facility of expression, combined with *literal* accuracy. Such men are not to be put off with a merely superficial teacher. "They know how to reason," said my guide, "and they can reason most logically;" and so prodigious is their memory, that they never require to be told twice; figures seem to enter their heads, and find a permanent lodging there without the smallest difficulty. We heard our guide give orders as to the precise breadth and length of some various sized baskets that were to be made, and the figures were at once received into the memory. "You have to be careful what you say before them," he shrewdly observed to us; "and especially when you promise them anything, they will never forget it, nor forget to remind you that they still remember it. This sometimes may place you in awkward fixes."

We have not chosen to attempt any description of the various industrial handicrafts in which the blind were engaged on the afternoon of our visit. One employment much interested us, and deserves a notice. Seated on a high stool, a blind weaver was working, with an ordinary loom, a coloured rug. One's first question is, naturally enough, How can he discern the colours? There is a popular idea abroad, that a keen-witted and sensitive blind person has the power of detecting colours by the touch; but this notion is against the experience of all who know anything of the blind, and is disbelieved by the blind themselves. The blind weaver at the loom informed us frankly, that he knew the difference of colour only in two ways—by a difference in substance, or because the red and maroon were each put in a certain place, which he remembered. One of the coloured wools was stiffer than the other, and so he knew that was red wool. That was the only method by which he could distinguish them. Colours, too, are sometimes distinguished by their being placed to the tongue.

We also saw some brush-making, and it was interesting to observe how perfectly every brush was turned out of hand. Of course there is, in each department, a seeing man, who finishes off when necessary, and always inspects all the goods. Ascending a flight of steps, we entered the chapel. The religious services conducted here are according to the forms and usages of the Episcopal church. Some few of the inmates are Dissenters; two boys, indeed, are members of Mr. Spurgeon's church, and are always permitted to worship at the Tabernacle; but the Institution belongs, as far as a benevolent institution can be said to belong, to the "Church of England." The chapel is a neat, simple affair, with a plain reading desk, and but for the organ, and, if we remember rightly, a useless table of commandments, &c.; it might be taken for a mission-room. At this organ, a blind man was playing a portion of Handel's famous undying oratorio, "the Messiah;" and never did we hear the Hallelujah Chorus rendered more perfectly. Blind people, all the world over, seem to have a distinguishing passion for music. Few attain great eminence in this art, but few who are educated to it, and

have a quick ear for sounds, fail to gain ordinary success. "Music," a blind tramper, once observed, "is our only enjoyment; we all likes it." Music, indeed, supplies to the blind the place of light; consequently it forms no insignificant portion of the teaching at the Blind School. They frequently give public concerts, to which the friends of the institution are invited. There is a large blind choir; and sacred music, vocal and instrumental, of the highest class, is performed by the choristers. The chaplain complains, however, that few churchwardens and trustees, in want of an organist, care about employing a blind man; "and in not a few cases, though his love for it still continues deep and unbroken as ever, once outside the school gates, his practical acquaintance with good music is over; or, possibly, limited to such wooden strains as can be pounded out of some excruciating instrument which Mozart himself could not make endurable." Still, there are many blind organists scattered throughout the country, and their services are, in many cases, preferred to those who have the gift of sight, but less passion for music.

We cannot conclude our somewhat rambling sketch of some few things we saw in this commodious institution, without expressing our indebtedness to our guide, Mr. Midwinter, and the pleasure which we felt in witnessing the comfortable home in which one hundred and sixty inmates are placed. Nothing could exceed the neatness and simplicity of the arrangements. For cleanliness, the building would have done credit to the most scrupulous Quaker, whose hatred of a spot is proverbial. The dormitories were excessively clean; and we may add, that at the head of each bed a portion of the Scriptures was placed. At an early hour of the morning, as soon as they are awake, the Word is read individually at pleasure. And he who has habituated himself to reading the Scriptures in early morn will have understood the freshness which belongs to them in a way that others can never know. No wonder that the pupils should be young Timothys. We were pleased to observe a shop, opened for out-door workers, chiefly old pupils of good character; where they obtain decent and fairly remunerative employment. Still, how to find such labour for the blind is one of the most difficult problems which have been presented to the philanthropist's mind. To our mind, the blind schools only meet the difficulty up to a certain point. We are inclined to believe that a vast majority of blind persons will always be comprehended within the divine Master's legacy to his church—"The poor you have with you always." The following paragraph from the last report of the Society, refers in very modest terms to the good done by the School for the Indigent Blind:—

"It is a cause of great satisfaction that a very large majority of those pupils who have left us during the last few years are now working steadily at their trades, and doing what they can, though it may not be much, towards their own support. It must not be forgotten that it is far better for a blind girl or youth, to earn a shilling or even sixpence per week, than to do nothing. Idleness is a positive curse, and always bears a bitter harvest; and if the poorer class of blind can be taught to believe this, and to put their belief into practice, the gain to themselves will be a great one.

"The Committee will have done a great and lasting good if only they succeed in teaching a large number of blind persons, for the most part ignorant and indigent, habits of patience, care, and industry; to prefer work to idleness; to be anxious to do what they can, be it ever so little, to avoid becoming a burden

to their friends; to be cleanly and well-behaved, faithful and honest; to read their Bibles with some understanding of their duty to God and to man. And this much the Committee can most fully claim to be doing.

"The harvest may not be so abundant as they could wish, but it is a harvest of the right kind, and, by God's blessing, well worth the reaping."



Rizpah.

"And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—2 Samuel xxi. 10.

YOU must read the whole story, or the text will be a fragment without meaning. When the tribes entered Palestine, the Gibeonites with their old shoes and clouted deceived them, and Israel made a covenant with them that they should not be destroyed with the inhabitants of the land. Although that oath had been obtained by craft, yet it held good, for the Lord would have his people men of honour. The Gibeonites were therefore spared, but justly adjudged to be hewers of wood and drawers of water all their days. No one appears to have injured the Gibeonites till Saul became king, and then the very man who spared the Amalekites, whom God had bidden him destroy, fell remorselessly upon the unoffending Gibeonites, who were under the protection of a solemn compact. To that unhappy race Saul and his family were known as "a bloody house." In the days of David, some years after, a great famine came upon the land, and David was divinely informed that this visitation was sent from God as a punishment on account of the wrong done to the Gibeonites. The Gibeonites

were brought before the king; they were asked what atonement they would accept for their former wrongs, and they replied that they would accept neither gold nor silver, nor did they wish any one to be put to death except the children of the guilty person, but they demanded that seven persons of the house of Saul should be given to them, that they might hang them upon as many trees, on an elevated spot near what was once Saul's palace at Gibeah. Accordingly seven persons were surrendered to their vengeance, and among them the three children of Rizpah, the heroine of the text. Those seven persons were first hanged, and then, though the Jewish law commanded that a person who was hanged should be buried at the going down of the sun, this was a case beyond and out of the law, and therefore the bodies remained upon the trees month after month, just as the criminals in the much vaunted good old times among ourselves were suspended in chains, and left to rot in the face of the sun. The seven corpses were thus uplifted as a dreadful memorial of the justice of God, and the vengeance of Gibeon for the broken covenant.

This woman Rizpah, though a word is used in connection with her which is full of shame, for she was but Saul's "concubine," was yet a woman of noble spirit, for when she found her three sons thus put to death, she took sackcloth, making a little tent of it on the brow of the hill, just underneath the seven gallows-trees, and there she watched all through the burning summer, and the fierce autumn heats, till the Lord's mercy sent the rain to cool the sun-burnt earth. The carrion birds came to feed upon the corpses, but she chased them away with her wild shrieks and cries; and when the jackals and the bears came by night, she, as if she were some fabled destroyer of dragons, and not a poor timid woman, drove them all away. Neither by night nor by day did she cease from her dreadful task of love until at last, when the scant harvest was sorrowfully housed, the Lord accepted the atonement made, and made the blessed rain to drop from heaven—the rain which had been withheld so long because sin had bound up the bottles of heaven. Until it was clear that God's wrath was removed, Rizpah stood to her post, protecting as best she could the unburied relics of those who were so dear to her. It is a ghastly picture. It is worthy of the pencil of Gustave Dorè, or some artist with a grimmer pencil: the seven corpses hanging up in the pale moon-beams; the wolf howling at the woman's feet, and the grey-haired mother all alone (for she must have been of great age), battling with the beasts and birds, out of love, unconquerable love to her dear children. We cannot paint, but we can meditate, and it may be we shall be the better for the lessons which Rizpah shall teach us.

We are led to reflect upon THE TENDER LOVE WHICH WE SHOULD HAVE TOWARDS OUR CHILDREN, AND HOW THAT LOVE SHOULD MANIFEST ITSELF.

This woman protected her offspring even after they were dead; she would not suffer their remains to be mutilated by ravenous birds and beasts; much more should we watch with anxious tenderness over our children while yet they live. Their bodies are not exposed to any devouring monster, but their souls are. There is one who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and when a little of the good seed of truth is sown in those young hearts, birds of the air

hasten to devour it. O parents, how should you guard your children against temptation! How should you seek to strengthen them for the battle of life into which they must so soon be thrust! By your prayers, and your teaching, and your example, should you endeavour to the utmost to preserve them from the paths of the destroyer, so that if they perish their blood may not be upon their parents' skirts, but the rather may the promise be fulfilled to you, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved *and thy house*."

I am afraid we do not all feel the responsibility of parents as we should do. Who amongst us can say, "I am quite clear as to the bringing up of my sons and daughters"? May you never live to see them become your curse! May you never nourish in your bosom the viper that shall sting you! If you lead them to the throne of grace, if you put their little hands upon the horns of the altar of the atonement, if it be your earnest endeavour to train them up in the fear of God, and to dedicate them while they are yet children to the cause of Christ, you may expect with all confidence that when they are old they shall not depart from the way in which you have trained them up; nay, they shall succeed you in the ways of truth, and instead of the fathers shall be the children.

I am very thankful that our heavenly Father has saved so many of the children of this church. We rejoice that

> "Many dear children are gathering here,
> For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

May the Lord plant in his garden many more of those sweet flowers whose buds and blossoms he loves so well. Ah, mothers! you have not to keep a mournful vigil beneath your sons hanging upon the tree: do not grow weary, then, when you are called diligently to watch against your children's follies and failings. Have patience with them! Have compassion for them! What a mercy it is that they are yours! Notwithstanding the trouble they cost you, you would not for all the world lose the prattle of their little tongues, and the music of their merry feet; and as you remember—for perhaps you have already experienced it—how briny are those tears which fall upon little coffin-lids, thank God that you are indulged with the trouble of bringing up your babes; bless God that you have so sweet a weariness as that of caring for their souls. That lesson needs but a hint, for sanctified nature teaches us this.

There are points in Rizpah's case worthy of the Christian's imitation. Her case, in certain aspects, runs parallel with our own. She sat beneath the gibbet, and we watch beneath the cross: she guarded her slain sons, we who love the Lord Jesus defend him from his foes.

NOTICE THIS WOMAN IN THE CONSTANCY OF HER WATCHING.

As, in my solitude, I read of Rizpah's watchfulness, I felt ashamed of myself—so thoroughly ashamed that I thought I heard my Master say to me, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Here is a woman who watches with the dead, not one hour, nor one day, but weeks and months, while we are so unspiritual and so carnal that a little watching with our Lord soon tires us out! Even when we draw near to the Master's table our thoughts wander. When our minds should concentrate all their faculties upon the one topic of the Wellbeloved's

flowing wounds and purple sweat, his bleeding head, and hands, and feet, our imaginations wickedly ramble abroad, and we cease to keep watch with Jesus; yet here is Rizpah, with undivided heart, faithful to her charge from month to month.

This sorrowful mother's watch was *a very ghastly one.* Marvellous must have been her courage and affection. Few women could have endured the dreadful scene, especially at night. Think of it—a lone woman with those seven corpses swinging in the breeze! Brave hearts, would ye be quite so bold in such a case? Every time they creaked to and fro, or the wolf howled, or the owl hooted from the ruined palace, we should have started and been ready to take to our heels; but there she sat watching, sleeplessly watching, mournfully watching, on, on, on, while the stars and the sun kept guard by turns in heaven! None relieved her at cock-crowing, or took her place at sundown; her watch was ceaseless and unbroken. Ah, grim and ghastly spectacle for a tender woman's eye! How different is our watch at the foot of the cross! for there is nothing ghastly there. If you have ever seen a sickening picture of Christ upon the cross, you have turned away with abhorrence, for the crucified Saviour is never a hideous though ever a saddening sight. In riding through the Tyrol, I saw a long succession of horrible images of our Lord by the roadside, and I felt as if I could fain get out of the carriage and break them all in godly indignation. My conceptions of Christ on his cross bring before me a very painful and awe-inspiring scene, but still there is nothing of the hideous and the ghastly there. No, the sight was such that angels, amazed and astounded, might hav lingered long and gazed admiringly—

> "See from his head, his hands, his feet,
> Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
> Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
> Or thorns compose so rich a crown!"

The fair lily of the valley on the cross became red as the rose of Sharon, but his loveliness was all unmarred. No awful tremor and dread seize our souls beneath the tree of Calvary, but rather

> "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
> Which before the cross I spend."

Though Jesus sighs, and cries, and gasps, and dies, yet is the sight delightful to the humbled heart as it reads there the justice, the mercy, the love, the pity of the bleeding Son of God.

Poor Rizpah's watch again was *a most miserable one.*

She lodged upon the bare rock; her sackcloth was but a scant and wretched shelter, but it was all the protection she had from the heavy night dews or the burning sunbeams. But see where we sit at the foot of Jesus' cross! we are housed in a pavilion of divine love, fairer than the silken curtains of Solomon. Look up, ye lovers of Christ, and see the purple canopy of the atonement which covers you from the night dews of worldly sorrow, and from the fierce heats of almighty justice. None dwell so royally as those who abide hard by the cross. Though as to our human surroundings, we may dwell in the black tents of Kedar, when we approach the Crucified One, we are introduced to the ivory palaces,

wherein our garments are made to smell of aloes and cassia. Let me invite you, then, to come to the foot of the cross, because your vigil will be so much more blessed than that which Rizpah kept. The vision of Calvary is fair, the suffering person is divinely attractive, and even his death surpassingly lovely. Come ye, then, and watch, and wonder, and adore.

Emulate Rizpah's watching, emulate it in this, that *she was an abiding watcher*. She did not watch for some few minutes, and then depart, but she made her abode beneath the gallows. She meant to live there till those bodies should be taken down. "Abide in me," saith Christ, "and I in you," but alas! we flit and fly from bough to bough, inconstant in our communion with our best friend. We are too much like the bird we read of in the old Saxon story. When the first missionary was preaching in the royal hall, he told of the peace which the gospel brings to sinners, and the rest which souls find in Jesus. After his sermon, an ancient chieftain spake his mind, and compared himself and his countrymen in their unrest to the bird which just then, attracted by the light, flew into the bright hall through the open window, flitted through the warmth and light, and passed out again into the darkness and the cold by a window on the other side of the banqueting hall. The simile might well apply to our transient fellowship; we have brief communings and then away we pass into worldliness and indifference. Oh, would it not be blessed if we could abide with Jesus for ever, building our nest in his palace! How heavenly our life if we could walk with him, as Enoch did, in our business, in our families, in all places and at all hours! If instead of now and then climbing the sunny peak of fellowship, and standing near to heaven, and conversing with the Son of God, we could for ever dwell in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus, how much more noble a life to lead! Imitate Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, in her abiding unmovingly near her beloved ones—abide with Jesus evermore.

Emulate Rizpah again, and like her make your WATCH A LOVING ONE. If any compassionate traveller had saluted her, he might have said, "Woman with the grey hair, have pity on thyself, and go thy way! Why tarriest thou here alone, on the bleak side of Gibeah's hill? Why lingerest thou amidst these putrid corpses, which pollute the air? Go, unhappy woman, where there are friends to shelter thee! The night-dews will chill thy marrow, and the fierce sun will parch thy soul; have pity on thyself, and leave the dead, lest thou too soon be one of them. Go home to kinsfolk, who will comfort thee! there are still some left that love thee. The fame of thy deed of love, hath won thee hearts that will yield respectful homage to thy griefs. Go home, thou venerable woman; though like Naomi, thou shouldst say, 'Call me Mara! for the Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me; go thy way, and peace be with thee.'" Do you not hear her firm reply, "I will not; by the love of God, I will not leave them! for they are my children, my children—the offspring of my bowels. Wherefore bid me leave them? Shall yon vultures tear their flesh, which is my flesh as much as theirs. Shall the grim wolf devour those who once lay on this bosom? Wherefore bid me go? Ye see nothing but ghastliness there, but I see myself in my children yonder. Would God I had died for them; that I had died

for them, and given up this wrinkled form, that their young lives might have been spared to them! I cannot and I will not leave them. Till the soft bosom of their mother earth shall give them shelter, their mother's hand shall defend them." O love, what canst thou not do? Beloved of the Lord, love is the great force which will keep you close to Jesus. If you love him with a deep, passionate love, you will abide with him. If the mere love of nature could keep a woman watching thus, what ought the love of grace to do? for grace should conquer nature, and gratitude, for countless blessings, should create in us a love more deep and impetuous than the love of women—a love which many waters cannot quench, and which the floods cannot drown.

Admire the great love of this afflicted woman; admire her affectionate constancy, and pray for such love to Jesus, that you may resolve and keep the resolution, "I will not leave my Saviour: I will hold him and will not let him go. Neither life nor death shall divide me from him."

"Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death."

We will now shift the kaleidoscope a little, and view the matter from another point. As we have commended to you this woman Rizpah in the constancy of her watching, so we now exhort you to imitate her in THE ZEAL WITH WHICH SHE GUARDED HER CHILDREN.

As we have already observed, all the day long she chased away the carrion crows, the kites, and vultures, and eagles—no small employment that!—and when the night set in, and fierce eyes glared from the thickets on the hillside, and the bark of the jackal and the howl of the wolf were heard, there still was she to be seen, valiant as a man of war, chasing away, with lamentable cries, the beasts that fain would have given her children a living grave. That woman's love was grand! No classic legend ever stood out more sublimely! I do not believe a man could have loved so much. A man might have taken down the corpses, and by a desperate deed of courage have buried them, in defiance of God and man; but only a woman could have bowed to the stern decree and then have kept up that long night-and-day watch for the protection of the bones of her children. I pray that each one of us may guard our blessed Lord against the attacks, the slanders, and blasphemies, and heresies of his enemies. Jesus reigns in our hearts; let us expel from our spirits those foul thoughts which seek a lodging there. Do you tell me that you have none? Oh, if you speak the truth I envy you! What would I give if I could be rid of every foul and offensive thought! But alas! they seem to abound within my heart like midges in the evening's sunbeams. They fly as a cloud, and who can chase them away! The sins which we hate the most we are often the most tempted to, and the mischiefs which we would avoid most anxiously thrust themselves upon us as though they would take our hearts by storm. Watch, then, Christian, watch, watch, watch. "What I say unto you I say unto all—Watch." Let no foul bird enter your soul to pollute the temple of the Holy Ghost, and destroy your fellowship with Jesus. What do I see? I spoke of wolves just now. Ah! wolfish passions would fain

roam in our souls and rend our love to Jesus. Do you never find yourselves near the wolves in your business? I know you do, for I do in mine, and mine, methinks, is more sacred work than yours, yet temptation's wolves howl in my study, and in the Tabernacle, and in the vestries; they waylay me everywhere. Oh, watch against the attacks of sin! You who are professors of Christ, I beseech you guard carefully your lives. Give up your profession or else sustain it honourably. My brethren and sisters, I speak the truth in God, I lie not; my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I would fain go down upon my knees to you, and say to you, "If you do not mean to be holy, leave off your profession, do not bring dishonour upon my Master's name. Why should you? What harm has he done you? Oh! if you must be lost, why add to all your other sins that of hypocrisy? If you must be Satan's servant, are there no other ways of doing him a turn except by playing the Judas? Keep out of your hearts, by the Spirit's power, everything that would dishonour Christ. I pray you, by the blood of Jesus, chase away the beasts of prey. Whether they come by night or day, do not suffer them to form their lairs within your affections. Jesus deserves to be adored, not to be dishonoured. He deserves that we should live and die for him, not that we should put him to open shame, and wound him in the house of his friends."

Guard your Saviour, my brethren, by your holy lives. Beloved friends, we cannot protect our Lord from the blasphemies and injuries which are done him by the world. I wish we could; but there is one thing we can do, we can weep over the dishonour done him, and there is a wonderful power in tears as a guard to our Master's honour. I cannot stop thy wicked tongue, but I can pray for thee. I cannot prevent thy blasphemy, but my heart shall break because thou wilt blaspheme. I cannot keep thee back, O woman, from giving thyself up to sin; I cannot hold thee back, O man, from bowing before that demon-god, the drink; but I can plead with God on thy behalf, and I can vex my soul because of thy sin. Should not this be the daily occupation of a lover of Immanuel, to keep men back from grieving the Lord; and then, to weep and mourn for the unkindness shown to the Lord of love by those who will not be persuaded to better things? O ye soldiers of the cross, be brave in the day of battle to speak a word for Christ in the blasphemer's teeth. Never hesitate to censure sin, even in the greatest or the proudest of the land. Speak the truth, and fear not. Publish the gospel, and be not afraid. In the midst of the adversaries of Christ lift high the banner of the cross, and defy all the hosts of hell to tear it down. But when ye can do no more, and the malignity of human depravity prevents your staying the hand of man from attacking the crucified One, then sit ye down, and wash his feet with tears, and wipe them with the hairs of your head, and in this way prove how, like Rizpah, ye would guard your Lord even to the death.

Finally, WE COMMEND TO YOU THIS REMARKABLE WOMAN AS AN INSTANCE OF PATIENCE IN SUFFERING.

Out of love to those slain children of hers, she bore the heat of the sun, and all the inconveniences of the situation, until the rain dropped from heaven. Oh! what ought we not to suffer for our Lord! I feel as though I could blush scarlet that I should have to say a word to any

of you about suffering for Christ, because what is it, what is it that we have to suffer? Pshaw! It is not to be talked of! Those were sufferings when women like Blandina were set in the red hot chair, or enveloped in a net, and tossed upon the horns of bulls. Those were sufferings when they scraped the flesh from off the martyrs' bones, Those were sufferings when every bone was dislocated, and every sinew stretched upon the rack; or when, like the martyrs at Smithfield, men stood upon the burning fagot till each finger blazed like a candle, and yet shouted, "None but Christ." Yes, those *were* tribulations indeed! But we are poor feather-bed soldiers. We have comparatively nothing to endure, and yet, young man, last week you were ashamed to own that you are a Christian because—yes, because they chaffed you in the shop! And you, young woman, blushed to own that you had avowed your Lord in the despised ordinance of baptism when your friends were jeering you. O men and women, how little is your faith! And yet my Master is not angry with you. You little ones, he will comfort you, and strengthen you, and give you more faith, but still do you not feel ashamed to think you should ever have been ashamed of him?

Many of you are working in the Ragged-school, others in the Sunday-school. You are trying to do good in different ways, but you are growing weary of well doing. At this hour, ye drooping ones, remember Rizpah, and continue in all the inconveniences of the work, since you do it unto the Lord, and not unto men. My brother minister, you who have been disappointed in your work, and are ready to give it up, and shun the arduous labour of ministry, hear thou the Word of the Lord. Wilt thou play the Jonah? if so, thou mayst be cast overboard and find no whale! Go back to thy work, hasten at once to Nineveh. Behold how Rizpah suffered for her dead children's sake, and take heed that thou learn to endure as seeing him who is invisible. Brethren, if all the world at once should point the finger of scorn at us, if all the devils in hell should hiss at us from their mouths of flame, if God himself for awhile should hide success from us, yet for the wounds of Christ, and for the bloody sweat, and for the precious death of Jesus, we ought still to press on in service and in sacrifice, since Jesus' sacrifice deserves of us all we are, and more than all; deserves our whole being in its most intensely energetic condition; deserves us evermore toiling at the utmost possibility of diligence, or suffering at the highest imaginable degree of resignation. O come, ye lovers of my Master, come to his cross, and ask him to nail you there, to crucify you with himself. Ask him that he would make your hearts wholly his. Ask to be consecrated, spirit, soul, and body, and henceforth to reckon yourselves not your own, but bought with a price.

O Holy Spirit, press these truths upon thy people's hearts, and help them to watch and worship, to watch and suffer, to watch and serve with Jesus, till the rain shall drop from heaven, and thou shalt take them up to dwell with thyself, where they shall see the despised One exalted, the crucified One enthroned, and the buried One for ever living, King of kings, and Lord of Lords.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. VI.—THE GERMANS OF EAST LONDON.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

IT is not easy to discover how many Germans there are resident in the East of London. One account gives one hundred thousand Germans in the whole of the metropolis, more than one-third of whom are scattered over the East-end. Another account states the numbers at from twenty to thirty thousand in East London, and probably this is as near perfect accuracy as general statistics can well be. Of the various foreigners resident in London, Germans form, it is believed, by far the greatest number. But Germany comprises so many states, and so many classes of people, that no one will be surprised to find that they are unusually represented in a metropolis whose wealth and commercial advantages allure so many foreigners, too often to their misery and disgrace. There are a variety of causes, doubtless, that help to bring so many Germans over to this country. Formerly, young men could not marry under a certain age in Germany; and their personal predilections not squaring with the law, they emigrated to this country. There are also many political offenders—persons who have in some way or other, spoken disloyally of the king. Prospects of more remunerative labour and higher position are incentives to many a German who might better succeed among his own people. Young men emigrate here, hoping to gain situations as clerks, and no sooner do they arrive than they find their hopes withered and their prospects crushed. What are they to do? They cannot secure respectable employment, and to return to their own land they are ashamed. Their only course is to emigrate, as hundreds do, to America, where there is a larger field of labour, and more opportunities as wealth and population increase; or, to accept the first employment that offers itself. The trades open to them are not many, and they are not fairly remunerative. Young men who had high hopes of sitting behind a desk in a merchant's counting-house, settle down as boot riveters and finishers. Perhaps a runaway bankrupt becomes an ordinary mason; or, an exiled democrat takes to tailoring or shoemaking. Many are engaged as tanners. Their work is very fluctuating, and consequently they become poor and wretched—helpless in a land they thought to be full of smiles, and bright with hopes for enterprising foreigners. Some, too, make slippers, and these are generally very poor Germans, who have found it impossible to support themselves by their ordinary trades.

But the majority are sugar-bakers. These men mostly come from South Germany, and are more fitted for this kind of work, because of their capability of enduring the heat of the sugar-house, the heat of which is so great that all the men work almost without clothes. Only a few days ago, a man fell dead with the heat in one of these houses. In order to support their strength—or, begging the teetotaler's pardon, to quench their thirst—they drink vast quantities of beer, which, unfortunately, is somewhat stronger than the vile stuff everywhere sold in Germany. The consequence is, that those who otherwise disapprove,

on rational grounds, of making four-footed animals of themselves, soon contract habits of drunkenness. The beer is supplied gratuitously by the employers; and both masters and men consider it imperatively necessary, in consequence of the high temperature under which they work. It is sad to contemplate, however, the awful result: the stigma of so vulgar and unmanly a vice as drunkenness, which the German sugar-bakers only too richly merit. Their average wages are from eighteen to twenty-four shillings, and work is not always certain. Their moral character, even if superior to their class on first arrival into this country, soon becomes contaminated by evil associations. They learn by daily contact with debauchery to surrender virtue, and become hardened in a career in which principles are defied and religion is outlawed. Here, among evil companions, and in the poorest neighbourhoods, they settle; remain all their days in helpless poverty, utterly ignorant of any other part of the metropolis, and having no desires beyond the food they eat and the carnal propensities they seek to indulge.

There are, unfortunately, but too many Germans whose occupation is not honest. The practice of importing into this country youths from the peasantry of Germany, for the purpose of blowing into brass instruments until their faces are red and bloated, for the special gratification of such as admire execrable sounds and musicless tunes, has been repeatedly condemned. The earnings of these lads are received by their masters, who board and lodge them in the cheapest way, and conciliate them by a small allowance of pocket money. But of the more abominable traffic in young women, it is only needful to say that the scoundrelism that descends so deep into the mire of moral obliquity is not so rare as it should be. German morality is not, perhaps, very high—not among the class of whom I am writing. Thus a missionary states that "besides drunkenness, concubinage and wife desertion are of a very common occurrence. Very frequently mothers neglect, and even desert, their children, in order to wander the streets, and attend the dancing rooms, which are of the lowest description, and very numerous in St. George's-in-the-East. Besides these, there are also numerous houses of ill repute, where a great many squander their scanty earnings, and leave their wives and families to experience the most bitter wants." Such is the moral condition of the German population of East London.

My enquiries into their religious condition have been what might be expected from what has been said of their temporal state. It is a sad picture from beginning to end. Those who understand the letter of the Word are as indifferent to its spiritual claims as those who are ignorant of both spirit and letter. Among the better class of men, rationalism, in its most offensively rationalistic forms, largely prevails; they are strong believers in baptismal regeneration, but in that respect are not worse than the Romish priests in the Anglican church. The lower classes are simply infidels: the German religious agencies for their spiritual improvement are few indeed. There is a Lutheran and Reformed church, and a German Methodist chapel, none of them very largely attended; the London City Mission has had to withdraw its agents in this exclusive field, and the Germans are only met with in connection with the work among the Jews, many of whom were born in Germany. There is also a little effort put forth by Mr. Heisig, in

Whitechapel. Of other agencies I am ignorant, nor do I think there are more than I have mentioned.

It must be remembered that the Germans live with their own country-people, and but seldom become conversant with the English tongue. Some, indeed, cannot speak a word in English; the consequence is, that they are untouched by English agencies. A missionary states that he has visited families, who had been in this country for ten years, who hardly knew as many words in the English language as they had been years in England. On some future occasion I hope to devote one or two papers to the Jews of London, and the work which the City Mission is privileged to carry on among them. These missionaries come across Germans, but I believe no agent is now employed exclusively among this class. In the journal of the society for 1865, there is a noticeable case of the conversion of one of those German women whose lives are so strongly marked by sin. She was the widow of a German sugar-baker. Since the death of her husband, the missionary tells us, she lived a licentious life, and gave birth to two children. She was recommended to the missionary because of her notoriously wicked character. She scoffed, jeered, and mocked at religious teaching, declaring that if God wished her to be good, he would have made her so. As it was she was perfectly satisfied with herself. Her visitor, however, manifested, by his repeated exhortations, his dissatisfaction with her callous indifference to God and a godly life. For months he could see no change in her. She persisted in her sin, and begged her teacher to devote his time to some one who would receive his message with more consideration. It was, she argued, a loss of energy to persuade her to give up her mode of life. Sometimes he was tempted to accede to her expressed wishes; but the thought of the value of her soul—its worth exceeding the profitableness of the whole world, as the Saviour taught—and the danger which her four children would be in if she remained dead in sins, made him increasingly anxious that this profligate should be saved. He prayed with direct earnestness to God, as one who with fixed eye and steady hand shoots the arrow at the target. The desire of the child reached the Great Father's heart, as every true desire must. Heaven contains no record of unanswered prayers that owe their inspiration to him who teaches his children how to pray. The supplication was heard and answered, as God frequently answers, by sending affliction to bring the prodigal daughter to reason. Luther happily designated affliction as "the Christian man's divinity;" and God has often made it a gateway through which a soul may make its acquaintance with the first letter in the Christian alphabet. Her illness seemed to have broken her turbulent spirits. For the first time she allowed the missionary to read the Scriptures to her. He chose, fittingly, the wondrous story of forgiveness at the cross, the dying thief's request, and the Saviour's merciful answer. That there was love in the heart of Christ, whom she had hated, and a readiness to manifest that love, broke the heart which all entreaties could not touch. Was there hope for even the hater and despiser? was her serious enquiry. And though the harvest-time of her golden opportunities had passed, and the summer-time of riper judgment had almost ended, yet, ere autumn leaves had fallen, and the winter of hoary snows had appeared, the life that should have been

swayed in early spring by the soft influence of holy consecration, was surrendered to the God who had redeemed it from destruction.

"Another sinner born of God
Makes heaven's vast concave ring;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And hallelujahs sing."

My feelings, however, have guided my pen to the forgetfulness of the purpose for which I sat down to write. My intention was to chat about Mr. Heisig's little German church in Whitechapel—a mission which has been conducted, during the last three years, in connection with the Baptist denomination. Mr. Heisig, a student of Regent's Park College, and a German, impressed with the importance of evangelical efforts among his countrymen in London, especially the lower classes of them in the East-end, opened a hall in Spitalfields, in September, 1865. His congregation consisted on the first day of twelve members. Yet small as was the gathering, great grace was manifested; for two attendants dated their first religious impressions from that meeting. The third Sunday after the opening service, a church of eight persons was formed—a course we hope none of our readers will ever follow, since small churches of a purely missionary character are not often productive of the most blessed influences. However, no evil appears to have followed in Mr. Heisig's case, although, *inter nos*, so small an effort should bear, for its own sake, a purely missionary aspect. It is clear that as conducted by Baptists, the mission has, among a people utterly ignorant of our distinctive principles, suffered peculiar odium. Among German Lutherans, no stigma is too foul for Baptists. Even the late Pastor Harms, of Herrmannsburg, whose name is well known as an esteemed minister, in a choice sermon, said: "Yet are there even such horrible people as the Baptists, who will not allow their children to be baptised at all; and others who let them wait for weeks and months after birth without baptism, as if they wished to give the devil plenty of opportunity to make the child his own. Are not these people *murderers* of the soul? Are they not *robbers*, who rob their own children of what God has given them?" Such an effusion is almost equal to the style of the *Record* in its Elysian moments. No wonder, therefore, that Germans in London, who are thoroughly impregnated with the poison of baptismal regeneration, should express in even coarser language, their detestation of all Baptists. If they attend a baptismal service, they will, at the sugar bakery, imitate and mock the ordinance, and "sham" any poor brother workman who may have engaged in prayer at the service. These are crosses which many working men have to bear. But, as comforting Sibbes tells us, "like tall cedars, God's children, the more they are blown the deeper they are rooted. That which men think is the overthrow of God's children, doth but root them deeper; so that, after all their outward storms and inward declinings, this is the issue: 'they take root downward and bring forth fruit upward.'" Many a prayer put up in sad moments of bitter persecution would never have been offered, and have received the returning blessing, had it not been for the conduct which called forth the cry to God. But I am sermonising again—it is a peculiar weakness with me.

Mr. Heisig, from the first and up to the present moment, has had to work under many disadvantages. He soon loses his best members, because they find more remunerative employment in America or in another part of London. Working among a poor population, he finds many dependent upon charity, which they might not get were they to attend his preaching room; "hence the difficulty," as he says, "of getting a large number to the meetings from purely religious motives, as we cannot relieve them, and as by their coming to us they expose themselves to the danger of losing what they can get from other sources. Bearing this in mind, we have still more cause for thankfulness to God, that, notwithstanding all obstacles, we have had from forty to fifty hearers, and sometimes more, on Sunday evenings during the last year, to whom we have preached the everlasting gospel. The meetings on Sunday morning and during the week, as well as the weekly communion, have also been a source of great blessing. Many domiciliary visits have been paid, both by myself and by some of the members, and sound evangelical tracts have been distributed on all available occasions." "The little company of believers in the Lord Jesus," he states in a previous report, "are constantly reminded that they are not only called to enjoy Christian privileges, but also to perform Christian duties, in trying to diffuse the knowledge of Christ among their countrymen. Faithful to this conviction that every one should do something for the Lord, the members of the church may be seen on Sunday, some engaged in teaching the young, some in distributing tracts, some visiting from house to house, speaking to the people about the one thing needful, and inviting them to come and hear the word of God." This, it appears, was done throughout the summer in 1866, when the cholera was so prevalent in the East of London. The Sunday-evening services are not so well attended as one might have expected. But the difficulties, it must be remembered, are peculiarly great. The numbers vary from thirty to sixty, all of whom are Germans who could not perfectly follow an English speaker, while some could not understand a word. Considering that the sugar-bakers are, after leaving the heated room in which they have laboured all day, unfit for any exertion, the week-night meetings are satisfactory; and it is pleasing to record that the hearts of men who once revolted at the thought of a religious life, have been touched by divine compassion, their hopes changed, their hearts renovated, and their energies diverted into more rational channels; they have become, not only shining lights at home, but public examples abroad of the all-conquering power of divine grace.

A new mission room was engaged in Gloucester Street, Commercial Road. In every way it is a suitable hall. Situated in the midst of a German-speaking population, it may yet become, under the divine blessing, a centre for increasing usefulness among a degraded people. It will seat about one hundred and fifty persons, is comfortably fitted up, and is not altogether unattractive interiorly. Some of Mr. Heisig's converts have been Roman Catholics. In his last report, he mentions the case of a man who for twenty years had felt his mind unsettled, was given up sometimes to despair, and frequently meditated suicide. He fell a prey to the grossest infidelity. Brought to the meeting house, he was attracted to, and ultimately became decided for the Saviour. The

careless, too, have been made to care for their souls, and thus a good and enduring work has been going on.

The mission is not, nor can it ever become, self-supporting. Mr. Heisig has, therefore, had to collect the money with which to carry on his own work. Christian hearts have given liberally in the past, but funds are now exhausted. A crisis has come with the work. A few friends deeply interested in the mission have met together at the invitation of our hearty friend, Mr. Oncken, whose pleasant face one always rejoices to see, and whose hearty grip of the hand is almost electrical, conveying some of his enthusiasm through every nerve of one's body. Mr. Heisig has generously offered to relinquish his connection with the effort, if a younger and less encumbered man can be found, and he would emigrate, as he has long desired, to America. Under any circumstances, it is desirable that he should remain another year, and this he has agreed to do, so that a committee may be formed to place the mission on a more permanent footing, and also in order that his successor may be found and introduced to the work in a satisfactory way. The entire mission is carried on at an expense of less than £200 a year; and I hope that very speedily the whole of the required sum may be realised. Mr. M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.E., who has appealed through our denominational organ for help, would be glad to receive subscriptions.

The Ministry of Christ.

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.

YOU know, my beloved brethren, these words form the text of the first sermon Christ ever preached in his own city, Nazareth. He went into the synagogue, as his custom was, on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read: and there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias; and, when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me;" and he read until he came to the words, "To preach the acceptable year of the Lord;" and he closed the book, and gave it to the minister, and said unto them, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Brethren, perhaps some of you remember that these are the words I chose this time six years ago. I have chosen them again, not to bring out any new truth, but that they may be a kind of gauge to measure and see how far our ministry has been what it promised to be.

I. Let us attend, then, in the first place, to THE ANOINTING OF CHRIST.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me." It is very remarkable to notice how often Christ is

* Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. Preached on Sabbath evening, November 27th, 1842, being the sixth anniversary of his ordination.

spoken of in the Bible as receiving the Spirit. The first time he received the Spirit was at his conception, when we are told by Luke, that the power of the highest overshadowed Mary. It was the work of the Spirit to prepare an abode for Christ in human nature—"A body hast thou prepared for me." He that garnished the heavens prepared a body for him. This was the first time when it may be said, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me." There was a second time when he was anointed: that was at his baptism. We are told, that at his baptism the Spirit came like a dove, and rested upon him. It was then especially that these words were fulfilled, "He hath anointed me;" for we read, that after his baptism he was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil. How much need then had he of strength to overcome him! But there was a third time when Christ was anointed, namely, when he ascended up on high. When he ascended, he obtained gifts for men, even for the rebellious. It is this that is spoken of in the forty-fifth Psalm, where you are told Christ is seated on his throne. Verses 6, 7—"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." Now, you will notice that the anointing here spoken of was not the anointing he received at his conception, neither was it the anointing he received at his baptism, for at that time he was a worm and no man; but it is the anointing he received when he sat down on his mediatorial throne.

Some may put this question, Why was it that the second person in the Godhead had to be anointed by the third? The first reason appears to be *to strengthen him to go through with his great work of atonement.* So great was the work that the Father gave him to do, that not only did he need to be a divine person, but he needed also the Spirit to be given him, to enable him to go through it. You remember when in the garden of Gethsemane, his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; and, being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground; and it is said, there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. Even he needed an angel to strengthen him. Oh, what creatures are you! You have not an angel to strengthen you, to enable you to go through all the sufferings due to your sins. Even he needed strength. What then are you, unconverted worm, that you can bear the uplifted hand of God? O brethren, if the storm of the desert bends the tall cedar, what will it not do to the broken reed? "If these things be done in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

There is a second reason why Christ was anointed by the Holy Spirit—namely, *that he might execute his prophetical office.* Isaiah xi. 2. Here you will notice that the Spirit is given him in his prophetical office. Isaiah xlii. 1. Here again you will notice that the Spirit is put upon him that he might bring forth judgment—that is, to justify sinners. Now, in order that you may understand what follows, you must bear this in mind. I do not know why it is the work of the Spirit to apply the work of redemption, but certainly it is so. Accordingly, when Christ, the great prophet, came into the world, the Spirit was poured upon him, in order that he might be an efficient teacher.

Therefore it is said, "He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek," &c. Brethren, you will notice that God wishes us to look to the Spirit as the author of conversion. So Christ says, it was better for him to go away, that the Comforter might come; for if he went away, he would send him unto them. Now, brethren, this brings out a very blessed truth: it shows you that a gospel ministry will not convert a soul any farther than the Spirit accompanies the word. Even in Christ's ministry, the Spirit was necessary. His words did not convert his hearers; although he spoke with such love as that it appeared love was embodied in human flesh, yet his doctrine did not convert his hearers any farther than the Spirit accompanied the word. It is the will of God that we look to the Spirit as the author of conversion. Now, brethren, here is the great reason of a barren ministry: it is because the Spirit does not accompany the word. I am quite sure there is a want of earnestness and of faithfulness in our ministry; but there is a greater want than that—it is the want of the Spirit. Pray that the Spirit may be given us. O brethren, if the Spirit would accompany our ministry, you would not see so many formalists among you. Some of you have sat perhaps for thirty years under the preaching of the gospel, yet have no life—have received no pardon! O brethren, if there is a more wretched being in the world than another, it is the man who has a form of godliness and wants its power. O pray that God the Spirit may anoint ministers, that they may sever the hearts of those who are formalists. O brethren, I would have some hope of the wickedest liver here if I saw a tear on the eye of a formalist. It is written, "The publicans and the harlots enter the kingdom of heaven," while the Pharisee is shut out.

II. I hasten now, dear brethren, to the second half of this discourse. Let us consider, in the second place, THE WORK OF CHRIST—"He hath anointed me to preach," &c. His work, as here mentioned, is described under different heads. He is first described as a minister. He is next described as a physician to bind up the broken-hearted, and then as a conqueror to deliver the captives, and then as a herald proclaiming the jubilee year.

1. First of all he was to be *a teacher*, "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek." This was one part of the work Christ did on earth, and this is a great part of his work now when he is in heaven. It is written, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace!" The "meek" here spoken of are those who are satisfied with God's way—God's way of justification—God's way of pardon. You know that the most of people are not satisfied with God's way. All ungodly men among you are not satisfied with God's way. "We preach Christ, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." But there are some who are brought to comply with this way; they are willing that Christ should wash and justify them: these are the meek. I believe, if we could see the heart of Christ, we would see that he has peculiar pleasure in the meek. When he sat on the Mount, he said in that remarkable sermon, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Again he stood and said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And when he went to

the cottage of Bethany, he said to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life," &c. In all that he was preaching good tidings to the meek; and now, when he is ascended up on high, he sends ministers to preach to the meek. Who among you is willing to be justified in God's way? Which of you has been made willing through grace to be justified in God's way? This was the reason why Christ was anointed: it was to preach good tidings to the meek. O my brethren, this is good tidings to the meek. And now, when he is in heaven, he sends his ministers, and the Spirit anoints them, that they may preach good tidings to the meek.

2. Next, *he is a physician to the broken-hearted*—"He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." This is the work of the physician. There are two ways by which the heart may be broken; it may be broken by providence, and it may be broken by grace. God sometimes takes the desire of the eyes away with a stroke. I have seen a man stripped of all, like a tree stripped of its leaves, and I have seen that man sit down disgusted at the world. Brethren, Christ does not despise temporal sorrow. Christ came to the widow of Nain, when she was accompanying her long cherished hope to the grave. She was not seeking Christ, yet he came. But, brethren, there are hearts that are broken by grace; and they are those who have been brought to despair of hope in themselves, like those in Ezekiel who said, "Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost; we are cut off for our parts:" or those, "There is no hope—no; for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go." These are broken-hearted. Ah, brethren! perhaps you have not seen such, but there are such. Pray over these solemn words, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." He is a physician sent on very purpose to bind up the broken-hearted; but some may say, "My case surpasses the skill of the physician." No: nothing can surpass either his power or skill to heal. Ah, brethren! put your broken heart into his hand, tell your case to him, "He sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Once a broken-hearted woman came to his feet weeping, and he said to her, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Once another broken-hearted woman came to his feet; and, though he answered not a word for a time, yet at length he said, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

3. But, again, *Christ came as a conqueror to deliver the captives*, "He hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Christ not only came as a preacher and as a physician, but also as a mighty captain to deliver the captives. Ah! there are many captives among you; there are many of you who were born captives, and are likely to remain captives; there are many of you who are like legion, for many devils have entered into you. Satan is a hard master. Now, Christ came to preach liberty to the captives. Brethren, it is interesting to notice the way Christ crossed the lake of Galilee: he pointed the boat to the very place where the legion was. It is probable none ever landed at that place, for we read, "No man might pass by that way:" but Christ pointed the prow of the little bark to the place where the maniac dwelt. Brethren, this is the love of Christ. So he comes to-night to those of you who are bound, to those of you who are deluded by the world, to those of you

who are bound by the ties of strong drink. He says, "Captive, I come to make you free; if I make you free, you shall be free indeed." O brethren, there is nothing sweeter than liberty. It is painful to have the body bound, but there is a worse bondage than that. O brethren, it is this bondage he comes to save your soul from. This is what he did on earth, this is what he does now when he is in heaven.

4. There is still another thing for which he was sent, that is, as *the herald of the jubilee year:* "He hath sent me to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." You may read the account of the year of jubilee in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, eighth verse. Now, you will observe that the language of Isaiah is borrowed from the jubilee year; and, brethren, this is what Christ was sent to do, he came to proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants of the world. This was the true meaning of the jubilee year. You will notice that the jubilee trumpet was blown in the hearing of all the inhabitants of the land: the gospel is commanded to be preached to every creature; and you will notice, that when the trumpet was blown, every man was allowed to go free. The gospel proclaims liberty to the captives of sin and Satan, and you will notice, that in the jubilee year, every man was allowed to go back to his possession. The possession which father Adam lost, we may have restored in Christ.

This was what Christ was sent to do, and truly he has peculiar pleasure in proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, in proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord. You remember in the last day, that great day of the feast, he stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." You remember that in the last chapter of Revelation, after he had said, "It is done," he adds, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." This, brethren, is what has been the end of my ministry among you for these six years past. I have had peculiar pleasure in preaching good tidings to the meek—in binding up the broken-hearted, &c.; yet, my brethren, God only knows whether I will be allowed to blow the silver-trumpet any longer, but during these six years you have had it blown.

"*And the day of vengeance of our God.*" You will notice, brethren, that when Christ was at Nazareth, when he came to these words, he shut the book. It is interesting to notice, that he only told them as they were able to bear. He did not mention the day of vengeance; but you will find he did so often afterwards, "O generation of vipers, how can you escape the damnation of hell?" "He that believeth not shall be damned." In a word, I believe no one in the Bible speaks so terribly of hell as Christ does; and, O brethren, according to the light and ability given me, I have tried to do the same, to show you the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God. It is a year that is given you to repent and believe the gospel in. O brethren, is it not terrible to think that the very Saviour who spoke most lovingly, yet spoke of the day of vengeance? You have had an acceptable year, so that the biggest sinner might have entered in; but, ah! the day of vengeance will come. What will your recollection be when you lift up your eyes in hell? Ah! that you had an acceptable year. What if the acceptable year should now be done? What if you are now receiving

your last invitation! O unpardoned sinner, what if to-morrow should begin the day of vengeance? O sinner, what can you say? Can you say you have not been invited to believe? Can you say you have not been called to repent? O my brethren, these are six acceptable years that this church has seen, that these walls have been witness to; and, oh, what will you say, brethren, if the sixth is the last, and the next begins the year of vengeance? What will you say, but that you have sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind?

One word more and I have done. Christ was not only sent to the meek, but he was sent to mourners in Zion. There are many mourning believers among you. There are many mourning because you do not see your way clear to the mercy-seat; and there are some mourning because you are backsliders; and there are some that mourn in consequence of indwelling corruption; or there are some mourning perhaps on account of Zion—mourning because Zion is like to be torn down by a ruthless hand with axes and hammers; but oh! Christ says, "Mourn not." Christ comes to "preach good tidings to the meek, to comfort all that mourn." This has often been my anxiety, to comfort mourners in Zion, though I have been a weak hand at it; but pray that I may be enabled to do it better. Surely it is becoming to the servant to attend well to that which was the work of the master. Once a woman stood at the empty sepulchre. Jesus came behind her, and said, "Mary." She turned round and said, "Raboni." Ah, brethren! a little word will do. He took away the spirit of heaviness, and gave her the garment of praise. Dear friends, this is Christ. He is the comforter of Zion, that is his name. Then let all mourners in Zion draw near to him. He wants to make you "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." Let no mourner keep back from him. Whatever be the cause of your mourning, there is enough in Christ to take it all way. Amen.

NOTE.—In Mr. Bonar's interesting volume of M'Cheyne's "Memoir and Remains," there is the Fourth Anniversary Sermon, which Mr. M'Cheyne preached on November, 1840, which is unaccountably called the sixth sermon instead of the fourth. Compare pp. 63, 527, 534, of the volume. Mr. M'Cheyne always preached from the same text on the anniversary of his ordination.

Jargon Without Knowledge.

I HEARD two persons on the Wengern Alp talking by the hour together of the names of ferns; not a word about their characteristics, uses, or habits, but a medley of crack-jaw titles, and nothing more. They evidently felt that they were ventilating their botany, and kept each other in countenance by alternate volleys of nonsense. Well, friend, they were about as sensible as those doctrinalists who for ever talk over the technicalities of religion, but know nothing by experience of its spirit and power. Are we not all too apt to amuse ourselves after the same fashion? He who knows mere Linnæan names, but has never seen a flower, is as reliable in botany, as he is in theology who can descant upon supra-lapsarianism, but has never known the love of Christ in his heart.

True religion's more than doctrine,
Something must be known and felt.

From my Note Book. C. H. S.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXIII.

TITLE.—*This song of praise bears no title or indication of authorship; to teach us, says Dickson, "to look upon holy Scripture as altogether inspired of God, and not put price upon it for the writers thereof."*

SUBJECT AND DIVISIONS.—*The praise of Jehovah is the subject of this sacred song. The righteous are exhorted to praise him, verses, 1—3; because of the excellency of his character, 4, 5; and his majesty in creation, 6, 7. Men are bidden to fear before Jehovah because his purposes are accomplished in providence, 8—11. His people are proclaimed blessed, 12. The omniscience and omnipotence of God, and his care of his people are celebrated, in opposition to the weakness of an arm of flesh, 13—19; and the Psalm concludes with a fervent expression of confidence, 20, 21, and an earnest prayer, 22.*

EXPOSITION.

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous: *for* praise is comely for the upright.

2 Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery *and* an instrument of ten strings.

3 Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

1. "*Rejoice in the Lord.*" Joy is the soul of praise. To delight ourselves in God is most truly to extol him, even if we let no notes of song proceed from our lips. That God is, and that he is such a God, and our God, ours for ever and ever, should wake within us an unceasing and overflowing joy. To rejoice in temporal comforts is dangerous, to rejoice in self is foolish, to rejoice in sin is fatal, but to rejoice in God is heavenly. He who would have a double heaven must begin below to rejoice like those above. "*O ye righteous.*" This is peculiarly your duty, your obligations are greater, and your spiritual nature more adapted to the work, be ye then first in the glad service. Even the righteous are not always glad, and have need to be stirred up to enjoy their privileges. "*For praise is comely for the upright.*" God has an eye to things which are becoming. When saints wear their choral robes, they look fair in the Lord's sight. A harp suits a bloodwashed hand. No jewel more ornamental to a holy face than sacred praise. Praise is not comely from unpardoned professional singers; it is like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. Crooked hearts make crooked music, but the upright are the Lord's delight. Praise is the dress of saints in heaven, it is meet that they should fit it on below.

2. "*Praise the Lord with harp.*" Men need all the help they can get to stir them up to praise. This is the lesson to be gathered from the use of musical instruments under the old dispensation. Israel was at school, and used childish things to help her to learn; but in these days, when Jesus gives us spiritual manhood, we can make melody without strings and pipes. We who do not believe these things to be expedient in worship, lest they should mar its simplicity, do not affirm them to be unlawful, and if any George Herbert or Martin Luther can worship God better by the aid of well-tuned instruments, who shall gainsay their right? *We* do not need them, they would hinder than help our praise, but if others are otherwise minded, are they not living in gospel liberty? "*Sing unto him.*" This is the sweetest and best of music. No instrument like the human voice. As a help to singing the instrument is alone to be tolerated, for keys and strings do not praise the Lord. "*With the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.* The Lord must have a full octave, for all notes are his, and all music belongs to him. Where several pieces of music are mentioned, we are taught to praise God with all the powers which we possess.

3. "*Sing unto him a new song.*" All songs of praise should be "*unto him.*" Singing for singing's sake is nothing worth; we must carry our tribute to the King, and not cast it to the winds. Do most worshippers mind this? Our faculties should be exercised when we are magnifying the Lord, so as not to run in an old groove without thought; we ought to make every hymn of praise a new song. To keep up the freshness of worship is a great thing, and in private it is indispensable. Let us not present old worn-out praise, but put life, and soul, and heart, into every song, since we have new mercies every day, and see new beauties in the work and word of our Lord. "*Play skilfully.*" It is wretched to hear God praised in a slovenly manner. He deserves the best that we have. Every Christian should endeavour to sing according to the rules of the art, so that he may keep time and tune with the congregation. The sweetest tunes and the sweetest voices, with the sweetest words, are all too little for the Lord our God; let us not offer him limping rhymes, set to harsh tunes, and growled out by discordant voices. "*With a loud noise.*" Heartiness should be conspicuous in divine worship. Well-bred whispers are disreputable here. It is not that the Lord cannot hear us, but that it is natural for great exultation to express itself in the loudest manner. Men shout at the sight of their kings: shall we offer no loud hosannahs to the Son of David?

4 For the word of the LORD *is* right; and all his works *are done* in truth.

5 He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

4. "*For the word of the Lord is right.*" His ordinances both natural, moral, and spiritual, are right, and especially his incarnate Word, who is the Lord our righteousness. Whatever God has ordained must be good, and just, and excellent. There are no anomalies in God's universe, except what sin has made; his word of command made all things good. When we look at his word of promise, and remember its faithfulness, what reasons have we for joy and thankfulness! "*And all his works are done in truth.*" His work is the outflow of his word, and it is true to it. He neither doth nor saith anything ill; in deed and speech he agrees with himself and the purest truth. There is no lie in God's word, and no sham in his works; in creation, providence, and revelation, unalloyed truth abounds. To act truth as well as to utter it is divine, let not children of God ever yield their principles in practice any more than in heart. What a God we serve! The more we know of him, the more our better natures approve his surpassing excellence; even his afflicting works are according to his truthful word.

> "Why should I complain of want or distress,
> Affliction or pain? he told me no less;
> The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
> Through much tribulation must follow their Lord."

God writes with a pen that never blots, speaks with a tongue that never slips, acts with a hand which never fails. Bless his name.

5. "*He loveth righteousness and judgment.*" The theory and the practice of right he intensely loves. He doth not only approve the true and the just, but his inmost soul delights therein. The character of God is a sea, every drop of which should become a wellhead of praise for his people. The righteousness of Jesus is peculiarly dear to the Father, and for its sake he takes pleasure in those to whom it is imputed. Sin, on the other hand, is infinitely abhorrent to the Lord, and woe unto those who die in it: if he sees no righteousness in them, he will deal righteously with them, and judgment stern and final will be the result. "*The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.*" Come hither, astronomers, geologists, naturalists, botanists, chemists, miners, yea, all of you who study the works of God, for all your truthful stories confirm this declaration. From the midge in the sunbeam to leviathan in the ocean all creatures

own the bounty of the Creator. Even the pathless desert blazes with some undiscovered mercy, and the caverns of ocean conceal the treasures of love. Earth might have been as full of terror as of grace, but instead thereof it teems and overflows with kindness. He who cannot see it, and yet lives in it as the fish lives in the water, deserves to die. If earth be full of mercy, what must heaven be where goodness concentrates its beams?

6 By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

6. "*By the word of the Lord were the heavens made.*" The angelic heavens, the sidereal heavens, and the firmament or terrestrial heavens, were all made to start into existence by a word; what if we say by *the* Word, "For without him was not anything made that is made." It is interesting to note the mention of the Spirit in the next clause, "*and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth;*" the word "*breath*" is the same as is elsewhere rendered Spirit. Thus the three persons of the Godhead unite in creating all things. How easy for the Lord to make the most ponderous orbs, and the most glorious angels! A word, a breath could do it. It is as easy for God to create the universe as for a man to breathe, nay, far easier, for man breathes not independently, but borrows the breath in his nostrils from his Maker. It may be gathered from this verse that the constitution of all things is from the infinite wisdom, for his word may mean his appointment and determination. A wise and merciful Word has arranged, and a living Spirit sustains all the creation of Jehovah.

7. "*He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap.*" The waters were once scattered like corn strewn upon a threshing floor: they are now collected in one spot as an heap. Who else could have gathered them into one channel but their great Lord, at whose bidding the waters fled away? The miracle of the Red Sea is repeated in nature day by day, for the sea which now invades the shore under the impulse of sun and moon, would soon devour the land if bounds were not maintained by the divine decree. "*He layeth up the depth in storehouses.*" The depths of the main are God's great cellars and storerooms for the tempestuous element. Vast reservoirs of water are secreted in the bowels of the earth, from which issue our springs and wells of water. What a merciful provision for a pressing need? May not the text also refer to the clouds, and the magazines of hail, and snow, and rain, those treasuries of merciful wealth for the fields of earth? These aqueous masses are not piled away as in lumber rooms, but in storehouses for future beneficial use. Abundant tenderness is seen in the foresight of our heavenly Joseph, whose granaries are already filled against earth's time of need. These stores might have been, as once they were, the ammunition of vengeance, they are now a part of the commissariat of mercy.

8 Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

9 For he spake, and it was *done;* he commanded, and it stood fast.

10 The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

11 The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

8. "*Let all the earth fear the Lord.*" Not only Jews, but Gentiles. The psalmist was not a man blinded by national prejudice, he did not desire to restrict the worship of Jehovah to the seed of Abraham. He looks for homage even to far-off nations. If they are not well enough instructed to be able to praise,

at least let them fear. There is an inferior kind of worship in the trembling which involuntarily admits the boundless power of the thundering God. A defiant blasphemer is out of place in a world covered with tokens of the divine power and Godhead: the whole earth cannot afford a spot congenial for the erection of a synagogue of Atheism, nor a man in whom it is becoming to profane the name of God. "*Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.*" Let them forsake their idols, and reverently regard the only living God. What is here placed as a wish may also be read as a prophecy: the adoration of God will yet be universal.

9. "*For he spake, and it was done.*" Creation was the fruit of a word. Jehovah said, "Light be," and light was. The Lord's acts are sublime in their ease and instantaneousness. "What a word is this?" This was the wondering enquiry of old, and it may be ours to this day. "*He commanded, and it stood fast.*" Out of nothing creation stood forth, and was confirmed in existence. The same power which first uplifted, now makes the universe to abide; although we may not observe it, there is as great a display of sublime power in confirming as in creating. Happy is the man who has learned to lean his all upon the sure word of him who built the skies!

10. "*The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought.*" While his own will is done, he takes care to anticipate the wilfulness of his enemies. Before they come to action he vanquishes them in the council-chamber; and when, well armed with craft, they march to the assault, he frustrates their knaveries, and makes their promising plots to end in nothing. Not only the folly of the heathen, but their wisdom too, shall yield to the power of the cross of Jesus: what a comfort is this to those who have to labour where sophistry, and philosophy, falsely so called, are set in opposition to the truth as it is in Jesus. "*He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.*" Their persecutions, slanders, falsehoods, are like puff-balls flung against a granite wall—they produce no result at all; for the Lord overrules the evil, and brings good out of it. The cause of God is never in danger: infernal craft is outwitted by infinite wisdom, and Satanic malice held in check by boundless power.

11. "*The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever.*" He changes not his purpose, his decree is not frustrated, his designs are accomplished. God has a predestination according to the counsel of his will, and none of the devices of his foes can thwart his decree for a moment. Men's purposes are blown to and fro like the thread of the gossamer or the down of the thistle, but the eternal purposes are firmer than the earth. "*The thoughts of his heart to all generations.*" Men come and go, sons follow their sires to the grave, but the undisturbed mind of God moves on in unbroken serenity, producing ordained results with unerring certainty. No man can expect his will or plan to be carried out from age to age; the wisdom of one period is the folly of another, but the Lord's wisdom is always wise, and his designs run on from century to century. His power to fulfil his purposes is by no means diminished by the lapse of years. He who was absolute over Pharaoh in Egypt is not one whit the less to-day the King of kings and Lord of lords; still do his chariot wheels roll onward in imperial grandeur, none being for a moment able to resist his eternal will.

12 Blessed *is* the nation whose God *is* the LORD; *and* the people *whom* he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

12. "*Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.*" Israel was happy in the worship of the only true God. It was the blessedness of the chosen nation to have received a revelation from Jehovah. While others grovelled before their idols, the chosen people were elevated by a spiritual religion which introduced them to the invisible God, and led them to trust in him. All who confide in the Lord are blessed in the largest and deepest sense, and none can reverse the blessing. "*And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.*" Election is at the bottom of it all. The divine choice rules the day; none take

Jehovah to be their God till he takes them to be his people. What an ennobling choice this is! We are selected to no mean estate, and for no ignoble purpose: we are made the peculiar domain and delight of the Lord our God. Being so blessed, let us rejoice in our portion, and show the world by our lives that we serve a glorious Master.

13 The LORD looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

14 From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

15 He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

16 There is no king saved by the multitude of an host; a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

17 An horse *is* a vain thing for safety; neither shall he deliver *any* by his great strength.

18 Behold, the eye of the LORD *is* upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

19 To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

13. "*The Lord looketh from heaven.*" The Lord is represented as dwelling above and looking down below; seeing all things, but peculiarly observing and caring for those who trust in him. It is one of our choicest privileges to be always under our Father's eye, to be never out of sight of our best Friend. "*He beholdeth all the sons of men.*" All Adam's sons are as well watched as was Adam himself, their lone progenitor in the garden. Ranging from the frozen pole to the scorching equator, dwelling in hills and valleys, in huts and palaces, alike doth the divine eye regard all the members of the family of man.

14. *From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.*" Here the sentiment is repeated: it is worth repeating, and it needs repeating, for man is most prone to forget it. As great men sit at their windows and watch the crowd below, so doth the Lord; he gazeth intently upon his responsible creatures, and forgets nothing of what he sees.

15. "*He fashioneth their hearts alike.*" By which is meant that all hearts are equally fashioned by the Lord, kings' hearts as well as the hearts of beggars. The text does not mean that all hearts are created originally alike by God, such a statement would scarcely be true, since there is the utmost variety in the constitutions and dispositions of men. All men equally owe the possession of life to the Creator, and have therefore no reason to boast themselves. What reason has the vessel to glorify itself in presence of the potter? "*He considereth all their works.*" Not in vain doth God see men's acts: he ponders and judges them. He reads the secret design in the outward behaviour, and resolves the apparent good into its real elements. This consideration foretokens a judgment when the results of the divine thoughts will be meted out in measures of happiness or woe. Consider thy ways, O man, for God considers them!

16. "*There is no king saved by the multitude of an host.*" Mortal power is a fiction, and those who trust in it are dupes. Serried ranks of armed men have failed to maintain an empire, or even to save their monarch's life when a decree from the court of heaven has gone forth for the empire's overthrow. The all-seeing God preserves the poorest of his people when they are alone and friendless, but ten thousand armed men cannot ensure safety to him whom God leaves to destruction. "*A mighty man is not delivered by much strength.*" So far from guarding others, the valiant veteran is not able to deliver himself. When his time comes to die, neither the force of his arms nor the speed of his legs can save him. The weakest believer dwells safely under the shadow of Jehovah's

throne, while the most mighty sinner is in peril every hour. Why do we talk so much of our armies and our heroes? the Lord alone has strength, and let him alone have praise.

17. "*An horse is a vain thing for safety.*" Military strength among the Orientals lay much in horses and scythed chariots, but the psalmist calls them a lie, a deceitful confidence. Surely the knight upon his gallant steed may be safe, either by valour or by flight? Not so, his horse shall bear him into danger or crush him with its fall. "*Neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.*" Thus the strongest defences are less than nothing when most needed. God only is to be trusted and adored. Sennacherib with all his cavalry is not a match for one angel of the Lord, Pharaoh's horses and chariots found it vain to pursue the Lord's anointed, and so shall all the leaguered might of earth and hell find themselves utterly defeated when they rise against the Lord and his chosen.

18. "*Behold.*" For this is a greater wonder than hosts and horses, a surer confidence than chariots or shields. "*The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him.*" That eye of peculiar care is their glory and defence. None can take them at unawares, for the celestial watcher foresees the designs of their enemies, and provides against them. They who fear God need not fear anything else; let them fix their eye of faith on him, and his eye of love will always rest upon them. "*Upon them that hope in his mercy.*" This one would think to be a small evidence of grace, and yet it is a valid one. Humble hope shall have its share as well as courageous faith. Say, my soul, is not this an encouragement to thee? Dost thou not hope in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus? Then the Father's eye is as much upon thee as upon the elder born of the family. These gentle words, like soft bread, are meant for babes in grace, who need infants' food.

19. "*To deliver their soul from death.*" The Lord's hand goes with his eye; he sovereignly preserves those whom he graciously observes. Rescues and restorations hedge about the lives of the saints; death cannot touch them till the King signs his warrant and gives him leave, and even then his touch is not so much mortal as immortal; he doth not so much kill us as kill our mortality. "*And to keep them alive in famine.*" Gaunt famine knows its master. God has meal and oil for his Elijahs somewhere. "Verily thou shalt be fed" is a divine provision for the man of faith. The Preserver of men will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish. Power in human hands is outmatched by famine, but God is good at a pinch, and proves his bounty under the most straitened circumstances. Believer, wait upon thy God in temporals. His eye is upon thee, and his hand will not long delay.

20 Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he *is* our help and our shield.

21 For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

20. "*Our soul waiteth for the Lord.*" Here the godly avow their reliance upon him whom the Psalm extols. To wait is a great lesson. To be quiet in expectation, patient in hope, single in confidence, is one of the bright attainments of a Christian. Our soul, our life, must hang upon God; we are not to trust him with a few gewgaws, but with all we have and are. "*He is our help and our shield.*" Our help in labour, our shield in danger. The Lord answereth all things to his people. He is their all in all. Note the three "*ours*" in the text. These holdfast words are precious. Personal possession makes the Christian man; all else is mere talk.

21. "*For our hearts shall rejoice in him.*" The duty commended and commanded in the first verse is here presented to the Lord. We, who trust, cannot but be of a glad heart, our inmost nature must triumph in our faithful God. "*Because we have trusted in his holy name.*" The root of faith in due time bears the flower of rejoicing. Doubts breed sorrow, confidence creates joy.

22 Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Here is a large and comprehensive prayer to close with. It is an appeal for "*mercy*," which even joyful believers need; and it is sought for in a proportion which the Lord has sanctioned. "According to your faith be it unto you," is the Master's word, and he will not fall short of the scale which he has himself selected. Yet, Master, do more than this when hope is faint, and bless us far above what we ask or even think.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 4 (*last clause*).

Truth is in each flower
As well as in the solemnest things of God:
Truth is the voice of nature and of time—
Truth is the startling monitor within us—
Nought is without it, it comes from the stars,
The golden sun, and every breeze that blows—
Truth, it is God! and God is everywhere!

William Thomas Bacon.

Verse 6.—Let any make a world, and he shall be a God, saith Augustine; hence is it that the church maketh it the very first article of her creed to believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.—*John Weemse.*

Verse 11.—The wheels in a watch or a clock move contrary one to another, some one way, some another, yet all serve the intent of the workman, to show the time, or to make the clock to strike. So in the world, the providence of God may seem to run cross to his promises; one man takes this way, another runs that way; good men go one way, wicked men another, yet all in conclusion accomplish the will, and centre in the purpose of God the great creator of all things.—*Dr. Sibbs.*

Verse 12.—A man may have his name set down in the chronicles, yet lost; wrought in durable marble, yet perish; set upon a monument equal to a Colossus, yet be ignominious; inscribed on the hospital gates, yet go to hell; written in the front of his own house, yet another come to possess it; all these are but writings in the dust, or upon the waters, where the characters perish so soon as they are made; they no more prove a man happy than the fool could prove Pontius Pilate because his name was written in the creed. But the true comfort is this, when a man by assurance can conclude with his own soul, that his name is written in those eternal leaves of heaven, in the book of God's election, which shall never be wrapped up in the cloudy sheets of darkness, but remain legible to all eternity.—*Thomas Adams.*

Verses 16 *and* 17.—As a passenger in a storm, that for shelter against the weather, steppeth out of the way, betaketh him to a fair spread oak, standeth under the boughs, with his back close to the body of it, and findeth good relief thereby for the space of some time; till at length cometh a sudden gust of wind, that teareth down a main arm of it, which falling upon the poor passenger, either maimeth or mischieveth him that resorted to it for succour. Thus falleth it out not with a few, meeting in the world with many troubles, and with manifold vexations, they step aside out of their own way, and too too often out of God's, to get under the wing of some great one, and gain it may be, some aid and shelter thereby for a season; but after awhile, that great one himself coming down headlong, and falling from his former height of favour, or honour, they are also called in question, and to fall together with him, that might otherwise have stood long enough on their own legs, if they had not trusted to such an arm of flesh, such a broken staff that deceived them.—*Thomas Gataker.*

Verse 18.—Look upon the sun, how it casts light and heat upon the whole world in his general course, how it shineth upon the good and the bad with an equal influence. but let its beams be but concentred in a burning-glass, then it sets fire on the object only, and passeth by all others: and thus God in the creation looketh upon all his works with a general love. *erant omnia valde bona*, they pleased him very well. O but when he is pleased to cast the beams of his love, and cause them to shine upon his elect through Christ, then it is that their hearts burn within them, then it is that their affections are inflamed; whereas others are but as it were a little warmed, have a little shine of common graces cast upon them.—*Richard Holdsworth.*

Verse 20.—There is an excellent story of a young man, that was at sea in a mighty raging tempest; and when all the passengers were at their wits' end for fear, he only

was merry; and when he was asked the reason of his mirth, he answered, "That the pilot of the ship was his father, and he knew his father would have a care of him." The great and wise God, who is our Father, hath from all eternity decreed what shall be the issue of all wars, what the event of all troubles; he is our pilot, he sits at the stern; and though the ship of the church or state be in a sinking condition, yet be of good comfort, our Pilot will have a care of us. There is nothing done in the lower house of Parliament on earth, but what is first decreed in the higher house in heaven. All the lesser wheels are ordered and overruled by the upper. Are not five sparrows, saith Christ, sold for a farthing? One sparrow is not worth half a farthing. And there's no man shall have half a farthing's worth of harm more than God hath decreed from all eternity.—*Edmund Calamy.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Rejoicing—the soul of praise; the Lord—a well spring of joy; character indispensable to true enjoyment.

(*Last clause.*) *Praise comely. What?* Vocal, meditative, habitual praise. *Why?* It is comely as wings to an angel, we mount with it; as flowers to a tree, it is our fruit; as a robe to a priest, it is our office; as long hair to a woman, it is our beauty; as a crown to a king, it is our highest honour. *When?* Evermore, but chiefly amid blasphemy, persecution, sickness, poverty, death. *Whom?* Not from the ungodly, hypocritical, or thoughtless. To be without praise is to miss our comeliest adornment.

Verse 2.—Instrumental music. Is it lawful? Is it expedient? If so, its uses, limits, and laws. A sermon to improve. Congregational music.

Verse 3.—(*First clause.*) The duty of maintaining the freshness of our devotions. Freshness, skill, and heartiness, to be combined in our congregational psalmody.

Verse 4.—God's word and works, their rightness, and agreement, and our view of both.

(*First clause.*)—The word doctrinal, preceptive, historical, prophetic, promissory, and experimental, always right, *i.e.*, free from error or evil.

(*Second clause.*)—God's works of creation, providence, and grace, always in conformity with truth. His hatred of everything like a sham.

Verse 5.—Justice and goodness equally conspicuous in the divine action.

(*Last clause.*)—A matchless theme for an observant eye and an eloquent tongue.

Verse 6.—The power of the Word, and the Spirit in the old and new creations.

Verse 7.—God's control of destructive and re-constructive agencies.

The storehouses of the Great Husbandman.

Verse 8.—Reasons for universal worship, obstacles to it, future prospects of it, our duty in relation to it.

Verse 9.—*The irresistible word of Jehovah* in creation, in calling his people, in their comfort and deliverance, in their entrance to glory.

Verse 10.—Educated and philosophical heathen within the reach of missions.

Verse 11.—The eternity, immutability, efficiency, and wisdom of the divine decrees. God's purposes, "the thoughts of his heart," hence their wisdom, and yet more their love.

Verse 12.—Two elections made by a blessed people and a gracious God, and their happy result. The happiness of the church of God.

Verse 13.—Omniscience and its lessons.

Verses 13, 14, and 15.—The doctrine of providence.

Verse 15.—God's acquaintance with men's hearts, and his estimate of their action. The similarity of human nature.

Verses 16, 17, and 18.—The fallacy of human trust, and the security of faith in God.

Verse 18.—Hoping in the mercy of God—false and true forms distinguished.

Verse 19.—Life in famine, natural and spiritual, especially a famine of inward hope and legal satisfaction.

Verse 20.—The believer's hourly position.

Verse 21.—Joy, the outflow of faith.

Verse 22.—A prayer for believers only.

Measure for measure, or mercy proportioned to faith.

Some Characteristics of the Puritans as Commentators.

BY PASTOR W. HUMPHRIES, OF WELLINGTON.

THE whole human family owes a debt of gratitude to the Puritans as instruments in the hands of God, which is even now but very partially acknowledged, and where most fully recognised is but very scantily paid. The Puritans by toil, suffering, and death, carried forward the glorious work of the Reformers. The Puritans preached the gospel to the poor, and diffused religious knowledge when the state-paid clergy were utterly indifferent or averse to the spiritual well-being of the masses of our fellow countrymen. The Puritans were the means of infusing high principle and earnestness into the treatment of political and social questions which frivolous and unprincipled men had been accustomed to degrade. Those of the Puritans who remained in England saved this country and its political constitution from ruin. And that part of the Puritan body which sought a more peaceful home in the solitudes of America, founded the states which were the nucleus, and have ever been the source of principle and power in the mighty confederation across the Atlantic. And more than all these noble achievements, the Puritans have left a store of theological writings astonishingly vast in extent, and invaluable in character. This is perhaps the greatest, the most precious of the many legacies which have come down to us from the age of the Puritans. It is only now that the majority of even ministers of the gospel, are beginning to form an idea of the number and nature of the writings of the Puritans. These works have for the most part been unknown to the generality of those who are devoted to the study of theology. Only the productions of a few, such as Bates, Baxter, Charnock, Flavel, Howe, and Owen, were accessible even to those possessed of ample means. But now the writings of most of these "giants" have been cheapened, and the almost lost works of Adams, Brooks, Cawdray, Clarkson, Goodwin, Sibbes, Henry Smith, and Swinnock (may we hope that Manton will be added?) as well as the commentaries of Bayne, Burroughs, Reynolds, George Greenhill, King, Torshell, Trapp, and many more are put within the reach of all. It was a noble enterprise on the part of Mr. Nichol to undertake to recover for us the hidden, almost lost, treasures of Puritan theology, to clothe them in modern handsome form and dress, and issue them at the very lowest of modern prices. And nobly has the enterprise been carried out. We have remarked an ability, an amplitude of knowledge, a conscientious carefulness in editing as well as a generosity on the part of the publisher, which are beyond all praise. Nor has Mr. Dickinson in his less extensive, but in their proportion, not less valuable labours, come behind Mr. Nichol. The latter has given us a *series* of the most valuable works and commentaries, and the former has issued the inimitable volumes of Old Trapp, and the "Things New and Old," of Spencer, with the "Treasury of Similes," by Cawdray. We believe that the wide extent to which these works have been subscribed for, is an indication of the growing love for theological studies and orthodox doctrine. In hundreds of ministers' libraries where the writings of the Puritan divines formerly could have no place, they now figure as a most prominent part of the material which supplies food for thought to those who preach the gospel in Nonconformist pulpits; and the schemes of these publishers would be far more widely supported were the salaries of ministers more adequate to the just claims which pastors have upon their people. No more profitable expenditure could be made than that devoted to enable those who preach the gospel to read and study the writings of the great Puritans. The careful perusal of these books would mightily tend to preserve sound doctrine in our midst, and to foster the work of grace in the soul. With the view of making the excellencies of the Puritan commentators more widely known this paper is written; and if what is said shall increase

the circulation, and induce the more diligent study of the volumes which are being published, there will be much cause for gratitude. We would say with reference to the title of the paper, that though nearly all the leading Puritans were commentators, and possessed the following high qualifications in common, there was among them the greatest possible variety of mental power, of intellectual culture, of habit of thought, and mode of presenting their views. Nor did they all agree upon *every* point in theology. The great verities of the gospel were held by these good men one and all with a firmness of grasp which proves their mighty power, and the deep sense which they entertained of the essential nature of the doctrines of ruin in the fall, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit; but then in the Puritan writings we see as manifestly as anywhere individualities of character, the variety which God has given to the intellectual powers in man, as well as to every portion of his created works. We sometimes hear the Puritans described as if they were all men of one mould; they are spoken of as all ponderous, diffuse, obscure, and wearisome in their writings; all are included and condemned in one charge. Nothing can be more unjust than such sweeping depreciation of a large body of good men who have evinced, in the literary bequests which they have made to posterity, as great a diversity of talents and acquirements as can be found among the leaders either dead or living in the walks of law, literature, or politics. Who that has read Howe and Adams would say that these two writers were alike in mental endowments, in the way in which they looked at or presented the subjects that occupied their attention? Will any one dare say that Brooks and Goodwin, or Charnock and Henry Smith, or Sibbes and Clarkson, so nearly resemble one another as to deserve the oracularly pronounced opinions which it delights some people to utter? We venture to assert that in the majority of cases those who express a low estimate of the Puritan writings, have no more knowledge of what those writings are than is acquired from the most superficial glance at the well filled pages of the volumes Mr. Nichol is publishing. In order to appreciate the works of the Puritans, we must bring to the study of them something of the devoutness of spirit, of the patience of enquiry, of the exactness in statement which characterise the writings we have before us. But this is an age in which these qualities are not by any means common—there is hurry, rapidity, and consequent shallowness; there is very little of the depth, fulness, and grandeur of thought which impart to the works of the Puritans their great worth. It will be a happy result of the re-publications of this old theology, if it shall contribute to banish the mere surface work, the gilding, and give us again the solid and true. We do not wish for a repetition of the *form* in which the Puritans wrote and preached—that is obsolete—but what we desire is the scriptural teaching, the clearness of doctrinal statement, the massiveness of thought and the earnestness of spirit which distinguish all the volumes which have come out in Mr. Nichol's Puritan Divines. What, we may now ask, are the characteristics of the Puritans as commentators? In reply, we say—

1. They were men of *deep and fervent piety*. They were men most evidently who enjoyed "the happiness of high and intimate communion with God;" they possessed "deep insight into the grace of God, and the covenant of grace" Thankful Owen and James Barrow, the editor of Dr. Thomas Goodwin's works, say that he was "a man mighty with God in prayer, to whom he had frequent recourse in difficult points and cases; and such men wade further into the deep things of God who have such a leader." "No man's heart was more taken with the eternal designs of God's grace than his." Sibbes in a Preface to the Exposition of Ephesians, by Paul Bayne, says of him, that "He was a man fit for this task, a man of much communion with God, and acquaintance with his own heart, observing the daily passages of his life, and exercised much with spiritual conflicts. As St. Paul in this epistle never seemeth to satisfy himself in advancing the glory of grace and the vileness of man in himself, so this our Paul had large conceits of these things, a deep insight into the mystery of God's grace and man's corruption." That the Puritans were

eminent for piety, even their enemies and caricaturists acknowledge. According to Macaulay, "To know God, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour, and confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world." Of all qualifications for understanding the deep things of redemption, this spirituality of mind, this fervour of piety, and close communion with God, form the principal part. There is nothing which imparts greater clearness and power of penetration to the eye of the soul, and nothing that so effectually gives susceptibility to impression, capacity to appreciate and power to apply the word of God, as this depth and intensity of piety. No mental ability, however great, no fund of knowledge or acquirement of any kind, will in any sense avail to open up the meaning of Scripture apart from this piety which was so distinguishing a feature in the case of the Puritans. In reading their expositions, we feel constantly that we are brought in contact with men who lived very near to God—whose affections were set on things above. The writers seem to have wrestled in prayer for every thought, and to have realised constantly the presence, light, and power of the Comforter. The Puritans wrote as men having authority, and with an unction from the Holy One. They knew nothing of timidity or coldness. They wrote and preached because the fire burned within and could not be suppressed. From this one element their expositions have a value which they can never lose. Whatever other characteristics they may possess, possessing this, the expository works of the Puritans will be cherished as among the most precious inheritance of the church of the living God; and the deeper the piety of the reader, the higher the value which will be set upon such volumes as those of Old Trapp, of the fragment of Goodwin on Ephesians, of Hardy on John's First Epistle, Bayne on Ephesians, and the many other works which, thanks to Mr. Nichol, now stand a goodly array on our bookshelves. Next to a prayerful reading of THE BOOK, or intimate communion with God in private, we know of no exercise more eminently fitted to intensify love, faith, humility, zeal, and heavenly-mindedness in the intelligent believer's soul than to be closeted in careful meditation in company with the Puritans.

2. The Puritan commentators *were sound and most able theologians.* No one has ever questioned *their* orthodoxy—at least no one now for a moment doubts their being "sound." Some of them might have entertained suspicions as to one another on a few minor points; but we, who have the advantage of judging their opinions from a distance, which enables us to exercise judicial impartiality, can thankfully bear testimony to their doctrinal correctness. We believe that those who are the most lynx-eyed in the detection of error, are not able to discover in the Puritans even the slightest deviation from the straight line. Indeed, we have before now noticed a tendency in high quarters to set up the Puritan writings as the test of orthodoxy. This is doing with *our* fallible human guides pretty much what we decry in the Papist and Anglican, when they take the opinions of uninspired men rather than the revealed will of God as the standard of faith. Whilst we pay all respect to the teachings of the Puritans, we are not quite prepared to assign to them an authority which only inspiration can claim.

After the word of God itself, the authority of the Puritans must ever hold a very high place in questions of doctrine. We may apply to most of these writers what Bates said of Manton, "They were endowed with extraordinary knowledge in the Scriptures, those holy oracles from whence all spiritual light is derived; and, in their preaching, gave such a perspicuous account of the order and dependence of divine truths, and with that felicity applied the Scriptures to confirm them, that every subject by their management was cultivated and improved. Their discourses were so clear and convincing, that none,

without offering voluntary violence to conscience, could resist their evidence. Their doctrine was uncorrupt and pure; the truth according to goodness." There are many witnesses of widely different views and tastes who may be brought forward to testify to the unsurpassed power of the Puritans as theologians. There is the indisputable fact, that the works of Howe, Owen, Charnock, Goodwin, T. Adams, Sibbes, and Brooks, have supplied more instruction, been productive of more thought, and have suggested more sermons to our leading Nonconformist preachers than any other uninspired writings. Or, taking the more purely expository works, we might select a vast number of the most emphatic approving statements from Churchmen as well as Dissenters, who have been fortunate enough to possess rare copies of the volumes which are now supplied to us on such easy terms. Or, if any one competent, will carefully read through almost either of the expositions given us by Mr. Nichol, he will be constrained to acknowledge that there is an amplitude, a depth, a scripturalness of teaching which cannot be matched in any commentary of similar pretensions in modern times. There may be many modern expositions, which in some one or two points will surpass a Puritan commentary on the same part of Scripture; but having regard to the fulness of theological knowledge, we venture to say that the older work will prove the most valuable. Without a profound acquaintance with theology as a science, for such it really is, no one should undertake to publish expository works. The Puritans whose expositions we are reviewing, had attained this mastery, and so the theological student cannot fail to be profited in placing himself under their guidance in the study of the word of God. If we are to defend ourselves and the people to whom we minister from the wiles and arguments of those who are seeking to lead us back to the bondage of superstition and Popery—if we are to be fortified against the deadly influences of that semi-scepticism which is abroad and has taken possession of so many of the clergy in connection with the church of England, there can be no safer or more able human instructors than these old Puritans, who lived sufficiently near to the age when Rome held the English people in thraldom to discern the abominations of the teachings and practices of the Papacy; and yet they were just so far removed from the period during which the fanaticism and tyranny of Romanism prevailed in this country as to enjoy all the advantages which could result from a diligent study of the writings of the Reformers. In many respects the Puritans were in a better position for conducting the controversy with Rome than the Reformers; and their full biblical knowledge, their intelligent and strong faith, with their profound humility and reverence, are the best defence against the pride which prompts short-sighted human beings to set up their "intuitions" and reason in opposition to the teachings of God's word. Let our pulpits be occupied by men of intense piety and sound biblical knowledge, then, with the divine blessing on this instrumentality, we need not fear that England will become enslaved by Popery or be given over to cold Rationalism.

3. The Puritan commentators were men *of well-disciplined and richly-furnished minds*. They have been represented as ignorant men, who had not received the advantage of a thorough collegiate training, and who consequently were deficient in culture and breadth of reading. This representation is based upon ignorance of what the Puritans really were, or it arises from a malicious purpose to traduce the whole body by putting forward the obscure as samples from which the rest are to be judged. This is neither generous nor just. We ought not to form our opinion of any religious party from the weak and insignificant, but rather from those whose talents, learning, and earnestness are means of blessing, not only to the immediate community, but to society at large. We are not writing about any of the Puritans except the commentators; and of them it can be asserted without any possibility of contradiction, that they were very able, very learned, as well as eminently devout men. Some of them filled the highest positions at the universities, and under the training of these Puritans many of the greatest statesmen and writers of the seventeenth century were brought up;

and if we take any one of the commentaries now being re-issued, we find on every page proofs that the writer was a profound scholar, a skilful dialectician, and a man of the most varied reading. In this feature of the Puritans we find one very effectual answer to those good Christians who cry out against a learned ministry. They say, "We don't need learning or great ability, but only piety and earnestness in our ministry"—as if there were any opposition between piety and learning, or any incompatibility between great talent and earnestness. The Puritans were intensely pious, and yet they were among the most learned men England has ever seen. They were possessed of surpassing talent, and yet so earnest that their words were as "living things with hands and feet." These Christian people who decry learning in the ministry often set up the Puritan divines as models! The simple truth is that such persons know next to nothing about the Puritans, and they know less as to what is the proper place of learning as a qualification for the expounding of Scripture. Provided there is depth of piety and aptitude to teach in the minister, the more knowledge he possesses the better, as is abundantly evidenced by the case of such men as Howe, Charnock, Owen, Adams, and Henry Smith, and even the apostle Paul.

4. The Puritan commentators had *a deep experimental acquaintance with the teaching and preciousness of Scripture.* This is acquired only by much prayerful meditation and through the discipline of trial. No one can possess it early in his Christian course. Years are needed for its attainment even in the case of the most highly gifted and favoured of Christians. There are many unreasonable expectations cherished by older Christians with regard to this feature in those who are just commencing their ministry. The comparative lack on the part of the young minister of experimental acquaintance with Scripture, and the workings of grace in the soul, is often treated with cruel impatience and proud contempt by those who have unhappily forgotten the poverty of *their* early knowledge of divine things; and thus an irreparable injury is done to a young minister who is full of love and zeal, but who has not had time to ripen into the mellow richness which will come with the working out of the process which God has ordained. If we enjoy and are profited by the deep rich experimental teaching of the works of the Puritans, we must bear in mind that most of these writings came from men in the mature autumn of life, and from men who had passed through a discipline which was eminently fitted to develop the excellence now under consideration. We can fully endorse Dr. Miller's opinion on this point. Not only were the Puritans preeminently men of God, and deep students of God's word—"living and walking Bibles"—and this in combination with great secular erudition; but their lot was cast in troublous times, times in which great principles were at stake, to which they were called to witness, and for which they were called to suffer. As with the individual Christian, the time not of his wealth and ease, but of his trial and suffering, is that which braces his power and stimulates his health and growth, so is it with the aggregate church, stirring times produce stirring men. Christ's heroes are drawn out by conflicts. When we handle the doctrines of the gospel merely as subject matter of sermons, and treatises, and controversies, we are in danger of handling them drily and abstrusely; but when we are called to confess Christ by the actual bearing of his cross, and to suffer for his truth's sake, our theology must be experimental. We *then* want not Christianity but Christ. The gospel is *then* a reality, not a creed, nor a system only nor mainly, but an inner life, an indwelling, inworking power. "Christ, the Scripture, your own hearts, and Satan's devices," writes Thomas Brooks, "are the four things which should be first and most studied and searched; if any cast off the study of these, they can be neither safe here nor happy hereafter; his words are the key-note of Puritan theology." And this which is the "key-note," is one of the strong points and highest recommendations of the Puritan commentaries. In them we have the heart searched—its secret places and mysterious workings laid bare—we find the joys and sorrows, the hopes and

fears, the hallowed mood, and the worldly backsliding tendencies of the Christian soul opened up. These works enter most deeply into the varied emotions and sympathies of the Christian life, and apply the word of God with a marvellous power for conviction, instruction, and consolation.

5. In these Puritan commentators we recognise *a distinct practical tendency.* They appear to have kept in view that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The profound learning in these expositions, the able discussion and their rich experience, are never allowed to push aside the practical lessons and applications. We have been reminded many times in reading these works of the structure of Paul's epistle, in which the doctrinal argumentative and experimental lead on to, and end in this, which bears immediately on the ordinary relations and duties of the Christian. Thankful Owen and James Barrow in their preface to Dr. Goodwin's exposition of Ephesians, say, "His discourses all along are very evangelical, carrying the soul to a higher holiness, and from a higher spring and arguments than what are to be found in philosophers, from the great pulleys and motives of the gospel, which are higher and nobler springs than what Adam himself had in innocency." As the commentaries were for the most part delivered in the form of "lectures" or sermons to mixed audiences, and not written for the student, they everywhere contain practical reflections and applications; and in this feature they agree with the intent of the Holy Spirit in guiding the writers of Scripture to aim at the development of the holiness and benevolence of the Christian life. It is really very wonderful how all the Puritan commentaries are so distinctly in accord in this point with the mind of the Spirit in the structure of the Scriptures. For one thing this could only have arisen from the most intimate, broad, and experimental knowledge of the word of God; and it indicates, too, most manifest divine help given to these good men, no doubt in answer to humble waiting on God, in view of the difficult and responsible nature of the work of expounding his revealed will. We cannot do better, in closing, than quote the very sensible and weighty words of an able reviewer in the *Edinburgh*, who, in an article on "The British Pulpit," remarking on the selection of inappropriate topics as inexcusable on account of the large provision of subjects of enduring and universal interest in the Book which the preacher professes to interpret, says, "He may freely expatiate over the ample circle of its doctrines and precepts, in all their applications to the endless diversities of life, and the endless peculiarities of individual character; he may find an equally legitimate province in the interpretation of difficult passages, or the reconciliation of apparent discrepancies; in the illustration of manners, customs, and antiquities; and in the elucidation of those ever varied and deeply interesting narratives in which, for the profoundest reasons, the doctrines of Scripture are everywhere embedded; as if for the very purpose both of securing the requisite variety in pulpit discourses, and preventing the truths of religion from assuming the form of naked abstractions. Well would it be it, in this respect as well as in others, the preacher would make the Bible the object of his sedulous imitation. It is everywhere a practical book; it contains no over curious speculations, no superfluous subtleties: on the contrary, it has often been remarked that there is a singular silence maintained in that volume on all that tends merely to gratify curiosity. The very mysteries it discloses, it discloses only so far as is necessary for some practical purpose; whilst it everywhere views man just as in common life man views himself and his fellows—recognising at once, without discussion, all those facts connected with our intellectual and moral constitution, the true theory of which has occasioned such endless differences and enquiries in the schools." If the reviewer had penned this admirable passage as a description of the aim of the Puritan commentators in their discourses, and not as a piece of advice to the preacher, it would have been true to its every letter. We need not say that we *earnestly* urge the most careful study of the Puritan commentators.

Failure of Voluntaryism.

IF our space had allowed us opportunity, we intended to reply to the charge of inconsistency brought against us by the church party, because, while calling the voluntary principle a giant, we yet admit the poverty of many Dissenting ministers. The answer is very easy. The poverty of a portion of the ministry is an evil equally incident to any system of support. The church of England has a society, whose report is before us, for relieving poor clergy, which even assists them with gifts of old clothes. We have before us an advertisement in *The Rock*, in which charity is asked for a clergyman who has been starving on potatoes and buttermilk. It is clear, then, that any argument from the failures of the voluntary principle would equally tell against the state-pay method, and therefore it is unfair to quote it on either side. The voluntary principle *is* a giant, and does wonders; and although its failures are grievous, it must be remembered that its burdens are enormous.

Men of inferior abilities, who mistake their calling, will always be in want in the ministry, as they would have been anywhere else. This is not the fault of any system, but a law of nature. To make this evil as light as possible should be the care of all of either party, but they should not throw at each other ungenerous taunts concerning an evil painful alike to us all.—C. H. S.

The Orphanage.

THIS month we have been favoured with two most happy occasions in connection with the Orphanage. The first of June was a memorable day in all respects, but as full reports of the proceedings have been published in the newspapers, it may suffice to say that our warmest thanks are hereby tendered to all the churches and individuals contributing to the noble amount of £1,200. We have long been their servant, and are now their debtor. No gift could have been more acceptable, none bestowed more ungrudgingly or accepted more gratefully. We shall feel the kindness as long as we live, and shall in each dear orphan have some opportunity of repaying it. May the Lord increasingly bless us all with overflowing brotherly love, and enable us to help each other in the work of the Lord.

To Messrs. Wigner and Goodall we cannot fully express our sense of obligation; as secretary and treasurer they have worked with diligence and zeal never excelled. They are now set upon raising enough to complete and furnish the two houses, for which again we bless the name of the Lord and thank them. Upon the memorial presented to us were the following kind sentences:—

To the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Dear Friend and Brother,—We have much pleasure in presenting to you herewith a purse containing twelve hundred pounds, the free-will offerings of a considerable number of individuals and churches of our denomination in the United Kingdom (a correct list of which accompanies this memorial).

We have a twofold object in this presentation. First, as a small token of the high esteem in which we hold you; secondly, to aid you in your noble effort to find a Home for Orphan Boys. We have watched your past career with praise and prayer: praise to our covenant-keeping God, who has so richly endowed you with gifts for his service, inspired you with zeal in his cause, and blest you with Pentecostal success; prayer, that he would keep you blameless to the end, give you increasing love to, and ever growing success in, his kingdom, and finally the crown of eternal life. We honour you for your works' sake, nor less for your generous love to all your brethren in the ministry, and to the churches over which they preside. To the blessed God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be all the glory!

We eel a deep interest in the Orphanage scheme which you have been privileged to commence, and pray that you may have all needful grace to carry it on. We desire that the two houses, to be built with the money now cheerfully given, may prove an abundant blessing to many sons of good and devoted ministers of Jesus gone to their rest; in them may their children find a precious home, be trained, blest, sanctified, and made blessings—a joy to you and an honour to our Lord.

We rejoice to be able to say that all the responses to our circular have been most affectionate a d hearty, proving the deep interest whic'i the churches feel in the object, how you live in their hearts, and are remembered in their prayers.

Accept, then, dear brother, this testimonial, on behalf of all the subscribers, with the assurance of our high esteem, our fervent love, our earnest prayers.

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We are, dear brother, affectionately yours in Jesus,

ALEX. B. GOODALL, *Treasurer.*
JOHN THOMAS WIGNER, *Hon. Sec.*

1*st June*, 1868.

On the 19th of June, we received the tenderest tokens of the love of our own dear flock. Mr. Thomas Olney, junr., and our huge Sabbath-school, gathered around the first stone of the house which they are to build, and their songs and shouts made us all cheerfully remember our youth. It is no small thing for our esteemed superintendent to undertake to supply a house, but with a little help it will be done. Well did he deserve the honour of laying its first stone. Our beloved wife, so long an invalid, and even now far from well, was most lovingly requested by the ministers and students of the College to lay the first stone of the College-house. She was graciously upheld, although the surpassing kindness displayed was enough to overcome a far stronger frame. After the stone-laying was over, twenty-six sweet little girls in white, advanced, one by one, and presented Mrs. Spurgeon with purses, which their parents had subscribed as a token of their affectionate rejoicing at her restoration to our midst. It was a most beautiful and unexpected spectacle—one which none will ever forget. Our own birthday-offering was so large as to excite feelings of deepest gratitude for such spontaneous liberality.

The students have, with admirable perseverance, raised £400 out of the £600 needed for the College-house.

Our financial position is now such, that by the good hand of the Lord upon us, we are within about £3,000 of completing all the buildings, and if the Bazaar be a success, this will soon be greatly reduced. *We are sorry again to alter the date of the Bazaar*, but unfortunately we must do so. From unavoidable causes, our builders cannot complete the works till September, and as the Bazaar is to be held on the spot, we must, by one more alteration, fix it for SEPTEMBER THE 8TH.

Our faith is alone in God to enable us, while sustaining the College at a cost of £5,000 per annum, to carry on the great work of the Orphanage, which will need another £5,000 a year for the support of the Orphans; he will not leave us nor forsake us; but we feel bound to use all means within our reach, and therefore we put it to our readers whether they will not, every one of them, help us to make the Bazaar for the Orphans a thorough success, as everything has been which we have attempted hitherto? Such answers to prayer have we received, and such remarkable assistance time after time, that we leave the matter in the Lord's hands, confident that he will move his people aright, and glorify his own name.

Parcels sent to Mr. Spurgeon, Tabernacle, Newington Butts, will be thankfully acknowledged.

Reviews.

Evening by Evening. By C H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

We beg to notify to all friends that our Evening Readings are now ready, similar in style and price to the Morning series, of which we have issued 25,000.

The Doctrine of the Atonement as taught by Christ himself; or, the sayings of Jesus on the Atonement exegetically expounded and classified. By Rev. Geo. Smeaton, Professor of Exegetical Theology, New College, Edinboro'. T. and T. Clark.

A standard work precisely to our mind. It is a cheering sign of the times that learned and thoughtful men are writing upon the central truth of our holy religion. The production of such a work as this by Mr. Smeaton is an era in theology; adhering as he does to the old orthodoxy, and proving his positions from our Lord's words, he deserves the gratitude of all lovers of an efficient atonement by a real substitution. The author is thoroughly acquainted with those who have preceded him in his field of research, and he judiciously follows or differs from them, but his work is full of deep original thought, and pervaded ever with lowliest reverence of the August Sacrifice. If, instead of giving their people a dead philosophy, certain preachers would search their Bibles by the aid of this volume, and extol a living Christ, they would have a far fairer prospect when their last account will be required of them.

The Holy Bible. (Royal quarto edition.) In paragraphs and sections, with emendations of the text. Religious Tract Society.

This large and well-printed version will assist our aged friends to comprehend, as they read at their devotions, all the corrections which modern criticism has made in the text of the received version. Though suitable for a pulpit Bible, both from its type and general appearance, it will be difficult to read aloud from it, as the emendations are incorporated in the body of the text (enclosed in brackets) this method, though helpful to a quiet student of the word, would, we are sure, disconcert most public readers. The paragraphs are well arranged, and the headings are clear and precise. We should take exception to here and there one, as being a little doubtful either as to its composition or teaching, such as at the head of John, chapter xxi., "Jesus appears to his disciples in Galilee; and after exercising miraculous power in a draught of fishes, restores Peter to the apostolic ministry, and foretells his martyr's death." We question whether Peter was ever ejected from the apostolic ministry, and if the pronoun "his" refers to the same antecedent in both cases, we deny Peter's right to be called *par excellence*, "Christ's martyr." After a careful perusal of the emendations made in the two parts which we have under review, we most heartily commend them for their scholarship and sound judgment. We congratulate Dr. Gotch, the principle of our College at Bristol, for the good service he is doing to the church of God in connection with this undertaking. We wish that the managers of the Tract Society could have seen their way clear to deal as faithfully with the Greek word for immersion as they have endeavoured to do in less important passages. Why leave any word untranslated?

Sketches of the Life and Character of Thomas Thompson. By his daughter, Jemima Luke. London: James Nisbet, & Co., 21, Berners Street.

This is an interesting memoir of a very excellent man, whose presence is still green and fragrant in the memory of many of our readers, although his life story belongs to a past generation. Such Christians as Thomas Thompson ought not to be forgotten. For sixty years, as a private gentleman, he devoted a tender heart, a vigorous will, and a liberal purse to promote and foster evangelical societies. He was the faithful ally of our most eminent gospel ministers, stirring them up continually with importunate appeals and generous subscriptions to break fresh ground, and undertake new enterprises to carry the

gospel within reach of the destitute and neglected at home and abroad. He was a counsellor and friend of poor country ministers, sympathising with their trials and aiding them in their embarrassments. The Bible Society found in him a warm supporter; and the Religious Tract Society a large customer. In the Sunday-school he had few equals. He was the children's friend, winning their hearts with gentle words, loading them with little presents, and alluring them to paths of holiness. The story of his life is told by his own daughter with engaging simplicity. In fact, the book is full of stories, woven together with delicate taste. What less could we expect of the lady to whom we are indebted for one of the prettiest children's hymns that was ever penned?—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

But it is not the young alone who may derive profit from the perusal of this biography. There is a philosophy underlying the narrative which deserves to be well considered and attentively studied by all Christians; and there is a broad light cast here upon the history of the great evangelical movements of the present country that we cannot afford to overlook. Mr. Thompson was a man of many talents, not one of which glittered with extraordinary brilliance, yet he consecrated all his talents to the Lord, and it was simply owing to this untiring devotedness that he exerted a secret influence upon the age of societies and expansive schemes to diffuse the doctrines and morals of the gospel among all classes, scarcely to be excelled by any individual man of his own generation. We first meet with him as a good child, and a clever boy, and the little traits that distinguished him in his teens never deserted him till he had completed the fourscore years of his pilgrimage. He shows his talents at school by the excellence of his penmanship, and his superiority in mental arithmetic. He is not, therefore, designed for Cambridge or Oxford University; but, as was quite proper, his early adventures are directed to the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange. He proves shrewd, and develops an ability for making money. Meanwhile the tenderness of his heart is shown as the attentive son of a sickly mother; the diligence of his labours is proven by the zeal with which he manages his father's business; and the trusty prudence of his disposition is exhibited as the mentor of his little brothers. This natural amiability is sanctified by the grace of God. Under the ministry of John Newton, Alphonso Gunn, and Rowland Hill, he becomes a disciple of Christ, and is made acquainted with vital godliness. What ministrations to sit under! Better surely in the verging lines of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries could not have been selected. He becomes wiser than those who had previously instructed him. The mother who had inculcated gospel precepts upon him learns pure doctrine from his lips. Habits are now formed never afterwards to be laid aside; and vows are now made never afterwards to be broken. These are the blossoms which future years will ripen. Mrs. Luke has interspersed enough of family incident to enliven the pages, and has avoided intruding any tedious details of his voluminous correspondence. Her delicate task is performed exceedingly well. Filial piety could scarcely have offered a more fitting tribute, or reared a chaster tablet, to one who, though endowed with no innate greatness to command attention, was overflowing with goodness and grace. He was just the sort of man whose example it is both possible and proper to emulate, while more exalted genius is above the reach of ordinary capacity. His mind was always occupied, his hands were always busy, his temper was always cheerful, and his conversation was always lively and devout. In the performance of every duty he was prompt and scrupulous, and yet treading lightly the paths of righteousness, as a sunbeam on the waters, we look in vain for anything profound in his studies, heroic in his labours, or impressively grand in his spiritual experience. He reflected in the church, the family, and the world, the influence of such popular useful preaching as that of William Jay, Angell James, and Dr. Lichfield, with all of whom he was intimate. Sound in doctrine without any angularity, or any subtle enquiry into controverted points, and thoroughly practical without any very marked bias in politics, he was content to be led by

the best men of his times, and ever willing to serve on the staff. O that such good men may be greatly multiplied: they would cheer the labours of every Christian pastor, and promote the happiness of every circle in which they are placed.

Poems written in Barracks. By Alexander Hume Butler. Longmans Green and Co.

Not exactly religious poetry, and yet almost. Pensive even to sadness, with sweet dashes of real heart music. Such flowers as these so seldom grow in barracks that we involuntarily do them homage, and on gazing upon their beauty, find that we render them no undeserved tribute. Write on, pen! grow rusty, sword!

The Secret of Christian Prosperity. A Sermon preached in the Corn Exchange, Melton Mowbray. By J. J. Irving, pastor of the Baptist church. Twopence each. May be obtained of Robt. Widdowson, Melton Mowbray.

A sermon by a most promising young minister, a student of our College. It breathes the right spirit, and reveals a thoughtful mind.

A Sermon under the Sky, preached in the open air in Seven Dials, St. Giles'. By G. W. M'Cree. Partridge.

The Bishop of St. Giles' more completely discharges the duty of his see than any other episcopus in the land; and the manner of his ministry is such as to prove him a more genuine successor of the apostles than any mitred gentleman on the bench. This open-air discourse may serve for a model for sermons under the sky.

Christianity and Modern Progress. By the Rev. A. Raleigh, D.D., being the Address delivered from the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, May 12th, 1868. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Price Sixpence.

Everything which comes from Dr. Raleigh bears the impress of a master mind, ruled by glowing piety; it is, therefore, sufficient to say of this address that it is worthy of him, and of the audience to whom he delivered it. We have reason to believe that two passages in this address, which we fear will be fiercely criticised, do not express the author's meaning clearly, and would have been amended had not the printing been somewhat hurried. These blemishes will be removed in a second edition. We are sure that Dr. Raleigh is the last man to cast doubts upon the infallibility of Scripture, or to denounce the Calvinistic system, and yet he by a slip of the pen appears to do both.

The Parables of our Lord Explained and Applied. By the Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Good, simple, and orthodox explanations of the parables; just such as one might expect from an earnest evangelical clergyman. To the class for whom the volume is intended it will be instructive and edifying, its tone, drift, and style, are every way adapted for widespread usefulness among the devout whose reading is not extensive.

Fifty-nine plain practical Sermons. By Rev. Edward Griffin, D.D. R. D. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon-st.

The title of the book does not do justice to the contents. The sermons are forcible and striking as well as plain and practical, would that we had more preachers in our own land like this American brother. We have some, but oh! for more, a hundredfold more.

The Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul. By Lord George Lyttleton. Introductory Essay by Hy. Rogers. Religious Tract Society.

This well-known, unanswered, and unanswerable tract is exceedingly valuable, inasmuch as it exhibits the question between Christianity and its opponents in a very narrow compass, and on a single line of argument. It is all the more readable because of this, and likely to reach some who would be lost in the mazes of more general discussions. The Essay, which is nearly as long as the work it prefaces, is exceedingly able, and calculated to supply the more modern phases of the subject matter under consideration; the whole making an exceedingly good treatise

to place in the hands of a thoughtful opponent of Revelation and Christianity. We congratulate the editor on the good taste displayed in the general style and appearance of the book. There cannot be two opinions as to the wisdom of circulating this reprint far and wide among all classes.

The Class and the Desk; a Manual for Sunday School Teachers. 2 vols. Old and New. Second series. By James C. Gray. London: Sangster & Co.

We know of no better manual than these two elegant volumes, both for a leader of a class and superintendent of a Sunday school, furnishing well-arranged suggestions, and indicating the books where the subjects are discussed at length, or more fully illustrated. Well-arranged indices greatly add to the convenience and value of the work.

Remonstrant Papers on Ritualism. By F. J. Brown, M.D. Chatham, Office of the Chatham News.

We are glad to see so many pamphlets from the laity of the Anglican establishment; this shows that there is a stir in the camp. The dry bones begin to move. The papers before us are well enough, but they are written from the *Record and Rock* standpoint. The church of England never was thoroughly Protestant, and its members ought *now* to blush at the sound of the word. The only way for an honest churchman effectively to protest is to come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing.

The Circle of Knowledge. By Charles Baker. W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

A graduated reading book for the little ones. If the three gradations are to be read over by the same children, they will become wearisome we should think, as they are alike in matter, only changed in form of expression. If used simultaneously in different classes, they will be found useful from the varied and well selected subjects which they contain.

The Bible Class Book. By Charles Baker. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.

A capital book for its purpose, with many plates, maps, and woodcuts, illustrative of the lessons, which are well selected, and contain notes and explanations, with a hymn or piece of poetry for committing to memory We presume it is intended for the class rather than the teacher, and will do thus for a handbook, where such is required.

The Birthday Scripture Text Book. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

Intended for daily use as a text book, interleaved with blank leaves, and so arranged that it may be made a conservatoire of autographs, and a record of the birthdays of friends. Young ladies will be its principal purchasers; they can have it in all sorts of bindings, according to the depth of their pockets.

[We have many pages of reviews standing which we hope to insert next month.]

Memoranda.

During this month we have been honoured by the attention of Archdeacon Philpotts, who, with the dignified courtesy becoming his cloth, enquires, "Did Mr. Spurgeon forget that there were few besides himself who had the talent to appear at once in the double character of apostle and buffoon, etc.?" Such remarks reflect equal credit upon Mr. Philpotts whether we view him as an archdeacon, a Christian, or a gentleman.

The Rock with equal charity and good taste compares us to a skittle-sharper. A few weeks ago this paper inserted a letter in which a gentleman, who was nearly all his life a thorough Nonconformist, a regular communicant among the Independents, a superintendent of a Dissenting Sabbath-school, and the builder of at least two chapels in Bristol, is put down as a churchman because he was sprinkled as an infant by a clergyman, was buried in a churchyard, and gave a donation to a church. This claim is made in order to disprove our statement that we received no very large amount from churchmen towards the erection of the Tabernacle. If every man is to be reckoned as a churchman of whom these things may be predicated, the Episcopalian community may well vaunt its numbers among the dead, if not among the living. We are sorry to say that the tactics of our opponents are as far from manliness as their cause is from justice. Why cannot men fight fairly? The *Rock* insinuates that we

have confessed that our place is getting too hot for us; by which we suppose it means that our church and congregation are in some degree disaffected on account of our views on the Irish and English churches. This is of all lies the most baseless, for during the whole of our nearly fifteen years' pastorate, no man ever had a more unanimously and heartily affectionate, attached, consenting, and co-operating people. So far as we know, our people follow us, and have followed us, to a man. With steady tramp and loyal heart the whole company keep step with their leader, believing that he is right and under the guidance of God's Spirit. Our place is certainly hot with enormous crowds, and with fervent charity among ourselves, but let *the Rock* know for its comfort that not even in the least degree have we felt heat of the sort which it allude- to. It is a pity that a respectable newspaper should think it needful to print falsehoods in order to chastise an opponent. When we cannot contend by the utterance of what we believe to be true, we will leave off. There is a battle yet to come, and by God's grace we will be to the front in it, and never rest, come what may, till Cæsar lets God's things alone, and this nation proves its godliness by not presuming to intrude into the demain of conscience, and of the Lord of hosts. The state loyal to Cæsar, and the church loyal to Christ; but no patronage, persecution, or interference! Till this comes, *no peace*.

The recognition of Mr. C. Hewitt, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the church at Breachwood Green, near Luton, took place on Friday, May 29th. A public tea meeting was held, after which the recognition service was held in the chapel. Mr. T. Hands, of Luton, prayed, read the Scriptures, and gave an address. One of the deacons read a brief statement on behalf of the church. Mr. Hewitt gave a full statement of his experience, his call to the ministry, and his doctrinal views. Mr. A. C. Gray, of Luton, offered prayer. The charge to the minister was delivered by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College; after which addresses were given by Messrs. C. H. Silcocks, A. C. Gray, and J. A. Akehurst. Mr. Hewitt commenced his ministry here at the beginning of the year, and during that short period has had many instances of decided usefulness. He is much beloved, and his earnestness, we trust, will be felt by the whole neighbourhood.

Our brother, Thomas Cockerton, has fallen asleep. This is the second brother of a worthy family, educated in our College, and speedily taken home after giving great promise of usefulness.

Mr. Ness has commenced a college in Australia similar to our own. We wish him God-speed with all our heart.

Most encouraging news has been received from New Brunswick. Mr. Timothy Hailey appears to be respected by the church at St. John's, and blessed by God.

The Colportage Society held its annual meeting on Monday, June 22nd: the report was most encouraging. God is blessing the work greatly: the only need seems to be funds.

We are obliged to leave out some pages of interesting local information from want of space. We are much cramped for room when the Psalm is inserted. In deference to so many correspondents we give preference to the Psalm above the mere records of anniversaries which the newspapers supply much earlier.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr J. A. Spurgeon:—May 28, sixteen, June 4, fifteen.

Sunday School House, Stockwell Orphanage.

The Committee acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions:—

	£	s.	d.
Billericay, Essex, Sunday School... ...	1	19	3
Calne " "	1	10	0
Battle, Sussex " "	6	1	6
Arthur Street, Walworth "	3	3	0
Parkhill, Scotland " "	2	0	0
Freechurch, Brocksburn, near Edinburgh, Sunday School	1	0	0
Alfred Place, Old Kent Road, Sunday School	1	2	2
Thorpe Street, Leicester, Sunday School	1	3	0
Barking " "	1	1	4
Robert Street " "	0	9	0
Sheerness " "	0	5	0
Upper Hill Street, Wisbeach " "	2	7	4
Montacute " "	0	13	0
New Bromley " "	5	0	0
Trinity Baptist Chapel " "	2	4	0
Richmond Street " "	0	2	2
Vauxhall Road Baptist " "	5	0	0
Weymouth St., Liverpool, Sunday School	0	1	0
Chesea " "	1	2	6
Lincoln, Mint Lane " "	2	7	7
Tenterden, Kent " "	0	15	0
Collected by			
E. Morris	0	6	0
Mr. Holland	1	4	0
Miss Higham...	0	5	0
Master Sanderson	0	9	5
S. K. C.	1	0	0
	43	1	3
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School	42	7	4
	85	8	7
Amounts previously acknowledged ...	331	3	10
	£416	12	5

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 19th, to June 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
A Wellwisher	0	5	0
Mrs. Macbeth	1	0	0
Rev. W. Gill	1	1	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mrs. Harding	0	10	0
Mr. Hadler, collected	0	9	1
Executrix of the late Mrs. Bennett	100	0	0
Mr. J. Hossie	0	5	0
Mr. S. Pipe	0	2	6
Mrs Sims	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T.	50	0	0
In Memoriam	10	0	0
Miss Brown	0	10	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	7	0
Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
A Friend	20	0	0
Montrose	0	2	6
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Hungerford	0	1	0
J. S.	0	1	6
Haddenham	0	1	0
Mr. Pope	2	2	0
Mr. M'Leod	1	1	0
Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
M. G. M.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Anderson	0	10	0
Mr. C. Tucker	0	2	6
An Old Member	0	2	6
A Friend	0	1	0
A Friend	5	0	0
N.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilkinson, Box	0	6	6
Mrs. Burrows	0	10	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
W. B. W.	0	5	0
Mr. T. James	0	10	0
Mr. Russell	1	1	0
Miss S. B. Pavey	0	10	0
Mrs. Bickmore	20	0	0
Mrs Bickmore and Friends	2	0	0
Mr. Hanks Class	30	0	0
Moiety of Birthday Present to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon	15	3	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, May 24	20	3	11
" " " " 31	42	15	4
" " " June 7	27	0	11
" " " " 14	20	11	1
" " " " 21	40	0	5
	£502	3	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 19th, to June 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
South Shropshire	1	0	0
Mrs. Burshay	0	5	0
Mr. J. Clark	0	17	8
Mr. J. Findlay	1	2	0
Mrs. J. K.	10	0	0
Per Editor "Baptist Messenger"	10	16	6
Miss Kate Smith	0	6	0
One who values the Sermons	0	5	0
Miss Tidman, Collecting Card	0	5	6
Miss Drewett "	0	6	6
Mr. C. Creed "	0	7	3
Mrs. Taylor	0	1	0
Miss Clifton, Collecting Card	0	16	6
Mr. J. Morley "	3	2	0
E. E., Ipswich	0	5	0
Mr. E. Watkins, Collecting Card	0	6	1
Mr. Helmer " Box	0	15	10
Mrs. Noyes " "	0	18	5
Mr. Searle	0	5	0
Master Alfred Stiff, Collecting Card	0	8	6
Mr. Arnold	1	1	6
A Friend	0	3	6
A Friend	0	3	0
T. Hay	0	10	0
Mr. Hobson, Collecting Card	2	2	6
Mrs. Butler "	0	10	0
Mrs. White " Box	0	7	8
Mr. and Mrs. T.	200	0	0
E. B.	200	0	0
Messrs. Cooper and Cullum	21	0	0
Mr. Pearce	5	0	0
Miss Elms, Collecting Card	1	5	0
Mr. McLeod	1	1	0
Mr. Hellier, Collecting Card	2	2	0
N. and Wife	2	2	0
Miss Mary Brooks, Collecting Card	0	0	0
For Mercies received	0	15	0
Harry	0	1	0
Ada	0	1	0
Celia	0	0	6
Mr. Padgett, Collecting Card	2	4	6
D. S.	0	5	0
Lydney	0	10	0
Gladsmuir Iron Works	0	1	6
Blackhall	0	2	0
Mrs. Roberts	1	0	0
Lady Burgoyne	1	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	16	0
Miss Stocks, Collecting Card	0	16	0
Collected by the Misses and Master W. Higgs—			
Mr. James Higgs	20	0	0
Mr. Sheriff McArthur	10	10	0
Mr. Alexander McArthur	5	0	0
Mr. Richard Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. John Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. H. Doulton	2	2	0
Mr. J. Finch	2	2	0
Messrs. Lambert and Son	2	2	0
Mr. H. Morton	2	0	0
Mr. J. G. Pilcher	1	0	0
Mrs. Pilcher	1	0	0
Mr R. Chatfield	1	1	0
Mr. C. Foulsham	1	1	0
Mr. G. Corderoy	1	0	0
Mr. S. B. Meredith	1	1	0
Miss Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Taylor	1	0	0
Mr. H. Lloyd	1	1	0
Mr. Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. Wright	1	0	0
Mr. Porter	1	0	0
Mr. Alderman East	4	0	0
Messrs. Croggon	1	1	0
G. Taylor, Esq.	1	1	0
Messrs. Brooks Phillips	1	1	0
Messrs. Lee, Son, & Co.	1	1	0
Messrs. Randell and Saunders	1	1	0
Messrs. G. Myers and Sons	1	1	0
Messrs. Nowell and Robson	1	1	0
Mr. James Stiff	1	1	0
Mr. W. White	1	1	0
Mr. Hoskin	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Miller	1	1	0
Mr. J. S. Gower	1	1	0
Mr. Pike	1	1	0
Mr. Part	1	1	0
Mrs. Appleton	0	10	6
Mrs. Hoskin	0	10	6
Messrs. Moser and Son	0	10	6
Mr. Guerrier	0	10	0
Messrs. Cox and Son	0	5	0
M. W.	0	3	0
A Friend	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Friend 0 2 6			
Father 0 10 6			
	88	0	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Hill, Collecting Card	1	0	0
Unus e multis	0	10	0
Mrs. J. O. Cooper, Collecting Card ...	1	5	0
Mr. Vickery...	0	10	0
Mr. Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. J. Temple	1	1	0
Miss Meeking, Collecting Card	0	14	0
Miss Hendrick ,, ...	0	6	0
A Friend (given at the Gate)	0	10	0
Mrs. Jones	0	2	6
Mr. Gurney	0	10	6
Mr. Pullman	0	10	0
Miss Cook, Collecting Card	2	2	0
Miss Weeks ,, ...	2	1	0
Mrs. Marsh, Box	5	0	0
Master Gardner, Card	0	7	3
Mr. Oxley	0	5	0
Miss Alderson, Collecting Card	1	10	0
Mr. S. Chow...	5	0	0
Miss Brewster	0	8	0
Miss Pearce, Collecting Card	0	3	4
Mrs. Daig	1	0	0
Miss Bonser, Collecting Card	0	16	6
Mr. H. Childs	10	0	0
Mr. G. Court	0	10	0
Miss Mawley	0	10	0
R. D.	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. Hill, Collecting Card...	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
In Memoriam	10	0	0
Testimonial from Baptist Churches ...	1200	0	0
Mrs. Brooks, Collecting Card	0	2	0
Mr. J. White	1	1	3
Mr. G. B. Simpson, Collecting Card ...	10	3	6
Mr. G. Eley	0	17	0
Miss Dransfield's Box	7	10	0
Miss Budge	0	8	0
Mrs. Cleare, Collecting Card	1	3	0
Master Gardner ,, Cards	1	12	0
Miss Figg, Collecting Card	1	1	0
Mrs. Butler ,, ...	0	8	6
Miss Partridge ,, ...	1	4	3
Miss Hardwick ,, ...	0	5	6
Mr. J. H. Barnard ,, ...	8	15	6
Mrs. Leonard ,, ...	0	11	0
Miss Collins ,, ...	0	6	3
Mr. Line ,, ...	1	0	0
Mr. Corrick ,, ...	2	6	6
Miss Kitelee ,, ...	1	9	0
Mr. C. Randall ,, ...	0	6	4
Mrs. Luckins ,, ...	0	18	0
Mr. Mead ,, ...	2	0	0
Miss Barker ,, ...	0	5	6
Mr. Meadows	0	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. Dutton	1	1	0
A Friend	0	10	6
Mr. G. Andreae	10	10	0
A Sincere Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Clifton, Collecting Card	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. H. Pomfret...	0	5	0
W. T. Smart...	0	1	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. Scott	0	2	6
— Jane	0	5	0
Mr. J. King, Collecting Card	0	5	0
Mr. Dickens ,, ...	1	18	0
J. D. A.	0	2	6
Mr. W. M. Hitchcock	1	1	0
Mrs. S., Blackheath	5	0	0
Rev. Robt. Ashton...	2	2	0
Endeavour	0	2	6
Mr. J. R. Edwards...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bates	0	13	0
Mr. H. Davis	0	3	0
A. A. R.	0	6	0
Mr. G. E. Chapman	0	5	0
W.	0	5	0
Mr. R. Haddock	0	5	0
Collection at Bow after Sermon by J. A. Spurgeon	9	0	0
Mr. Foster	0	5	0
Mr. E. Gillhest	1	1	0
Mrs. Healey	1	0	0
Mr. L. Weaver	2	2	0
Mr. M. Craig	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. Matthews... ...	0	5	0
Mr. John Sprague...	5	0	0
W. B....	0	3	0
N.	1	2	0
Mrs. Herbert	1	0	0
Miss Quinnell, Collecting Box	0	16	2
Miss Elwin, Collecting Card	0	5	8
Master H. Edwards, Collecting Box ...	0	4	5
Mrs. Fairbairn, ,, ...	0	5	7
A Friend, per Mr. J. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Pedley	1	0	0
Mr. Windmill, Collecting Card	2	14	0
Mr. W. C. Straker	10	10	0
Mrs. Schwartze	0	10	0
Various sums given to Mr. S.	0	16	6
Mr. J. D. Freeman	5	0	0
E. V. and E. M. V.	0	2	6
Mr. A. Cooke, Collecting Card	1	18	0
Mrs. Miller	0	2	6
Surplus from a Picnic	0	5	0
Mr. H. Dowding	0	5	0
Mrs. Grange...	0	10	0
S. H.	0	2	6
W. B. W.	0	5	0
A Wellwisher	0	5	0
Mr. Russell	1	1	0
Mr. Turner	0	10	0
Mr. E. H. Brown, Collecting Card ...	2	13	0
Mr. and Mrs. Matthews	2	2	0
A Friend, per Mr. Matthews	1	1	0
Wool	0	10	0
On Account of Students' House ...	88	15	1
,, Sunday-school House ...	150	0	0
Moiety of Birthday Present to Mr. Spurgeon	85	2	11
Mr. T. Kennard, (Annual Subscription)	0	10	0
	£2,269	16	11

Colportage Association.

Donations—	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. H. Rouse	1	14	0
A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel" ...	1	0	0
Per Mr. J. V. Toone	5	0	0
E. S. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Goddard, Leicester	1	0	0
E. V. and E. M. V.	0	2	6
Mr Samuel King	0	4	0
Mrs. Bidmore	5	0	0
Mr. R. Roberts	0	5	0
Mrs. Adkins	0	5	0
... ...	0	10	0

Collected by—	£	s.	d.
Mrs. B. Lewis	1	6	0
A Few Friends, Montrose	3	0	0
Mrs Willcock	0	8	0
A Few Friends, Bromley Baptist Chapel	1	6	0
Mrs. Copping	1	6	0
Mr. H. Barclay, Banff	1	6	0
Mrs. Blythe, Terling	0	12	0
Mr. W. Oldacres, Carlton	0	5	0
	£24	14	6

Birthday Presents to Mr. Spurgeon, June 19th.

To be Divided between College and Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hockey...	1	1	0
Miss Ann Eliza Rains	2	2	0
Miss F.	10	0	0
Miss Mills	2	2	0
Mr. Green Clover	0	15	8
Miss Tucker	0	12	6
Miss Fryer	1	1	0
Mr. T. Davey	0	14	0
Miss Phillips	0	14	6
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Knight	2	5	0
Mrs. Williams	0	13	0
A Friend	0	3	3
Miss Alderman	0	4	0
Miss Wilson	0	3	0
Mrs. H. White	2	4	0
Miss Clark	0	19	0
Mrs. Gwillim	1	0	0
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
Misses Jones and Lester	1	0	0
Miss Howells	1	0	0
Miss Biggs	1	10	0
Miss Gertrude Pearne	0	19	6
Mr. J. Taylor	0	11	0
Mr. Brooks	0	7	0
Mr. Buckmaster	0	12	0
Mr. Kemp	0	10	0
M. O.	0	7	8
Miss Dudding	0	15	6
Mrs. Russell	1	2	0
Miss Emily Taylor...	0	5	6
Mrs. Abbott	1	12	0
Miss Annie Dransfield	10	0	0
Miss Hughes	0	17	0
Miss Powell	1	2	9
Miss Jessie Congreve	1	15	0
Miss Chapman	1	2	4
Miss Amelia Goslin	2	0	0
Miss Mary Ann Bartle	1	2	6
Miss Parr	0	16	0
Mr. Swinsted	1	4	0
Miss Lewen	0	6	0
Reedham House	1	1	0
Mrs. Alder	1	2	0
Miss Maria Losely	0	7	6
Master Humble	0	8	6
Miss Tubby	1	3	0
Miss C. Tubby	1	4	0
Miss Stocks	0	13	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss Bryington	0	12	6
Miss K. Lovegrove...	1	3	6
Miss Dunn	1	1	6
Mrs. Parker...	0	11	0
Miss Mecking	1	10	0
Mrs. Ruck	1	16	0
Mrs. Maul	1	1	0
Mrs. Duncombe	0	14	0
Mrs. R. Barrow	2	0	0
Miss Cocking	0	12	0
Miss Smith	0	12	2
Miss K. Walker	0	7	0
Mrs. Blake	0	16	0
Miss E. Morton	0	6	0
Mrs. Mayo	0	11	4
Mrs. Pike	1	2	0
Miss Ruck	1	8	6
Miss H.	1	5	0
Miss King	1	14	9
Miss Christy...	0	9	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	10	0
Miss Marshall	0	12	0
Miss Hudson	0	19	7
Miss A. Newton	0	1	0
Miss Alldis	1	12	6
Mrs. Hubbard	1	1	0
Mr. Hobson	1	0	0
Miss Gilbert...	1	1	0
Mrs. Boot	1	0	0
Miss S. Budge	0	8	6
Miss Morrison	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Mrs. Consor	2	2	0
Mrs. F. Layton	0	7	0
Mrs. Heath	2	10	0
Mrs. Gooch	0	12	6
Mrs. Hooper	1	12	6
Miss M. A. Cockrell	1	0	0
Miss Emma Pearce...	0	15	0
Mrs. Whitehead	1	5	0
A Friend	0	6	4
Mrs. Burrows	0	10	6
Mrs. Blundstone	1	5	0
Miss Sarah White	0	13	0
Miss Chicken	1	5	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Mrs. Eliza Brooks	2	0	0
Miss Blanch Partridge	1	1	0
Mrs. Samstead	1	4	0
Miss E. Marsh	1	5	0
Miss R. Gilt...	0	12	6
Mrs. Pope	2	2	0
Miss Kate White	0	11	0
Mrs. Hellier	5	15	0
Mrs. Barrow, senr.	1	10	0
Miss Butcher	0	15	0
Mrs. Gisbey	0	6	0
Mrs. Shipway	0	12	0
Mrs. Croker	1	0	0
Mrs. Boxall	0	6	6
Mrs. Baldock	0	8	10
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. Hanks' Class	3	10	0
Mrs. David	1	0	0
Miss Gilbert	1	16	0
Miss Hawgood	2	10	0
Mrs. Garland	1	1	0
Miss Garland	0	10	6
Mr. Saggers	0	5	0
Miss Saunderson	5	0	0
Mrs. Wheeler	1	0	0
Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Miss B.	0	17	0
Per C. H. S.	1	0	0
Lady Burgoyne	3	7	6
Lillah	1	0	0
The Misses Johnson	10	0	0
	£170	5	11

For Mr. Orman's Free Ragged School, and Mission to the Costermongers, Golden Lane, E.C.—O. H., 5s.; Mrs. W., 5s.; J. Payne, Esq., £1 1s.; Mr. Goddard, £1; Mrs. P., 3s.; Miss B., 2s. 6d. Thanks for parcels of Books and Tracts from Religious Tract Society, Mr. King and Mrs. W. Mrs. Bickmore, £5.

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.

"SEE ESHCOL'S GLORY NEEDS BE BORNE OF TWAIN,
IF ALL UNHURT ITS BEAUTY SHALL REMAIN;



E'EN SO IN SWEET FRATERNAL LOVE WE FIND
THE CHOICEST JOYS THAT CHEER THE HEAVENBORN MIND."

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1868.

Between Two.

"And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff."—Numbers xiii. 23.

THE cluster of Eshcol is famous among fruits of the earth. Divines have delighted to find in it a symbol of those superlative delights which afford to believers on earth a foretaste of their future bliss. Our readers do not need to traverse that well-worn path, nor did we take up our pen to write of that "earnest of the Spirit" which is the pledge of the rest of heaven. The carrying of the notable cluster between two is the one point which has caught our eye and set our mind in motion. Why was it carried on a staff in that fashion? Surely not principally because of its weight, for the hugest bunch of grapes imaginable would be an easy burden for a man. Was it not to preserve the beauty, freshness, and bloom of the luxuriant cluster that the spies thus bore it to the camp? One bearer alone could not have kept the luscious fruit uncrushed and unbruised, but two with a little care carried it in safety. Among all the proofs of Canaan's plenty, none was more overwhelming than the cluster which two must bear between them; reader, among the joys of believers, none are more sweet than those which require Christian fellowship to develop them.

> How sweet it is when friend with friend
> In holy fellowship can walk!
> When thoughts and sympathies may blend,
> And hearts be open as their talk!
> Such will the preparation prove
> For lasting fellowship above.

The joy which we gratefully tell to another is doubled to ourselves and preserved far longer in the soul. The prayer in which two agree is prevalent beyond and above all solitary devotion, for it hath a special promise of a sure result. The praise which streams from brotherly hearts and voices, each helping to swell the strain, has the richness of the first ripe fruit about it. To forsake the assembling of ourselves

together would involve the loss of one of the dearest Christian privileges, for the worship of the church below is the vestibule of the adoration of heaven. If ever heaven comes down to earth it is in the communion of saints. Our Lord's table is oftentimes glory anticipated. The prayer meeting often seems to be held close to Jerusalem's city wall; it stands in a sort of border land between the celestial and the terrestrial; it is a house and yet a gate, fruition and expectation in one, the house of God and the very gate of heaven. Church-fellowship is meant by our Lord Jesus to be the table upon which the daintiest meats of the banquet of grace are served up; those who neglect it crush their grapes for want of a friend to help them carry the cluster.

Are there none among us whose solitude is a solemn injury to their joys? Might not many a downcast one take good heart if he would but associate with a Christian companion? Friendship might prove like a David's harp to cheer away the despondency of a soul distressed. Hearts would burn with fire of joy if disciples would commune together by the way. Holy intercourse is the soul-enriching trade which wise believers carry on to their lasting benefit. In Paradise it was not good for man to be alone, it can scarcely be better now. David was all the better and happier because of the friendship of Jonathan. Peter found his restoration all the easier because of John. Lover of retirement, eat not then, thy morsel alone, or if thou have no morsel, starve not in secret. "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice." Come forth, lonely one, follow the footsteps of the flock, and find rest.

Jesus sent out his disciples by twos, for he knew that each would cheer his fellow. Service is usually best in companionship: he who works altogether alone will be in his temper either too high or too low, censorious or desponding. Two are better far than one; they not only accomplish twice the work, as we might have expected, but they frequently multiply their power seven times by their co-operation. Happy are those wedded souls whose life of love to their Lord and one another is like the cluster on the staff, which they joyfully bear along! Happy those Christian companions who share each other's joys and sorrows, and so pass onward to the skies knit togeth r as one man. Communication enriches, reticence impoverishes. Communion is strength, solitude is weakness. Alone, the fine old beech yields to the blast, and lies prone upon the sward: in the forest, supporting each other, the trees laugh at the hurricane. The sheep of Jesus flock together; the social element is the genius of Christianity. To find a brother is to find a pearl of great price; to retain a friend is to treasure up the purest gold. BETWEEN TWO UPON A STAFF we find happiness. The monastic or hermit death-life is not our Master's *beau ideal*, but holy companionship is his chosen means for affording us help in service and advance in joy.

Reader, be not a carping critic, separating from everybody. There is surely something common to thee and another which thou and he may work for or rejoice in. Be the friend of men, and not the reviler of thy kind. Be a bond in the church, not a separating knife. Little children, love one another.

The Inquisition.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE union of the church with the state renders persecution possible: and hitherto churches have not been slow to avail themselves of the secular arm that they might confound all dissent with arguments which come home to the bone and the flesh. All churches, when they lose the spirit of Christ, are very prone to persecute; but a horrible pre-eminence must be awarded to the scarlet harlot of the seven hills, for no church on earth except that of Rome has had a separate institution for hunting out and destroying heretics. Whether it may be traced to want of will or want of inclination on the part of other establishments, it is certain that the Popish Antichrist alone has been able to drink of the overflowing blood-cup filled by familiars and tormentors. Long pampered by the state, she came to be its lord and tyrant, using fire and sword, prison and rack, to work her accursed will. The Inquisition was the masterpiece of infernal craft and malice, and its deeds were far more worthy of fiends than men. If the church of Rome could at this moment change its Ethiopian skin for ever, lay aside its leopard's spots, and become a pure community, ten thousand years of immaculate holiness and self-denying philanthropy could not avail to blot out the remembrance of the enormous crimes with which the Inquisition has loaded it. There is a deep and indelible sentence of damnation written upon the apostate church by avenging justice for its more than infernal cruelties, and the curse is registered in heaven; nor can any pretences to present liberality reverse the condemnation which outraged humanity has pronounced against it; its infamy is engraven in the rock for ever. Centuries of the most liberal policy would not convince mankind that Popery had become tolerant at heart; she wallowed so greedily in oppression, torture, and murder in her palmy days, that the foam of human gore hangs around her wolfish fangs, and men will not believe her to be a gentle lamb, let her bleat as she may. Against her common humanity is up in arms as much as evangelical religion. Her confessional is as dangerous to the mere moralist as to the Christian; her inquisition would be as ruinous to mercantile prosperity as to spiritual activity. Men of all religions and of no religion should deprecate the growth of a system which rendered the Inquisition possible; while followers of Jesus, for their own sake as well as for their Lord's, should oppose it with all their might.

Rome made the worst possible use of the weapon which the state gave her, but the radical evil was the state's entering into alliance with the church, and lending its power to fulfil her purposes. Had true church principles prevailed, the crimes which make us shudder would have been impossible. Disarm and dis-establish every sect, and leave each religion to its own moral and spiritual power, and no inquisition can be dreamed of; but put forward the doctrine that a state should propagate or maintain religion, and you have uncaged the lion; no one knows how much he may rend and devour. Modern Romanists would, many of them, lament the cruelties of former ages, but they ought to see that these were but the ripe fruits of their system when plentifully irrigated with royal favour, and planted in a soil

rank with ignorance and superstition; a principle which, among Protestants with far less scope, has nevertheless produced most horrible results. Anglican churchmen who persist in upholding church and state, if they will but carefully think the matter over, will see that the Inquisition is but a grosser exposition of their principles; it is not the outgrowth of either one creed or another, but the result of a paternal government protecting its espoused faith with all its power. The argument that a state ought to have a religion, and support it by national funds, when like a medlar fully ripe and rotten, lands us at Smithfield's stakes or the Lollard's Tower. Whether Papists or so-called Protestants hold it, its results are the same in substance though not in measure. Rome has made a diabolical use of it, but no priests are to be trusted, even Protestants can persecute if they have the opportunity. Principles do not stop short at a hard and fast line, though their practice may be compelled to do so; and it is clear to every thinking man that, although state-churchmen would shrink from setting up an inquisition, the full development of their views would logically require it: the path of prudence is to return to the true principle, and leave the kingdom of Christ to be as at the first, not of this world. The same spirit which blazed up at an *auto-da-fé* smoulders in an imprisonment for church-rates, and the same principle which in its manhood dyed the Netherlands with blood in order to thrust in the Papacy, is that which thrusts in the Irish church upon an unwilling people. We Protestants who are really so, must fight zealously against the essential Popery which would lead us to use the secular arm in spiritual matters, and would tempt us to employ compulsion where everything to be acceptable must be voluntary. We must insist upon it that no shade of coercion or degree of patronage shall be exercised towards any religion; all must be fully tolerated, nay, more, all protected in their natural liberty, and all secured an absolute equality before the law. To act as Rome has acted is to unprotestantise ourselves. To deny Roman Catholics the fullest civil and religious equality is to degrade ourselves to their level by handling their weapons. Faction suggests reprisals, and fear demands precautions, and none can wonder, for the Papistical party is cunning and bigoted to the last degree; but Christianity scorns to sin in order to avenge a wrong, or avert an evil. If we treat our antagonists as they treated our fathers, we cannot convert them, for they have already perverted *us*. A people boasting of their Protestantism as the English do, should be ashamed to support Popery in the Anglican establishment, or to bow before the dogma of union between church and state, which is the essence of Antichrist and the germ of persecution: an injustice to man, and an impertinence to God. The inmost soul of Protestantism is *the responsibility of the conscience to God alone, the spiritual nature of true religion, and the freedom of faith from the rule of earthly lords.* State-churchism is antichristian, and always ripens into oppression and tyranny wherever opportunity is given it. "No Popery" is our cry, and therefore laying the axe at the root of the system, we demand the abolition of every union between church and state, and the disallowance of every form of interference on the part of Cæsar with things which belong alone to God.

We have been led to these remarks through reading a most thrilling work by Dr. W. H. Rule, a solid volume of sober history, written without the slightest tinge of sensationalism, and yet more stirring by far than any romance. Dr. Rule has, by this book, contributed to the standard library of Christendom—every one should read it, and see what state-religion leads to when it has nothing to hinder it. Truly in the case of the Romish church it makes one loathe the very name of Romanist, and shake himself, lest the plague of intolerance should by any means linger in his own garments. To Rome it seems to be essential to rend and devour. "'Blessed Father,' said Baronius to Paul V., 'the ministry of Peter is twofold—*to feed* and *to kill*.' For the Lord said to him, 'Feed my sheep;' and he also heard a voice from heaven, saying, 'Kill and eat.' To feed sheep is to take care of obedient, faithful Christians, who in meekness, humility, and piety, show themselves to be sheep and lambs. But when he has no longer to do with sheep and lambs, but with lions, and other wild, refractory, and troublesome beasts, Peter is commanded to kill them; that is to say, to attack, fight, and slaughter them, until there be none such left.'" This notion of killing (eating is another matter)—has been fully carried out by the Papacy, as our long rolls of martyrology can prove. It is the duty of all Protestants to be well read in our martyr annals, that our detestation of Popery and all that leads to intolerance may be renewed and confirmed.

Dr. Rule commences with a paragraph which shows that persecution commenced as soon as ever the church was affiliated with the state. "The first imperial patron of Christians, Constantine the Great, cannot be fairly described as a persecutor, but rather as benevolent and liberal; yet, educated in heathenism, he thought it quite right to employ repressive measures for the extinction of idolatry, measures which the Pagans complained of as unjust, but could not regard as cruel in comparison with the ancient hostilities waged against each other by the votaries of hostile gods. Constantine, as a matter of course, discouraged freedom of utterance, where such freedom seemed inexpedient, and denied liberty of worship to idolaters and heretics. His edicts, or constitutions, became part of the civil law of Christian Europe. No fewer than seventy-two such laws, made by Constantine and his successors, against controversialists and heretics, with many more against Jews, Samaritans, and Pagans, may be found in the Theodosian Code, and show how diversities of religious opinion were to be prevented, and the teachers crushed. Confiscation, banishment, death, were the penalties to be inflicted for breach of what Romanists are pleased to call 'Catholic unity.'" Every reader of this paragraph who is not an anti-state churchman should carefully note it, and meditate within himself as to what the fact here stated most surely indicates.

The powers of the Inquisition when in its palmy days were very extensive. A Romish writer says, "The tribunal claims right of jurisdiction over the following persons:—All heretics without exception. All who blaspheme God and the saints. They who utter words of blasphemy when extremely drunk are not to be condemned at once, but watched. If half drunk, they are entirely guilty. They who speak blasphemously or heretically in their sleep are to be watched; for it is likely that their

lips betrayed the heresy that was lurking in their hearts. All who speak jestingly of sacred things. Wizards and fortune-tellers. Worshippers of the devil: and it seems that while the Inquisition was in its glory, when the Reformation had scarcely dawned, or where its light had scarcely penetrated, people were known to offer sacrifices to the evil one, kneel down to him, sing hymns to him, observe 'chastity' and fast in honour of him, illuminate and cense his images, insert names of devils in the litanies of saints, and ask them to intercede with God. Such was the condition of many who had known no other church but that of Rome. All who harbour, or show kindness to heretics, being themselves orthodox; very near relatives, however, having slight indulgence allowed them, in some cases, if the inquisitors please. All who look ill on an inquisitor—those ugly looks being indications of heresy, and injurious to the holy office. Persons in civil office who hinder the inquisition and its agents, or who refuse to help them, or allow an accused person to conceal himself or to escape. Any one who gives food to a heretic, unless he be actually dying of hunger; for in this case it is allowable to feed him, that he may live to take his trial, and, haply, to be converted. Experienced inquisitors could detect a heretic by a characteristic unsightliness about the eyes and nostrils."

The terrible burnings of the faithful witnesses of the Lord at the *autos-da-fé* of the Inquisition are painted to the life by our author, so that one shudders to read the description. "At Lisbon, the place of execution was at the water-side. For each person to be burnt, whether dead or alive, a thick stake, or spar, was erected, not less than twelve feet above ground; and within about eighteen inches of the top there was a thick cross-piece, to serve for a seat, and to receive the tops of two ladders. Between those ladders, which were for the use of two Jesuits, there was one for the condemned person, whom they compelled to mount, sit on the transverse piece, and there be chained fast. The Jesuits then went up, delivered a hasty exhortation to repentance, and, that failing, declared that they left him to the devil, who was waiting to receive his soul. On perceiving this, the mob shouted, 'Let the dog's beard be trimmed;' that is to say, let his face be scorched. This was done by tying pieces of furze to the end of a long pole, and holding the flaming bush to his face, until it was burnt black. The disfiguration of countenance, and his cries for 'mercy for the love of God,' furnished great part of the amusement for the crowd, who, if he had been suffering death in a less barbarous way for any criminal offence, would have manifested every appearance of compassion. When 'the beard' was trimmed, they lit the heap of furze at the foot of the stake, and, if there were was no wind, the flame would envelop the seat, and begin to burn their legs; but, as there generally is a breeze on the banks of the Tagus, it seldom reached so high. If there was no wind, he would be dead in an half an hour; but the victim generally retained entire consciousness for an hour and a-half, or two hours, in dire torment, which the spectators witnessed with such delight as could never be produced by any other spectacle. In short, the burning, or rather roasting to death, was so contrived that the sufferer should be exposed to every spectator, and that his cries from that elevation should be distinctly audible all round." Occasionally a poor wretch would recant, and indeed every cunning

device was used to induce such recantation. One of their own order coolly says, "And while fulfilling its office, a few upright men, zealous for the faith, may go to the criminal, and exhort him to return to the Catholic faith, and renounce his errors. And if, after the sentence is passed, and he is given over to the secular court, while they are taking him away to be burnt, or when he is tied to the stake, or when he feels the fire, he say that he is willing to turn and repent, and abjure his heresy, I should think that he might in mercy be received as a heretic penitent, and immured for life, according to some passages in the Decretals" (which are cited), "although I imagine this would not be found very justifiable, nor is great faith to be placed in conversions of this sort. Indeed, such an occurrence did take place in Barcelona, where three heretics impenitent, but not relapsed, were delivered to the secular arm, and when one of them, a priest, had the fire lit round him, and was already half burnt on one side, he begged to be taken out, and promised to abjure and repent. He was taken out, abjured. But whether we did right or not, I cannot say. One thing I know, that fourteen years afterwards he was accused, and found to have persisted in his heresy all the time, and infected many. He then refused to be converted, and, as one impenitent and relapsed, was again delivered to the secular arm, and consumed in fire."

Frequently, a refinement of cruelty was displayed which unassisted mortals could hardly have thought of, the direct suggestion of Satan is evident in many a passage in the Inquisitorial history. Incarnate fiends trod those bloodstained halls. "Gaspar de Santa Cruz escaped to Toulouse, where he died, and was buried, after his effigy had been burnt in Zaragoza. In this city lived a son of his, who, as in duty bound, had helped him to make good his retreat. This son was delated as an impeder of the holy office, arrested, brought out at an act of faith, made to read a condemnation of his deceased father, and then sent to the inquisitor at Toulouse, who took him to his father's grave, and compelled him to dig up the corpse, and burn it with his own hands. Whether the inquisitors were most barbarous, or the young man most vile, it may be difficult to say."

We trust, for the sake of our common nature, that there is some mistake in the description which Gavazzi gives of the Roman Inquisitorial edifice, when laid bare during the shortlived Roman republic. He says, "So short was the time that it remained open to the public, so great the crowd of persons that pressed to catch a sight of it, and so intense the horror inspired by that accursed place, that I could not obtain a more exact and particular impression.

"I found no instruments of torture, for they were destroyed at the first French invasion, and because such instruments were not used afterwards by the modern Inquisition. I did, however, find in one of the prisons of the second court a furnace, and the remains of a woman's dress. I shall never be able to believe that that furnace was used for the living, it not being in such a place, or of such a kind, as to be of service to them. Every thing, on the contrary, combines to persuade me that it was made use of for horrible deaths, and to consume the remains of victims of inquisitorial executions. Another object of horror I found between the great hall of judgment and the luxurious apartment

of the chief jailer, the Dominican friar who presides over this diabolical establishment. This was a deep tray, a shaft opening into the vaults under the Inquisition. As soon as the so-called criminal had confessed his offence, the second keeper, who is always a Dominican friar, sent him to the father commissary to receive a relaxation of his punishment. With hope of pardon, the confessed culprit would go towards the apartment of the holy inquisitor; but in the act of setting foot at its entrance, the trap opened, and the world of the living heard no more of him. I examined some of the earth found in the pit below this trap; it was a compost of common earth, rottenness, ashes, and human hair, fetid to the smell, and horrible to the sight and thought of the beholder.

"But where popular fury reached its highest pitch was in the vaults of St. Pius V. I am anxious that you should note well that this Pope was canonized by the Roman Church especially for his zeal against heretics. I will now describe to you the manner how, and the place where, those vicars of Jesus Christ handled the living members of Jesus Christ, and show you how they proceeded for their healing. You descend into the vaults by very narrow stairs. A narrow corridor leads you to the several cells, which, for smallness and for stench, are a hundred times more horrible then the dens of lions and tigers in the Colosseum.

"Wandering in this labyrinth of most fearful prisons, which may be called 'graves for the living,' I came to a cell full of skeletons without skulls, buried in lime. The skulls, detached from the bodies, had been collected in a hamper by the first visitors. Whose were these skeletons? And why were they buried in that place and in that manner?

"The following is a most probable opinion, if it be not rather the history of a fact:—The condemned were immersed in a bath of slaked lime, gradually filled up to their necks. The lime, by little and little, enclosed the sufferers, or walled them up all alive. The torment was extreme, but slow. As the lime rose higher and higher, the respiration of the victims became more painful, because more difficult. So that what with the suffocation of the smoke, and the anguish of a compressed breathing they died in a manner most horrible and desperate. Some time after their death, the heads would naturally separate from the bodies, and roll away into the hollows left by the shrinking of the lime. Any other explanation of the fact that may be attempted will be found improbable and unnatural."

The modes by which confessions were extracted by the inquisitors, it would be difficult to condemn too severely. Take a specimen:—A wife of a physician was accused with her three unmarried daughters. "One of these daughters was imprisoned first, but made no disclosure. The inquisitor then tried a novel and horrible method. He had her brought into the audience-chamber, sent his subordinates out of the room, and professed that he had fallen in love with her—that he was resolved to save her life. Day after day he repeated the declaration, and at length persuaded the poor girl that he was indeed her lover. He then told her that, although she knew it not, her mother and sisters were accused of heresy by many witnesses, and that, for the love he bore to her, he desired to save them; but that, in order to effect his object, he must be fully informed of their case, under secrecy, that he might

so proceed as to save them all from death. She fell into the snare, and told him all. His point was gained. Their conversation ended. The very next day he called her to another audience, and made her declare, judicially, what she had revealed to him in the assumed character of lover. That was enough. The mother and her daughters were sent together to the flames. And the fiend saw his victims burnt." Shall not God be avenged on such a people as this?

Our author has not condescended to defile his pages with details of the lasciviousness of the holy fathers of the sacred office, otherwise he might have told a tale of the kind which blanches raven locks, and makes men's flesh creep on their bones. Pandemonium was Paradise itself compared with the Inquisition. He does not even dwell upon the horrible cruelties enacted more than is barely sufficient for his purpose, but the whole history is nevertheless harrowing to the last degree.

Even while these wretches crushed their victims, they evidently feared their testimony, and found it needful to check their holy witnessing. The gag, in its most cruel form was always ready. One instance we must not omit :—" Dr. Michael Geddes, when a prisoner was brought out who had been several years shut up in a dungeon where clear daylight never penetrated, saw the poor man raise his eyes towards the sun, and heard him exclaim in rapture, as if overwhelmed with the majesty of the object, 'How can people that behold that glorious body worship any other being than HIM that created it?' Instantly the gag was thrust into his mouth, and the Jesuits who attended him to the *Terreiro de Paco* were not troubled with any more of his reflections."

Which shall we wonder at most, the endurance of the faithful or the cruelty of their tormentors? Is it not proven beyond all dispute that there is no limit to the enormities which men will commit when they are once persuaded that they are keepers of other men's consciences? To spread religion by any means, and to crush heresy by all means is the practical inference from the doctrine that one man may control another's religion. Given the duty of a state to foster some one form of faith, and by the sure inductions of our nature slowly but certainly persecution will occur. To prevent for ever the possibility of Papists roasting Protestants, Anglicans hanging Romish priests, and Puritans flogging Quakers, let every form of state-churchism be utterly abolished, and the remembrance of the long curse which it has cast upon the world be blotted out for ever.

From the Nursery to the Gallows.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THERE are two remarkable pictures in a gallery at Florence about which a very striking story is told. An artist frequently observed from his studio, a flaxen-haired lad playing, happy and guileless, in the streets of Rome. His lovely cherub face so fitly symbolised purity, that the painter carefully put the features on canvas. He never looked up to the picture when sad without being relieved and made happy by the smile of the angel-child. He never gazed upon its innocent features without thinking of heaven, and of a happiness to

which he aspired. "If ever I find," said he, one day, "a perfect contrast to this beauteous face, I will paint that also, and hang it on the opposite wall, and the one I shall call heaven and the other hell." Years travelled by, and on visiting a prison, he peered through a grated door in a cell, and beheld a loathsome sight—a fierce haggard fiend, with glaring eyes, and cheeks that told of lust and crime. This, thought the artist, is a perfect contrast to the angel-child. I will paint him. He is an illustration of hell. Judge of the artist's surprise when he was told that the two pictures were likenesses of one and the same person; that the fiend was no other than the child, so beauteous, so guileless, once playing in the streets of his native city! And so these pictures in Italy's fair capital, teach one of the saddest lessons of life—a lesson that finds its illustration in every human heart. Sin is the great revolutionist that has turned humanity, once so fair and godlike, into an object of misery and moral loathsomeness. By its arts and blandishments, it seduces into paths of deadly fascination, and through weary mazes of pleasurable guilt conducts the simple to the consummation of ruin. Our literature has been strongly impregnated with all kinds of sensuality. Although our language has not afforded that scope for covert insinuations and tinselled, poison-lacquered, refined licentiousness, that the French language allows, yet many of our English writers have clothed vice in gaudy array, and sent forth the vile creature bedizened and bedazzled for the admiration of the foolish. The dew of indelicacy may be found, however, not only upon the brilliant flowers of speech, but also upon the rank weeds of a less attractive and more vulgar literature. And to some of the most dangerous of this latter kind of writing, specially published for boys, we desire to call attention. We do so with some reluctance, inasmuch as the task is a delicate one, and the secular press has already protested strongly against the thief-educating penny literature which is so extensively circulated at the present time. Conversing, however, the other day with an excellent philanthropist, a Member of Parliament, whose consideration for the social welfare of the poor is only exceeded by his anxiety for their spiritual advancement, we promised to obtain, read, and indicate the contents of the most popular of the many serials which are read with such great avidity by boys. The recent police cases—of burglary, robbery, garrotting and murder—which have come to light, and have aroused public attention, have exhibited the natural tendency of the works which are so largely corrupting the minds of youths. They seem to be the link which connects the nursery with the gallows—for long before children grow into their teens, they manage to obtain the penny rubbish which gives them an early taste for sinful pleasures. The mischievous tendency of this kind of literature cannot be over estimated. Read in the light of the recent police cases, they reveal the true kind of education which they are imparting to the young—an education that is fitting them for a degraded life of immoral slavery, and for a future existence of unending and unutterable woe. If the Saviour has his servants whose duty it is to win young hearts to him who lovingly said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," Satan also in matchless daring is by no means behind in the use of appliances for bringing the souls of the young to his hideous embrace. And, perhaps,

there are fewer means of accomplishing his foul purposes more insinuating and revolting than that provided by the publishers of the coarse and criminal literature, of which some of the most creditable specimens are now lying on my table.

Creditable, did I say? If these be decent, what must be the character of some of the more atrocious? There are twelve penny numbers of twelve distinct tales before me. Some of them bear in the imprint the publisher's name, but the majority are announced as "printed and published at the office." The covers are gaudy, and are illustrated by sensational wood-cuts. Thus, on one we have a representation of a ghost struggling with an affrighted gravedigger in a churchyard by moonlight; on another, the picture of a well-dressed young man with "jemmy" and crowbar in one clenched hand, and dark lantern in the other, about to ransack a chest of drawers in a bedroom; in another, a wild representation of "a deed of blood"—two men, one grasping the other's throat, whirling over the battlements of a baronial castle. Another represents the "French Jack Sheppard," Cartouche, seated on a bench in a prison cell, dressed like a marshal, and merrily quaffing liquors; another pictures "Wild Will," the pirate of the Thames, about to be executed, springing at the last moment from the scaffold at Tyburn over the heads of about twenty soldiers with spiked guns; while another represents a highwayman sacrilegiously grasping the Bishop of Oxford by his neck, wrenching him from his carriage, and presenting him with a loaded pistol. The "situation" of course is most exciting, and the wood-cut is designed to bring the bishop's person into contempt. Indeed this hatred of parsondom is a conspicuous feature of these vile productions. Ministers are hypocrites and religion is humbug. Even a Bishop of Oxford is no sacred person for a jest, while our good editor Mr. Spurgeon, is honoured by possessing a name that is synonymous with sanctified cant. Thus, in the "Confessions of a Ticket-of-leave Man," it is said of one of the characters, that "*he replied by a sanctified speech that would have done credit to a canting Spurgeonite.*" And one of the conspicuous heroes in the same story is a church parson who has "ruined many a simple village girl," while "many a lady, married and single, had his artful insinuations brought from her high estate of virtue to be the victim of his sleek, seductive infamy." And after relating more matters to the same purpose, this *writer for boys!!!* adds:—"There are many such ministers of the gospel—sleek, bland-looking, smiling-faced, gluttonous wine-bibbers, whose only aim is the indulgment of their sensual propensities." It would be impossible for us to give all that might be extracted on this subject. Every page of this juvenile literature teems with the most demoralising allusions; and undisguisedly the object of the writers is to exalt the characters of the vilest street strumpets, and to show that vice is not quite so hideous as it appears.

There is a great sameness about these tales. The highwaymen, who are men supposed to be worthy of emulation, are much alike. It will therefore be sufficient to indicate the general run of the whole by specimens from one or two of the series. At the outset it should be stated that we leave out all details of illicit love and criminal intrigue, as unfit for these pages, and only indicate the kind of incidents which

are to be found in these penny publications. Murders, of course, are plentiful. Cleaving skulls in twain in defence of insulted womanhood is so ordinary and so usual an exercise as only to require the thanks of the aggrieved woman, who rewards the victor by a sickly smile just as if he had picked up her handkerchief. A wife, who is described as a woman of "insipid simplicity and ignorant innocence," on hearing of the death of her husband, rejoices at it, for, she observes, "the colour of his blood I like tenfold better than the sound of his voice. This gory plume is far more welcome to me than a queen's crown; for it brings me nearer my heart's secret love." She lives, in open profligacy, with the brother of her dead husband, in the castle she has given him. But at midnight, when "the silvery moon is at its full, bathing castle and wood in its silvery light, leaning against the grey-stone battlements of Valley Castle, that stood out in bold relief against the star-bespangled sky," stands the brother of the dead husband. The sky becomes clouded. The moon disappears—where we are not favoured to learn. "There was a screeching of the wind through the trees, a crash of deafening thunder, a flash of forked lightning, and a tall form stood on the battlements beside him." This "tall form" is thus described:—

"Upon his head, serving him as a helmet, he wore a stag's skull, its antlers standing out against the sky, giving him a strange and fantastic appearance. His hair hung in matted locks about his hideous and spectral-like face, a blue phosphoric light seemed to burn in the hollow depths of his eyes, and from his neck hung a long rusty chain, that clanked ominously, sending a shudder through the hearer's frame. His swarthy arms and legs were bare, and about his loins hung a deer skin, sandal boots of the same, and a large horn hung by his side."

What with phosphorescent efflorescence, thundering, blinding lightning, screeching wind, clanking noises, drenching rains, the appearance of the fiend, the mockings of a thousand demons above, and the laughter of the imps beneath, the hootings and screams of owls, and the terrible croakings of huge toads, we are glad to get out of the description of tragic scenes, and to learn that after all the weather cleared up: "The silvery moon burst forth in all its brilliancy; the dark blue sky was bespangled with myriads of stars, and all traces of the mystic scene had gone, as though it was a dream." Alas! however, we turn over another page, and find a repetition of the same appalling scene. In this scene, a monk appears to marry the woman to her paramour. But the monk, "when it came to the placing of the ring on the finger, tore it from Edgar's hand, and threw it over the battlements." Throwing off his wig and priest's cassock, he confronted them in the rich dress of a cavalier—the brother of Edgar, the long-supposed deceased husband of the woman. Then follows a fearful scene, which all the light of blue phosphorus could not present in too vivid colours. The two brothers struggled together, and fell together over the parapets down below full ninety feet into the river. After this, we come to the conclusion of the chapter, and breathe freely when we learn at the commencement of the next, that "Twenty years have elapsed since the last chapter." But, will it be believed, that even here we are confronted with a similar scene, described in much the same way—but with no phosphorus!

There is excitement, adventure, and incredible incident enough in

this number for one penny. But it is less sensational than most of its companions. "Wild Will," for instance, which is a great favourite among boys, is full of marvellous, and of course impossible, deeds of valour and wickedness. When the hero escapes from the clutches of Jack Ketch—in itself a startling deed—he is followed by soldiers, one of whom, tempted by the offer of fifty pounds to him who stops the prisoner, places his hand upon the horse's bridle, but "Will in desperation lunged forward, and delivered the fellow a fearful kick in the face, sending him reeling upon the ground. Here he was trampled under foot until life was extinct." The prisoner defies his pursuers, and

"The excitement of the chase was something tremendous at first.

"But it died away before very long.

"The race was a foregone conclusion.

"It almost appeared at starting that the fugitive prisoner had entered into a compact with the horse.

"Bending low over the horse's neck, but without allowing it to diminish the speed which it had taken up, he breathed into its ear, then, taking one of them between his teeth, bit it sharply.

"At this the noble steed snorted with pain and reared up its head proudly, dashed on with redoubled speed, and flew like the wind, bearing its rider on to liberty."

He reaches a roadside inn, sells the horse lent him to the landlord, has his rest disturbed at night, makes his escape by the chimney shaft, is blocked up by the solid brickwork, is almost suffocated by the smoke of a large fire lit by the landlord to bring him down; but by swaying the iron bar he succeeds in dislodging the masonry and effecting his escape. Arriving by moonlight at the banks of the Thames, he is confronted by a tall gaunt boatman who asks for "toll:" but being penniless, the ferocious boatman demands his person as hostage: a struggle ensues, the escaped prisoner gets the worst of it, is rendered insensible, taken on to the boat, and conveyed to a strange damp cave. Here though unobserved, he sees a female—"young and pretty" as all these females of inhuman kind are described—with a lantern in one hand and a huge shovel in the other. Opposite her was a skeleton hung up by a chain around the neck to the wall; and by her feet a man's living head: it was a man buried in the earth all but his head. Placing the lantern on the ground, she raises the shovel in the air, and brings it with crushing force upon the head of the man—"and the blanched lips of the old man were silenced for ever." He subsequently is surrounded by a horde of pirates, is presented with the pledge of the order—namely, a bowl of blood, but refusing to drink it, is challenged to fight the captain of the gang, and of course, "the giant pirate was felled to the ground with a doughty blow, which cut him down through the skull, leaving his brains protruding, and presenting a spectacle at once ghastly and terrifying." And all these deeds of horror fully detailed in one penny number!

But enough of wading through these literary sewers—these pestilential marshes—these fever paths. There is no fastidiousness in the writers' minds. They do not present a paste-jewel morality for the pure pearl. They openly revel in the filth of their imagination, and undisguisedly worship their god, Belial. It is true they refer to the

miseries of the conscience-stricken harlot, but they giggle over her arts, and paint in sensuous colours her supposed charms. These muck-rakes of literature—these scavengers of moral evil inflame the appetite of youth, by serving up their banquet of indelicacies. The seductions of the courtesan are less dangerous than their arts; the cowardice of the assassin is less pusillanimous than their mean stabs at the moral lives of our young. We feel a glow of shame in reading and exposing these vile productions. We do not envy the consciences of the writers, nor the shameful gains of the publishers.

One of the most pathetic and powerful addresses to which the House of Commons has ever listened was delivered by Mr. Bright a few years ago on the slavery question. In the course of his most exquisitely touching speech, the great orator and patriot, said:—"I want to know whether you feel as I feel upon this question. When I can get down to my home from this house, I find half-a-dozen little children playing upon my hearth. How many members are there who can say with me, that the most innocent, the most pure, the most holy joy which in their past years they have felt, or in their future years they have hoped for, has arisen from contact and association with our precious children! Well, then, if that be so—if when the hand of death takes one of those flowers from our dwelling, our heart is overwhelmed with sorrow, and our household is covered with gloom—what would it be if our children were brought up to this infernal system?" &c. —a system we need hardly say, Mr. Bright painted in glorious colours. Well, slavery in America is abolished, and the human fiends who carried on the traffic have been compelled to seek after more honourable employment. But if the thought that the hopes of childhood were being destroyed by this gigantic, but now suppressed evil, should stir up the indignation of the tender-hearted and philanthropic, how much more indignant should he be who observes the insidious and pernicious snares set before the youths of our country, to corrupt their minds and harden their hearts. Nothing could hardly have exceeded the cowardly ferocity and heartlessness of that king who is recorded in the inspired volume as commanding his messengers to bring the sick David up to him in the bed, that he might slay him. Yet this were mercy itself compared with the monstrous brutality of those who seduce our juveniles into paths of vice, misery, and death; it were an act of kindness compared with the Satanic crime of those who, reeking with the foul sulphur-stench of the kennels of hell, trample conscience under foot, obtain their degree in the highest college of Hades, and set themselves up in a sin-blighted world as the instructors and corruptors of youth. If men, utterly regardless of the future that is spread before them of misery and death, will seek to influence and demoralise and poison those who have not been duped by the enchantments of vice, and whose parents have preserved them from building their hopes on the confines of the wailing pit, the cry of humanity, so foully wronged, so cruelly blasted in its tender branches, should be heard, even as it was uplifted in slavery days to protest against the iniquity, and to brand its perpetrators with eternal infamy. For the sake of the souls of our juveniles, which are being defiled by contact with flagrant vice, and destroyed by the poison of the filthiest drugs of Holywell Street, we

hope all parents who read these lines will carefully guard against the surreptitious possession of these publications. We have reason to know that some Christian parents thoughtlessly permit or wink at their boys' indulgence in this trash; that they do not so strictly guard their children against the seductions of this thief-educating literature as they should; and that they do not counteract this evil by providing for them wholesome and attractive periodicals. The remedy is, for the most part, in their hands. No censorship of the press will be instituted, for there are difficulties in the way. Let our pure literature be supported, and let the publications designed for boys be less childish, and have less of the sickly "good-boy," "pat-on-the-head" kind of element, and the rage for criminal literature will eat itself out. Some of the productions of the Sunday School Union and the Religious Tract Society are admirable in their way; but they are not so attractive to youths as they might be. We want something that will supply the place of our friend Mr. W. G. Kingston's best efforts in boy-literature—something manly, instructive, entertaining, and useful. The "Leisure Hour" is a trifle above the kind of publication we mean; and "Kind Words" is a sugar-plum title that boys resent as, to use their naughty phrase, suitable only "for kids:" otherwise the character of the work is excellent. We hope some enterprising publisher may embark in this venture, and properly carry it out.

As for higher, nobler work, how much necessity there is for all the Lord's people being prophets! As we have the opportunity of influencing the hearts of the young for God and goodness, let us use it. We have much to learn in this direction, and much, perhaps, to unlearn. But acting upon the conviction of our individual responsibility to him who bought us with price untold, we shall be able to supply the real antidote to the opprobrious and unscrupulous efforts of the corruptors of youth. To such base-born sons of darkness, we address the words of a well-known American writer:—"O thou corrupter of youth! I would not take thy death for all the pleasures of thy guilty life a thousandfold. Thou shalt draw near to the shadow of death. To the Christian these shades are the golden haze which heaven's light makes when it meets the earth and mingles with its shadows. But to thee, these shall be shadows full of phantom-shapes. Images of terror in the future shall dimly rise and beckon; the ghastly deeds of the past shall stretch out their skinny hands to push thee forward! Thou shalt not die unattended. Despair shall mock thee. Agony shall tender to thy parched lips her fiery cup. Remorse shall feel for thy heart, and rend it open. Good men shall breathe more freely at thy death, and utter thanksgiving when thou art gone. Men shall place thy gravestone as a monument and testimony that a plague is stayed; no tear shall wet it, no mourner linger there! And as, borne on the blast, thy guilty spirit whistles towards the gate of hell, the hideous shrieks of those whom thy hand hath destroyed shall pierce thee—hell's first welcome. In the bosom of that everlasting storm which rains perpetual misery shalt thou, corrupter of youth! be for ever hidden from our view; and may God wipe out the very thoughts of thee from our memory!"

The Eternal Inheritance the Believer's Portion.

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

"And for this cause he is the mediator of the new testament, that, by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance."—Heb. ix. 15

THERE are three things to be attended to in these words, and we must take them in a different order from that in which they stand in the text. We shall consider—

I. *The inheritance which is here spoken of.*

II. *The people who receive this inheritance.*

III. *What Christ did that they might obtain this inheritance.*

I. Let us attend to THE INHERITANCE THAT IS HERE SPOKEN OF.

You know that when Adam was created, God placed him in Paradise, and gave him an inheritance. He was monarch of all he surveyed. When he climbed up some height, and looked around upon the hills and the valleys, the rivers and the pleasant fields, he could say it was all his own. But you know also that when Adam fell, he lost his inheritance. God cast him out of the garden, and placed at its entrance cherubim with a flaming sword, which turned every way, to guard the approach to the tree of life. Adam was now a disinherited man: but it pleased God, in the depths of his infinite wisdom, to provide another inheritance for the seed of the second Adam; and we accordingly read, that God has chosen them as a peculiar people, and made them heirs of that inheritance. It is here called an "eternal inheritance." In another place, it is called "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." In another, it is called "a better country." The apostle Peter describes it as "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." In the text, it is called an "eternal inheritance." It is called an "inheritance," because it is got in the way of heirship. You know that an heirship is a property which a man leaves to his son. So God gives this inheritance to those that are his sons—to those that are his adopted children. Many men would buy it, but "it cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof." It must be got through adoption. If you would get it, you must be adopted—chosen of God to receive it. Again, brethren, it is called an "eternal inheritance." The inheritance under the first covenant was a temporal inheritance. God said to Abraham, "Unto you will I give this land;" and he said to Jacob, "Unto thee and to thy seed will I give this land." It was a goodly inheritance, for "the mountains dropped down new wine, and the hills flowed with milk." Yet it was but a temporal inheritance. Such is the inheritance of every natural man—it is but a temporal one. His gold and his riches are a wasting portion—they take unto themselves wings and fly away. And then worldly fame is more fleeting still—it is but a breath, a vapour, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away: and worldly pleasures are more deceitful and transient still—they are indeed sweet to the taste of the natural man,

* Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. Preached on Sunday morning, March 12th, 1843, being the last Sabbath he occupied his pulpit.

but bitter in the belly. Ah, brethren! all the inheritance that a Christless man has is temporal. But those that are called of God receive the promise of an eternal inheritance.

This inheritance is eternal in two respects: first, what the believer gets now is eternal. The grace he gets now is eternal grace. It brings with it a peace that will ever last. It is the dawn of a day that will never set. There is something enduring in the present possession of a believer: he has already a peace that cannot be disturbed by death.

And then, brethren, not only has a believer something in hand that is eternal, he shall hereafter too get something that is eternal. He shall stand in the presence and enjoy the eternal favour of God. Hear the words of welcome, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He shall see the face of God without a cloud, and that to all eternity. *Here*, O believer, you have many clouds to darken your view, but *there*, there will be none; and then there is being with Christ, which is another part of the eternal inheritance. Here you mourn an absent Lord, but then your mourning shall be turned into joy. The promise to the dying saint is, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." You shall dwell in the sunlight of God's presence for ever. There shall then be no separation—no mountains of Bether. God himself shall be your eternal inheritance. God said to Aaron, "Thou shalt have no inheritance among them—I am thy inheritance." So he says to every believing soul, "I am thy inheritance." We can therefore sing, "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage." This is the promise of eternal inheritance which all of you who are believers receive. But those of you who are unbelievers will one day say, "Fools that we were, to seek so fondly after worldly things, and miss the eternal inheritance!"

II. I come now to enquire who they are that RECEIVE THIS ETERNAL INHERITANCE. They are said to be "the called." There can be no doubt, that by the called the apostle here means those who are effectually called.

There are many, you know, who are outwardly called, who never receive the promise of eternal inheritance: "Many are called, but few chosen." All who sit under the gospel ministry are called. The king that made the feast has sent out his servants to invite to the marriage; but few will come—yea, the whole Scriptures bear testimony that few are chosen. And not only do those who hear the gospel receive the call, but all those that live in a Christian land are called. Some think they will escape if they do not come to hear the gospel; but they cannot escape even though they try to put the thought out of their mind that there is a Saviour. There is a voice in the silent Sabbath morning, when the ploughman has laid aside his plough and the weaver his loom, that invites you to the Saviour; and, when you see the multitude going to the house of God, whether in the town or on the lonely country side, there is a voice that says, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." In like manner, brethren, the providences that are happening in your families are a call to you. That fever which is taking so many of you away is God's knock at your door to come to Christ. Yet all that are called will not come. The Bible says it, reason confirms it, that "many are called, but few are chosen." Who,

then, are the called? Those who are effectually called. It is sometimes set forth in Scripture as "drawing:" "Draw me; we will run after thee." It is sometimes called "teaching:" "Every man that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me." It is sometimes said to be causing them to hear the Saviour's voice: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." It is called in one place causing them to approach unto God: "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee." Call it by whatever name you will, it is a calling—a drawing by Christ himself: no voice but his can call you—no arm but his can draw you. And then, brethren, all who are thus called do receive the promise; and they that receive the promise cling to Christ for its fulfilment. They get the earnest of it now and the reality of it afterwards. My dear brethren, have *you* been called? I do not ask you if you have been outwardly called. I know you have. Ever since you heard the gospel you have been called. But what I want to know is this—has there come power with the word? Has there come a divine power with the word? My brethren, look to it; for, if you have not been effectually called, you will never receive the promise of eternal inheritance; and if so, you had better never have heard the sound of a Sabbath bell. If you are not effectually called, dear fellow sinner, you will remember you had the outward call when in hell.

III. I come now to the third point, and that is, WHAT CHRIST DID IN ORDER THAT THE CALLED MIGHT RECEIVE THE ETERNAL INHERITANCE. "For this cause he is the mediator of the new testament, that, by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance."

You will observe, brethren, in order that the called might receive the eternal inheritance, Christ became the mediator of the New Testament, and laid down his life that they might receive that inheritance. To understand this, notice—

1st. *They that are called had transgressions lying on them.* They are in themselves no better than others. They are in the first Adam as well as other men. They are under wrath as well as others. Nay, farther, they have committed transgressions as well as other men have done. All have committed transgressions under the first testament. You know, brethren, that the law given at Mount Sinai was a clear revelation of the divine law. Now, all the transgressions of the elect are transgressions of the first covenant which was so clearly revealed from Mount Sinai.

2nd. *All the sacrifices under the first covenant could not take away transgressions.* Verse 13th. They made men ceremonially clean, but they could not give men a real pardon—they could not satisfy the demands of a broken law, and therefore all the sacrifices of the first covenant left sinners unpardoned.

Now, I want you just to notice another point—namely, that Christ became the mediator of the new covenant, in order that he might die, and redeem the transgressors who were under the first covenant. First, he became a mediator, and he said to his Father, "What thou demandest

of these sinners I will do." God said, "I demand their death." "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Christ said, "Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O my God!" And not only did he become mediator, but he became mediator in order that he might die. He took transgressions out of the way, and made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness. He bore the sins of many, and made reconciliation for the transgressors. Such is the meaning of this verse.

Now, brethren, let us draw a few solemn lessons from it; and—

1st. *The called have sins like other men.* They who are called have transgressions against the moral law as well as other men. If it had not been so, Christ would not have died. If they had been without sin, the mediator would not have needed to die. Should not this humble those of you whom God has called, when you consider that you are no better than other men? You are no better than any that are already in hell! Oh! the distinguishing mercy of God, that he should make a difference where there was none.

2*nd.* There is a second lesson, and it is a very solemn one—*that the called cannot go to heaven without blood.* You know the called are those whom he loved from eternity; yet, though he loved them, God would not bring one of them to heaven without an atonement. Ah, brethren! how solemnly does this teach you the meaning of these words, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission!" How many proud men are there here who think they will go to heaven without blood! You think to go to heaven without the blood of Christ; but even the elect could not go to heaven without blood. The mediator had to lay down his life before the elect could get the promise of eternal inheritance. How do you think that you can get to heaven, O stupid sinner, without blood?

3*rd.* There is another solemn lesson you should learn—*the amazing love of Christ to those that are called.* We are told in one place, "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." Now, this passage is just an explanation of it. Oh, the love of God to the called! They were in equal danger with others—they were under the transgressions of the moral law. The Son pitied their case—he agreed to die for them. He said, "I will bear their transgressions, though it should cost me the groans of Gethsemane—though it should cost me the agonies of Golgotha." He loved the church, and gave himself for it. This was love, disinterested love. Brethren, it passes knowledge: we cannot comprehend it, we can only glance at it now, we shall gaze at it to all eternity. Consider—

4*th.* *The amazing peace of believers.* All that have come to Christ have peace, more or less. "We who have believed do enter into rest." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The world think it a kind of fancy. This passage says it is well founded. It says God has laid all our sins on the mediator. He has died for our sins. "He has borne our sins in his own body on the tree." We have entirely obeyed the law in the mediator. We have entirely suffered the penalty due to sin in the mediator. All those who receive the promise of eternal inheritance have peace. Our peace is well grounded: it is grounded on this, that Christ has borne our

sins in his own body on the tree. It is not that we are better than others, but because God has laid our sins on the mediator. We have no other ground of peace than this, and we want no other. This is our peace, and this is the ground of it. Is this *your* peace, sinners? O that you were wise! O that you would consider this! O that you were not fools, with a price in your hands, and no heart to buy! May the Lord bless the preaching of his own word! Amen.

The Apostolic Labours of a Moravian Bishop.

A CENTURY and a half ago, there might have been seen in the quiet evening of early spring, threading the colleges of classic Oxford, two earnest friends engaged in deep and anxious conversation. The men were widely different from each other in many respects, and in none more than in regard to their condition of mind. One was a foreigner, the other an Englishman. The theme of their conversation was of the utmost importance; and the manner in which it was entered upon was indicative of its absorbing character. One friend was explaining lucidly and earnestly the way of salvation to the other. It was not the first time that he had done this. Beseechingly he had implored his friend to renounce his meritoriousness—"My brother, my brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away." Happily his friend was willing to be taught, for he was suffering from great depression of mind. He was groping, like a man in the dark, after the True Light. In much sadness of heart, he was attempting to remove a mountain mass of evil by subtracting atoms and grains therefrom. Under the mental slavery of Mr. Legality, he imagined he was free. His endeavours to serve God he considered to be the best grounds of hope. Yet when he uplifted his eyes, he saw nothing but the dangerous crags and frowning brows of "the mount that burned with fire;" and in his labour and toil, weariness and terror, he would cry, "I exceedingly fear and quake." "What shall I do?" was his enquiry of his friend. "Shall I leave off preaching? How can I preach to others when I have not faith myself?" "By no means leave off," was the reply of his companion. "But what can I preach?" "Preach faith," replied his counsellor, "till you have it; and then, because you have it, you will preach faith."*

Again and again these two companions met. The heart of the troubled one began to relent. Four Christian brethren related their experiences to him, and showed how compassionate was the loving Saviour to the empty, unloving sinner. He was, then, clearly convinced of his want of faith—of his need of it. Yet he insisted that he had not sinned so grossly as other people, forgetting, as he was reminded, that it was sin enough that he did not believe on the Saviour. He wept long and bitterly. Conviction of sin seemed to spring upon his soul, and seize it with its lion-like grasp, and nearly rend every hope asunder. His friend again left him, convinced that he was a true penitent,

* We demur to the soundness of the advice, but then these brethren were not sound, and had ways of their own.—[Ed.]

"hungering after a better righteousness than that which he has till now possessed, even the righteousness of Jesus Christ." It is an old saying, but it is ever new, that there is no receiver so thankful as the exhausted receiver. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The dry ground that has been cracked, and scarred by the hot rays of the sun for days, gladly opens each aperture for the falling, refreshing rain, and the sin-stricken soul, long parched by the heat of conflict, opens with joy to the refreshing mercy of a pardoning God. Not long after, in listening to a person describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, the seeker felt his heart strangely warmed. "I felt I did trust in Christ, in Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

This penitent was John Wesley; his friend and instructor Peter Böhler.

Böhler * was a native of Frankfort-on-Maine, and a minister in the Moravian church. He came over to England for a few weeks prior to his departure for North America, where, at Savannah, in Georgia, he had received a call to become the pastor of an infant church belonging to the "United Brethren," or Moravians. The labours of these brethren—how small their numbers, how they emigrated into various, and so far as missionary efforts were concerned, into untried lands, to form settlements, furnish refuges for persecuted converts, and evangelise among the natives—have been described already in this magazine.† Georgia was a colony inhabited by a mixed class, and formed a sheltering home for persecuted Protestants, of whom it has been stated that "not fewer than twenty-six thousand six hundred and seventy-eight persons, men, women, and children—the aged, the sick, new-born infants with their mothers, were driven in mid-winter from the land of their fathers, and sent forth, through fields of snow, in quest of a people who were not hardened into fiends by Papal superstition, and among whom they might live in safety and peace." Not long after Böhler had reached Savannah, George Whitefield paid a visit to him, and proposed that the Brethren should erect a negro school on a settlement which he had purchased for £2,200. The offer was accepted. "Thus Böhler was the first messenger of the church who penetrated the dense wilderness. Under his care the pilgrim-band commenced their journey on foot; and despite the toils of travelling through forests where the white man had never trod, and amid continued peril of their lives from the native tribes, on May 30th (1740) they reached their future home."‡ The task of building a massive stone structure, in a country where the Red Indian trapped his game, was an extremely difficult one. Yet no work is so easily performed as that which is done out of love to Christ and to souls. It must have been a curious sight, one worthy of an artist's skill in picturing, to have witnessed pastor and people, whites and blacks, labouring in this common cause. It appears

* Pronounced Bāyler.

† "The Sword and the Trowel," 1867, pp. 159, 214.

‡ Memorials of the Life of Peter Böhler, Bishop of the Church of the United Brethren. By the Rev. J. P. Lackwood. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. The memoir is commended most heartily to our readers' further attention.

that the pastor not only encouraged the workmen, but superintended their labours, wielding the axe and handling the saw with as great earnestness and willingness as they. "He walked also," we are told, "to a distant mill to procure the necessaries of life, preached with his accustomed fervour on the Sabbath, and performed all the duties of a Christian pastor with rare fidelity. The spiritual life of the community was thus sustained; and Böhler refers to the period as a season peculiarly blessed of the Lord." An order, however, came from Whitefield, requiring the Brethren to abandon the building and leave the district, and Böhler was urgently requested to leave for Europe. This he did, and after visiting Holland, for a brief period, he returned to this country to labour in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His popularity among the artisans of the north may be judged from the fact that his audiences frequently numbered from three to four thousand, and his capacity for labour and readiness of speech, may be learned from the fact that he preached more than twenty times a week. England at this time was being stirred to its very depths by the earnestness and evangelical power of the great leaders of the much ridiculed Methodists. Crowds of persons, to whom the preaching of Christ crucified was a novelty, so little gospel was there in the teachings of the pulpit, were aroused to enthusiasm by the vigorous and simple utterances of the message of love and mercy by men to whom England owes, under Him who fitted them for the work, much of its spiritual life and prosperity.

The Moravians, in their schemes for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, have displayed extraordinary and fertile ingenuity. Thus, a "sea congregation" was organised with Böhler as their pastor. In Little Wild Street they assembled to hear a charge delivered to them by Spangenberg; and eight of them subsequently ascended the gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, and sang an intercessory hymn for the great city stretched out before them. The sea voyage was not altogether of the pleasantest description. They had to encounter storms, from which they were delivered, and for which mercy they sang thanksgiving hymns. Spanish privateers chased them, and they were all but delivered into their hands. At Madeira, they were denied access for religious conversation to the people, being threatened with the horrors of the Inquisition; but they spoke words of counsel and honesty to the priests. They had no sooner got out into open water than they fell into trouble. A rapid-sailing privateer, supposed to carry from twenty to thirty cannon, and manned by a barbarous crew, hoisted all sail, and bore down upon the defenceless vessel. "The captain, regarding seizure as inevitable, shortened sail, and calmly awaited his fate; while the brethren, showing no fear, felt assured of the special interposition of Him to whose service they were devoted, and whose glory only they sought to promote. When they were apparently in the jaws of death, a sudden fear seemed to seize the hostile captain, who, though surrounded by his bloodthirsty crew, allowed them to pass without hindrance or molestation; a deliverance so signal as to call forth grateful songs of praise." Then, again, we learn that "storms and tempests, thunder and lightning, mist and fog, now rendered progress all but impracticable, and often threatened the destruction of the entire party." At last, however, they arrived in America, and proceeded to Bethlehem.

Böhler joined Zinzendorf in his last and most perilous mission to the Indian tribes. "The toils of this journey," we are told, "through primeval forests, where the sound of an axe had not been heard, and through morasses requiring careful exploration, were very great. They had to cross the Susquehanna by swimming, and had no path but the circuitous and intricate hunting-track of the aborigines: thus passing through scenes of hardship and privation which it is difficult to realise." On one occasion, a plot was formed for the massacre of the entire party; but the machinations of the heathen were frustrated by an overruling Power. Subsequently Böhler went to New York, preached there with great acceptance and with "signs following;" but being accused of belonging to the Papists, he was summoned before the magistrates, and banished the city without the opportunity of defence. Returning to Bethlehem, he continued his labours among the Brethren, until his friend Spangenberg arrived in 1744. He then embarked in "The Queen of Hungary" for Europe. The vessel was pursued by two others, when nearing the European continent, and was boarded by the hostile crews. They "plundered as for a wager," and quarrelled about the spoil until swords were drawn. "The Brethren bore the loss of all things, except the clothes upon their backs, with much composure, but felt concerned for the official papers and legal documents placed under their care, which were rudely trampled upon by their reckless visitors. It was decided that the passengers should be divided among the different vessels; and seeing them hesitate to comply with this decision, the brutalised crew rushed upon them with naked swords, and drove them on deck; but, while they were bidding each other adieu with many tears and prayers, the former instructions were countermanded, and they were allowed to share each other's society." The owner of two of the privateers, secured their immunity from further trouble, and their papers were taken care of, and they themselves were suffered to accomplish the rest of their journey.

Not long after his arrival in Germany, Böhler was consecrated a Bishop of the Moravian church, which was the highest honour his church could grant. His duties, it appears, were onerous, and involved "a visitation of the churches, including personal and minute conversation with the members, the inspection of the church property and archives, and the general supervision of its material and spiritual interests." Böhler's life was an exceedingly active, if not restless life. He seems to be no sooner settled in a sphere, than he was off to visit other lands, and other communities, and engage in other work. He pays a third visit to his brethren in America. His episcopate there cost him much trouble and anxiety—for the Brethren had hopelessly involved themselves in difficulties respecting their property. Yet through his tact and perseverance, he succeeded in securing their possessions. The churches of which he was overseer were of a medley kind. We give a description of them from Mr. Lockwood's book:—

"Among the members of these churches were chiefs who had kindled the big fire of the council-chamber; prepared or handled the black wampum; brandished the tomahawk, or 'lifted the hatchet;' sounded the key-note of the war-whoop, so terrific to the ear of a foe; or led the dance which preceded

scenes of savage warfare, the mere allusion to which awakens the shudder of humanity.

"The candidates for baptism comprised persons adorned with the tails of foxes, or with the skins of serpents intertwined in their hair; who were decorated with magnificent plumes of feathers, their cheeks tattooed with the forms of birds, animals, and reptiles, and their faces covered with black and vermilion.

"The labours of the evangelists had been conducted amid privations and toils of the most exhausting nature. The howling wolves had to be driven from their encampment with blazing torches; occasionally scenes like those portrayed in "The Prairie on Fire" were witnessed; and on one occasion the flame of their burning property was distinctly seen across the Blue Mountains, at a distance of more than thirty miles.

"They had to satisfy the pangs of hunger on bilberries, chestnuts, and wild honey. Their animal food was procured by the chase—as they shot a bird, or brought down the deer; and, in one instance, they made a meal of poor bruin, who had fallen into their hands. In one of their journeys the hungry cries of the children were appeased by peeling the chestnut-trees of their bark, and allowing them to suck the saccharine juice concealed beneath the rind.

"They were in continual perils from the treacherous tribes, for whose temporal and spiritual welfare they were unceasingly solicitous. They had to cross the rapid rivers, to ascend the lofty mountains; and, passing by the remains of villages once populous, whose desolation told of tribal strife so fierce that probably no survivor had been spared to tell the tale, they had to thread their weary way among the lengthening forests, where no European had ever trod.

"Seldom have the records of the church displayed a nobler specimen of heroic courage or calm submission than that witnessed in the death of the devoted wife of Senseman, who perished by burning, in a murderous assault by the Indians. Her husband witnessed the horrid sight, but was unable to render any aid, as standing with folded arms amid the raging flames, she exclaimed, 'Tis all well, dear Saviour.'"

What a contrast this office of the bishop of the Moravians to that of our Anglican bishops who live in noble palaces; are styled your "lordship," and have the intense satisfaction of meddling with the politics of a great nation from their benches in the House of Lords! What a rich experience would their Graces gain were they to engage in such holy, apostolic labour as that which engaged the thoughts and zeal of Bishop Böhler. We are not surprised to read that he at one time suffered from mental depression—for his mental activity was great. In Christian work he was "abundant," visiting churches, arousing the zeal of the indolent, and awakening the spirituality of those who had declined in the ways of God. His evangelistic services were greatly honoured to the conversion of souls, and his ministry was fruitful of the best results. Before his death, he saw "the settlements which he had founded multiplying their converts, exerting an influence of the most hallowed character over extensive districts, and presenting abundant hope of continued growth and prosperity."

He died in England, and was removed to the cemetery attached to Lindsey House, Chelsea. There his body awaits the sound of the last trumpet when he shall be raised incorruptible.

It has been thought by some that the age of heroism in Christian missions has departed; that the church, grown old in worldliness of policy and chilliness of action, is incapable of heroic deeds for Christ in foreign lands—that the glow of enthusiasm felt by men of God at the prospect

of suffering for the sake of the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom has passed away—that committees and red-tape officialism have crushed the life out of Christian heroism—that Mahomet's aphorism, "Paradise is under the shadow of swords," or, in other words, that only by ceaseless struggling and fighting is victory to be gained, finds no echo in the human heart—that those who start in life adopting the tone of youthful giants, ere long prove that "the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size of man." Perhaps the age has outlived the era of Christian hardihood and daring. So much the worse for the age. But we do not believe that enthusiasm for Christ has died out. Its forms may have changed; its power runs mightily in a new channel, when it is diverted from the old original course. There is more of this apostolic fire in our home missions than there was one hundred years ago. The fire still burns; its flames still leap from God's altar and descend upon men. What we want is to see more of this feeling evinced in all our efforts for evangelising among the heathen. The future will display it, let not the present be backward. For these reasons, we have been glad to record the zealous efforts of a Moravian Bishop in the early part of the eighteenth century. May we all catch some of his spirit, and be fired with the like enthusiasm!

John Ploughman's Talk.

SPENDING.

TO earn money is easy compared with spending it well; anybody may dig up potatoes, but it is not one woman in ten that can cook them. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they save. Many men who have money are as short of wit as a hog is of wool; they are under the years of discretion though they have turned forty, and make ducks and drakes of hundreds as boys do of stones. What their fathers got with the rake they throw away with the shovel. After the miser comes the prodigal. Often men say of the spendthrift his old father was no man's friend but his own, and now the son is no man's enemy but his own; the fact is, the old gentleman went to hell by the lean road, and his son has made up his mind to go there by the fat. As soon as the spendthrift gets his estate it goes like a lump of butter in a greyhound's mouth. All his days are the first of April; he would buy an elephant at a bargain, or thatch his house with pancakes, nothing is too foolish to tickle his fancy; his money burns holes in his pocket, and he must squander it, always boasting that his motto is, "Spend, and God will send." He will not stay till he has his sheep before he shears them; he forestalls his income, draws upon his capital, and so kills the goose which lays the golden eggs, and cries out, "Who would have thought it?" He never spares at the brim, but he means, he says, to save at the bottom. He borrows at high interest of Robem, Cheatem, and Sellem-up, and when he gets cleaned out, he lays it all either upon the lawyers or else on the bad times. Times never were good for lazy prodigals, and if they were good to them they would be bad for all the world besides. Why men should be in such a hurry to make themselves beggars is a mystery, but nowadays, what with betting at horse-races, laziness, and

speculating, there seems to be a regular four-horse coach running to Needham every day. Ready-money must be quite a curiosity to some men, and yet they spend like lords. They are gentlemen without means, which is much the same as plum-puddings without plums.

Spending your money with many a guest,
Empties the larder, the cellar and chest.

If a little gambling is thrown in with the fast living, money melts like a snowball in an oven. A young gambler is sure to be an old beggar if he lives long enough.

The devil leads him by the nose,
Who the dice so often throws.

There are more asses than those with four legs. I am sorry to say they are found among working men as well as fine gentlemen. Fellows who have no estate but their labour, and no family arms except those they work with, will yet spend their little hard earnings at the beer-shop or in waste. No sooner are their wages paid than away they go to the "Spotted Dog," or the "Marquis of Granby," to contribute their share of fools' pence towards keeping up the landlord's red face and round corporation. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, and yet some men hardly know the flavour of it; but beer, guzzled down as it is by many a working man, is nothing better than brown ruin. Dull droning blockheads sit on the alebench and wash out what little sense they ever had. However, I believe that farming people are a deal better managers with their money than Londoners are, for though their money is very little, their families look nice and tidy on Sundays. True the rent isn't so bad in a village as in the town, and there's a bit of garden; still, those Londoners earn a deal of money, and they have many chances of buying in a cheap market which the poor countryman has not; and, on the whole, I think 'tis very good management which keeps a family going on ten shillings a week in the country, and bad management that can't pay its way on five-and-twenty in London. Why, some families are as merry as mice in malt on very small wages, and others are as wretched as rats in a trap on double the amount. Those who wear the shoe know best where it pinches, but economy is a fine thing, and makes ninepence go further than a shilling. Some make soup out of a flint, and others can't get nourishment out of gravy beef. Some go to shop with as much wit as Samson had in both his shoulders, but no more; they do not buy well; they have not sense to lay out their money to advantage. Buyers ought to have a hundred eyes, but these have not even half a one, and they do not open that; well was it said that if fools did not go to market bad wares would never be sold. They never get a pennyworth for their penny, and this often because they are on the hunt for cheap things, and forget that generally the cheapest is the dearest, and one cannot buy a good shilling's worth of a bad article. When there's five eggs a penny, four of them are rotten. Poor men often buy in very small quantities, and so pay through the nose; for a man who buys by the pennyworth keeps his own house and another man's. Why not get two or three week's supply at once, and so get it cheaper? Store is no sore. People are often saving at the wrong place, and spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar; others look after small savings and forget greater things; they are penny wise and pound

foolish; they spare at the spigot, and let all run away at the bunghole. Some buy things they don't want, because they are great bargains; let me tell them that what they do not want is dear at a farthing. Fine dressing makes a great hole in poor people's means. Whatever does John Ploughman, and such as work hard for their daily bread, want with silks and satins? It's like a blacksmith's wearing a white silk apron. I hate to see a servant girl or a labourer's daughter tricked out as if she thought people would take her for a lady. Why, everybody knows a tadpole from a fish, nobody mistakes a poppy for a rose. Give me a woman in a nice neat dress, clean and suitable, and for beauty she will beat the flashy young hussies all to pieces. If a girl has got a few shillings to spare, let her buy a good bit of flannel for the winter, before she is tempted with bright looking but useless finery. Buy what suits yourself to wear, and if it does not suit other people to look at, let them shut their eyes. All women are good—either for something or for nothing, and their dress will generally tell you which.

I suppose we all find the money goes quite fast enough, but after all it was made to circulate, and there's no use in hoarding it. It is bad to see our money become a runaway servant and leave us, but it would be worse to have it stop with us and become our master. We should try, as our minister says, "to find the golden mean," and neither be lavish nor stingy. He has his money best spent who has the best wife. The husband may earn money, but only the wife can save it. "A wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." The wife it seems, according to Solomon, is the builder or the real puller down. A man cannot prosper till he gets his wife's leave. A thrifty housewife is better than a great income. A good wife and health are a man's best wealth. Bless their hearts, what should we do without them? It is said they like to have their own way, but then the proverb says, a wife ought to have her will during life, because she cannot make one when she dies. The weather is so melting that I cannot keep up this talk any longer, and therefore I shall close with an old-fashioned rhyme—

"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They soothe life's shocks, they mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money!"

Beware of the Ivy Green.

IN the gardens of Hampton Court you will see many trees entirely vanquished and well nigh strangled by huge coils of ivy, which are wound about them like the snakes around the unhappy Laocoon; there is no untwisting the folds, they are too giantlike, and fast fixed, and every hour the rootlets of the climber are sucking the life out of the unhappy tree. Yet there was a day when the ivy was a tiny aspirant, only asking a little aid in climbing; had it been denied then the tree had never become its victim, but by degrees the humble weakling grew in strength and arrogance, and at last it assumed the mastery, and the tall tree became the prey of the creeping insinuating destroyer. The moral is too obvious. Sorrowfully do we remember many noble characters which have been ruined little and little by insinuating habits. Drink has been the ivy in many cases. Reader, see to it, lest some slowly advancing sin overpower you: men who are murdered by slow poisoning die just as surely as those who take arsenic.

A London Pastor in the Olden Time;

OR,

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM KIFFEN.

BY G. H. PIKE.

THE Kiffen family came originally from Wales, and in Welsh the name denotes *a borderer*. William was born in London, in about the year 1616, but lost parents and friends in the plague of 1625, that swept away a third part of the London population. Although the disease attacked and prostrated the lad, he, contrary to all expectation, recovered. A short time subsequently to these disasters, Kiffen became apprenticed to a brewer,* and, whilst in this position, many humiliating circumstances added bitterness to his lonely bereavement. The mental depression and disgust he experienced sufficed to render his surroundings intolerable, so that he resolved to forsake his employment. To accomplish this purpose, he arose betimes one morning and left his master's house. Whilst despondingly wandering about the City, he observed some persons entering a church, and he, listlessly following, found one of the early services, so usual in those days, to be proceeding. Oddly enough, the preacher explained servants' duties to masters, a sermon which effectually drove back the boy into the forsaken brewhouse. Then came conversion. From Kiffen's own account of this process, a good idea may be obtained of the spiritual torture and fiery ordeal he underwent. His terror-striking visions were doubtless in part occasioned by a lively imagination. The happiness, however, attending the succeeding calm repaid all; and Kiffen's life, from henceforth, was characterised by a dauntless courage, which neither enemies nor temptations could dismay.

Hitherto Kiffen had remained a consistent adherent to the Established Church, and the Laudian persecution was the means of changing his sentiments. With a heathen ferocity the "little bishop" was then driving from England its Christian inhabitants, whilst his savage intolerance alienated others. The poor apprentice examined for himself the disputed points about doctrine and discipline, and conscience bade him join the persecuted section, and declare himself a Dissenter. In this way, wordly men, holding Christian offices, expelled many noble spirits from a church professing to be a common shelter. The earnestness which moved such young Puritan converts is not a little surprising. Kiffen joined a society of kindred natures, who habitually attended the six-o'clock-in-the-morning sermons, and devoted the preceding hour to mutual instruction and prayer.

Being now a recognised Dissenter, Kiffen joined the Independents, and found a pastor in John Lathorp, whose church was amongst the earliest Nonconforming

* Kiffen's master was that "Great trouble-world and hodge-podge of religion," as Wood styles him, John Lilburn. He must indeed have been rarely gifted in the art of vexing civil governments, for he proved himself alike an enemy to kingly tyranny or Cromwell's rule; and earth discovered no resting-place for his fierce and turbulent spirit. When the Star Chamber illegally punished him upon the charge of spreading sedition, he made the pillory a platform from which he denounced the bishops, and other epi-copal malignants, whilst he threw his books among-t the crowd. Like a true hero, he endured through three years the horrors inseparable from a loathsome cell, and from his prison sent forth a political essay. It was even supposed that he set the place on fire, with a view of regaining his liberty. After the Long Parliament released him, he fought the Royalists at Edgehill. At the battle of Brentford, he was captured and carried to Charles's head quarters, at Oxford, and accused of high treason. The Commons, threatening retaliations should the charge be proceeded with, occasioned his release, and friends triumphantly welcomed his return, besides presenting him with a testimonial of £300. At about this juncture in the national crisis, Lilburn laid aside his sword to resume his pen, his hostility to the Presbyterian regimen being his chief reason for so doing. His many libels proved so troublesome, that Cromwell lodged the author in Newgate, and from thence removed him into the Tower. He underwent a trial for high treason, but the jury acquitted him, and to celebrate the occasion, he ordered a number of commemorative medals. Yet, however, pursuing his eccentric career, the Parliament condemned him to be fined and imprisoned, which he escaped by fleeing into Holland. Returning to London in 1653, Lilburn was again seized, thrown into Newgate, tried, and once more acquitted. He next joined the Quakers, and lived out his remaining days at Eltham and its neighbourhood. He died in 1657, having only reached the thirty-ninth year of his age. Sir Henry Martin had an opinion about this old Puritan soldier and controversialist, that probably approximated nearer to truth than many of his contemporaries would have admitted—"If the world were employed of all but John Lilburn, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn."

assemblies in London. The members congregated at unstated hours, and in various places, for Laud's industrious workings tended towards levelling both conscience and religion down to his own contemptible standard; and, in accomplishing his end, he was becoming quite an adept at whipping, fining, and mutilation. Royal encouragement, with the approval of his own mean capacities, urged the bishop to persevere. John Lathorp, and thirty of his people, sailed for America to evade the persecution. Kiffen, about this time, commenced preaching, and displayed a truly Christian courage. In those days, the ignorant populace never questioned the rightness of a bishop's example. Insults from the rabble, therefore, had necessarily to be borne, in addition to their teacher's opposition. Upon one occasion, when our young evangelist was about leaving the meeting-house, he found awaiting him about the door a rough, cowardly company, who supplemented their coarse epithets with a shower of stones. Such an adventure was not one likely to ruffle a Puritan's breast, and it would certainly never have been mentioned, but for the lesson of its sequel. A year later, a messenger requested Kiffen to immediately visit a sick person—the suffering patient turning out to be a blacksmith, and the same who had thrown the stone. The poor man had well nigh sank into a skeleton, and while craving Kiffen's forgiveness, he confessed how, from the time of committing the act, he had dwindled away. The man died, but not before his visitor's heart had more than forgiven him.

Kiffen's act in "taking a suitable yokefellow" occurred almost simultaneously with another step scarcely less important, viz., his adoption of Baptist principles. Five years before, for similar reasons, a number of friends had seceded from the church with which he worshipped, and had established themselves in Wapping, where Kiffen now joined them. Many troubles remained to be encountered. He was seized suddenly whilst preaching in the Borough, and thrown into prison. The jail society included a prisoner who regarded Kiffen with an unusually bitter spitefulness, and this strange enemy even planned the preacher's murder. The man poisoned his fellow prisoners' minds, and a number, prompted by murderous motives, abruptly entered Kiffen's apartment one quiet Sabbath evening, while he sat enjoying a brief visit from his family. The hospitable reception which the ruffians received fairly astonished and conquered them, and many minutes had not elapsed before the lately intended victim necessarily interposed to shield his accuser from harm. This accuser's behaviour, however, daily grew more unseemingly violent. He reiterated treasonable charges, and so contrived to prolong his innocent enemy's confinement till circumstances at length wrought Judge Mallett's committal to the the Tower, and Kiffen's liberation.

When in his twenty-fourth year disease again attacked and prostrated our divine. A number of relatives, considering his restoration to be improbable, turned the calamity into an opportunity of appropriating as much of the sick man's property as could be secured, and the invalid deeply suffered from these dishonest dealings. One surgeon pronounced the case to be hopeless; but when another physician was consulted, he became prompted by a strong affection for his patient, and paid him incessant attention, so that Kiffen recovered. Reduced both in natural strength and worldly substance, anxiety was mixed with gratitude when the time came to reward his benefactor; the good doctor banished every misgiving by refusing to accept in fees any thing more than a single crown, even though his generosity had injured other interests.

After this Kiffen undertook a trading expedition into Holland. Assisted by a co-religionist, a young man as poor as himself, large success soon attended these business transactions, and the preacher's circumstances grew daily easier. His resources continued to multiply till, through wealth and influence, he came to be regarded as the Metropolitan of the Baptist denomination; and, indeed his authority was apparently recognised by brethren throughout the British Isles.

We may in some degree realise England's ecclesiastical condition, and of what the efforts to extirpate Dissent consisted, by reading the Archbishop of

Canterbury's Reports to Charles I. These likewise interest us through affording some glimpses into the country life of districts over which Kiffen and Patient travelled in a propagandist tour. In 1634, both Ashford and Maidstone were considerable centres of Nonconformist influence. Scarcely beyond Canterbury Cathedral's shadow a small Dutch Protestant congregation assembled. These people were regarded with an evil eye—ordered to abandon their separate state—forsake the meeting-house, and conform to the Rubric. Dissent also widely prevailed in Bedford. Lincoln is represented as having descended to a still lower condition; for there, one Johnson, a Baptist, habitually preached; and, to the Archbishop's regret, admiring crowds accepted his instructions—preferring such plain gospel harangues to sermons from the drunken clergy, who as the Metropolitan admits, abounded in the diocese. All endeavours to suppress the meeting-houses not only contemptibly failed, but largely served in extending Dissenters' influence. In 1637, several Puritan preachers were captured in Kent, the principal amongst whom had scarcely been secured ere he "Slipt out of prison," to recommence, with redoubled zeal, his evangelising labours. Such intrepid courage reaped an abundant reward, even though, as in the present instance, its subject was recommitted to prison by the Court of High Commission. The Archbishop, however, had other trials to encounter, which naturally enough excite hearty sympathy. He suspended an obstinate schoolmaster for declining either to conform, take the oath of allegiance, or to introduce his rustic students to any knowledge save orthodox theology. With such a leaven working, it was not surprising if even Canterbury people were weaned from Anglicanism, though strict conformity was about to be enforced. In the diocese of London, the bishop's chancellor summoned thirty clergymen before him, either to answer about deviating from the Rubric, or, for the then lighter offence of drunkenness. In the see of Norwich, certain towns had dwindled away, till the church, the manor house, and some miscellaneous ruins, were about all remaining. In one, if not in more instances, the squire had appropriated as a storehouse the village sanctuary's deserted aisles. Parishes were occasionally found with churches gradually growing ruinous and destitute of ministers. In such instances the people worshipped with their neighbours, and escaped paying tithes. A case in illustration was Lanwood, near Newmarket. The church there remained neglected till the roof fell in; yet, only by forthwith selling the bells for old metal did the authorities manifest any concern. The condition of burial grounds in rural districts, as in towns, was often no less dangerous than disgraceful. In some places innkeepers erected their signs above the graves; and the churchyard at Edmundsbury is reported to the king as having a public-house in its centre. In some situations, upon the east coast, the sea threatened homes and churches alike with common destruction. But the crowning perplexity, which in those days tried our bishops, was a matter about readmitting to communion some escaped prisoners from Morocco, who, to preserve their life, had renounced Christianity. The prelates long consulted, ere conflicting counsels planned an escape from this unparalleled emergency. Upon finally agreeing about a form of readmission, it was exactly registered for posterity's benefit, who would be so unlikely, in grappling with a like difficulty, to enjoy similar wisdom.

Kiffen's share in the civil wars, and their attendant political troubles was probably greater than we have any accounts of. He and Benjamin Hewling the elder, were both officers in the Parliamentary army. But Kiffen's military powers did not prevent his becoming a trier of ministerial candidates. In addition to these engagements he travelled about England in company with Thomas Patient, specially to defend and expound the tenet of believers' baptism. These efforts put forth by one with Kiffen's character—a man who had achieved a good position in commercial society—were pre-eminently successful, if effects are to be judged by the opposition encountered.

During 1642 the controversy between the Baptists and their opponents provoked public discussions in London, the leading combatants being Kiffen and

Dr. Featly. The latter, in his *Dippers Dipt*, has commemorated this passage-at-arms; and in the Commonwealth time his scurrilous book was sufficiently appreciated to reach a sixth edition in 1651. The curious still read and value it, but merely as an illustration of the fierce intolerance common to the times. Kiffen and his people are alluded to as illiterate sots, belonging to a profane and blasphemous sect; and heaven's judgments, likely to confound them, are freely prophesied. The libelled denomination replied to such malignant attacks by drawing up a Confession of Faith, which, after being signed by Kiffen and six others, was published in 1644. In this publication they endeavoured to prove Baptists really to be neither Jesuits, Polygamists, Adamites, Epicures, nor Phychopannychists—epithets, however, freely applied, and through being industriously circulated, commonly believed. By taking this defensible attitude, some amateur revellers were awakened. The title page of *The Anabaptist's Looking Glass*, published in 1645, describes Kiffen as "The author and grand ringleader of that seduced sect." A more notable opponent was Edwards, the Presbyterian writer of *Gangræna*, a book wherein all are maligned outside his own connection. He discovered in Presbyterianism a sovereign cure for the many troubles then vexing the church. In this book, Kiffen is called a mountebank; and his people—who, in fact, were wealthy and influential—are declared to be so many servants and children, a deluded rabble, assembling with neither masters' nor parents' consent. Edwards's preaching very nearly amounted to fanaticism. We may easily imagine that such an orator would rarely ascend his pulpit, excepting to denounce as Amalekites, and scions of Jezebel's household, all who disacknowledged the Presbytery. Occasionally, to their own credit, and posterity's amusement, some hearers would audibly dissent from his fiery declamations. A man, with his indignation aroused, once interrupted by calling out, "This rascally rogue deserves to be pulled out of the pulpit;" when a responding cry rang through the church, "Let's go and pull him out." Kiffen once addressed his antagonist in a brief note, which, at the conclusion of a usual harangue against the sectaries, was handed up to Edwards, in Christchurch, London. This, having been printed, was circulated about the town as a handbill four inches square; and an original copy is still carefully preserved.

The custom of anointing sick persons with oil, accompanied by prayer for restoration, prevailed amongst the Baptists till after Anne's accession. For such a purpose Kiffen visited Hanserd Knollys, and his health recovered. Another instance occurs, in which a female member of the congregation, for the same end, was waited upon by Kiffen and an elder. Report says she soon recovered her strength, and thanks were accordingly returned to God in public.

Thus time flew on. The Protector died; and troubles, national and personal, loomed in the distance. It could not be expected that Kiffen, who united the earnest divine to the opulent merchant, would be allowed to pursue his course unnoticed, or unmolested, by the iniquitous Government of the Restoration. His trials began before the King's restoration. One night, after bedtime, in February, 1659, a number of Monck's soldiers forcibly entered the homes of Kiffen, B. Hewling, and two others, and searched the premises. This outrage was followed by the publication of a libellous and seditious manifesto purporting to emanate from the congregational churches. Kiffen was arrested; but an appeal to the Lord Mayor obtained his release; and to an original copy of the printed petition we are indebted for this information. A few weeks after, in March, a squib was published, which grossly caricatured the pastor, and referred to his chapel as New Bedlam; but even from this we learn of his dignified place in the denomination.*

* "After two or three Conferences with Patience (Patient) . . . . . he was by instinct and revelation appointed to the work, and ordained Musty of all heretics and sectaries. But this was not without great heartburnings of other gifted brethren, who, upon his assumption to the pontificacy and primacy, began to separate and divide from the congregation, and to set up for themselves in their particular conventicles, intending to weaken Kiffen's design and party; but the wenches stuck close unto him, and he prevailed, as we see unto this day."—*Life and Approaching Death of William Kiffen*," 1659, p. 2.

A few months subsequently, an atrocious plot was planned, having for an object its victim's judicial murder and the confiscation of his property. A treasonable letter, addressed by one Basset, at Taunton, to an accomplice named Crabb, in London, turned up in the Western mailbag. The note referred to the recent death of the Princess of Orange, and then spoke about a plot ripe for explosion, when Kiffen's promised aid of arms and ammunition arrived. The merchant sagaciously pointed out how the mark had been overshot by dating the letter three days before the Princess's death had really occurred, and he therefore got discharged. The pastor's free trade views next occasioned further trouble; for dangerous times had fallen upon England, and many self-denying Christians proved with Kiffen in their daily life, how one trouble's departure was the prelude to another. Our divine, compelled by duty, gave evidence before a House of Commons committee to the detriment of certain persons who sought a royal license to monopolise the Dutch cloth trade. The dismayed western manufacturers applied to their parliamentary representatives, whom they referred to Kiffen as a competent authority to afford information. The pastor's enemies sourrilously attacked him; and, even before the King in Council, charged him with various crimes. Fortunately a contrary effect was produced to the one desired, and the maligned witness grew in Charles's esteem, and even lived to obtain some influence over the government. A clear proof of this occurred when the fanatical Aylesbury magistrates condemned to death twelve Nonconformists. Messengers were dispatched to London, and Kiffen immediately obtained the Chancellor's interference. He was nevertheless vexed by trials fast following one upon another.

Kiffen was next suddenly arrested by the Duke of Buckingham's agents, and accused of planning the king's murder. He vainly expressed abhorrence at the thoughts even such atrocity inspired, as affecting the meanest creature, much more as regarded his Majesty. In this dangerous affliction, Lady Ranelagh visited the pastor, and ministered to his comfort, besides doing much towards effecting his release. Thankful for so welcome an issue, he repaired upon the next morning to Whitehall to express his gratitude. He there, however, met several enemies, and amongst them the Lord Chief Justice, who attempted to prove the accusation true. Escape now appeared impossible; though recommended by Clarendon, Kiffen sought to petition the King to accept bail for his appearance. Failing to obtain an interview with Charles, he yet produced two rich merchants as sureties, but he was told to depart about his business. Whether or not this absurd affair really alarmed the monarch cannot now be known; yet he went into a sour temper about it, at least so said the page, who delivered to Kiffen his order of release.

(To be Continued.)

On Bazaars.

BAZAARS in connection with benevolent or religious institutions are of modern date; such things were unknown half a century ago, and would have been regarded as inconsistent and profane. Both Churchmen and Dissenters would have condemned them as sacrilegious; the one as an innovation upon consecrated usage, and the other as incompatible with unsullied devotion. We think we see the awful frown upon the brow of Andrew Fuller, the curling lip of contempt in Gill or Ripon, or hear the sarcastic reproof of Robert Hall, should a proposal have been made to them to endeavour to raise funds for religious purposes by means of a bazaar. Many think that in this respect the former times were better than these. Many, and especially of the elder sort, think the world is going backward, but we are more disposed to conclude that it is going forward. They sigh for the good old times, but we should sigh to see them return. Every age has its faults, but it has its advantages too; and we should not be disposed to make an exchange with any that

has preceded. We have never heard of a period since the time when men began to multiply in the earth in which we could have wished the world to stand still. Let it go on, we say, in its appointed course as fast as it can roll. Its glory is in the future, and not in the past.

We meet with numerous objections to bazaars, as that they injure trade; that they encourage vanity and finery in furniture and dress; that they bring young persons into familiar intercourse with each other; that they promote a needless and injurious admixture of secular with spiritual things; and that they appeal to a false principle of charity. These objections are plausible, and are often conscientiously maintained. They are such, in fact, as would suggest themselves at first to nearly every Christian mind. Nor can it be denied that bazaars have their temptations to evil, and that they are for the most part such as have been named. It may be questioned, however, whether those temptations are not of nearly equal force without them, and whether there be not on the whole a considerable preponderance of good. They have now been extensively tried, and what have been the actual results? Have they injured trade? It would be difficult, we think, to find instances of this, while many in which they have proved beneficial to trade might be discovered. Have they encouraged finery in furniture and dress? That is a taste which is likely to prevail quite as much without them. How can that be increased which is already carried to its utmost extent? As to young people meeting together at bazaars, they are sure to meet somewhere, and better meet amongst the friends of the church than of the world. And as for the secularising influence of bazaars, they are usually held at times in which those who are occupied in them would have been in other secular employments, so that they turn not religion to a secular, so much as secularity to a religious use. But what shall we say of the appeal to a false principle of charity? Would it not be better to give money without any equivalent? Would not that be real charity? Unquestionably it would; and it is done in a far larger extent. But why not supplement the direct by indirect means? Men may buy in charity as well as give in charity. It is sometimes greater charity to buy than to give. As direct charity is not always true, so indirect charity is not always false. Men like to exercise their benevolence in different ways, some in giving direct to the object, others in giving to those who can make more of it, and others by obtaining a memorial of their bounty. Our charity should allow others to exercise their charity as they please. We are disposed to think that real charity towards the object for which bazaars are held is the predominant motive both in those by whom they are provided and in those by whom they are patronised.

Let us look now at the considerations that might be positively advanced in their favour. They increase the funds of our benevolent and religious institutions. Thus far their end is good; and the means, if not positively evil, are sanctioned by the end. We are not to do evil that good may come; but when the evil is imaginary and the good is real and abiding, the case is altered. Let those who complain of this method of raising money, show us not a more excellent merely, but a more practicable way. Of two evils, having a bazaar and being in debt, we should be disposed to choose the former.

There may be some good in a bazaar, in itself considered. It evokes much latent talent, and calls forth energies that may result in useful habits. It enables many to say, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee." I have no money to give, but I have time, I have a tongue, I have eyes and ears, I have hands and feet, I have ingenuity and labour. I will give these to the work. If to such five talents are given in direct charity, or two, or one; and the five talents become ten in their hands; and the two, four; and the one, two; ingenuity has been exercised, industry has been encouraged, and capital has been increased. Interest too has been taken in the object by those who have been thus employed which otherwise would not have been felt. And more than this, young people by this means have learned the secret of their own strength; that they have a power for good of which they never dreamt; and

that instead of playing with toys, their fingers may be turned to good account. A young engineer may be in that little contrivance, a young artist in that little decoration, a young mechanic in that little production, and a young merchant in that little transaction. Diligent habits have been formed, and preparing for a bazaar has been a school of industry to many. Knowledge too of the art of buying and selling has been acquired. Thus many, by giving their time and labour to others, have learned to use them profitably for themselves.

Where, it may be said, have we any Scripture authority for bazaars? The first tabernacle, we reply, with all its furniture, was erected from the produce of a bazaar. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus we thus read, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them; gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goat's hair, and ram's skins dyed red, and badgers' skins and shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil, and for sweet incense; onyx stones and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate. And let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them." This was the notice given of a bazaar to be held in the wilderness at the foot of Mount Sinai. In the thirty-fifth chapter of the same book we have an account of the bazaar being held, which is too long for insertion here. Some points of resemblance with modern bazaars may be noticed. The object there was religious; it was for the erection of a house for God. That house was more externally sacred than any now erected for divine worship. If a bazaar might be held for a house of God then, why not now? and if a house of God of any kind, why not for an orphanage, or any other benevolent purpose? The offerings of old were of various kinds. There were articles of gold and silver and brass. There were jewels and precious stones. There were blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen. There were pins and cords and garments. There were curtains and trimmings and lamps and vases and spices. There was all the variety and profusion of our modern bazaars. The women, as now, took a prominent part. "They came, both men and women. And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple and of scarlet, and of fine linen." All gifts, whether of goods or of labour, were gratuitously bestowed. There were no drawbacks upon the articles presented. "They came every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation." Some were inspired by God with special ingenuity on that occasion, and why should we not acknowledge the same hand in the talents called forth on our behalf? "Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work." In the original, as in all modern bazaars, there were more articles than could be disposed of. "They spake unto Moses, saying, The people bring much more than enough. And Moses gave commandment, and they caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying, Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing. For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much."

Although we have said thus much in favour of bazaars, we see the need of much caution that lotteries and gambling and other indications of a spirit that is of the world and not of God, be not associated with them. We accept them as one of the means peculiar to the present age of advancing its social and moral and religious welfare; to give place to the superior requirements of a more enlightened age, which, in its turn, must yield to that which is more spiritual, until the church and the world part company for ever, each gathers to itself all that is its own, and goes to its own place.

G. Rogers.

Bazaar for Stockwell Orphanage.

VERY many of our friends confound our Orphanage with the *Alexandra*, which excellent institution is quite a distinct affair. Will readers kindly notice this! Our Bazaar (D. V.), will be held on September 8th; many things are coming in, but to make a great success of it, much more must be done. This is the Lord's work, and we feel sure we shall not fail in it even on any one occasion, but we must use our best energies, for only then can we expect the blessing. During this month of August cannot friends unitedly and individually make a great effort for us? Remember it is the closing struggle so far as the buildings are concerned, and about £3,000 will crown the whole. After that we shall have to depend upon the providence of God for nearly £5,000 per annum for the support of the children, and therefore it is incumbent upon us not to leave any burden upon the buildings. There is a great weight resting upon us just now, but we are not troubled, for the Lord will surely provide. Yet he designs that by the liberality of many, his work shall be done, and therefore for the Orphan's sake, and for Jesus' sake, we entreat our friends to come promptly to our aid. All parcels should be directed to Mr. Spurgeon, the Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London.

Tradition and the Fathers.

BY CHARLES STOKES CAREY.

CONSCIOUS of the weakness of their cause so long as the controversy is confined to the Scriptures, and, though supported, also contradicted by the formularies of their own church, High Church writers commonly take shelter in the mists of Christian antiquity. They assert that the Bible must be interpreted by the writings of "the Fathers," that is, of the Divines of the first five or six centuries;* and they also assert that these writings contain an apostolic tradition by which we have to complete and define much which the New Testament has left unsettled or undeveloped.

We reject this appeal to tradition for the following reasons:—

1. To say that the Scriptures are insufficient for our guidance is *to leave the laity helpless in the hands of the clergy*. Laymen in that case have neither the learning nor the leisure requisite for ascertaining what they are required to believe. The New Testament can give them no instruction, it can at least assist their devotions. For want of the right interpretation they will certainly mistake its teachings, and probably through this mistake fall away from "the Church" and perish.

2. If the Fathers only can give us the true explanation of Scripture, *why is not that explanation given to the world by authority?* There is surely erudition enough for such a task among the Anglican clergy, and the great wealth of their church might be expended in cheapening the volumes which contained the precious treasure. And then what inestimable benefits would ensue! The practices and doctrines of the church would be seen to rest on an immutable basis, and by such overwhelming evidence in their favour Evangelicalism and Dissent would be at once annihilated.

3. *The teaching of the Established Church is directly opposed to this High Church theory. She* asserts the sufficiency of Scripture, at least, so it appears to the unassisted reason. "Holy Scripture," says the Sixth Article, "containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein nor proved thereby is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an Article of Faith." Again, in *The Ordering of Priests*, the candidate is asked, "Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation?" and he answers, "I am so persuaded." High Churchmen are persuaded of nothing of the kind; at least

* St. Bernard (died 1153) is called the last of the fathers.

they must interpret the question and answer in a "non-natural" manner. Again, in the Homily *On Reading the Scriptures;* "In Holy Scripture is *fully* contained what we ought to do, and what to eschew; what to believe, what to love, and what to look for at God's hands at length."

4. *Many great Divines of the Established Church hold the same position.* We quote only two. The "judicious" Hooker in his *Ecclesiastical Polity* says: "To urge anything as part of that supernatural and celestially revealed truth which God hath taught, and not to show it in Scripture, this did the ancient fathers evermore think unlawful, impious, execrable." And Bishop Jeremy Taylor in his *Liberty of Prophesying* is equally outspoken. "The fathers were *infinitely* deceived in their account and enumeration of traditions." "No church at this day admits *one half* the things which certainly by the fathers were called traditions apostolical."

5. On this one subject *the fathers themselves agreed with the most decided Protestants.* Thus Cyprian (Bp. of Carthage, A.D. 248—258): "Let *this* tradition of Christ in the Gospels, and of the apostles in their Epistles, be held sacred. . . . . Custom without truth, is only antiquated error." And Chrysostom (Bp. of Constantinople, 397—407): "The prophets and apostles have made themselves understood by all, so as that every one, and for himself, might be able to learn, in the mere hearing of the Scripture read, what they declare. And Augustine (Bp. of Hippo, 395—430): "Whatever is beside the Scripture reject it, lest ye wander into clouds." And Theodoret (Bp. of Cyrus in Syria, 420—458): "*Eranistes.* I would be glad to know how the ancient fathers of the church understood that passage—'the word was made flesh.' *Orthodoxus.* Thou oughtest to have yielded assent to the proofs adduced from the apostles and prophets, but," &c.

In the words of Bp. Jewell: "In the Canonical Scriptures all that is necessary for our salvation is abundantly and plainly contained, as Origen, St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, and St. Cyril, have taught us." After such testimonies we breath freely once more. High Churchmen send us to the fathers, and the fathers send us back to the Bible. So, after some circumlocution, we find their own authorities justifying our appeal to the New Testament.

6. It is evident that as despositories of any apostolic tradition, the works of those fathers who lived nearest the times of the apostles must be more important than those of a later date. But very little has come down to us from the century which followed the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul (A.D. 70—170), and about that little *there is great confusion and uncertainty.* The so-called epistle of Barnabas is spurious. A companion of St. Paul could have written nothing so egregiously silly. The epistle of Clement (Bp. of Rome, 91—101), "genuine in the main," says Neander, "is not exempt from considerable interpolations. His second epistle is manifestly nothing but the fragment of a homily." Of fifteen letters attributed to Ignatius (Bp. of Antioch, died 107), eight are acknowledged on all hands to be forgeries. Of the remaining seven, the same great authority says, "even the briefer revision has been much interpolated." Nay, there is reason to believe that only the three letters found in the Syriac language are the genuine productions of Ignatius. How absurd to send us for our faith to such documents as these!

7. *The fathers lacked many helps to Biblical interpretation which we possess.* None of them but Origen (b. A.D. 185, d. 256) and Jerome (fl. 378—420) had any sufficient knowledge of Hebrew. It is doubtful whether Augustine knew Greek. Justin Martyr (fl. 140—164) quotes neither the Epistles of St. Paul nor the Gospel of St. John. Moreover the principles of interpretation adopted by many of the Fathers were exceedingly erroneous. Origen saw in the Scriptures three senses—the literal, the moral, and the mystical; the latter being either the mystic allegorical or the mystic anagogical. An accessible example of patristic interpretation is the explanation of Gen. i., generally added to Augustine's Confessions, and the work of that "great Church Father." It is commentary run mad.

8. *The fathers taught many doctrines which "the Church" has distinctly repudiated.* Papias (first half of second century) Justin Martyr, Irenæus (Bp. of Lyons, A.D. 178), Commodian (in the third century), all held gross views of the millennium. Hermas (*supposed* to be the Hermas mentioned in Rom. xvi. 14), in his "Shepherd," a work much admired by the early Christians, says, "the Son is the Holy Spirit," "the Holy Spirit is the Son of God." Origen taught that the Holy Spirit was created through the Son. According to Lactantius (died 325), it is a mistake to say God has no outward form. Augustine, if Bp. Jewell tells the truth, leaves us a wide liberty of belief as to Purgatory. "Sometimes he saith there is such a place, sometimes he doubts if there be, and at other times he positively denies there is any such a place at all."

9. Worse than all this, *some of the most celebrated of the fathers taught the accursed doctrine that it is right to tell a lie for the glory of God.* "Most of the Church Fathers of this period" (A.D. 324—451), says Gieseler, "maintained lax principles concerning veracity, which threatened the very foundations of genuine virtue." The otherwise great and good Chrysostom fell into this error. His disciple, John Cassian (early in the fifth century), says that lying must be used as a poison is used in medicine, and that, as God looks at the intention, some men may be justified by a lie, and others commit a deadly sin by telling the truth. Jerome also defended the lawfulness of lying under certain circumstances in a controversy with Augustine, who, to his eternal honour, maintained the immutable obligation of truth.

10. Ambrose is quoted in defence of the "Church doctrine" of absolution. Before the reader pays any deference to his authority, let him ponder well the following facts, gathered chiefly from a letter written by himself. In the year 387 the people of Milan desired Ambrose, their bishop, who was at that time engaged in a contest with the Arians, to consecrate a certain church in the same way as the Roman church (in Milan) had been consecrated. He consented to do so in case he could find any martyrs' relics, and having a presentiment that some would be discovered, ordered the earth to be removed in the space before the shrine of SS. Felix and Nabar. Thereupon the holy martyrs began to bestir themselves, so that an urn was snatched up and thrown down, and there came to light the remains of two men, of great size, "such as a former age used to produce," the bones entire, together with an abundance of blood. Augustine says the *bodies* of the martyrs were found, Ambrose himself says their *bones*. By means of these relics, a blind man, named Severus, a butcher by trade, recovered his sight, and men possessed with devils were compelled to confess the Trinity. The martyrs were discovered to be SS. Protasius and Gervasius, and Ambrose gained a victory over the Arians. Respecting this history, we must choose between two alternatives. *Either* God wrought a series of stupendous miracles, and thereby sanctioned an exceeding veneration of relics; or, *Ambrose*, no doubt with good intentions, was the prime agent in a series of the most appalling frauds ever perpetrated by man. The facts of the case preclude the third possibility, that he was himself the innocent victim of deception.

11. Augustine also has been quoted as an authority upon absolution; but he, though one of the most able and spiritual of the fathers, was by no means free from the superstitions of his time. In his great work on the City of God, he coolly relates among others the following childish stories:—One Tribunitius Hesperius, a man well known to him, found that the animals and servants on an estate of his were injured by evil spirits, who however ceased to annoy them after one of his presbyters had "offered there the body of Christ." [Mark the hideous impiety.] Now Hesperius, in order to keep himself from harm, had hung up in his bed-room some "holy earth," brought from Jerusalem, which, when the plague was removed, he thought it irreverent to keep there any longer. He, therefore, with the allowance of Augustine and of another bishop, buried it, and made the spot a place for prayer. To this place was

brought a youthful cripple, who, after praying there, went away healed. Again, a poor tailor of Hippo, having lost his cloak, begged of the twenty martyrs, who had a shrine at Hippo, to clothe him. Going away, he saw on the sea-shore a large fish, which he sold to a cook for 300 pence (folles). But when the cook cut the fish open he found inside a gold ring, which he honestly gave to the tailor, saying, "See how the twenty martyrs have clothed thee!" We add nothing to such absurdities. They speak for themselves, "foaming out their own shame."

12. The Rev. M. F. Sadler speaks of Cyril of Alexandria (Bp there, A. D. 442--434), as raised up by God to defend the incarnation. Could it be imagined that this Cyril is one of the most hateful men history makes known to us? The following are some of the events of his life, as related in the English Cyclopædia. "His episcopal power was first displayed in shutting up and plundering the churches of the Puritan sect, founded by Novatian. He headed a furious mob of fanatics, who drove out all the numerous Jewish population from Alexandria [the Jews had been settled there more than 700 years]. An attack was made on the governor of the city by 500 monks, and one who severely wounded him having suffered death on the rack, Cyril made him out to be a glorious martyr. Hypathia was an accomplished lady philosopher in the city. Ecclesiastical historians state that Cyril vowed her destruction, and a party of wretches, whom Nicephorus expressly declares to have been Cyril's clergy, dragged her into a church, stripped her, and tore her to pieces" [her flesh was scraped from her bones with oyster shells]. Are high churchmen not ashamed to quote such authorities?

But time would fail to tell of the mistakes and follies of these writers, and of the church system to which they belonged; of the homage paid to relics and saints, of the lying miracles, of the monkish fables, of the ghastly austerities, of the more ghastly vices, of the sham holiness, of the actual laxity, which disgraced the "Catholic church" in the times of Chrysostom, of Ambrose, and of Augustine. Anything more hopeless than to seek for truth amid the confusions of these times, and the uncertainties of an earlier age, can hardly be imagined, and we turn with relief from the muddy waters of ecclesiastical antiquity to that pellucid and life-giving river which ever flows for us in the teaching of the Redeemer, of St. Paul, and of St. John.

Bunyan's Tomb in Bunhill Fields.

NO greater calamity can happen to a good man than to have a monument erected to his memory. In this country, where there are no great sculptors, and where the climate is most unfavourable to sculptural works of art, it seems to be a waste of money to erect statues and memorials. Were the whole of them swept away to-morrow, England would lose very little by their destruction. Memorials, in too many cases, seem to be useful only to bear the inscriptions of

> "Rural carvers, who with knives deface
> The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
> In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss."

However, if any one in all the earth deserved a monument, it was surely he who has left us one of the greatest monuments of sanctified and enriched genius, of whose book, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Macaulay declared that "it was, perhaps, the only work about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority had come over to the opinion of the common people." Bunyan died in Snow hill, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. A few of his admirers erected a memorial over his grave, and this monument was beautifully restored in 1862, when it was "inaugurated" by speeches from the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the editor of this magazine. Walking through Bunhill Fields the other day, we, of course, turned aside—as who would not?—to look at the

tomb of "the Bishop of the Baptists." Notwithstanding the short interval between 1862 and the present time, the memorial has been rudely and savagely defaced. Poor Bunyan's nose is off, his face looks as if eaten into by disease, so that the recumbent figure is thoroughly spoiled, while the sculptured panels are similarly disfigured. Bunyan has suffered enough from theological Vandals, from those who have "done" his famous book into wretched verse; from others who have produced a Catholic version of it, with a picture of the Virgin Mary in its title-page; from Antinomian muckworms; tractarian and sacramentarian zealots, and from the host of imitationists whose feeble allegories have perished in the night of public neglect. Here the desecrating hand of Vandalism might surely have stopped without defacing his tomb. Now that the miserable attempts of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have failed to rob Nonconformists of their honoured burial ground, we hope that more care will be taken of the tombs of our worthies.

Reviews.

The Church's Curse and the Nation's Claim. By PETER BAYNE, M.A. James Clarke & Co., 13, Fleet Street. Price 6d.

MR. BAYNE has written this pamphlet in his most trenchant style; he pleads that ecclesiastical revenues should be employed for the lightening of our national burdens. We think with him, and believe that the masses only need to hear the cry to join in it. The nation ought to be just before it is generous, and pay its debts before it indulges in the luxury of an establishment, or rather to speak plainly, wantonly wastes its means upon the nuisance of sectarian favouritism. Mr. Bayne shows that the state funds for religious endowment may be appropriated according to the national will.

"This money belongs to the nation. Parliament has a right to dispose of it as the national interest requires. These positions cannot justly be regarded as open to dispute. The cry that the tenure of ecclesiastical property is the same in kind as that of landed and other property, is useful only for the purposes of debate. An authoritative unanimity has long since been arrived at in all civilised countries on the proposition that the state is trustee in the case of all moneys or lands, either appropriated by itself or demised by individuals, for the support of charitable, educational, or religious institutions. So soon as the object to which the grant was applied is otherwise provided for—so soon as national reasons enjoin another mode of application—it is competent for the state to alter the arrangement. It is a mere tea-table argument to say that the application of this principle endangers the institution of property. Five years ago the title-deeds of ecclesiastical property in Italy were, to say the least, as good as those of ecclesiastical property in Great Britain at this hour. Yet ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen will frankly admit, and the hundredth knows in his heart, that property has not been rendered insecure in Italy by the assumption of the ecclesiastical revenues by the state.

"But why look to Italy for principle or precedent in this matter? At the Reformation, as no Anglican who stands upon his Protestantism can deny, the ecclesiastical revenues of England were diverted from the maintenance of a Roman Catholic clergy to the maintenance of a clerical body which had renounced allegiance to Rome. As for the monastic revenues, they were applied to objects which were neither Popish nor Protestant, but purely secular. In our own day, no longer ago than 1836, the Act by which the revenues of the Anglican hierarchy were thrown into a common fund, and placed under the control of commissioners for definite purposes, including the payment of salaries to the bishops, constituted an obvious assertion of the principle that the ecclesiastical revenues of England belong to the nation, and can be appropriated in accordance with the primary necessities and duties of the state."

His closing appeal is a fair specimen of his vigorous handling of his theme:—

"Is it for the majesty of England to play the part of ecclesiastical milliner, to pass laws for the 'regulation of vestures,' to say what tags and tippets, what tassels and ribbons, a man may wear in the pulpit? An act to specify the number of buttons on a priest's waistcoat! An act respecting three-cornered hats! An act to define the 'correct Sarum shape' in a curate's inexpressibles! Are these to be the statutes of England? Dr. Pusey, it seems, will, under certain circumstances, 'appear at St. Alban's in a chasuble. Astounding announcement! Hasten, ye British legislators, to avert the omen! 'Let the man have three surplices, if he will," said Luther. Let Dr. Pusey have fifty chasubles, a mountain of chasubles, if he likes; but in the name of man's reasoning faculty, and to save us from

becoming the laughing-stock of creation, let England pay no longer for him or his chasubles. Legislation by a mixed multitude of Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, and Jews will never end this theological, ecclesiastical, sartorial brawl. Let the theologians settle it for themselves. Let the people have their money and the church go free. At the banquet of the church sit royal personages, dukes, earls, viscounts, lords, baronets, and the richest private gentlemen in the world. Can they not keep their own clergy? And is not the Saviour among those guests? Let but the church trust him, and those firkins which, she believes, hold only water, will become exhaustless fountains of wine."

Mr. Bayne ought to obtain tens of thousands of readers for his most sensible and seasonable pamphlet.

The Atonement. By the Rev. A. HODGE, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

AGREEING so nearly with Professor Hodge, we always welcome his most weighty and judicious works, and to this present volume we give our warmest commendation. No one can read it without owning that the hand of a master theologian is visible on every page. No minister can well afford to leave it unread. The views advocated upon the atonement may be summarised under five heads: its *adaptability* unlimited; its *sufficiency* unlimited; its *offer* unlimited, its *intended application* peculiar to the elect; and its *actual application* limited to those who are saved.

Family Prayers, with Meditations and Hymns. By AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

FOR all the written prayers that ever flowed from mortal pen we would not give the worth of a pin with the head off; as for the hymns of this beloved author, many of them are priceless, and we may say the same of the Meditations. We have selected a Meditation for our present number:—

Quest. What is the moral law of God?

Answ. The transcript of his own most holy nature, and the standard of human purity and obedience.

Quest. Will this law make any allowance for human infirmity, or admit any abatement of the perfect conformity which it demands?

Answ. It makes no allowance for the former, neither will it dispense with a single grain of the latter.

Quest. How does that appear?

Answ. It appears from the undeniable current of Scripture; where the language of the law is, "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."* "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law, to do them."† The indispensable requisition is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."‡ Hence, in the eye of the law, and the estimation of the Lawgiver, the risings of wrath are tantamount to murder; the calling any man a fool, exposes us to the penalty of hell fire; and impure thoughts bring us under the condemnation of actual adultery.§

Quest. What is the grand inference from these alarming premises?

Answ. That inference, which the apostle terms an evident one, and evident it is, viz., that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God.‖ For a single breach of the law, renders us guilty of the whole.¶ And one idle word lays us open to the vengeance of God, according to the tenor of the covenant of works.**

Quest. Is there a single minute, from the first of our existence to the very article of death, wherein we come up to the whole of that inward and outward holiness which God's all perfect law requires?

Answ. Most certainly not.

Quest. When shall we be able to pay off this immense debt?

Answ. Never. Eternity itself, so far from clearing us of the dreadful arrear, would only add to the score, by plunging us deeper and deeper, even to infinity. Hence the damned will never be able to satisfy the justice of the almighty creditor.

Quest. Will not divine goodness compound for the debt, by accepting less than we owe?

Answ. Impossible. Justice, holiness, and truth, will and must have their own, even to the very uttermost farthing. God himself, with profoundest veneration be it spoken, must renounce himself, before he can forego his essential attributes, and repeal his inviolable law, by offering violence to those, and by making void the claims and the threatenings of this.

Quest. Who then can do us any good in this respect?

Answ. Not all the angels in heaven, nor all the men that ever did, or ever shall exist. Others cannot help us, neither can we help our own selves.

Quest. If so, are we not lost without remedy and without end?

Answ. In ourselves we are. But (sing, O heavens!) God's own arm brought salvation.

Quest. How so? What is there wherewith to counterbalance such an exceeding and astonishing weight of guilt?

Answ. "Christ hath redeemed us from the

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* Matt. v. 48. † Gal. iii. 10.
‡ Luke x. 27. § Matt. v. 22, 28
‖ Gal. iii. 2. ¶ James ii. 10.
** Matt. xii. 36.

curse of the law; being made a curse for us." *Gal.* iii. 13. This, this, will not only counterbalance, but infinitely overbalance, all the sins of the whole believing world.

Quest. If the personal shortcomings and misdoings of each sinner in particular, amount to so vast a multitude, who can calculate the extent of the whole human debt, the entire aggregated sum, which (abstracted from her union with Christ) lies on the church at large, that elect nation, whom he has redeemed from among men?

Answ. The arithmetic of angels would be unable to ascertain the full amount.

O thou covenanting, thou incarnate, thou obeying, thou bleeding, thou dying, thou risen, thou ascended, thou interceding Son of God! not all the seraphs thou hast created, not all the innumerable saints thy love hath ransomed, will be able to comprehend, much less to display, along the endless line of eternity itself, the length and breadth, the depth and height, of a sinner's obligations to thee.

Quest. If on one hand we are each constrained to cry out, with the believers of old, enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified by works of human performance. Who can tell how oft he offendeth? How shall man be just with God? If thou contend with him for his transgressions, he cannot answer thee for one in a thousand. My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head; forgive us our debts, and cast all our sins into the depth of the sea; what has faith to say?

Answ. Faith, on the other hand, can reply, in the very words which the Holy Ghost teacheth, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin: and there is now no condemnation, not one condemnation, to them that are in Christ Jesus. So that we may sing, with Dr. Watts—

> "Believing sinners free are set,
> For Christ hath paid the dreadful debt."

We may add, in the words of another sweet singer in Israel—

> "Who shall now urge a second claim!
> The law no longer can condemn;
> Faith a release can show;
> Justice itself a friend appears;
> The prison-house a whisper hears,
> Loose him and let him go!"

Quest. What return can believers render to the glorious and gracious Trinity, for mercy and plenteous redemption like this?

Answ. We can only admire and bless the Father, for electing us in Christ, and for laying on him the iniquity of us all: the Son, for taking our nature and our debts upon himself, and for that complete righteousness and sacrifice whereby he redeemed his mystic Israel from all their sins: and the co-equal Spirit, for causing us (in conversion) to feel our need of Christ, for inspiring us with faith to embrace him, for visiting us with his sweet consolations by shedding abroad his love in our hearts, for sealing us to the day of Christ, and for making us to walk in the path of his commandments.

The New Testament: a New Translation. By J. B. Rotherham. S. O. Prior, Manchester.

This first part of a translation of the New Testament (to be completed in some ten or twelve parts) gives promise of a satisfactory result when the whole shall be issued. All that type and position of words, with a scrupulous attention to the meaning of the original can do, to place the general reader on a level with the student who peruses Greek for himself, has we conceive been done in this case. Great care has been taken to bring out the shades of meaning involved in the presence or absence of the Greek article, and the different tenses of the verbs employed. To our staunch Baptist friends, one extract from a foot note under the name of John the Immerser will suffice we think to induce them to subscribe at once, and so make the venture of the translator a pecuniary success.

"Of the two words, Baptist and Immerser, it is the plain duty of the translator to choose the latter. And this, not because any principle is necessarily sacrificed by the use of transferred words, but because *in this instance* the transferred word, as an *English* word, has ceased clearly and exclusively to signify what originally as a *Greek* word it meant. In every such case the corrupted word should be abandoned, and in its stead one unequivocally conveying the proved primitive meaning of the original should be used. To question the propriety of this course is to question whether it be proper for a translator to do all in his power towards placing his readers as nearly as possible in as good a position as that of primitive readers for understanding the sacred writings."

Tertullian against Marcion, and the Writings of Cyprian. Vol I. T. & T. Clarke.

Two more volumes of the Ante-Nicene Library. The former is perhaps the greatest work of the first of the Latin Fathers. It will be found useful in the present day as showing the connection between the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures, and the antiquity of what is generally considered the orthodox creed of the church. It is true that the particular form of heresy which is here dealt with, does not now exist, but the spirit of it will embody itself in ever changeful garb through all time, and needs practically the same antidote for

its cure. We make our selection which will help our readers to judge of Tertullian's style of argument, his mode of expression, and the taste displayed throughout the work. In justice to the writer it must be remembered that he wrote and lived in Africa. Marcion having vilified the Creator for making small and insignificant creatures, Tertullian answers:—

"Now when you make merry with those minuter animals, which their glorious Maker has purposely endued with a profusion of instincts and resources, thereby teaching us that greatness has its proof in lowliness, just as (according to the apostle) there is power even in infirmity; imitate, if you can, the cells of the bee, the hills of the ant, the webs of the spider, and the threads of the silkworm; endure, too, if you know how, those very creatures which infest your couch and house, the poisonous ejections of the blister-beetle, the spikes of the fly, and the gnat's sheath and sting. What of the greater animals, when the small ones so affect you with pleasure or pain, that you cannot even in their case despise the Creator? Finally, take a circuit of your own self; survey man within and without. Even this handiwork of our God will be pleasing to you, inasmuch as your own Lord, that better God, loved it so well, and for your sake was at the pains of descending from the third heaven to these poverty-stricken elements, and for the same reason was actually crucified in this sorry apartment of the Creator."

The volume of Cyprian is composed of pastoral epistles and homilies, and gives us a very high opinion of his anxiety for the church's welfare, and his tender attachment to the flock of Christ. The zeal of confessors and the inconstancy of the lapsed, the strength and meekness of the church, are here manifest in living examples, so that we feel transported back to the church's younger days, and hold fellowship with them in in their trials and triumphs. We thank God in the perusal, and arise refreshed, but with a firm conviction that our own times are not less noteworthy for the love of the simple truth, a pure creed, and the desire to live for the glory of our Lord, and the spread of his kingdom. We make an extract from a letter to some prisoners, as a sample of the whole work:—

"The rising sun and the waning moon enlightened the world; but to you, he who made the sun and the moon was a greater light in your dungeon, and the brightness of Christ glowing in your hearts and minds, irradiated with that eternal and brilliant light the gloom of the place of punishment, which to others was so horrible and deadly. The winter has passed through the vicissitudes of the months, but you, shut up in prison, were undergoing instead of the inclemencies of winter, the winter of persecution. To the winter succeeded the mildness of spring, rejoicing with roses and crowned with flowers, but to you were present roses and flowers from the delights of paradise, and celestial garlands wreathed your brows. Be old, the summer is fruitful with the fertility of the harvest, and the threshing floor is filled with grain; but you who have sown glory, reap the fruit of glory, and placed in the Lord's threshing floor, behold the chaff burnt up with unquenchable fire; you, yourselves as grains of wheat, winnowed and precious corn, now purged and garnered, regard the dwelling-place of a prison as your granary. Nor is there wanting to the autumn spiritual grace for discharging the duties of the season: the vintage is pressed out of doors, and the grape which shall hereafter flow into the cups is trodden in the presses. You, rich bunches out of the Lord's vineyard, and branches with fruit already ripe, trodden by the tribulation of worldly pressure, fill your wine-press in the torturing prison, and shed your blood instead of wine; brave to bear suffering, you willingly drink the cup of martyrdom."

Thus the year rolls on with the Lord's servants; thus is celebrated the vicissitudes of the seasons with spiritual deserts, and with celestial rewards.

Is Romanism Christianity? By T. W. Medhurst, Glasgow. Price 1d., or twenty-five for 1s. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Medhurst has touched the deadly spots in Romanism. He writes forcibly, earnestly, and evangelically. This well-considered tract, if largely distributed, might very greatly assist in keeping our young people from sporting with that deadly serpent, whose azure scales enchant, and whose venomous fang destroys. The Baptist Tract Society are hereby commended for issuing this and other improved tracts; among which, we most of all approve of the "Two Pictures," representing baptism according to God and man.

A Glimpse of the Great Secret Society. W. Macintosh.

A tractate on the Jesuits, quite after Mr. Newdegate's heart. Some startling facts, and a good deal of hard hitting, the whole forming a useful compendium of information for a lecture or address.

The New Principia; or, True System of Astronomy; in which the Earth is proved to be the Stationery Centre of the Solar System, etc. By R. J. Morrison, F.A.L.S. Berger, 12, Newcastle Street, Strand.

We are quite satisfied with the Old Principia, and prefer Sir Isaac Newton to Tycho Brahé. It requires no small amount of courage for a man to issue this pamphlet, when, if he is not quite in a minority of one, he may at any-rate count his co-believers, without running into the high numbers. Arguments, such as the following, are not likely to shake the colossal philosophy of Newton. The pole-star is computed to be above thirty-nine billions, one hundred and ninety-one thousand millions of miles distant from the earth: the writer asks, "Is there not something quite as absurd in this as in the old heathen assertion, that the earth itself was supported on the back of a tortoise?" We confess we do not see it. He speaks of "the spreading out of the curtain of nature to an inconceivable and immeasurable extent, *uselessly*." But who said *uselessly*? Who are we that we are to judge these distances to be too great, or talk of uselessness? We wish the arithmetical ability here displayed had been employed to support a more tenable theory. The pamphlet is a curiosity, and costs half-a-crown.

George Fox; the Friends and the early Baptists. By William Tallack. Partridge & Co.

To us one of the most deeply interesting books we ever remember to have seen. Every reading Baptist should procure a copy. Mr. Tallack has our warmest thanks for his diligent research. We hope to give a *résumé* of this valuable work when time and space allow.

Pastoral Counsels. By Rev. J. Robertson, D.D.. Macmillan and Co.

A volume of short discourses which all thoughtful readers will peruse with pleasure and profit. There is a quiet beauty and power about them which carries the reader along as "in green pastures beside still waters." The style of thought and expression is ornate, and at times majestic as the cathedral in which they were delivered. We could have wished for a more sharp distinction between the counsels to the church and to the world. We cannot tolerate a confused appeal alike to saint and sinner, on the ground of a common fatherhood, as we conceive that there is a radical difference, but we are prepared to commend the book as one full of thought and sweetness. We think it likely to be one of the few volumes of sermons which will not soon die.

Sure of Heaven. A Book for the Doubting and the Anxious. By Thomas Mills. London: Elliot Stock.

We have never believed in the meritoriousness of doubting. Nor do we profess any veneration for that affectation of humility which would keep God's children all their lives in a state of bondage. Mr. Mill's book starts with the sinner from his gloomy doubt and uncertainty, and leads him into the clear atmosphere of bright and cheerful assurance. We commend the book on many grounds; for its remarkable clearness and freshness of style, its charming simplicity and earnestness, and its Scriptural views. We hope it may attain as great a circulation as "the Anxious Enquirer;" that its admonitions and instructions may be blessed to the hearts of the fearing and the anxious. To such we recommend it; and we advise the strong in faith to circulate it where its teachings are likely to be beneficial.

The Rock. It is reported that an esteemed evangelical divine expressed his devout gratitude that "The Rock was floated at last." It was certainly time that the evangelicals should avail themselves of the penny press, and we would urge the Baptists to do the same. "The Rock" seems to us to be neither better nor worse than "The Record." It is entertaining to observe how these good people bluster about their church as a bulwark of Protestantism in one portion of their sheet, and in another column confess and bewail the Popery which has made the church of England a flying bridge for Rome.

Memoranda.

Our friends will be very sorry to learn that the property given as an endowment for the Orphanage has, through the great depression in railway property, become still further depreciated. Out of a nominal £20,000, we have now £7500 upon which no interest is paid. This is a great trial; but perhaps the Lord is thus casting the Institution more fully upon himself. Our path is not without such thorns as these, but while the Lord upholds us and supplies our needs, why should we fear?

Mr. Edward Lauderdale, of our College, has had a most happy meeting at his settlement over one of the churches in Great Grimsby. Our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers, and our dear friend Mr. Chown, with neighbouring ministers, took part in the day's proceedings. Mr. Lauderdale, we trust, will be made eminently useful; our knowledge of him leads us to the most assured confidence of his future prosperity.

A most interesting report of the Colportage Association is to hand, but it is too long and too late for this month. This work needs very urgently the help of the Lord's people. It is one of the best of our enterprises.

At the Orphanage the Schoolhouse is nearly roofed in. All goes well, but we must again entreat friends not to forget us especially as the Bazaar is so near, all energy should be used to make it worthy of the cause.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. B. W. Carr, late of Newcastle, is waiting until the Lord's hand shall find him another pastorate. We shall be delighted to commend him to any vacant church.

The Norfolk Loan Tract Society pursues its useful course. A balance sheet has been sent us, but we are unable to publish it this month. Subscribers may rest assured that their gifts could not be more usefully employed.

Burnley, Lancashire.—At the commencement of the present year two or three friends, who were desirous of establishing another Baptist interest in this large and rapidly increasing town, applied to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon for a student from the College under his care, to commence an effort with this object in view. In compliance with this request, Mr. G. W. Oldring was sent, a large room was hired, and fitted up with accommodation for between 300 and 400 persons, and opened for public worship on February 16th, 1868. This movement has been attended with the most encouraging success, and on Sunday, June 21st, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle, preached two sermons on its behalf, in a large weaving shed, to a congregation of about 3,000 persons on each occasion, and at the close of the services of the day, presided at the formation of a church, of which Mr. G. W. Oldring was unanimously elected pastor.

On Wednesday, July 15th, 1868, a tea and public meeting was held at the Sunfields Mission Room, Old Dover Road, Shooter's Hill Road, in connection with an effort now being put forth to erect a new Baptist Chapel in this locality. Messrs. Thomas Cook, John Brown, and R. Mills, kindly attended as a deputation from the Tabernacle. Mr. Thomas Cook presided. Prayer having been offered by Mr. A. E. Lamb, Mr. H. R. Brown, the pastor, made a statement as to the need of such a place, and the present position of the enterprise. It appears that £360 10s. 1d. have been paid in—making, with the treasurer's generous gift, £610 10s. 1d. cash in hand. Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich, spoke very kindly and encouragingly of this sister cause. Messrs. W. Lang and Pegg, of the Pastors' College, together with Mr. G. Brown, also delivered addresses. The church and congregation now worship in a place taken at a yearly rental, and are exceedingly anxious to get a place of their own. Jehovah Jireh.

On Wednesday, July 1st, Mr. W. Whale, of the Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist church at Bures, in Suffolk. In the afternoon, Mr. J. M. Honan, of Sudbury, read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. Westrop, one of the deacons, stated the circumstances that led to the unanimous invitation of Mr. Whale to the pastorate. Mr. Whale gave an account of his conversion and call to the ministry, and the doctrines he intended to proclaim. The ordination prayer was offered up by the Rev. T. K. De Verdon, of Mayland. The charge to the minister was given by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. About 150 assembled at a tea meeting. In the evening, Mr. R. Stannard, of Dedham, presided. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. E. Spurrier, of Colchester; G. Kitchen, of Langham; W. King, of Fordham; A. Stote, of Earl's Colne; W. Cuff, of Bury-St.-Edmunds; W. Whale; and G. Rogers. The attendance was good, and the occasion was cheering and hopeful both to the pastor and people.

After many prayers and patient waiting the Lord has opened an effectual door for us to preach the gospel at Newhaven, near

Brighton, Mr. Sargent, of our College, and some friends in Newhaven have for a long time sorrowfully observed the spiritual destitution of that place, and the consequent rapid growth of sin and wickedness. After many efforts to get the gospel preached there, a way has been opened in an unlooked-for quarter, by Mr. Lee, a retired builder, residing in the place, very generously coming forward and building a chapel, which will accommodate 300 people, at his own personal expense of about £250, and letting it to us at a rental of £10 a year, for a period of three years. We are very thankful to him, and may God abundantly reward him. This chapel, which is called the "Newhaven Tabernacle," was opened on June 21th, when a sermon was preached by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon in the afternoon to a good congregation. Tea was provided at 5 o'clock, to which about 250 friends sat down, and a public meeting was held in the Tabernacle in the evening, at which Captain W. R. Bennet (Mr. Spurgeon being compelled to leave) presided. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Miller, of Southsea, Moore, and W. Sargent, of the College. We have already had proof that the Lord is blessing the work, and as it is yet in its infancy, we ask the prayers of friends that the Lord may greatly strengthen our hands and save many souls. Very encouraging services have been held since on Lord's days and in the week, congregations increase, so that now the place is nearly filled of a Sabbath evening, and there is every sign of an abundant blessing.

The recognition of Mr. W. H Smith, as pastor of the Calvinistic Baptist Church at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, was held on Wednesday, the 15th of July. Mr. W. Orton, the other Baptist minister in the town, read and prayed. Mr. Percy Strutt, of Spalding, stated the nature of a Christian church. Mr. H. Horscroft, the Independent minister at Bourne, asked the usual questions, to which replies were given by one of the deacons, and by the pastor. The ordination prayer was offered, and the charge to the minister was given, by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. In the evening the service was opened by Mr. H. Luckett, of Gainsborough, and a sermon was preached by Mr. Rogers. Messrs. J. T. Keeling and G. Burgess, the Wesleyan ministers of the town, also took part in the services. The prospects of Mr. Smith are very encouraging, and several instances of usefulness have already occurred.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. James Scott, (from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College) as pastor of the Baptist Church, Forres, were held on Wednesday, June 11th, at North Street Hall. Messrs. R. Stewart, J. M. Campbell, of Branduburgh, W. Grant, of Grantown, J. Macfarlane, of Elgin, and other brethren conducted the service. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which Mr. James Scott presided.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—June 25, eighteen, July 2, five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 19th, to July 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	2	0
Miss Gill	0	5	0
Miss Hill	0	2	6
Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
Mr. Summerfield	1	6	0
Mr. T. Harvey	5	0	0
Mr. Chilham and Friends	0	10	0
T. E., Ipswich	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Master L. J. Pledge	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Terry	0	11	8
Charles and Thomas Spurgeon	5	0	0
Ellen's Collecting box	1	9	4
Friends at Wotton-under-Edge, and Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
Mr. Griffiths	5	0	0
Mr. H. Bolton	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barker	1	0	0
Miss Nisbet	1	1	0
Mrs. Papps	1	4	0
Mrs. S. Bevis	1	0	0
In gratitude for the preservation of a beloved one. Mr. A. Mackintosh ...	5	5	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. S. Willson	1	1	0
A Deptford Friend	1	1	0
Mr. Pool	2	0	0
Mr. H. Oxley	0	5	0
Mr. T. Ledsham	0	10	0
Mr. Foster	0	5	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Collection at Chellington after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon	24	0	0
Mrs. McPherson	0	5	0
Mrs. Pledge	0	5	0
Mr. J. Skipp	0	5	0
Mr. R. Stevens	0	4	0
A Friend	20	0	0
A Friend, Glasgow, per Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
Mrs. Webster	50	0	0
Mr. M. Tutton	1	10	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	3	0
E. J. S. B.	0	1	0
Miss Groom	0	8	0
S. H. K.	0	5	0
Mrs. Sedgley	0	12	2
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, June 28	34	1	5
" " " July 5	37	1	2
" " " " 12	31	8	5
" " " " 19	27	8	2
	£297	3	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 19th, to July 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Harvey	5	0	0
A Wellwisher	2	10	0
T. E., Ipswich	1	0	0
Mrs. Webb, Stowmarket	1	0	0
N. T.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Brown	1	4	11
Collection at Stowmarket, after Sermon, by Mr. Spurgeon	63	16	6
Mr. J. Wates	2	2	0
Mr. N. P. Gutheridge, jun.	5	0	0
Friends at Wotton-under-Edge, and Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths	5	11	0
Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
Mr. Griffiths	5	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Franks	0	12	0
Mr. Bannister	0	5	0
Mr. J. Naylor	0	2	6
S. H. K.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. S. Wilson	1	1	0
A Deptford Friend	1	1	0
Mrs. Pool	0	10	0
K. W. C. W. W.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Maria Wright	0	8	0
Miss Sarah Wilson	0	4	5
Collected by Mrs. Wainwright	1	6	0
Collected by Messrs. Buckley & Lawrence	1	0	0
Bridgend	0	2	0
E. M.	5	0	0
Miss Hazell	0	16	0
Miss H., per R. B. L.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Houghton, Liverpool	20	0	0
Orphans' Friend, Leicester	1	10	0
Mr. M. Tutton	1	10	0
M. A.	0	1	0
A Widow's Mite, per Rev. T. Medhurst	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hardy	5	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	1	3
A Friend, per Mr. Ridley, Ipswich	5	0	0
E. J. S. B.	0	1	0
A Friend (given to one of the Attendants at the Tabernacle)	0	10	0
	£145	0	7

Colportage Association.

Donations—	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. G. Plowman	0	10	6
Mrs. Luckins	0	2	6
——	0	2	6
An Invalid	0	3	0
Collected by—			
Mr. A. H. Frater	1	4	0
Mr. George Mc Donald	0	5	0
Katie Talbot	0	3	0
Master Alfred Mason	0	1	10
Collected in Pennies	0	6	0
"Dumfries"	0	4	0
M. H. Cockrell	0	10	6
Jane Elizabeth Cockrell	0	8	0
Alfred Cockrell	0	2	6
Mrs. Franks	0	6	3
W. P. B.	2	5	0
M. Bateman	0	1	0
"The Lonely One"	0	11	0
Mrs. Cassandra Chater	0	5	0
Mr. Matthew Craig	1	0	0
Mr. C. Holton	0	2	6
	£8	14	1

For East Prussia Relief Fund.—A Friend, 3s.
Special Fund.—A Friend, £50; Mrs. Webster, £50; A Well-wisher, £2 10s.
Bazaar Fund.—Mrs. Carpenter, 7s.; Mrs. Callam, 10s.; A. L., for College Stall, £1.

Orphanage Bazaar.

Contributions towards the Orphanage Bazaar have been received from the following friends, to whom we tender our hearty thanks, viz.:—Miss Delilah Jones; Miss Marian Eland; S. C. Cooke, Brighton; Sermon Readers in Honley; Two Friends, Teignmouth; Rebecca Barnes, Westminster Hospital; H. T. & E. Blackthorn, Farm, Dess; Mrs. Townsend, Oundle; Mrs. A. J. Bel; Miss Northcott, Battle, Sussex; Miss E. S. Moore; H. W., St. Albans; Mrs. F. S. Booth, Leamington; Miss Jordan; Mrs. Edwards, Sutton, I. of Ely; Miss Freeland, Port Glasgow; Miss Billbrough, Bury; S. G., Castor; G. Bull; Mrs. D. Smith, Stornaway; The Misses Decks, Newmarket; M. A. S., Dickleburgh; Mrs. Tudsbury, Sutton-in-Ashfield; Mr. Lawrence; S. Hill; Reader of "Sword and Trowel," Sunderland; Miss Dransfield; H. Huckett, Market Harborough; I. Frost, Tweedmouth; Mrs. Cullam, Manchester. We have also received parcels containing, among other articles, the following, from *Anonymous Donors*, viz.:—Box of bead mats, etc., marked A. L.; two flower baskets; antimacassar, per L. B. & S. C. Railway; small parcel, post-mark "Tring;" silk patchwork; urn stand and sofa cushion; bronze vases, cushion, etc.; a basket of crochet hats and some fifes; table mats, etc.; boot and shoe bag; child's socks; pair of curtains; antimacassar and cushions; wool mats, etc. (Miss Scott?); children's clothing and Stanford's "Plant of Grace;" slippers, wool mats, etc., per L. & N. W. railway; worked slippers, etc.; two antimacassars, per L. P. Delivery Co.; three antimacassars; cushions, etc., per Sutton & Co.; three picture frames; cloth patchwork table cover; Miss E. A. Taylor; Mrs. Roots.

COLLEGE STALL.—*We are obliged to postpone the acknowledgment of Contributions until next month.*

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, 1868.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. VII.—THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written of late on mission work in London, there is much ignorance abroad as to the numerous and varied efforts put forth, not only by religious communities, but also by those more prominent and unsectarian associations which are instituted for the spiritual instruction of such as are deemed to be outside church influence. Perhaps few are more ignorant of the character of these efforts than those whom an ordinary intelligence would consider to be the first who should be acquainted with them. It has been fashionable of late among a certain few to complain of the alienation of the working classes from Christian worship. For, perhaps, the hundredth time, the writer would reiterate his belief that the working classes are no greater sinners in this respect than any other section of humanity. It seems a convenient topic for some ministers to take up, and we are frequently amused at the utter ignorance displayed by both writers and speakers on the subject. They invariably refer to Christian effort as if it were a failure, and are for ever enquiring how their church polity may be made more elastic and democratic, how respectable fiddle-faddles may be put down, and conventional forms of dryness and wearisome monotony may be dispensed with; while, for the most part, the unsectarian, irregular services of lay agency are forgotten, and no account made of the measure of success which has attended the Christian labours of those who are not officially engaged in preaching the gospel. Yet were these agencies stopped for a month, the wide gap so caused would startle the Christian world, and awaken it to a better sense of the value of efforts that are too frequently ignored or coldly patronised. The more we have witnessed of the elementary work of these societies, in preparing the hearts and minds of the poor for the fuller declarations of scriptural truths, the more impressed have we been with their immense importance, and the great duty which the church of Christ has had laid upon it in supporting them.

We have frequently referred to some of the special missionary efforts of the London City Mission. But as we have not yet given any sketch of the work of the society as a whole, we purpose to do so on the present occasion. This we do the more readily as we propose in future numbers to describe a few more of its special efforts among the neglected classes of London poor. The object of the society is to bring the poor under religious influence and instruction. It aims to deal with the hearts of men. It does not profess to send forth preachers, but teachers*—not even evangelists, but conversationalists. It does not seek the masses aggregately, but individually. It is content if its labourers can converse intelligently and earnestly on the great topics which are necessary to salvation. Its main, if not sole object is to woo sinners to the Saviour; to declare his matchless love, his propitiatory sacrifice, the power of his resurrection and the prevalence of his intercession. Its watchword is the Bible, God's revelation to fallen humanity of the way of restoration to divine favour. Its teaching, therefore, is decidedly evangelical, and the end of its teaching, as of all true spiritual instruction, eminently practical. It is content to lead poor souls to the cross of Christ, the one hope of distressed hearts, and leave them to join whatever religious communities they may please. Thus, in fact, it does church work; and many of our London Baptist churches possess valuable members whose hearts were first touched by the simple message of the city missionary. The society of course suffers from its catholicity. Many clerical churchmen frown upon it, because in their insufferable arrogance, they decline to associate themselves in any way with Dissenters; and some few Nonconformists have but a limited sympathy with it.† However, the good work goes on; and if it is not supported so largely as it deserves, and as the needs of the metropolis necessitate, yet a society which received, as it did last year, more than £36,464 has cause for much gratitude to God for the sympathy evoked on its behalf.

The number of missionaries now engaged is three hundred and sixty-one. The increase of workers is small compared with the increase of population; but it is well to state that in proportion as the various churches do their duty in visiting and instructing the poor, the need for city missionaries will be lessened; and our churches are far more sensible than they were to the claims of our home heathen. The other week, we met with an honest old countryman who once asked the Lord in prayer-meeting, that he would still increase the church there, "and, Lord," said he, with significant emphasis and breadth of judgment, "if it be thy will, send us many *males*," for there evidently had been a superabundant proportion of the other sort of article, and an infusion of more manly blood was greatly desiderated. Under the circumstances, the prayer was—begging our lady readers' pardon—the wisest that could be offered, apart from its seemingly-dictatorial spirit. Certainly, if one prayer had

* This attempt at a distinction between teaching and preaching is very irksome to conscientious missionaries, and seems to us to be contrary to the mind of the Spirit.—Ed.

† This arises not from indifference to the object proposed, but disagreement with certain working methods. All unsectarian societies are of necessity cramped, and confined within limits unknown to those whose principles embrace the whole range of divine truth. Nevertheless the society is a great and blessed power for good.—Ed.

been more suitable than another in some of our evangelical churches a few years ago, it was that the Lord would add to their numbers such as would be saved, and would labour with might and main for those who are not yet saved. We have heard so much of revivals, and found, as a rule, so little in them, that we look more to revivals of true religion in the hearts of God's people, and less to what are called "revivals" among the unawakened. If London Christians had each a genuine revival of heart, leading them to consecrate their abilities to him who washed them in his own blood, we should witness Pentecostal days again—days of greater fidelity, earnestness of service, power with God, stronger convictions, deeper piety, and brilliant prosperity. No one rejoices more than we do over the increased devotedness of our churches to God; but still we look with aching eyes and longing hearts for the day when the glory of the Lord shall more manifestly and gloriously shine upon Zion, when it shall be said to her, "Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." Thanks be to our divine Master, the prophecy is signed with his sign manual: "I the Lord will hasten it in his time." Because the work of the London City Mission is in hearty sympathy with this divine purpose, we most strongly commend it to the affections, prayers, and help of our readers.

Nearly two millions of visits were paid to the homes of the poor last year. It would not be easy to estimate the importance of such visitations. Nor would it be possible to judge of the amount of good done through such agency. In many respects, a Christian visitor has an advantage over a preacher. One missionary who at first thought his best chance of usefulness was to get together large numbers of persons, but soon found that his great opportunity was when he was speaking separately with individuals, writes:—"When many are together persons may think we are speaking to others; but when we meet them alone there can be no mistake to whom we intend the words to apply. Besides which, with the majority we never get a chance to speak to them in any other way. Women with a family cannot leave their homes. Their husbands would be unwilling to sit alone, or to take charge of the children while their wives went to church. And both women and men are, as a matter of fact, seldom spoken to in most districts on the vast concern of their souls, except when called on by those in the position of the missionary; for although there may be many other visitors in a parish, yet few ordinarily speak much about these things further than as respects sending their children to school, and attending the church." We have before now given evidence of the appreciation felt by the poor of the missionary's visits. He goes to the homes of the lowly as a poor man. If they are surprised that one like themselves should be able to give himself to this work, he tells them that he is enabled to do it through the kindness of Christian people who desire their good, and therefore send him: and thus he establishes a new link between the churches and the poor. He soon becomes their friend, enters into their troubles, sympathises with them in their difficulties, and solaces them in their distresses. No one will therefore feel surprised that they should listen more attentively to his earnest

entreaties for their souls' salvation because they acknowledge his sincere goodwill towards them. He has an influence, too, on their social habits. The society's books record that no fewer than 1,335 drunkards were reclaimed last year as the result, under the blessing of God, of their agents' efforts. They will get up social tea-meetings for holiday occasions, which are always seasons of great temptation and drunkenness; and a missionary in Whitechapel reports that one hundred and ten persons paid sixpence each, in weekly instalments of one-halfpenny, in order to have a tea-meeting on Easter Monday, after which the missionary addressed them on religious matters. Few things better please the poor creatures who are immured in the courts and alleys, the garrets and cellars of St. Giles', Whitechapel, Shadwell, and other densely-populated parts of the metropolis from year to year, than taking them for an "outing." Like birds let loose after a long confinement, they fly hither and thither, and labour in their pleasures with greater zest than it would be possible for human nature to bear more than once a-year. Certain missionaries took out 2,500 poor people from St. George's-in-the-East to Kew last summer, in special trains, the people themselves paying all expenses.

No one passing through some of our London streets on Sunday can have failed to have been shocked at the number of small shops open during the morning. Many of these shops are worse than a nuisance. They openly tempt children to break the Sabbath, by enabling them to purchase sweetmeats, and others harbour fast young men and vicious females. Street trading on a Sunday morning is a flagrant instance of the looseness of our laws on this subject, which it is to be hoped, the common sense of our new constituencies and their new representatives may some day consider. Perhaps one of the most saddening scenes we have ever witnessed is the marketing carried on in the London-road, down which so many worshippers at our beloved Tabernacle walk each Lord's-day. The city missionaries visit on Sundays the shops of barbers, tobacconists, newspaper-vendors and others, and as the result of their efforts, we read in the last annual report the notable item: "Shops closed on the Lord's-day, one hundred and seventy." To show the difficulties of this work, and at the same time the character of some of the results, we quote the following case:—

A missionary now at work in Chiswick, was induced when at Rotherhithe to make an effort with the shopkeepers to close on Sundays. He drew up an agreement in which those who signed agreed to close, if others within a given boundary would do the same. Every shopkeeper signed except one, but the refusal of that one vitiated the agreement of all the others. The party now referred to was the first on whom the missionary waited. He was a young married man, a hair-dresser; and as Sunday morning was a time of great business and profit to him, the missionary feared much that it was in vain for him to urge his request on him. But he signed, on the condition that all the others closed. When one refused, the missionary had to wait on him a second time to tell him of the fact. But he said he should nevertheless close. He soon had large bills put up, "This is to give notice that, after Sunday next, no business will be done here on the Lord's-day." And now came his trial. Those who frequented his shop read the notice with astonishment and anger. "Those missionaries and parsons," said they to him, "will be your ruin." Some of his best customers swore that they would never enter his shop again, and others on whom he had been accustomed to wait on Sundays, told him that they should

in future dispense with his services on the week day also. Hoping to profit by his ruin, another tradesman set up a shop in opposition to him, which remained open on Sundays, as his own had once been. The missionary began almost to hesitate whether he had done right in urging a step which involved such consequences on not only himself, but also on his wife and family. Time went on, and they appeared to be sinking nearer and nearer to the ruin of their temporal prospects. But at length old customers began again to drop in, and the shopkeeper was cheered occasionally by such a salutation as this, "We see you are a man of principle, and we mean to support you." Eventually he regained almost all his old friends. More than eight years have passed away since the missionary left Rotherhithe, and during all that time the shop has never once been opened on the Lord's-day. His former shop has now become too small for him, and he has taken a larger one. God has blessed his basket and his store, and he has become a prosperous man, illustrating the truth of the declaration, "Those that honour me I will honour." And with prosperity in trade has been connected prosperity of soul. In his seat at church, and around the sacramental table, instead of in his shop, are his earthly Sabbaths now spent, while he lives in the blessed and well-grounded anticipation hereafter of an eternal Sabbath above.

The missionaries may be divided into two classes—the ordinary and the special: by the former class we mean those whose work is confined to a given district, where, under a local superintendent, they labour in courts and alleys, yards and dens. Of these men's labours we have not as yet written anything. It is of the second class—the missionaries to special classes—we have written, and shall, we hope, write again. These missionaries devote themselves, as we have shown in previous numbers, to cabmen, night and day, public-houses, coffee-houses, letter carriers, gipsies, policemen, dock labourers, gasmen, soldiers, fallen women, the Welsh, Jews, Asiatics, &c., and their work is of a most striking and interesting character—some of it, indeed, wearing not a little romance and adventure. Visitation is of course the most important work of both descriptions of agents. They have meetings, however, both in-door and out-door, the latter being considered of greater importance, as attracting larger numbers, and as more adapted to attract those—and they are a numerous class—whom no persuasion could induce to attend an in-door religious service. We are told that these gatherings average some thirty persons at each assembly. A missionary reports one of his meetings as attended entirely by blacks, while those to whom they pertained would frequently, on seeing it, call out to the missionary, "What is the use of your preaching to such niggers? they are only half human;" an inhuman conception of negroes not peculiar to the grossly illiterate. Another missionary reports that he held seventy-seven meetings during the year in Spanish, at which were present an aggregate of 907 Spaniards and Portuguese, men who in their own country would not have dared to listen to Protestant instruction, but who here not only attended these meetings, but received with great thankfulness 203 copies of their own Scriptures, as well as a large number of small religious books and tracts in the Spanish language. May these Scriptures and books be the means of leading them to the Saviour, whose simple gospel is kept from their native countrymen! A third reports a weekly meeting of 150 Polish, Russian, and German Jews, all itinerant glaziers; and adds that many more would have attended if the room would only have held them. At

this meeting a Psalm is read in Hebrew, and explained in German; a parable or a miracle of our Lord is read, and explained in German; and an address is given in Judeo-Polish on some passage of the Old Testament referring to the Messiah, after which the minister who presides speaks in English. Another meeting of Jews is held on the Jewish Sabbath, at which the lessons for the day, according to the synagogue arrangements, from the law, with the appointed portions from the Prophets, are read in Hebrew, and explained to them by the missionary. We hope to give a detailed account of this work. And a fourth missionary, after referring to the fact that 339 wrecks had occurred in January and February last, reports a meeting by the river-side held during the year, and well attended, all the attendants at which, with the exception of one man, were drowned in a gale a few days subsequently.

Tract distribution and the sale of Bibles form an important branch of the Society's operations. Very wisely, no relief is granted to the poor, and the missionaries are enjoined to avoid the giving of temporal relief, as not their department of labour, and as most materially interfering with the integrity of their special work. Among the statistics of the past year, we find the following interesting figures:—

Missionaries	355	Restored to church communion	224
Hours spent in domiciliary visitation	499,392	Families induced to commence family prayer . .	676
Visits paid	1,969,648	Drunkards reclaimed . .	1,335
Of which to the sick & dying	236,736	Unmarried couples induced to marry	270
Scriptures distributed . .	9,799	Fallen females admitted to asylums, restored to their homes, or otherwise rescued	539
Religious tracts distributed	2,794,873	Shops closed on the Lord's-day	170
Books lent	50,843	Children sent to schools .	9,202
In-door meetings and Bible-classes held	37,111		
Additional in-door meetings in factories, work-houses, penitentiaries, &c. . .			
Out door-services held. .	3,914		
New communicants . .	1,440		

Such statements only barely chronicle living facts pregnant with immense issues.

A missionary's life among the poor is full of incident—much that is queer and unique being mixed with sad and depressing facts. He is a kind of pastor in his way, and though he is very far from assuming any official duties, yet he has his "flock," and is devotedly attached to his "children." It is needful that he should have had a plain education, and should possess sound common sense. Intelligent, fairly-educated working men, as a rule, possess this attribute; and the missionary is necessarily selected from the ranks of the artisan. And here, indeed, is much of his power, for whatever may be said to the contrary by the Rev. Lavender Kids, working people are capable of impressing each other with their convictions; and he who sneers at the homely preaching of a working man's minister, should wait until he is as successful in winning souls; then, indeed, the thought of ridicule would not enter his head. To those who are not above improvement, whose professional education is not "finished," a walk with a missionary on his rounds is an

opportunity for gaining much acquaintance with some of those trifles which in the aggregate make a man eminently successful in enlisting the sympathies of the poor in the Christian revelation. To be of use to the poor, you must know the poor; for grace hidden under the respectable conventionalities of society, and the stiffness of drawing-room mannerisms, is not likely to be easily discovered by those whose idea of religion is that it makes people humble, and that humility consists of making yourself perfectly at home with them, and not looking askance or with turned-up nose at their lack of politeness.

Best of all, the missionary is not without spiritual children. These are the waifs and strays—men and women who have ceased to visit the house of God because they prefer to patronise the gin-shop or the ale-house. In the very heart of an artisan district, he visits a man addicted to gross sins. His wife is in great destitution and distress, and through his ill-deeds and his desertion is obliged to enter the workhouse. The missionary finds him out, corresponds with him, and ultimately witnesses a re-union—the man is a total abstainer; and ceasing to patronise the gin-palace he attends God's house. "The whole household," says the missionary, "is transformed. He devotes two nights a week to teaching in a ragged school, and seems so grateful to be able to do good to others." This same missionary finds out another wretched case. Mr.——, of——, led a miserable career. The reading of certain penny papers, excursions, and drink on Sabbath days, were followed by remorse bordering on despair. He was at length induced to attend a religious service. Deep conviction of sin ensued, and he was in soul trouble for many months. Then his wife said to the missionary, "I think my husband is going wrong in his head; religion is turning him mad; he says he knows he shall go to hell; often of a night he leaves me, and cries in prayer for mercy like a child; I am sure he is going wrong in his head!" Gradually light dawned on his soul. He is now rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour. His wife attends public worship with him; and he is at present a candidate for church-membership. The want of religion was turning him mad; its experience was to him a restoration to real sanity. Thus is it with every one that turns from darkness to light. He tells us another remarkable instance of the result of the blessing of God upon his visitations. "Soon after I commenced in this district I visited Mr. and Mrs.——, of——. The wife was a child of God, but in much perplexity arising from the jeers and taunts of her unconverted husband. She asked me to make his case a special matter of prayer. The Lord has answered the petition, and now the husband no longer laughs at his wife, but goes with her to a place of worship, takes delight in reading the Bible, and gives some evidence that he loves the things he once hated, and hates those things that once he loved." Another case of good resulting from personal contact with those who never dream of entering a place of worship. "Mr.——, was much given to drinking and swearing. Calling on him some twelve months ago, he was induced to attend the services. A rapid change took place. At one of my visits he said, "I feel such love now for God's word, I long for each evening that I may sit down quietly and read the Bible. I pray ever to be taught by the Holy Spirit. Sometimes at night I can't

sleep for anxiety about my soul; I feel I am such a sinner." He attends a stated ministry, has taken two sittings, earnestly listens to the word of life, and wishes to be ever the Lord's." This case exemplifies how persons led to the mission services are thence induced to attend the regular place of worship, and soon to become united with some part of Christ's church. Such cases are daily occuring, and only show how invaluable is the work of the London City Mission. Long may its bow abide in strength—until the happy time shall arrive when there will be no necessity for such an organisation—the time when each church of Christ fully adopts its responsibility in working among the poor of its neighbourhood.*

The Vessels of Wrath fitted to Destruction.

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

"What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory?"—Romans ix. 22, 23.

IN a former discourse, brethren, I attempted to show you that the reason why God will punish the wicked eternally is, because he loveth righteousness. It is said in the eleventh Psalm, "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup. For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness." I then tried to show you, that God has created hell, and will maintain it for ever, not because he loves human pain—I believe it is not so, nor is it because he is subject to passion, as men speak of passion—but because the righteous Lord loveth righteousness. And I showed you, as you will remember, what a certainty hell is to the wicked. If it had its origin in the love of human pain, then you might have hoped that it would have an end; or, if it proceeded from passionateness, then it might cool; but, ah! when it proceeds from Jehovah's love of righteousness, I see, brethren, in that a reason why "the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." There is a second question which no doubt has occurred to you: why are there any left unpardoned at all? Why was Adam left to fall? Could not God have held him up? or, if it was necessary that Adam should fall, in order that Christ might die, why are not all saved? Surely there is efficacy in the blood of Christ to pardon all—why, then, are not all saved? There are many answers to that question which we will know in a higher state of being; but here is one, "What if God,

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* "Few footnotes are read. May this one be an exception and many fruits follow! Contributions in aid of the Mission will be gratefully received at the London City Mission House, 8A, Red Lion Square, W.C. The mission needs help; *it always deserves more than it obtains.*

† Copied from the shorthand notes of a hearer. Preached on Sabbath evening, March 12th, 1843, his last discourse at St. Peter's Church. This deep subject the esteemed preacher handles with great discretion. We could not quite subscribe to the form of every sentence, although in the main doctrine we fully concur. The whole matter is a mystery. It is worthy of notice how the author shows his tender heart even when stern truths are on his lips.

willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory?" You will notice, brethren, that in these words the apostle Paul tries to give an answer to that question. He does not answer it directly, he employs a "what if."

Let us enter into this subject a little more deeply. There are three reasons set down here why men are allowed to perish.

I. The first is, *that God was willing to show his wrath.* These words are terrible. We are told frequently in the Bible of the wrath of God. It is not like human wrath: it is calm, settled—it consists principally in a regard to what is right. This is the wrath of God. We are told a great deal about it in the Bible. It is revealed against all sin. "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness." Romans i. 18. Observe the word "all"—it is against *all* sin. Then Col. iii. 6, "For which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience." We are told also, brethren, that this anger is constant. "God is angry with the wicked every day." Psalm vii. 11. The bow of God's justice is, as it were, already bent against the wicked, the arrow of God's justice is already on the string against the wicked. And then we are told that his wrath is *intolerable.* In the psalm which we were singing (Psalm xc. 11), it is said, "Who knows the power of thy wrath?" And we are told in Revelations, "The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

But we learn more by example than even by these declarations. We have many examples of God's wrath and its consequences. The first example we have is, *his casting the angels out of heaven.* We are told by Jude, "That the angels which kept not their first estate, he hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." And we are told by Peter, "That God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." Now, brethren, in several respects this was one of the greatest examples of divine wrath we have, for it seems to have happened in one day. One day these angels were in heaven—the next in hell. One day they were angels of light—the next fiends of darkness. And then this made it fearful, when the Lord left them no room for repentance. One thing the universe might have learned from this was, that God will *certainly* punish sin.

Another example of God's punishing sin was not in heaven, but on earth, when he sent the *deluge* upon it. "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth." And so it came to pass: "The flood came, and carried them all away;" and it has left traces on our world still, to show that God will not fail to punish sin.

Another example of divine vengeance was, *when God destroyed Sodom.* "Now, the men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." The cry of its wickedness went up to heaven, and God

sent down two angels, to see if it was according to the cry that came up; and they found it even so; and, when they had taken out just Lot, God rained fire and brimstone upon the devoted city; and he has left traces of it there to this hour.

There was yet another exhibition of divine wrath on earth—*it was the death of God's dear Son.* If ever there was a time when God could have said that he would forego his wrath, it was surely this. It was this for two reasons. First, because the object of that wrath was dear to God. There never was one in the universe so dear to God as his Son. Another reason was, Christ had no sin of his own. Just as his robe was seamless, so was his soul sinless. Nay, brethren, that one act of his—laying down his life, was so glorious, as an exhibition of God's justice, that the universe never saw its "marrow." "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him." These words do not give the least shadow of his suffering from God on account of our sin. Brethren, if any thing in the world can show that God will punish sin, it was the death of his dear and sinless Son.

There is one exhibition of his wrath yet to come. Verse 22—"What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?" God is yet to destroy the souls that he has made—not the angels that fell, for he has done that already, when he cast them into hell, but the souls on which he has waited. There is to be a new exhibition of wrath that the world never saw the like of before. He is going to show what he will do to the despisers of his Son—to those who despise his gospel. It will be a new thing when "God will be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know him not, and that have not obeyed the gospel." God waits to show his wrath. Ah, brethren! it will be fearful to feel it—it is fearful even now to think of it. You know, when a vessel goes down at sea, it is customary to set up a beacon, to warn other vessels of the rocks that are there. So I believe it will be with the wicked: they will be beacons, to show how God will punish sin.

II. I come now to the second reason why any are left to perish—it is, *that God may show his power.* "What if God, willing to make his power known?" We are frequently told in the Bible of the power of God. He said to Abraham, "I am the Almighty God." We are told in the ninety-third Psalm, that "the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." We are frequently told of his almighty power; and not only so, but we have brilliant examples of it. The first upon record is *creation.* "God said, let there be light, and there was light." "He spake and it was done—he commanded and all things stood fast." Another example of the same thing is, the *constant providence* of God. "In him we live, and move, and have our being." He rides on the swift wings of the wind. Another example of the power of God is, *his restraining and bridling the wicked.* "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle."—Psalm xxxii. 9. This is the way in which God holds the wicked. Another way in which God makes his power known is, *in the conversion of souls.* "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." This is said to be "the wisdom of God and the power

of God." I believe the converting of a soul is something greater than the making of a world. Brethren, there is one exhibition of divine power that yet remains—it is, *the destruction of the wicked.* "What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?" I believe, dear friends, that the reason why God has raised up Pharaohs is to show his power in them. He said to Pharaoh, "For this cause have I raised thee up, that I might show my power in thee." Now, I say, in regard of those of you in this congregation who will die unsaved, that God has raised you up, to show his power in you. Thus, it is said in Isaiah lxii., "I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment." And then in Revelation xviii., "She shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." And we are told by our Lord, in Matthew x. 28, to fear God, "who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." You will notice in this passage that he says, "God is able to destroy;" and therefore, brethren, it is plain that there must be some great power exercised in his destroying the wicked; and I think it is to consist in this—*God will destroy their well-being, but not their being.* Here, then, is another exhibition of the power of God.

When lately in the north of Scotland, I stood on the sea-shore, and saw the rocks standing out of the sea. It was very remarkable to stand and see the mighty waves dashing upon the rocks. There were two things remarkable in it: first, the greatness of the rocks on which the waves dashed: second, the rocks remaining unmoved—no force of the waves could move them. Brethren, this scene is an emblem of what will be witnessed another day, when God shall pour out his wrath on the wicked. Ah, brethren! will it not be fearful to see God put out his power upon the wicked—to see him upholding them with one hand, and pouring out his wrath upon them with the other? Surely, brethren, the power of God's wrath is very great. If any of you have seen a great furnace, you will have seen the power that the fire has; but fire is God's creature. What must *his power be* who is the Creator?

III. I come now to the third point—*the reason given why believers are saved.* Verse 23—"And that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory." One reason why there are vessels of wrath fitted to destruction is, that God may show by contrast the riches of his grace on the vessels of mercy. You know, brethren, we learn many things best by contrast: for example, the rainbow is never seen so bright as in the bosom of a dark cloud. So, brethren, we shall never see the love and compassion of God in them that are saved so gloriously displayed as when we see his wrath poured out on the vessels of wrath. This, then, is one reason why there are vessels of wrath.

I believe that the "riches of glory" here spoken of are the whole rainbow of the divine attributes displayed in the salvation of souls. It was for this reason that God provided that there should be vessels of wrath fitted for destruction. This may appear to you very awful: it is so to myself. I could not and dare not speak of it if it were not here in God's own word.

I would just show you one or two of his attributes that will be brilliantly illustrated in the salvation of souls. One is, *the sovereignty of God.* I have often told you of this. Many of you do not believe it; but there is a day coming when God will put it beyond a doubt. There are whole churches—whole bodies of professing Christians—that deny it; but there is a day coming when there will be none in heaven, or earth, or hell, that will deny it. Suppose that day were come, and this congregation divided, some on the left hand, some on the right, will you not see then God's sovereignty in the contrast? You were once all the same. You were under the same condemnation. Some of you came out of the same womb—were nursed at the same mother's breast; yet it will be seen that some will be taken and some left. What made the difference? Every creature will see that God made the difference, that he had "mercy on whom he would have mercy."

Another is, *the pardoning attribute of God.* At present this is denied; but, brethren, in that day it will be made known. God will make known the riches of his glorious mercy on the vessels of mercy. O brethren, when one vessel is cleansed and taken up to glory, and another is left to perish, and when you see that they were equally sinful, then you will see that it was blood that made the difference. God will make known the riches of his mercy in the vessels of mercy, as well as his wrath in the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction.

Let us learn a few lessons from this subject. And—

1st. *All will not be saved.* It is a fearful delusion among you—I do not say you avow it, but you practically say, you believe—that there will be no hell. There are many of you that like to hear of *Hades*, and hope that it will turn out yet to be but a shadow. Brethren, there is a hell. It was God's plan that there should be vessels of wrath as well as vessels of mercy. Brethren, it is better it should be so. O do not dream! All will not be saved. There *are* vessels of wrath as well as vessels of mercy. Some of you, I think, are going to hell, and some, I trust, are going to heaven; and doubtless it is best it should be so, though I cannot explain the reason of it. The net has good and bad fishes: some will be taken into the vessel, and some will be cast away.

2nd. *Every one of you will be to the glory of God.* You will be made to glorify him in one way or another. You will either do it willingly or unwillingly. You *must* form a step to his throne. Ah, brethren! I believe each of you will yet be a beacon or a monument—either a beacon of wrath or a monument of mercy. "He hath made all things for himself; even the wicked for the day of evil." Yes, wicked man, you would rob God of his glory if you could, but you cannot. If you come to Christ, you will show forth his glory in saving you; but if you do not, God will show forth his power in destroying a vessel of his wrath.

3rd. There is a third lesson we may learn. It is, *the chief end of God in the world to manifest his glory.* Many think, especially infidel men, that God's chief end is the happiness of his creatures; but, from deep study of the word of God for years, I see that it is not so. If that were his chief end, all would be happy. His chief end is diverse—it is self-manifestation. Had it not been for this, God would have remained alone in awful solitude. I would desire to speak with deep reverence

on such a subject. This seems to be the reason why there are vessels of wrath as well as of mercy—that they might be mirrors to reflect his attributes. And I believe, brethren, when creation is done, and when redemption is done, that there will then be a complete manifestation of the glory of God.

4th. Another lesson we may learn is, *God is longsuffering to the vessels of wrath.* I remember a person who once argued with me that she must needs be a child of God on account of his goodness to her. She enumerated many blessings she had received—how God had protected her in a foreign country, how many trials she had been delivered out of, and how many domestic comforts she had enjoyed. My only answer to her was, "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." It is no proof that you are a child of God that God has borne long with you. There would be many children of God here, if this were the case. Ah, brethren! strange though it may seem, he does not want *any* to perish—he does bear long with you.

Last of all, *the destruction of the vessels of wrath will be no grief to the vessels of mercy.* I once spoke to you of this before; but I would again remind you of it. The redeemed will have no tears to shed; and here is the reason—the very destruction of the wicked makes known the riches of divine grace. O my believing brethren, it will be an awful day when we shall not weep to see them perish. The day is hastening on—that day when no more rivers of waters will run down our eyes because they keep not God's law. But, O brethren, till that day come let us weep on; for, although God will be glorified in the destruction of the vessels of his wrath, he will be more glorified in making them vessels of mercy. The Lord bless his own word. Amen.

Finery in the House of God.

MRS. H. B. Stowe very fitly observes:—"Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious young women sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes their acts of devotion in the service seem almost burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with her hair frizzed till it stands on ends in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, she may look exceedingly pretty and *piquante*, and if she came there for a game of croquet or a tableau-party, would be all in very good taste; but as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, that she has done the things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things which she ought to have done—and she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life into sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy." Much more might be said as to the violation of the divine command as to plainness of apparel among believers; but if women professing godliness will not heed the word of God, much less will they give attention to our admonitions. Nevertheless, those sisters who live in fellowship with the Lord Jesus will surely be lifted above the littlenesses of fashion and pride. O that all were such!

A History of the Baptists.

ALL who know much of the Baptist denomination must have regretted that so few are acquainted with its early history. We are not surprised that those who do not admit the scripturalness of our principles should be thus ignorant; nor can we be surprised that those who have superciliously looked upon our comparative feebleness should have put us down as of latter-day growth; but it remains a matter of great surprise that our own congregations should be, for the most part, uninstructed in the past doings of our body. We certainly can boast of godly defenders of the faith, of noble men persecuted and contemned, who have sacrificed position, wealth, and life, for the truth; we can tell of able preachers and learned divines, and we can rejoice in the spirit of enterprise and heroism which has existed among Baptists of all ages. Why therefore should there be so much ignorance abroad as to the ecclesiastical history of the denomination? Why should so few know anything, and so many care nothing for the early Baptists, when their history is beyond measure instructive and interesting? We think there are several reasons to be found for this apathy to our own history. We are not sure, in the first place, that Baptists have ever been passionate lovers of ecclesiastical history. Indeed, we have a notion—how far it is true we leave our readers to judge—that religious communities which indulge too much in these investigations, are apt to trust to the past, which in view of present necessities is about the worst thing a religious body could do. Baptists, too, in past days, being peculiarly obnoxious to all state-churchmen, have had enough to do to fight for very existence, and have been too much intent upon taking their part in the controversies of the times, and, upon seeking present edification, to spend much thought upon presenting in the foreground the past history of their body. Then, too, that history has been, for the most part, obscure and scanty, and even now, as Dr. Angus confesses, the history of baptism in the early church and in the middle ages is still to be written. The few books that have been compiled have been too expensive for ordinary readers, and a condensed and graphic abstract of Baptist records has been much wanted. We are glad therefore to find that Dr. Cramp, the able president of a Baptist College in Nova Scotia, has endeavoured to meet this want. Dr. Cramp has long been a laborious, painstaking student of ecclesiastical history, and his works have been distinguished by some of the higher qualities of an historian. His book on Baptist history* is not intended for students; at least, it is thrown into a popular mould, and will be more acceptable to general readers, to whom we most heartily recommend it. All Baptists should possess a copy, and even those of our readers who do not sympathise with our view of the ordinance of baptism, will probably be glad to know what the immersionists have to say about themselves. The time is past, we hope, when religious rancour forbids one body of believers to take an interest in another. The work is so pleasantly written, and

* *Baptist History:* from the foundation of the Christian Church to the close of the Eighteenth Century. By J. M. CRAMP, D.D., author of "A Text Book on Popery," &c., &c. London: Elliot Stock.

so tastefully produced, that it would form an acceptable gift to our young men and maidens. It traces the history of Baptists from the foundation of the Christian church, when he whose right it was to give the mandate commanded his disciples to baptise in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to the close of the last century; adding a chapter—which to our minds is the least satisfactory part of the work—on the extension of the denomination and the peculiarities of the present period.

The primitive period is remarkable only—so far as the point in hand is concerned—for two things: viz., the absence during the first two hundred years of any reference in "The Fathers" to infant baptism; and the introduction, with other heresies, of baptismal regeneration and children's baptism. Tertullian, at the in-coming of the third century openly declared that remission from sins, deliverance from death, regeneration and participation in the Holy Spirit, were spiritual blessings consequent upon baptism. The two things—the sacramental theory and the baptism of children (not infants)—probably came in at the same time; for we find Tertullian indignantly reproving those who had begun the practice of administering the ordinance to children, on the ground that they were not old enough to repent and believe. Chevalier Bunsen distinctly points out that "Tertullian's opposition is to the baptism of young growing children: he does not say a word about new-born infants." The same must be said of Origen. But the seeds of the evil had been sown. Children's baptism was clearly originated by the sacramentarians, who considered that it was necessary to salvation. But *infant* baptism was instituted by a bishop of Northern Africa, in the middle of the third century, who confounded Christian baptism with circumcision—a blunder frequent enough nowadays. It must be remembered that the body of the infant was immersed, not sprinkled. Sprinkling sick persons confined to their beds was, however, a contemporaneous innovation.

We next enter upon *the transition period*, when the new system was quietly working its way. As Neander puts it, "among the Christians of the East, infant-baptism, though acknowledged in theory to be necessary, yet entered rarely and with much difficulty into the church-life during the first half of this period." Novelty needed extraneous power to bolster it up, and infant-baptism was promulgated by men who accepted state aid, and who were backed by a royal command that all infants should be baptised. The church allied to the state, the tide of persecution inevitably set in. The state-church people were the "orthodox," and as such were recognised; all others were heretics. A controversy sprang up with regard to those who apostatised during the Decian persecution, but who on the return of tranquillity, sought re-admission into the churches. Novation held that apostacy was a sin which disqualified them from again entering into church fellowship, and to secure a pure community, he formed a separate church, which elected him for its pastor. These purer churches multiplied, and continued in existence for more than three centuries, the members being everywhere looked upon as Puritans and Dissenters. They were Anabaptists, baptising again all who had been immersed by the orthodox and corrupt church. The Novations, then, were Baptists.

Then follows *the obscure period*—a period of mistiness, doubtfulness, and difficulty. What Dr. Cramp terms "*The Revival Period*," which extended from A.D. 1073 to A.D. 1517, includes the Crusades, the martyrdom of Huss, and the invention of printing. Peter of Bruys, who suffered martyrdom in 1124, was a Baptist minister, who maintained that the church should be composed alone of believers, that all believers should be baptised, and that baptism was of no use unless connected with personal faith. Others followed him in the advocacy of the same principles, giving a great deal of trouble to the Baptists by their denunciations of ecclesiastical corruptions. "The terrible storm which fell upon Southern France in the crusade against the Albigenses, doubtless swept away many of the Baptist churches, and scattered their surviving members. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the persecutors, great numbers escaped. Italy, Germany, and the Eastern countries of Europe received them." It is clear that "the Morning Star of the Reformation," John Wycliffe, believed that faith was required by those who were baptised, and those who held that infants dying without baptism could not be saved, were regarded by him as "presumptuous and foolish." It is also certain that many of the Lollards, perhaps the majority of them, strongly opposed infant baptism. They were persecuted for this by the Pædobaptists, for it was held to be a grievous departure from the truth to believe that infants could be saved if unbaptised. There has been considerable diversity of opinion among historians as to the Waldenses, and both by those who assert that they were Baptists and by those who maintain that they were not, it has been forgotten that they were not distinguished by any uniformity of belief. "If," says Dr. Cramp, "the question relate to the Waldenses in the strict and modern sense of the term, that is, to the inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont, there is reason to believe that, originally, the majority of them were Baptists, although there were varieties of opinion among them, as well as among other seceders from the Romish church." One of their earlier confessions, has this distinguishing belief, that it is proper and even necessary that *believers* should use the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, but that believers may be saved without either. Immersion in any case was still the mode, and incontrovertible facts, which no one has ventured to dispute, go to prove that it was the universal practice.

Baptists were always equally prepared for conflict and for persecution. At the rise of the Reformation they openly declared themselves, coming out of their obscure positions, where they had long worshipped their Master in quiet seclusion. They were prepared to enlist themselves under the banners of the Reformers. They looked upon the defiant daring men of God whom no ecclesiastical tyranny could tame, no Papal fulminations could awe, no threatenings could silence, as their brothers—bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. It is much to be regretted that they should have been so bitterly disappointed. The Reformers were not as yet sufficiently wide in their sympathies, nor sufficiently clear in their Protestantism, to extend the right hand of friendship, and loving communion to the despised Baptists. As now, so then, Baptists were a go-a-head race, always prepared to travel beyond others. They were persecuted, destroyed, forsaken, had their possessions confiscated, and

were reduced to the lowest depths of poverty. In spite of the Reformers who were bemisted by Popery, they maintained that the church of Christ should be kept as pure as possible; that there must be no indiscriminate mixing of wheat and tares, as though both were so much akin that there was no difference between them; that believers only were the proper subjects of baptism; that Scripture and Scripture alone was the sole arbiter in all theological disputes; and that civil magistrates and earthly potentates had no control over God's free gift to man—conscience. We, as Baptists of the present day, have precisely the same principles to defend, and in demanding the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish church, that embodiment of injustice and bulwark *against* the progress of Protestantism in the sister country, we do but propagate opinions and principles which were tenaciously held by the Anabaptists of Reformation days—principles which find their source and authority in Holy Writ.

No one disputes that the conduct of the Baptists of this era was marked at times by folly. Yet it has been the habit too much to magnify their wrong-doings, and to stigmatise all for the acts of some. The Reformers themselves chose out of their vocabulary all the offensive epithets they could, and flung them at their brethren—the Baptists. Latimer denounced them as "pernicious," and their opinions as "devilish." Hooper regarded them as "damnable;" while other and equally mild aspersions were made upon their zeal, their honesty, and even common decency. The Baptists declared their sympathy with Luther in throwing off the Pope's authority, and carried out their principles to their legitimate conclusion, by proclaiming themselves free from Luther's, or any other man's, authority. Then came the Peasant's War, in which Munzer joined, and for which he paid by the forfeiture of his life. Occasion was taken by his connection with the insurgents, to load all Baptists with obloquy and reproach. They were persecuted and hunted down, obliged to worship in woods, far removed from the hot fierce hand of their enemies. An historian of these times, Sebastian Franck, affirms that within a few years no fewer than "two thousand Baptists had testified their faith by imprisonment or martyrdom." Yet despite the odium cast upon them, and the laws of repression enforced against them, they continued to spread in Germany, in Italy, in Switzerland, Austria, and Bavaria. They were hunted like sheep and compelled to emigrate in large numbers to Moravia, and to the Netherlands, where they were not free from the oppressor's yoke. The records of Baptist martyrology are very voluminous. Our readers should be acquainted with the doings and the sufferings of these brethren, who were singled out for unsparing manifestations of cruelty and vengeance. We recommend them carefully to read Dr. Cramp's admirable condensation of their trials during this long and suffering period. One man, by name Jeronimus Segerson, who boldly declared that he would rather be tortured ten times every day, and then finally be roasted on a gridiron, than renounce the faith, was burned at Antwerp. His wife, Lysken, was drowned in a sack—a fitting death it was thought for a Baptist. The account given in the work entitled "Baptist Martyrology," written in Dutch, is very affecting. "She very boldly," we are told, "and undisguisedly confessed her faith at the

tribunal, before the magistrates and the multitude. They first asked her concerning baptism. She said, 'I acknowledge but one baptism, even that which was used by Christ and his disciples, and left to us.' 'What do you hold concerning infant baptism?' asked the sheriff. To which Lysken answered, 'Nothing but a mere infant's baptism, and a human institution.' On this the bench stood up, and consulted together, while Lysken, in the mean time, confessed, and explained clearly to the people the ground of her belief. They then pronounced sentence upon her. Lysken spoke in the following manner to the bench: 'Ye are now judges; but the time will come when ye will wish that ye had been keepers of sheep, for there is a Judge and Lord who is above all; he shall in his own time judge you. But we have not to wrestle against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, powers, and rulers of the darkness of this world.'" Two monks visited her in prison, but could not move her from her confidence. "On Saturday morning we rose early, some before day, some with the daylight, to see the nuptials which we thought would then be celebrated; but the crafty murderers outran us. We had slept too long, for they had finished their murderous work between three and four o'clock. They had taken that sheep to the Scheldt, and had put her into a sack, and drowned her before the people arrived, so that few persons saw it. Some, however, saw it. She went courageously to death, and spoke bravely, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Thus she was delivered up, and it came to pass, to the honour of the Lord, that by the grace of God many were moved thereby."

The history of English Baptists is full of interest. From the first they were peculiarly offensive to "the powers that be." Henry the Eighth—who did so much for the Anglican Establishmentarians that he ought to be regarded by them as a pet saint, even as he was befooled and belarded by the intriguing Cranmer—when he assumed the headship of the Anglican church which never acknowledged Christ to be its only Head, proclaimed against two kinds of heretics, viz., those who disputed about baptism and the Lord's Supper; and such as were re-baptised. These Anabaptists were commanded to withdraw from the country at once. Cranmer ordered some to be burnt, and burnt they were. Mr. Kenworthy, the present pastor of the Baptist church at Hill Cliffe, in Cheshire, has stated that if the traditions of the place are to be trusted, the church is five hundred years old. "A tombstone has been lately dug up in the burial ground belonging to that church, bearing date 1357. The origin of the church is assigned to the year 1523. It is evident that there were Baptist communities in this country in the reign of Edward VI., since Ridley, who was martyred in the following reign, had the following among his "Articles of Visitation:" "Whether any of the Anabaptists' sect or other, use notoriously any unlawful or private conventicles, wherein they do use doctrines or administration of sacraments, separating themselves from the rest of the parish?" A fearful crime which many Anglicans of the present day would be as ready to punish were it not that other notions of religious liberty exist and powerfully influence public opinion. We can trace the same spirit, though in embryo perhaps, in the ritualistic prints of the present age, and indeed in the two delightfully amiable Evangelical newspapers

whose unbounded hatred of all outside the pale of their theology and clique is as relentless and unscrupulous as the bitterest feelings of Papal days. All history teaches that state-churchism means persecution, in one form or another, according to the sentiments of the age; and the only cure for the evil is to put all religions on an equality.

Elizabeth, like her father, found it needful for the peace and quiet of the Anglicans, to banish Baptists from her realm. This she did so effectually that Bishop Jewel congratulated his brethren, in 1560, in the following terms:—"We found at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth a large and inauspicious corps of Arians, Anabaptists, and other pests, which I know not how, but as mushrooms spring up in the night and in darkness, so these sprang up in that darkness and unhappy night of the Marian times. These I am informed, and I hope it is the fact, have retreated before the light of purer doctrine, like owls at the sight of the sun, and are now nowhere to be found; or at least, if anywhere, they are no longer troublesome to our churches." With all this system of repression and persecution, and notwithstanding the emigration of large numbers, many remained in the country, and soon made their appearance, as history attests, in what Dr. Cramp has denominated "*the troublous period*," which extended from A.D. 1567 to A.D. 1688—from the days especially of James I. to the period when Benjamin Keach suffered in the pillory. For an interesting abstract of the history of our denomination during those times and during the quieter period which followed, with its peculiarities of controversy, and conscientious differences, we must refer our reader to the book which we have already warmly commended to their favour.

A Rare Discourse.

BY SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.*

"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him; for the Lamb's marriage is come, and his wife hath made herself ready," etc.—Revelation xix. 7—14.

HERE is an exhortation to *be glad and rejoice* with thanksgiving, with two reasons of it. "For the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." Here is a question in the entry: Is there not a time to rejoice and a time to mourn? It is now rather a time for the kirk to mourn and be sad. The kirk, the poor woman with child, hard upon the down-lying, travailing, and having not an hour's reckoning, is chased by the dragon to the wilderness; but in chapter xix. 7, the kirk is brought in singing and rejoicing; hence let the world turn upside down and come as it will, the saints will get a life of it. They are God's birds, that sing in the winter, when God's set time is come. Isaiah liv. 1. "Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing," etc., and yet they were captives and banished people in the meantime, Zechariah ix. 9. "Rejoice greatly, O Jerusalem, shout, etc. Behold, thy King cometh!" And yet they had no king at

* Parts of an Action sermon, preached before the celebration of the Lord's Supper, at Kirkcudbright, June 20th, 1634. This rich discourse we have broken into portions, and give the first dish of the banquet in our present number, with the promise of more to follow. May many of the Lord's people be refreshed as they read.

all, but were in the pit where was no water; they were in bondage. So in Isaiah xl. 1, when the people were under the water, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord; speak comfortably to Jerusalem."

When the day is fair, and the spirit flows, and the wind is in the west, we can all then sing, and rejoice, and believe. If God would each hour of the day come and take his children on his knees, and lay their head in his bosom, saying, "Weep not, hold your tongue," we could all then sing, and rejoice, and believe; but we must learn by faith to make a window in our prison, and look out and see daylight, and the Bridegroom coming, and then we shall rejoice beforehand. We are like fools and spoilt bairns taking offence at our Lord, like Jacob, and then we will not be comforted. Our Lord cannot get us drawn to the house of wine to take a cup of consolation; but truly we must learn to sing when God bids us. If the winter night be never so dark, believers must aye rejoice; therefore rejoice, my dearly beloved, for we will get day about yet when the marriage day is come, Luke vi. 23. Rejoice and leap for joy, every day, for that day, when they separate you from their company, Luke xxi. 28. "When all these things shall come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for the day of your redemption draweth near." They were casting down their heads, but faith must rejoice in the hope of deliverance.

Let us give honour to him. Joy should not be without praise. Alas! we rejoice in ourselves, and not in God. It is a bastard joy that is without praise. Psalm xxxiii. 1—2. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous: Praise the Lord with harp." In 1 Thessalonians v. 16, the apostle Paul couples these together. "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in all things give thanks." It is sorry music in heaven that wants praising of him who sits on the throne. Our Lord gets often deaf nuts from us in our spiritual joy: we take joy as a breakfast, to cheer up our foolish sense, and sit down upon our joy, and whine as we do. So we wrong our Lord, when our joy bringeth not forth thanksgiving.

It is not enough to rejoice that ye hope to get a kiss of Christ in ordinances, except ye come to this to give him a sacrifice of praise. We often draw our joy home to ourselves, and make Christ a babe to play ourselves with, and feed our foolish sense with: were we thankful, and referred all our sense to praising, we should not get so many hungry meals. But what is the matter? Wherefore are ye bidden rejoice and be glad? The kirk speaks her words with a warrant, wherefore rejoice; know ye no better? Have not ye good cause to rejoice? Is not *the Lamb's marriage come?* Then nothing more feeds the soul of the godly with delight than this, that the marriage-day is come and at hand. It is something worth indeed, that the poor widow, the kirk, has married so right a husband: "For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Psalm xxiv. 1. Ye need not fear scant nor that Christ will scale house; "The marriage is come." It is not simply to the glorified in heaven, but the time is come when God will make good all his promises to his kirk in Christ. Say ye, was not this marriage of the Lamb before? Yea, was not Christ his kirk's Husband and Wellbeloved from the beginning?

Ans. In God's purpose he was from eternity the King, Lord, and Husband of his kirk; but for the going out of the marriage, we are to

know, that the kirk was suited and wooed long before the marriage. Christ took not his wife at the first blink, as Samson fell in love with his wife; but he married with advisement, so to speak; he and his kirk are thrice lawfully proclaimed in the preached gospel. There are meetings and communings about the heads of the contract; wherein Christ tells of his own excellencies and his Father's glory, and what mansions are above. As long as the first husband (the law) lives, Christ does not marry. Romans vii. 1. If ye and the world be handfastened together, that marriage must be divorced, or else he will not look on that side of the house that ye are in. Before it came to this, "Even so I take her," Christ makes three journeys to his wife. 1st. When he came in the flesh he wooed sinners, and offered himself to the world. 2nd. After his ascension to heaven, he comes another journey, by his Spirit, in his ministers, who preach the gospel: so, as Paul saith, you are betrothed to a new husband. 3rd. He will come again at the last day, and complete the marriage. I suspect a hasty marriage to be a sudden vengeance: men and women all on a sudden being greatly wrought upon by carnal persuasions, fly to Christ, and flock to ordinances, to eat and drink with him, or ever he woo them: many profess to come to take Christ and have another husband at home, the world, their lusts; that is foul play: you must be single or else you cannot marry him.

I will ask of all of you who are come here this day, if your husband, the world, be dead? Try if your lusts be dead, and sin mortified; otherwise look for no match with Christ. If the world and ye are as great friends as ever you were, I shall not believe that Christ and you are in the way of marriage. They that are married to Christ have been cast down, wintered and summered, burnt and scaled, and can tell you what a strange shift the love of Christ has to make; lothe at sin, and all other things.

His wife hath made herself ready. How makes the kirk, the Lamb's wife, herself ready? In Col. i. 12, Paul speaketh of "giving thanks to the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Doth not God here readily answer both as true? God draws, and we run, for God and we meet not against our will, as Simon carried Christ's cross; nor as Balaam's ass spake that knew not what he spake; nor as the lilies grow, and labour not, and yet are better clothed than Solomon was. Our Lord has our hearts in his hand, as a man's way is before the fire to form and fashion the metal as he pleaseth, and to set his stamp on man's heart; he puts on the stamp as the wax receiveth it, a stone would not receive it. The man blows the trumpet, but all the sound comes from the man's breath: the ship sails; the pilot fills not the sails, but it is the wind that fills the sails. Our Lord begins and works upon the will and the heart, and changes it, and lets us see the excellency of our new Husband and Lord; and when we make ourselves ready, we follow on to the smell of his garments. If God draw and ye stand still, if God blow upon you, and strike and work, and cast you down, and yet ye are as hard as a rock or a stone under his hand, you have not made yourself ready; so ye are not at all married to Christ.

O my dearly beloved, make some preparation less or more for him; ye must be changed, and forswear your old Adam, and forget your

father's house; cast off your ilk-days' garments, and get a wedding-garment, and think not that Christ and your old ragged garments, your lusts, will agree together. Many, on the other hand, hearing that there must be a preparation for the marriage, and that they cannot be married to Christ in their sin and guilt, believe that he is angry; especially after a great outcast, therefore they stand afar off from Christ, and seek not after him at all, because they are not prepared. The Lamb's wife doth make herself ready, but I have not made myself ready, say ye; nay, I know not but if I go in my guilt, I shall be put away in his anger: and there ye stick like a ship on the sand-bed of fears and doubtings, lest God be angry, and not a foot can ye win nearer hand to Christ. What then shall unprepared souls do under these doubtings and unrepented-of sins that anger Christ? So I shall labour to answer what troubles such, and hinders their humbly setting too, and coming away. 1st. They are troubled about Christ's nature. 2ndly. About their warrant to come unprepared. And, 3rdly. They are troubled with Satan and the law of God. As for going to Christ, say they, it is a needless errand, I will not mend myself. *Ans.* The sluggard tells aye his answer before he goes his errand; the knavish servant's excuse is aye when he is sent an errand, "There is a lion in the way." What if ye find an open door, and Christ coming out to meet you midway? Christ played as merciful a part to the forlorn prodigal son. Ay, but if I find fire and sword when I come to the door, how shall I get in? *Ans.* What if it be a false glass wherein ye see? Alas! when sinners would be at Christ, he never holds out fire and sword to chase them away; that is but Satan's fire and sword that alarms you. I love your hope all the better, that the devil opposes it; but I say, tho' Christ gloom on you, as on the woman of Canaan, yet go forward, they are sweet coals that burn a soul flightering to be at Christ; that fire will never be your death. When want of preparation holds a man from Christ it is the devil. Men take Christ to be proud when it is themselves; they are proud, and will not go to Christ till they can give him a meeting, and buy mercy. Nay, you are to go without money, that is a better market. O, think ye shame to be in Christ's common? 2ndly. Oh! says the soul, I want a warrant; it is presumption to go to Christ with such a backful of guilt as I have. *Ans.* I say, it is both pride and presumption to abide away. I hope you will not trust in yourselves or your own strength, or else you would not complain of your being unprepared as ye do. Lean but to Christ, and then complain not, but presume your fill on him, providing you think yourself unworthy of him. It is not presumption to take a grip of Christ's naked sword, tho' it should cut your hand. Oh! says the soul, you have not told me of a warrant to rush in unprepared to an angry Christ. Would you have a warrant? There it is; the beggar's warrant is as good as I would wish. The warrant and testimonial of a beggar is a lame leg, a cripple hand, a hungry belly, a bare back; that is good reason and cause for him. So say I. Have ye a hungering and a longing desire after Jesus? Or know ye that ye are unprepared, that you are a cripple both of legs and arms? That is a notable warrant to go to Christ. Oh! but says the soul, I have not a promise, I have not the covenant to take with me; and for want of faith, I have lost the promise. *Ans.* The covenant is twice written, God has a copy, the principal is in his hand

and mind, and ye have a copy in your heart: If ye have lost your double, what then? Says Christ, My copy still remains; I say the covenant stability is to the fore, it stands: Not in this, that ye shall evermore stedfastly believe; there is no such covenant as that, yourselves have made that covenant and not Christ. Let me see such a covenant as this, that all that doubt, and say they are unprepared for Christ, should bide away, and never come to Christ, till they be properly prepared to come, and as ready as the Lamb's wife is for her marriage! Yet, says the soul, the warrant is not sure, it is hell and utter darkness to come to the marriage-supper of the Lamb without a wedding-garment, and so unprepared as I am. Matt. xxii. 12. *Ans.* That man cared not how he came; he took no care of a wedding-garment, he had not so much as a hungering for Christ, the beggar's warrant, as you have heard. But let us reason thus, If that ye grant ye are unprepared, and that ye want much that ye should have; ye think it is death to go to Christ: I say it is death to bide away, and the greatest death of the two. A man chased by his enemies for his life, has but two ways to flee to, either to the fire or to the water; if he be wise, he will take himself to the water, where he may swim, and not to the fire. The water may cast him out, but the water is the little death, fire is the meikle death. To abide still in sin, and never to come to Christ, is fire, chuse it not. To come to Christ with a hungering heart, is the little death. There is hope of mercy in dying in the presuming hand upon the point of Christ's sword. When ye come to Christ, it is life, if ye long for him. When the devil and the law challenge you, then show Christ's blood, that is, God's great seal, against which to speak is treason. If they say, ye believe not, answer ye then, I despair not.

Verse 8. *To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen.* Wherefrom comes this preparation? It is God's free gift in Christ, when all is on Christ's charges and expenses. The fine linen is Christ's righteousness imputed to saints, a web of Christ's own making, it cost him dear or ever it came on our backs; velvets, silks, kings' parliament robes, clothes of gold are nothing in comparison of this web, woven out of Christ's own bowels and heart-blood; we are unworthy of him, all that we can do or say here is with a borrowed tongue. When we say, "Even so I take him," it is with borrowed hand; faith is not ours, it is the gift of God to put on the fine linen. All this says we are unworthy of Christ; if we were worthy, a slain Christ would not be our husband. Christ is a Saviour and Redeemer from head to foot, all made up of free grace, giving his blood, merits, and righteousness, to his kirk for stark-nought. Men shape a sort of a Christ of their own making, not Christ, but an idol, a Christ that will not ken a man, except he sees a meeting of holiness and righteousness in him—that is a Christ of your own making; but the true Christ, that God gave unto the world, will either marry with a beggar or none: It is his honour to match with captives and prisoners. Isaiah lxi. i. The sick that need the physician. Matt. ix. Luke xix. 10. Sinners that are lost. Luke xiv. 21. The poor, the maimed, halt, and blind, the beggars and debtors of the world. Matt. xi. 28. The heavy laden. Isaiah lv. 1. The thirsty, and those that have no money. Rev. iii. 17. "The wretched, blind, poor, and miserable, and naked." Micah iv. 7. The silly halting cripple church.

"*Fine linen, white and clean, the righteousness of saints.*" These are the properties of his perfect obedience and sufferings; they are not gross and run spun, there is not a spot in them. Christ gave all that God desired. The law cries, "With all the heart, soul, and strength," Christ answers, "I delight to do thy will, O God; thy law is within my heart." Psalm xl. 8. Christ gives God heaped measure; not a penny that sinners take from God, but Christ restored a pound for it again; nay, I say it, man, Christ's righteousness is more than sufficient; but man's righteousness is gross and round spun in comparison of this.

2ndly. For Christ's suffering, there was not a crake* in them; Christ stood still, he never winked, nor minded to take away his head; he did never juik† nor lute to miss a cuff, he would not ware a stroke off himself: "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that pulled off the hair." Isaiah i. 6. Our dear Redeemer was made like no others; few lose a cause with their will; but Christ was content that a decree should go forth against him, and that the law should seize on him; he purposed to pay, and not miscount; he took the strokes till God said it was enough, "It is finished." So his righteousness will do our turn, being clean, white and fine. Then, when ye have put on this clean fine linen, keep it clean and white, cast no dirt on Christ's righteousness: "Be ye holy, as he is holy." We are all ready to defile our new clothes after we have put them on; even Ezekiel must be warned. "Son of man, be not rebellious like the rebellious house." Ezekiel iii. 8. "The Lord instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people." Isaiah viii. 10. When we have put on the fine linen, temptations, the devil's dogs, are hounded out against us to rend our clothes. This world is a smoky room, a filthy house; what are malice, pride, love to the world, security and avarice, but the devil's smoky walls that we should keep ourselves from?

(To be Continued.)

George Müller's Report for 1867-68.

WE bless God that his servant George Müller is led every year to publish a brief narrative of facts connected with the Lord's providential dealings with his Orphan-houses and other enterprises. We feel refreshed and encouraged in our own work, and at the same time ashamed of our own little faith and slender attainments. Every believer ought to read this blessed sixpennyworth of experimental testimony to the living God. Our own modes of action are distinct from those of this revered man of God; it would be vain presumption to try to imitate him, each man must walk as he feels led in the service of his Master. *For him* his plans are beyond all criticism, they are clearly of the Lord, and his Lord approves them by signs following. We too have endeavoured, after our small ability, to follow the leadings of our Lord, and have had a most abundant recompense, and shall have in the future yet more. We cull a few extracts from the present report to

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* A boastful exaggeration.

† He does by no means seek to avoid the blows of the buffetors.

induce our readers to purchase it. Thus this good steward begins his story:—

"My soul does magnify the Lord for the help which he has so graciously been pleased to grant to me during another year! Difficulties, greater than ever I had them for the previous thirty-three years, have been overcome during the past year, by prayer and faith; work, which is increasing with every year more and more, has not been allowed to overwhelm me, and expenses greater than during any previous year, amounting altogether, from May 27, 1867, to May 26, 1868, to £41,310 16s. 8½d., have been met without my ever being unable to satisfy to the full *at once* all demands, though sometimes amounting to more than £3,000 at a time. We are now going on in the thirty-fifth year of this Institution, proving, day by day, that the living God of the Bible is still the living God. Elijah has long since been taken up into heaven, but the God of Elijah lives; and *all* who *truly* depend upon him will find him ever ready to help them."

Among the donations acknowledged are notable cases such as these:—

"From Scotland, £22, with the following letter: 'Dear Sir, enclosed is £20, which I send to you as a thank-offering, to the Lord, to be disposed of by you as you may deem most proper. Last year I sent you £10, this year I feel satisfied it is my duty to send you £20, being persuaded there is a withholding more than is meet, which tendeth to poverty,' etc. July 24. From the neighbourhood of Bath, £500, from a gentleman who had in May also sent me £500. I have never seen this kind donor, as is the case with perhaps 19 out of 20 of the donors; but the Lord spoke to him, thus to help me to accomplish this enlargement of the Orphan work. May 23.—All the glass, needed for the New Orphan Houses No. 4 and No. 5, was given gratuitously. The glass for No. 4 was kindly given by the senior partner of a large firm, and the glass for No. 5 by the same firm conjointly. The promise to do so had been given nearly two years since: but now I learnt from the clerk of the works, that all the glass had been actually supplied. The greatness of the gift will be seen, by its being remembered that there are above 700 large windows in these two houses.

"June 3. Received to-day £51 5s., with the following letter: 'My dear Sir, I enclose my cheque, value £51 5s., to be applied £20 for missions, £20 for the dear children under your care, and the balance for yourself, £11 5s. I send this in acknowledgment of God's mercies, having had great losses in business, and feeling truly thankful that I am in a position to bear them, and still to carry on my business as usual, with the prayer that God may keep me humble at the foot of the cross of Christ,' etc. One or the other of the readers of this report may derive benefit from this letter, Observe: 1. The donor takes his losses out of the hand of God. So should all do, under similar circumstances. It is deeply important to his own hand in all that befalls us. 2. He is grateful that not all is taken from him, as might have been the case. In this the donor should be imitated by all under similar circumstances. We are entirely dependent upon God, and therefore not only a part of what we have might be taken, but all. 3. The writer of the letter brings his thank-offering to God. For what? Not for a large increase of his means, but that the Lord has not taken all from him, and that, notwithstanding great losses, he is able to carry on his business as usual. Think of this, esteemed reader. In this many Christians in business fail. When difficulties and losses come, instead of cleaving the more to God, and being the more grateful to him that they are even as well off as they are, he is rather less remembered; and as to being the more faithful in the stewardship, while it is continued, the losses are only dwelt on, and nothing, or but exceedingly little, can now be afforded for the poor or the work of God. Well, and what is the result? The losses increase yet more and more. O that the saints would be wise, and learn!

but they frequently act so as to oblige God, in very love to them, to take by thousands and tens of thousands that from them of which they were unwilling to give to him in tens or hundreds.

"March 21. To-day I received from Belgium £1 13s. for Missions, with 14s. 6d. for the Orphans. 'Of this amount, 18 francs 57 cents,' the missionary who sends the money writes, 'come from the box of our brother the tinker. This box is in a dark corner of a very small shop, crowded with broken pots and pans, etc. When I broke the box this morning to take out the money (for it must be broken), this money was so covered with dust and damp that it needed to be washed; but it is not less precious on that account, for it comes from a heart which sincerely loves the Lord.'"

Mr. Müller's daily dependence upon God, and the Lord's daily remembrance of his servant, are illustrated by his statement that he prays every day, and many times a day, for help in his benevolent work of feeding 1,299 children and building houses for more, making in all 2,050 orphans, and are set in clear relief by the details of the first five days of his financial year:—

We began the year on May 27, 1867, with £90 3s. 1½d. in hand for these objects, which was indeed little for our requirements; but we called upon the Lord, and before this balance was expended, we received far more than the amount with which we began the year. On May 27, came in £2 5s. On May 28, altogether in ten donations, £9 8s. 5d. One of these ten donations was from a Christian shopkeeper, who sent 3s. 5d., being one penny in the pound of the sum which he had taken during the previous week. In like manner has this donor sent, week by week, about the same sum. One penny in the pound seems little, and yet, little as it appears, even this little, because it was systematically given, amounted in the end to about £8 during the year. I refer to this to show how important it is to give as the Lord prospers us, even though we are only able to give according to a very low rate. On May 29th we received from London £50, and £2 0s. 4d. besides. On May 30th, £11 14s. 6d. Of this amount £10 was sent by a Christian mercantile gentleman, who, month after month, during the whole year, sent £10, or £15, or £20, I suppose just as God was pleased to prosper him. On May 31st, from Kent, £100, and £5 14s. 10d. besides. And as it pleased God to supply our need during the first five days of the year, so did he also during the whole period, for the sake of our Lord Jesus, listen to our supplications, and give unto us continually the needed help."

The new houses required £58,000 to build and furnish; and we rejoice to notice the following paragraph:—

"When the last year commenced on May 27, 1867, I needed yet about £6,000, to meet, as far as I could see, all the expenses connected with fitting up and furnishing the two new houses; but the Lord was pleased to give me, altogether for this object, £6,633 17s. 5½d. during the year. I have, therefore, reason to believe, as far as at present the expenses can be calculated, that the amount required is in hand.

What hath God wrought? And this God is our God also. Therefore by faith we commit to him our far smaller work at the Stockwell Orphanage, at our College, and in the Colportage, saying with Abraham, JEHOVAH-JIREH. Our work was not of our seeking, but was laid on our shoulder even as the cross was placed upon Simon: will not the Lord give us strength to carry it? Hitherto we have received great and memorable help, and usually in large sums; surely he who has done so much will not leave us now! "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

Advice to Young Preachers.

TAKE *care not to fall into the habitual and common affectations of the present day.* Scarcely one man in a dozen in the pulpit talks like a man. This affectation is not confined to Protestants, for the Abbé Mullois remarks, "Everywhere else, men speak: they speak at the bar and the tribune; but they no longer speak in the pulpit, for there we only meet with a factitious and artificial language, and a false tone. This style of speaking is only tolerated in the church, because, unfortunately, it is so general there; elsewhere it would not be endured. What would be thought of a man who should converse in a similar way in a drawing-room? He would certainly provoke many a smile. Some time ago there was a warder at the Pantheon—a good sort of fellow in his way—who, in enumerating the beauties of the monument, adopted precisely the tone of many of our preachers, and never failed thereby to excite the hilarity of the visitors, who were as much amused with his style of address as with the objects of interest which he pointed out to them. A man who has not a natural and true delivery, should not be allowed to occupy the pulpit; from thence, at least, everything that is false should be summarily banished. . . . . In these days of mistrust everything that is false should be set aside; and the best way of correcting one's self in that respect, as regards preaching, is frequently to listen to certain monotonous and vehement preachers. We shall come away in disgust, and with such a horror of their delivery, that we shall prefer condemning ourselves to silence rather than imitate them. The instant you abandon the natural and the true, you forego the right to be believed, as well as the right of being listened to." You may go all round, to church and chapel alike, and you will find that by far the larger majority of our preachers have a holy tone for Sundays. They have one voice for the parlour and the bed-room, and quite another tone for the pulpit; so that, if not double-tongued sinfully, they certainly are so literally. The moment some men shut the pulpit door, they leave their own personal manhood behind them, and become as official as the parish beadle. There they might almost boast with the Pharisee, that they are not as other men are, although it would be blasphemy to thank God for it. No longer are they carnal and speak as men, but a whine, a broken hum-haw, an *ore rotundo*, or some other graceless mode of noise-making, is adopted, to prevent all suspicion of being natural and speaking out of the abundance of the heart. When that gown is once on, how often does it prove to be the shroud of the man's true self, and the effeminate emblem of officialism!—*From a course of lectures by* C. H. SPURGEON, *now preparing for the press.*

PRAYER is not a winter garment meant for trouble alone: it is then to be worn indeed, but not to be left off in the summer of prosperity. If you would find some at prayer, you must stay till it thunders and lightens, and not go to them except it be in a storm. These are like certain birds which are never heard to cry or make a noise, but in or against foul weather. This is not to pray always, not to serve God, but to serve ourselves. Reader, how about thy prayers? Are they selfish, and brought forth by fear, or do they spring from love to God?

TO THE

Protestant Members of the Church of England.

A FABLE.



THE RITUALIST PRIEST AND THE ASS.

A RITUALIST PRIEST meeting an ass, thus accosted her—"How durst thou presume to wear the sign of the holy rood, seeing that thou art an unbaptised and unregenerate ass?"

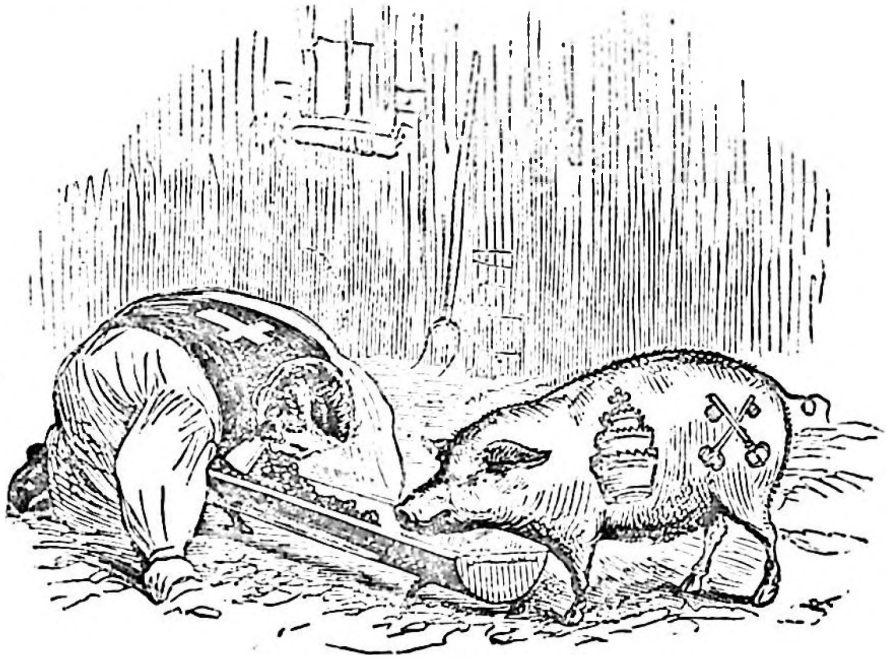
The meek-spirited beast replied—"Brother! God placed the cross on my back, but I know not who placed it on thine."

Moral.—Self-imposed crosses occasion arrogancy.

FREDERICK JAMES BROWN.

No. 32.—From C. H. SPURGEON'S "Sword and Trowel," published monthly, price 3d.; post free, 4d. Tracts, 6d. per 100; post free for 8 stamps.—Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row.

A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.



FABLE.

A CERTAIN MAN had long accustomed himself to eat out of the same trough with a beast, and being rebuked for such unclean feeding, he replied that he did not object to it, and that by long-established custom he had acquired a right to eat in that fashion, for his fathers had so fed before him for many generations. As there was no other way of curing him of his degrading habit, his friends began to remove the trough, whereat he struggled and raved like a madman, calling them robbers and villains, and many other bad names. Meanwhile the beast at the other end of the trough patiently submitted to lose its provender.

FACT.

State support of religion, by tithes and other forced payments, is the trough. The Irish Church feeds out of the same trough with the Church which it is wont to call the Romish beast, only it stands at the fullest end of it. The beast only gets a few handfuls of Maynooth Grant, but the Irish clergy are fed with tithes to the full. We want to see Protestants act like men who have faith in God and their own doctrines, and then they will maintain their own religion voluntarily; but, alas! it seems as if nothing but force will get them away from the degradation of state pay. How true it is that slavery deprives many men of the desire to be free! Wait a little, and when the trough is broken altogether, perhaps the man will play the man. Let every true Protestant help to deliver the Irish Church from her present condition; and may God defend the right.

No 33.—From C. H. Spurgeon's "Sword and Trowel," published monthly, price 3d.; post free, 4d. Tracts, 6d. per 100; post free for 8 stamps.—Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXIV.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David, when he changed his behaviour before Abimelech; who drove him away, and he departed. *Of this transaction, which reflects no credit upon David's memory, we have a brief account in* 1. Samuel xxi. *Although the gratitude of the psalmist prompted him thankfully to record the goodness of the Lord in vouchsafing an undeserved deliverance, yet he weaves none of the incidents of the escape into the narrative, but dwells only on the grand fact of his being heard in the hour of peril. We may learn from his example not to parade our sins before others, as certain vainglorious professors are wont to do who seem as proud of their sins as old Greenwich pensioners of their battles and their wounds. David played the fool with singular dexterity, but he was not so real a fool as to sing of his own exploits of folly. In the original, the title does not teach us that the psalmist composed this poem at the time of his escape from Achish, the king or Abimelech of Gath, but that it is intended to commemorate that event, and was suggested by it. It is well to mark our mercies with well carved memorials: God deserves our best handiwork. David in view of the special peril from which he was rescued, was at great pains with this Psalm, and wrote it with considerable regularity, in almost exact accordance with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. This is the second alphabetical Psalm, the twenty-fifth being the first.*

DIVISION.—*The Psalm is split into two great divisions at the close of verse* 10, *when the Psalmist having expressed his praise to God turns in direct address to men. The first ten verses are* A HYMN, *and the last twelve* A SERMON. *For further assistance to the reader we may subdivide thus: In verses* 1 *to* 3, *David vows to bless the Lord, and invites the praise of others; from* 4 *to* 7 *he relates his experience, and in* 8, 9, 10, *exhorts the godly to constancy of faith. In verses* 11—14, *he gives direct exhortation, and follows it up by didactic teaching from verses* 15 *to the close.*

EXPOSITION.

I WILL bless the LORD at all times: his praise *shall* continually *be* in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the LORD: the humble shall hear *thereof*, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

1. "*I will bless the Lord at all times.*"—He is resolved and fixed, "*I will;*" he is personally and for himself determined, let others do as they may; he is intelligent in head and inflamed in heart—he knows to whom the praise is due, and what is due, and for what and when. To Jehovah, and not to second causes our gratitude is to be rendered. The Lord hath by right a monopoly in his creature's praise. Even when a mercy may remind us of our sin with regard to it, as in this case David's deliverance from the Philistine monarch was sure to do, we are not to rob God of his meed of honour because our conscience justly awards a censure to our share in the transaction. Though the hook was rusty, yet God sent the fish, and we thank him for it. "*At all times,*" in every situation, under every circumstance, before, in and after trials, in bright days of glee, and dark nights of fear. He would never have done praising, because never satisfied that he had done enough; always feeling that he fell short of the Lord's deservings. Happy is he whose fingers are wedded to his harp. He who praises God for mercies shall never want a mercy for which to praise. To bless the Lord is never unseasonable. "*His praise shall continually be in my mouth,*" not in my heart merely, but in my mouth too. Our thankfulness is not to be a dumb thing; it should be one of the daughters of music. Our tongue is our glory, and it ought to reveal the glory of God. What a

blessed mouthful is God's praise! How sweet, how purifying, how perfuming! If men's mouths were always thus filled, there would be no repining against God, or slander of neighbours. If we continually rolled this dainty morsel under our tongue, the bitterness of daily affliction would be swallowed up in joy. God deserves blessing with the heart, and extolling with the mouth—good thoughts in the closet, and good words in the world.

2. "*My soul shall make her boast in the Lord.*" Boasting is a very natural propensity, and if it were used as in this case, the more it were indulged the better. The exultation of this verse is no mere tongue bragging, "*the soul*" is in it, the boasting is meant and felt before it is expressed. What scope there is for holy boasting in Jehovah! His person, attributes, covenant, promises, works, and a thousand things besides, are all incomparable, unparalleled, matchless; we may cry them up as we please, but we shall never be convicted of vain and empty speech in so doing. Truly he who writes these words of comment has nothing of his own to boast of, but much to lament over, and yet none shall stop him of his boast in God so long as he lives. "*The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.*" They are usually grieved to hear boastings; they turn aside from vauntings and lofty speeches, but boasting in the Lord is quite another matter; by this the most lowly are consoled and encouraged. The confident expressions of tried believers are a rich solace to their brethren of less experience. We ought to talk of the Lord's goodness on purpose that others may be confirmed in their trust in a faithful God.

3. "*O magnify the Lord with me.*" Is this request addressed to the humble? If so it is most fitting. Who can make God great but those who feel themselves to be little? He bids them help him to make the Lord's fame greater among the sons of men. Jehovah is infinite, and therefore cannot really be made greater, but his name grows in manifested glory as he is made known to his creatures, and thus he is said to be magnified. It is well when the soul feels its own inability adequately to glorify the Lord, and therefore stirs up others to the gracious work; this is good both for the man himself and for his companions. No praise can excel that which lays us prostrate under a sense of our own nothingness, while divine grace like some topless Alp rises before our eyes, and sinks us lower and lower in holy awe. "*Let us exalt his name together.*" Social, congregated worship is the outgrowth of one of the natural instincts of the new life. In heaven it is enjoyed to the full, and earth is likest heaven where it abounds.

4 I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the LORD heard *him*, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

4. "*I sought the Lord, and he heard me.*" It must have been in a very confused manner that David prayed, and there must have been much of self-sufficiency in his prayer, or he would not have resorted to methods of such dubious morality as pretending to be mad and behaving as a lunatic, yet his poor limping prayer had an acceptance and brought him succour: the more reason for then celebrating the abounding mercy of the Lord. We may seek God even when we have sinned. If sin could blockade the mercy-seat it would be all over with us, but the mercy is that there are gifts even for the rebellious, and an advocate for men who sin. "*And delivered me from all my fears.*" God makes a perfect work of it. He clears away both our fears and their causes, all of them without exception. Glory be to his name, prayer sweeps

the field, slays all the enemies and even buries their bones. Note the egoism of this verse and of those preceding it; we need not blush to speak of ourselves when in so doing we honestly aim at glorifying God, and not at exalting ourselves. Some are foolishly squeamish upon this point, but they should remember that when modesty robs God it is most immodest.

5. "*They looked unto him, and were lightened.*" The psalmist avows that his case was not at all peculiar, it was matched in the lives of all the faithful; they too, each one of them on looking to their Lord were brightened up, their faces began to shine, their spirits were uplifted. What a means of blessing one look at the Lord may be! There is life, light, liberty, love, everything in fact, in a look at the crucified One. Never did a sore heart look in vain to the good Physician; never a dying soul turned its darkening eye to the brazen serpent to find its virtue gone. "*And their faces were not ashamed.*" Their faces were covered with joy but not with blushes. He who trusts in God has no need to be ashamed of his confidence, time and eternity will both justify his reliance.

6. "*This poor man cried.*" Here he returns to his own case. He was poor indeed, and so utterly friendless that his life was in great jeopardy; but he cried in his heart to the protector of his people and found relief. His prayer was a cry, for brevity and bitterness, for earnestness and simplicity, for artlessness and grief; it was a poor man's cry, but it was none the less powerful with heaven, for "*the Lord heard him,*" and to be heard of God is to be delivered, and so it is added the Lord "*saved him out of all his troubles.*" At once and altogether David was clean rid of all his woes. The Lord sweeps our griefs away as men destroy a hive of hornets, or as the winds clear away the mists. Prayer can clear us of troubles as easily as the Lord made a riddance of the frogs and flies of Egypt when Moses entreated him. This verse is the psalmist's own personal testimony; he being dead yet speaketh. Let the afflicted reader take heart and be of good courage.

7. "*The angel of the Lord.*" The covenant angel, the Lord Jesus, at the head of all the bands of heaven, surrounds with his army the dwellings of the saints. Like hosts entrenched so are the ministering spirits encamped around the Lord's chosen, to serve and succour, to defend and console them. "*Encampeth round about them that fear him.*" On every side the watch is kept by warriors of sleepless eyes, and the Captain of the host is one whose prowess none can resist. "*And delivereth them.*" We little know how many providential deliverances we owe to those unseen hands which are charged to bear us up lest we dash our foot against a stone.

8 O taste and see that the LORD *is* good: blessed *is* the man *that* trusteth in him.

9 O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for *there is* no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good *thing*.

8. "*O taste and see.*" Make a trial, an inward, experimental trial of the goodness of God. You cannot see except by tasting for yourself; but if you taste you shall see, for this, like Jonathan's honey, enlightens the eyes. "*That the Lord is good.*" You can only know this really and personally by experience. There is the banquet with its oxen and fatlings; its fat things full of marrow, and wines on the lees well refined; but their sweetness will be all unknown to you except you make the blessings of grace your own, by a living, inward, vital participation in them. "*Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.*" Faith is the soul's taste; they who test the Lord by their confidence always find him good, and they become themselves blessed. The second clause of the verse, is the argument in support of the exhortation contained in the first sentence.

9. "*O fear the Lord, ye his saints.*" Pay to him humble childlike reverence. walk in his laws, have respect to his will, tremble to offend him, hasten to

serve him. Fear not the wrath of men, neither be tempted to sin through the virulence of their threats; fear God and fear nothing else. "*For there is no want to them that fear him.*" Jehovah will not allow his faithful servants to starve. He may not give luxuries, but the promise binds him to supply necessaries, and he will not run back from his word. Many whims and wishes may remain ungratified, but real wants the Lord will supply. The fear of the Lord or true piety is not only the duty of those who avow themselves to be saints, that is, persons set apart and consecrated for holy duties, but it is also their path of safety and comfort. Godliness hath the promise of the life which now is. If we were to die like dogs, and there were no hereafter, yet were it well for our own happiness' sake to fear the Lord. Men seek a patron and hope to prosper; he prospers surely who hath the Lord of Hosts to be his friend and defender.

10. "*The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger.*" They are fierce, cunning, strong, in all the vigour of youth, and yet they sometimes howl in their ravenous hunger, and even so crafty, designing, and oppressing men, with all their sagacity and unscrupulousness, often come to want; yet simple-minded believers, who dare not act as the greedy lions of earth, are fed with food convenient for them. To trust God is better policy than the craftiest politicians can teach or practice. "*But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*" No really good thing shall be denied to those whose first and main end in life is to seek the Lord. Men may call them fools, but the Lord will prove them wise. They shall win where the world's wiseacres lose their all, and God shall have the glory of it.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

12 What man *is he that* desireth life, *and* loveth *many* days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

11. "*Come ye children.*" Though a warrior and a king, the psalmist was not ashamed to teach children. Teachers of youth belong to the true peerage; their work is honourable, and their reward shall be glorious. Perhaps the boys and girls of Gath had made sport of David in his seeming madness, and if so, he here aims by teaching the rising race to undo the mischief which he had done aforetime. Children are the most hopeful persons to teach—wise men who wish to propagate their principles take care to win the ear of the young. "*Hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*" So far as they can be taught by word of mouth, or learned by the hearing of the ear, we are to communicate the faith and fear of God, inculcating upon the rising generation the principles and practices of piety. This verse may be the address of every Sabbath-school teacher to his class, of every parent to his children. It is not without instruction in the art of teaching. We should be winning and attractive to the youngsters, bidding them "come," and not repelling them with harsh terms. We must get them away, apart from toys and sports, and try to occupy their minds with better pursuits; for we cannot well teach them while their minds are full of other things. We must drive at the main point always, and keep the fear of the Lord ever uppermost in our teachings, and in so doing we may discreetly cast our own personality into the scale by narrating our own experiences and convictions.

12. Life spent in happiness is the desire of all, and he who can give the young a receipt for leading a happy life deserves to be popular among them. Mere existence is not life; the art of living, truly, really, and joyfully living, it is not given to all men to know. To teach men how to live and how to die, is the aim of all useful religious instruction. The rewards of virtue are the baits with which the young are to be drawn to morality. While we teach piety to God we should also dwell much upon morality towards man.

13. "*Keep thy tongue from evil.*" Guard with careful diligence that dangerous member, the tongue, lest it utter evil, for that evil will recoil upon thee, and mar the enjoyment of thy life. Men cannot spit forth poison without feeling some of the venom burning their own flesh. "*And thy lips from speaking guile.*" Deceit must be very earnestly avoided by the man who desires happiness. A crafty schemer lives like a spy in the enemy's camp, in constant fear of exposure and execution. Clean and honest conversation, by keeping the conscience at ease, promotes happiness, but lying and wicked talk stuffs our pillow with thorns, and makes life a constant whirl of fear and shame. David had tried the tortuous policy, but he here denounces it, and begs others as they would live long and well to avoid with care the doubtful devices of guile.

14. "*Depart from evil.*" Go away from it. Not merely take your hands off, but yourself off. Live not near the pest-house. Avoid the lion's lair, leave the viper's nest. Set a distance between yourself and temptation. "*And do good.*" Be practical, active, energetic, persevering in good. Positive virtue promotes negative virtue; he who does good is sure to avoid evil. "*Seek peace.*" Not merely prefer it, but with zeal and care endeavour to promote it. Peace with God, with thine own heart, with thy fellow man, search after this, as the merchantman after a precious pearl. Nothing can more effectually promote our own happiness than peace; strife awakens passions which eat into the heart with corroding power. Anger is murder to one's own self, as well as to its objects. "*And pursue it.*" Hunt after it, chase it with eager desire. It may soon be lost, indeed, nothing is harder to retain, but do your best, and if enmity should arise let it be no fault of yours. Follow after peace when it shuns you; be resolved not to be of a contentious spirit. The peace which you thus promote will be returned into your own bosom, and be a perennial spring of comfort to you.

15 The eyes of the LORD *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry.

16 The face of the LORD *is* against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 *The righteous* cry, and the LORD heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The LORD *is* nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many *are* the afflictions of the righteous: but the LORD delivereth him out of them all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

15. "*The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous.*" He observes them with approval and tender consideration; they are so dear to him that he cannot take his eyes off them; he watches each one of them as carefully and intently as if there were only that one creature in the universe. "*His ears are open unto their cry.*" His eyes and ears are thus both turned by the Lord towards his saints; his whole mind is occupied about them: if slighted by all others they are not neglected by him. Their cry he hears at once, even as a mother is sure to hear her sick babe; the cry may be broken, plaintive, unhappy, feeble, unbelieving, yet the Father's quick ear catches each note of lament or appeal, and he is not slow to answer his children's voice.

16. "*The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.*" God is not indifferent to the deeds of sinners, but he sets his face against them, as we say, being

determined that they shall have no countenance and support, but shall be thwarted and defeated. He is determinately resolved that the ungodly shall not prosper; he sets himself with all his might to overthrow them. "*To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.*" He will stamp out their fires, their honour shall be turned into shame, their names forgotten or accursed. Utter destruction shall be the lot of all the ungodly.

17. "*The righteous cry.*" Like Israel in Egypt, they cry out under the heavy yoke of oppression, both of sin, temptation, care, and grief. "*And the Lord heareth;*" he is like the night-watchman, who no sooner hears the alarm-bell than he flies to relieve those who need him. "*And delivereth them out of all their troubles.*" No net of trouble can so hold us that the Lord cannot free us. Our afflictions may be numerous and complicated, but prayer can set us free from them all, for the Lord will show himself strong on our behalf.

18. "*The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.*" Near in friendship to accept and console. Broken hearts think God far away, when he is really most near to them; their eyes are holden so that they see not their best friend. Indeed, he is with them, and in them, but they know it not. They run hither and thither, seeking peace in their own works, or in experiences, or in proposals and resolutions, whereas the Lord is nigh them, and the simple act of faith will reveal him. "*And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.*" What a blessed token for good is a repentant, mourning heart! Just when the sinner condemns himself, the Lord graciously absolves him. If we chasten our own spirits the Lord will spare us. He never breaks with the rod of judgment those who are already sore with the rod of conviction. Salvation is linked with contrition.

19. "*Many are the afflictions of the righteous.*" Thus are they made like Jesus their covenant Head. Scripture does not flatter us like the story books with the idea that goodness will secure us from trouble; on the contrary, we are again and again warned to expect tribulation while we are in this body. Our afflictions come from all points of the compass, and are as many and as tormenting as the mosquitoes of the tropics. It is the earthly portion of the elect to find thorns and briers growing in their pathway, yea, to lie down among them, finding their rest broken and disturbed by sorrow. But, blessed *but*, how it takes the sting out of the previous sentence! "*But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*" Through troops of ills Jehovah shall lead his redeemed scatheless and triumphant. There is an end to the believer's affliction, and a joyful end too. None of his trials can hurt so much as a hair of his head, neither can the furnace hold him for a moment after the Lord bids him come forth of it. Hard would be the lot of the righteous if this promise, like a bundle of camphire, were not bound up in it, but this sweetens all. The same Lord who sends the afflictions will also recall them when his design is accomplished, but he will never allow the fiercest of them to rend and devour his beloved.

20. "*He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.*" David had come off with kicks and cuffs, but no broken bones. No substantial injury occurs to the saints. Eternity will heal all their wounds. Their real self is safe; they may have flesh-wounds, but no part of the essential fabric of their being shall be broken. This verse may refer to frequent providential protections vouchsafed to the saints; but as good men have had broken limbs as well as others, it cannot absolutely be applied to bodily preservations; but must, it seems to me, be spiritually applied to great injuries of soul, which are for ever prevented by divine love. Not a bone of the mystical body of Christ shall be broken, even as his corporeal frame was preserved intact. Divine love watches over every believer as it did over Jesus; no fatal injury shall happen to us, we shall neither be halt nor maimed in the kingdom, but shall be presented after life's trials are over without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, being preserved in Christ Jesus, and kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

21. "*Evil shall slay the wicked.*" Their adversities shall be killing; they are not medicine, but poison. Ungodly men only need rope enough and they will hang themselves; their own iniquities shall be their punishment. Hell itself is but evil fully developed, torturing those in whom it dwells. Oh! happy they who have fled to Jesus to find refuge from their former sins, such, and such only will escape. "*And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.*" They hated the best of company, and they shall have none; they shall be forsaken, despoiled, wretched, despairing. God makes the viper poison itself. What desolation of heart do the damned feel, and how richly have they deserved it!

"*The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants*"—with price and with power, with blood and with water. All providential helps are a part of the redemption by power, hence the Lord is said still to redeem. All thus ransomed belong to him who bought them—this is the law of justice and the verdict of gratitude. Joyfully will we serve him who so graciously purchases us with his blood, and delivers us by his power. "*And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.*" Faith is the mark of the ransomed, and wherever it is seen, though in the least and meanest of the saints, it ensures eternal salvation. Believer, thou shalt never be deserted, forsaken, given up to ruin. God, even thy God, is thy guardian and friend, and bliss is thine.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

TITLE.—Abimelech, or father king, was the official name of all the Philistine kings, as Pharaoh was the title of those of Egypt. Achish was the king's proper personal name.

TITLE.—Mr. Hapstone has endeavoured to imitate the alphabetical character of this Psalm in his metrical version. The letter answering to F is wanting, and the last stanza begins with the letter answering to R. One verse of his translation may suffice—

> "At all times bless Jehovah's name will I;
> His praise shall in my mouth be constantly:
> Boast in Jehovah shall my soul henceforth;
> Hear it, ye meek ones, and exult with mirth."

Verse 7.—But why is it said that one angel encampeth? His meaning is the angel and his host; as you say such a colonel besiegeth such a city or quartered in such a town, meaning him and his host.—*Thomas Goodwin.*

Verse 8.—Affliction purgeth the taste of a believer, and fitteth him to exercise his spiritual senses. All that the believer can attain of spiritual consolation in this life is but a taste.—*David Dickson.*

Verse 10.—Take a survey of heaven and earth and all things therein, and whatsoever upon sure ground appears good ask it confidently of Christ; his love will not deny it. If it were good for you that there were no sin, no devil, no affliction, no destruction, the love of Christ would instantly abolish these. Nay, if the possession of all the kingdoms of the world were absolutely good for any saint, the love of Christ would instantly crown him monarch of them.—*David Clarkson on the love of Christ.*

Verse 14.—Peace will not dine where grace hath not first broken her fast. We must depart from evil and do good, and then seek peace and pursue it. If we could prevail against our evils, we should prevail against all our enemies.—*Thomas Adams.*

Verse 15.—"*His ears are open to their cry.*" Hebrew, "*are to their cry,*" or as Peter hath it in the Greek, 1 Peter iii. 12, "*His ears are into their prayers.*" It shows that though their prayers are so faint and feeble that they cannot enter into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, yet that he will bow down and incline his ears unto, nay, into their prayers and their breathings.—*John Trapp, in loc.*

Verse 19.—The lawyer can deliver his client but from strife, the physician can deliver his patient but from sickness, the master can deliver his servant but from bondage, but the Lord delivereth us from *all.* As when Moses came to deliver the Israelites, he would not leave a hoof behind him, so when the Lord cometh to deliver the righteous he will not leave a trouble behind him. He who saith, "I put away all thine iniquities," will also say, "I put away all thine infirmities."—*Henry Smith.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Firm resolution, serious difficulties in carrying it out, helps for its performance, excellent consequences of so doing

Six questions.—*Who?* "I." *What?* "Will bless." *Whom?* "The Lord." *When?* "At all times." *How?* *Why?*

Verse 2.—The commendable boaster and his gratified audience.

We may boast of the Lord, in himself, his manifestations of himself, his relationship to us, our interest in him, our expectations from him, &c.

The duty of believers to relate their experience for the benefit of others.

Verse 3.—Invitation to united praise.

Verse 4.—*Confessions of a ransomed soul.* Simple, honouring to God, exclude merit, such as encourage others to seek also.

Verse 5.—The power of a faith-look.

Verse 6.—The poor man's wealth

The position of prayer in the economy of grace, or the natural history of mercy in the soul.

Verse 7.—The ministry of angels

In what sense Jesus is "The angel of the Lord."

Verse 8.—Experience the only true test of religious truth.

Verse 9.—The blest estate of a God-fearing man.

Verse 10.—Lions lacking, but the children satisfied, *see No. 65, New Park Street Pulpit.* I. Description of a true Christian, "seek the Lord." II. The promise set forth by a contrast. III. The promise fulfilled.

Verse 11.—Sunday-school work.

Verses 12, 13, 14.—How to make the best of both worlds.

Verse 13.—Sins of the tongue—their mischief, their cause, and their cure.

Verse 14 *(first clause).* The relation between the negative and positive virtues.

(Second clause).—The royal hunt. The game, the difficulties of the chase, the hunters, their methods, and their reward.

Verse 15.—Our observant God. Eyes and ears both set on us.

Verse 16.—The evil man checkmated in life, and forgotten in death.

Verse 17.—*Afflictions and their threefold blessing.* I. They make us pray. II. They bring us the Lord's hearing ear. III. They afford room for joyful experience of deliverance.

Verse 18.—The nearness of God to broken hearts, and the certainty of their salvation.

Verse 19.—Black and white, or bane and antidote.

Special people, special trials, special deliverances, special faith as a duty.

Verse 20.—The real safety of a believer when in great perils. His soul, his spiritual life, his faith, hope, love, etc.; his interest in Jesus, his adoption, justification, these all kept.

Verse 21.—Wickedness, its own executioner, illustrated by scriptural cases, by history, by the lost in hell. Lessons from the solemn fact.

The forlorn condition of a man of malicious spirit.

Verse 22.—*Redemption* in its various meanings; *faith* in its universal preservation; *the Lord* in his unrivalled glory in the work of grace.

The Bazaar.

THE Bazaar for the Stockwell Orphanage commences September 8th, and will be continued during the three following days. *Will those friends who intend sending in goods embrace the earliest opportunity!* God has been very gracious in raising up helpers to the cause, but we are far from being overstocked. Should there be any delay in acknowledging contributions, friends must please excuse us, as we are and shall be very busy. We hope all friends in London will call in and make purchases, for there is no doubt that the season is somewhat unfavourable, and therefore friends will, we trust, be the more earnest to help us in the work. A little more than £3,000 will, we hope, enable us to complete the buildings which will shelter the poor orphans.

A London Pastor in the Olden Time;

OR,

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM KIFFEN.

BY G. H. PIKE.

(*Concluded from page* 370.)

KIFFEN'S path was still beset by annoyances, varying both in kind and degree. He received an order to appear before Justice Brown, and enter into explanations about the way in which he had lately spent his time. He was likewise required to prove, by evidence, that "those people with whom he walked," in their church meetings and Sabbath gatherings, did not plan desperate schemes for subverting the government. A witness actually attended and declared that the society was a company of conspirators. Kiffen was released, however, upon affirming that politics formed no part of the congregation's tenets. After this, some comparative quiet was preceded by some soldiers entering the pastor's house in Austin Friars. They overhauled, and minutely inspected the mansion. One searcher caught eagerly at a book beneath a clerk's desk; and a cry of expectant surprise only gave place to disgust, when the treasonable looking thing revealed so vexing a title as *Reynard, the Fox*. Crosby refers to a trial of another complexion, a doubtful anecdote, yet probably true. Charles II. once applied to Kiffen for a loan of £40,000. The sum being a larger one than the divine could afford to part with, he desired the king to accept a quarter of that amount as a present, considering, meanwhile, that by the gift, a saving of £30,000 had been effected.

It is almost certain that a more particular account of himself and people was written by Kiffen. This manuscript would certainly fill a missing page in the history of the heroic period of Dissent. The loss of so much knowledge is truly to be regretted, though wanting it, we must rest contentedly, and glean what facts are available for our narrative's illustration.

Kiffen's domestic sorrows, considered as trials of faith and discipline, equalled in severity his more public troubles. Death struck down a son in 1679, and about the same time a daughter likewise died. An ailing son remained, and, in order, if possible, to restore his departed vigour, he was sent forth upon a sea voyage. Besides being provided with every comfort, a friend accompanied him, the family dreading Romish contamination. Notwithstanding these precautions, a fanatical priest poisoned the youth in Venice. Mrs. Kiffen's death in 1682, brought still heavier trouble. Through good and evil report she had gladdened her husband's heart, and had, for nearly half a century, lightened his city home; her removal, therefore, could not fail to occasion great and lasting sorrow.

His grandsons' untimely fate embittered the old man's remaining days. About all the trustworthy information respecting Benjamin and William Hewling, is included in their sister Hannah's account, which as a tract, now rare and valuable, was published in 1689, and entitled, *The Dying Speeches, Letters, and Prayers, of those eminent Protestants who suffered in the West of England*. The grandfather's autobiography gives the details without alteration. The two youths' good breeding, their Christian mien, and cultured intellects, awakened the admiration and respect of all who knew them. Their violent death served the country in a way little suspected. The government, by its cruel policy, unconsciously intensified in degree the widely prevailing indignation, which gradually, yet surely, was smoothing the way for the triumphant sweep of the Revolution. Their father had been a merchant, who had principally traded with Turkey; but he died before calamity overtook his family, and ere "Jeffreys' campaign" had maddened England, and taught even hardened natures to regard with wholesome disgust both the wicked judge and his contemptible master. The boys, belonging to an opulent family, had

received the best education the times afforded, and they were pursuing their studies in Holland, when the rumoured expedition of Monmouth attracted public attention. Inheriting a brave, adventurous temperament, they laid their books aside to join the Duke's supporters: and regarding Rome's encroachments with a hatred which Puritan rearing only could have begotten, they, whilst taking the sword, enthusiastically resolved to re-establish the throne, and restore their forefathers' Protestant belief.

Landing with their leader, the brothers fought in the fatal battle of Sedgemoor. Our ancestors supposed that that dismal night would have ended differently, but for the unfortunate absence, during a critical stage in the fight, of the elder Hewling, who was then engaged in bringing up artillery from Minehead. This Benjamin possessed a military genius quite unique, considering his years. His modesty in private life strangely contrasted with his intrepid courage in the emergencies of war. Hardship and peril, when duty prompted him to face them, were encountered with a valorous bravery, which awakened chivalrous memories rather belonging to Richard Cœur de Lion. All being lost, the brothers put to sea, but contrary winds repelled their barque from the Dutch coast, and upon re-landing they were taken, lodged in Exeter gaol, and from thence brought to London a few days subsequently. Their behaviour in captivity completely won over the officials' affection. They were, however, thrown into Newgate, and loaded with irons. It was only by persevering against difficulties, the family obtained permission to hold an interview, even with an attendant present. Being ordered back westward for trial, they proved, during their journey to Dorchester, their courage to be sustained from a preternatural source; for not by undervaluing life, but by despising the fear of death, they manifested the truest heroism which humanity can display. William, the younger brother, was condemned at Dorchester. The proceedings in either case were a complete mockery of justice. The contemptible Jeffreys only observed his usual custom, when he insulted the prisoners; yet, in this instance, his ravings were supplemented with an outburst of extempore blackguardism, wherein he denounced, as worthy of hanging, the grandfather Kiffen. Jeffreys being a court confidant, people attached peculiar meaning to his words; and a belief gained currency among London Baptists that Government only awaited an opportunity to effect the pastor's ruin, and to disperse his congregation.

Upon the day of execution William Hewling, with several others, travelled from Dorchester to Lyme. The fruitful country's sunny landscape—glad in the summer morning with ripe corn fields and cyder orchards—well corresponded with the martyr's strange elation of spirits. To him the cheerful aspect apparently prefigured the perfect inheritance, so soon to be realised, where Christ's presence gladdens every beholder

Following Jeffreys' track of blood and death, appeared an unpretending girl—delicately nurtured and politely educated—who yet endured, through sisterly love, "The Bloody Assizes'" round of horrors. She was Hannah Hewling. The maiden's ordeal commenced at Dorchester, where she ceaselessly ministered to her brother William's comfort. Having seen the grave close over him, some consoling words were remitted to the stricken mother in London, and then Hannah hastened onward to Taunton, and witnessed the tragedy's re-enactment, which filled her cup of misery. Causes, identical with those that had supported William, enabled Benjamin to rejoice in corresponding circumstances. His life's sweetest season, he declared, was that summer of 1685. His whole mien, amidst the distressing surroundings, revealed so submissive and forgiving a spirit, likewise a Christian ripeness so unusual in youth, that military men, not wont to weep, frankly confessed they were scarcely able to bear the spectacle. Horses even, used for drawing the condemned to the gallows, by refusing for half-an-hour to stir with their burden, appeared to sympathise with afflicted humanity. Hannah Hewling's strength was preserved unbroken through an ordeal sufficiently shocking to

have shattered both mind and body. Many maidens in the West supplemented their prayers for her support by open expressions of admiration; and so the young and the beautiful mourned in common around the graves of the murdered youths. This protest against tyrannical cruelty, made in such a manner, and at such a time, England has never forgotten; for this seed, sown in tears, germinated into full fruition, and brought confusion to the wicked by promoting the Revolution.

Meanwhile, the afflicted family, as sufferers for the public good, would often be interceded for by Kiffen's congregation, for the Hewlings, it must be remembered, made no recantation. They died as they had lived, regarding Monmouth's cause to be a righteous one, and its failure a national calamity, and disastrous to the Protestant religion. Kiffen had vainly endeavoured to buy a reprieve by offering £3,000 to an influential commoner. Tidings about this reached the Chief Justice, and he grew doubly anxious to have the youths condemned, through considering the bribe should have been offered to himself. Jeffreys' contemporaries accused him of behaving to Miss Hewling with the coarseness that seemed inseparable from his degraded nature; but this is denied by Noble. Jeffreys, we are told, expected to inherit a certain relative's fortune, who, however, threatened to divert the property from him unless he endeavoured to save the brothers. After such an explanation, it is not difficult to believe that, for once, this historical savage may have conquered his repugnance to decency. He did use, he declared, every means to avert the Hewlings' execution. But such a man's word is worthless. His atrocious career had so incapacitated him for aught save wickedness, that a contemporary poet's contemptuous distich was happily conceived:—

> "With care this brat was reared, for fear it should
> Grow tame, and degenerate into good."

Two years after Jeffreys' Western exploit, all was changed. The story has been too often told to need repetition, how the iniquitous James endeavoured to serve the Romanist faction, with whom he sympathised, by assuming a mask of toleration, and so hoping, in his suicidal selfishness, to undermine the Protestant faith by destroying the established church through the agency of Dissent. Although numbers, and principally the Quakers, hailed as a boon his illusory indulgence, the leading Dissenters were too sagacious to get allured into the fawning tyrant's trap. Amongst the honoured ones who in England's extremity refused the friendship of the common foe, appeared such names as Kiffen, Howe, Bunyan, and Baxter. The first-mentioned had grown so influential, that Government deemed his alliance to be of the first importance, and he therefore received the royal command to appear at court. This occurred whilst the revolutionary business of rescinding corporation charters was progressing; and the new arrangements for London enabled James to offer Kiffen an alderman's gown. Noble, in his *History of the Protectorial House of Cromwell*, tells the story well, which Macaulay, in part, has borrowed and used with great effect:—"He (James) talked of his favour to the Dissenters in the court style of the season; and concluded by telling Mr. Kiffen he had put him down as an alderman in his new charter. 'Sire,' replied Mr. Kiffen, 'I am a very old man, and have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service, in such an office, to your Majesty, or the city; besides, Sire,' continued the old man, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the King, while the tears ran down his cheeks, 'the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart which is still bleeding, and will never close but in the grave.' The King was deeply struck by the freedom and the spirit of this unexpected rebuke. A total silence ensued, while the galled countenance of James seemed to shrink from the horrid remembrance. In a minute or two, however, he recovered himself enough to say, 'Mr. Kiffen, I shall find a balsam for that sore,' and immediately turned about to a lord-in-waiting."

Notwithstanding his distaste for civic duties, the court duly appointed Kiffen an alderman; and, following counsel's advice, he decided upon serving against inclination, rather than risk the infliction of ruinous fines. His high commercial standing, and his great influence in nonconforming circles, gave him power, had he chosen to exert it, to promote the King's designs. Had Kiffen followed such a policy, his kinsmen's sacrifice would have found compensation in civic and county honours. He acted, however, through nine months, simply and quietly as Alderman for Cheap Ward; and when the Corporation invited the King to dinner, he contributed £50 towards the expenses.

The closing portion of Kiffen's course remains obscure.* In about 1692, he appears to have had some disagreement with his people, which occasioned is resignation and retirement from the church.

A circumstance which occurred about this time will serve to illustrate both the pastor's benevolent character and the times in which he lived. He undertook the protection of a persecuted Huguenot family, by providing a separate house, well furnished, and supplied with all necessaries, including servants, the entire cost of which the generous merchant sustained.

Such was William Kiffen. He died December the 29th, 1701, in his 86th year, and lies in Bunhill Fields. It would have been well had additional memorials descended to us; yet, as it is, sufficient data remain from which we can form a somewhat correct estimate of his character. He was orthodox according to the strict standard of the times; and the theological tenet which separated him from so many contemporary worthies—Believers' Baptism—had been embraced after diligent scriptural study, and a careful examination of early ecclesiastical history. Strong partisan sympathies may occasionally have led him into using language excessively severe; yet such transgression must be excused, as belonging to the customs of a ruder age, wherein ever-threatening dangers attended a conscientious walk. The man, if we fairly view each side of his character, manifestly appears to have been a good man; not learned, and, perhaps, too much addicted to controversy, he yet possessed talents far above average merit, which enabled him, for half a century, to preach, creditably to himself and the good of mankind, the gospel he loved; and maintaining a consistent walk in life, he does not appear to have ever deviated from the doctrines he proclaimed: he doubtless, therefore, received in death the gift of Christ and his heavenly Father's approval.

The Kiffen family, it may be mentioned, became nearly related to the Cromwells by Hannah Hewling's marriage, in 1686, to the Protector's grandson, Major Henry Cromwell. The lady survived her husband about twenty years, and died in 1731, leaving several children to imitate her virtues and Christian heroism.

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* About the time of the Revolution, we find Kiffen prefacing *The Prodigal's Return*, a publication written by his friend, H. Hill, who, moreover, was closely connected with the church in Devonshire Square, or, *The* Anabaptist Congregation, as it is emphatically called. Hill rose to be printer to the Commonwealth Government. Like many besides, who were equally fortunate, he rose from a humble station—a Maidstone ropemaker. His first step upward was in becoming servant to Harrison, by whom he got placed in a printing establishment. Absconding from this employment, he entered the Parliamentary army, and fought in Cromwell's battles. His promotion then began, and became very rapid. From a foot regiment, he rose to a place in the cavalry. He then turned Independent religiously, and Cromwell appointed him his printer. He produced most of the Parliamentary publications, including the proclamation for apprehending Charles the First. He then sustained an action for adultery, and was ordered to pay a fine amounting to £200, but through lack of means he languished for a while in the Fleet. From this prison, the little penitential book referred to above was sent forth. This became the means of his re-admission to church fellowship, besides obtaining the appointment of "Printer to the Anabaptist Congregation." A contemporary writer thus alludes to Hill: "At that time he was printer to Oliver the usurper. He became a zealous preacher among the Anabaptists, where he thumped the tub so furiously that he was much noted by the heads of that tribe, as Kiffen, Ives, King, &c."

What shall we give to Jesus?

A LITTLE girl named Mary Ann Day, a native of Ulceby, in Lincolnshire, fell from the *Magna Charta* steamer into New Holland harbour. A brave man named John Ellerthorpe, "sprang in after her and brought her ashore, though at a great risk of his own life. The noise of the paddle wheels, the screams of the child's mother, and the confusion and shouts of the passengers, made it a very exciting scene, but it was soon over, and the little girl having got some dry clothes on, her mother brought her to John and said to her, 'Now, what will you give this gentleman for saving your life?' when she held out her little chin, and with a full heart said, '*A kiss.*' John Ellerthorpe, in telling the tale, said, 'I felt myself well paid for the trouble, and had a greater sense of delight and higher satisfaction when that grateful child kissed me, than I did when my fellow townsmen presented me with one hundred and thirty guineas.'"*

Believing reader, you and I were originally passengers on board the ship *Innocence*, and, falling overboard through sin, were in danger of being drowned in the deep of divine wrath, but at the moment when all refuge failed, and no eye pitied, and no arm was outstretched to save, "God laid help upon one that was mighty," and the Lord of life and glory himself became our deliverer.

"With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and oh! amazing love,
He sprang to our relief."

"Emptying himself" of his former glory, and with the cry "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God," he plunged into the dark and dreadful waters of death, determining to rescue the unworthy objects of his wonderful compassion, not at the mere risk of losing his life, but in the certain knowledge that it must be sacrificed. Then was he heard to say, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

But in dying he overcame death. In sacrificing himself he saved us—and to the deep and infinite joy of his Father and ours, and amid the acclamations of angels. "He drew us out of many (great) waters." "He delivered us because he delighted in us.

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

But what shall we give to him who "saved us" at such a cost?

The little girl gave her deliverer a kiss—doubtless, it was the best way in which she could express her thankfulness; what shall we give "Jesus who delivered us from the wrath to come?" Have we "no kiss" that he will accept and count precious—no kiss of *gratitude?* Such as the woman who had been "a sinner" gave him in the Pharisee's house, when she stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head.

Of affection.—Such as Jonathan exchanged with David when they wept one with another until David exceeded, or as the Ephesian elders impressed upon the neck of Paul, when the apostle took his affecting leave of them to go to Jerusalem.

Of reverence and worship.—Alas! many are bowing the knee and giving this kiss to Baal (as of old), instead of to Jesus. Priests, altars, vestments, incense, crosses, candles, &c., are being worshipped as if they had saved, or could in any sense deliver our souls from going down into the pit.

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* "The Hero of the Humber."—Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Of submission and service.—Such as subjects deem it an honour to give their sovereign, and as Samuel gave Saul when he anointed him "Captain over the Lord's inheritance;" and as kings and judges of the earth are instructed to give the Lord Jesus in view of that day when—

"He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar."

When "Every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Should this meet the eye of those to whom Jesus is still a stranger, and in whose hearts the world and not the Lord Jesus has the chief place, let me entreat such to consider the dreadful choice they are making, and to remember that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God." By-and-by 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, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power. O "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little."

"Sinner, make his love thy portion,
Slight not love so vast, so free;
Still unblessed if unforgiven,
Come, the Saviour calleth thee."

FRANK H. WHITE, Chelsea.

Reviews.

The Belle Sauvage Library: Pulpit Talk; containing Remarks and Anecdotes on Preachers and Preaching By Dean Ramsey. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

If in any case it could be advisable to aid private enterprise with an imperial subsidy, when the education of the people is the object aimed at, the eminent firm in Belle Sauvage Yard would have a first claim upon our national exchequer. The works issued from their press have been of varied character, but of almost uniform excellence. What gorgeous ornaments of wealthy libraries have excelled their re-productions of Dorè's marvellous engravings? And, on the other hand, what popular handbooks for the million have been more useful than their Educator, History of England, and other educational compilations? We have often marvelled as to whether such invaluable works have proved remunerative to the publishers, but we never questioned their immense utility to the public. The rich as well as the poor have reason to honour the liberal spirit and enlightened judgment which have continued the issue of so much sterling literature through so long a time, at prices so remarkably reasonable. We wish for the worthy gentlemen, who so spiritedly continue the great enterprise, which the worthy Mr. Cassell commenced, every possible encouragement in their praiseworthy endeavours. May their reward be more than golden, and may a grateful nation embalm their names among the few who have elevated the issue of literature from the dead level of mere trade to the sublimity of a philanthropic pursuit.

Having said this much with the greatest cordiality and earnestness, we feel free to criticise the well-bound and well-printed book before us with the utmost freedom. It ought to have been issued as a sixpenny pamphlet, but it has by extravagant spacing, and the substitution of a sort of cardboard for ordinary paper, been spun out into a pretentious volume. The matter is, in our opinion, as poor in quality as it is sparce in quantity. Dean Ramsey is far famed as a retailer of anecdotes, but he

has already given the world his best, and those of this lecture are remarkably flat, stale, worn-out, and unprofitable. For an ordinary popular talk, the chit-chat is well enough, but the Dean had far better have kept it out of the printer's hands. Where we are dissatisfied with all, it is of little avail to censure some, but we cannot help wondering at the coolness of a man's lecturing on preaching, who says of Whitfield's sermons, "I have never seen them," and tells us that Robert Hall was a *general* Baptist! We are persuaded that Rowland Hill never preached upon "Top knot, come down," and that the folly, if ever committed, was the work of Matthew Wilks, to whose idiosynerasy it is far more congruous. It is monstrous to hear a Dean seriously repeating the old Joe Miller of a preacher's grasping at a fly, and saying, "You think it quite as easy to be saved as for me to catch that fly, but you see (opening his hand) I have missed it;" and to lay this at the door of Whitfield is a libel only to be excused on the ground that the Dean had never read the sermons of that seraphic orator, or he would have seen that such trifling was as impossible to him as profanity itself. But enough of this; there are some who will be amused by this production, but they must be persons to whom the history of the pulpit is altogether unknown.

The Church of Ireland: its case considered. By Rev. W. A. Cornwall, M.A, Wolverhampton. London: Macintosh & Co.

Mr. Cornwall does his best to vindicate the unrighteous cause of his church in Ireland, and he is so earnest and ingenious that we only wish him a better cause, and he would do well enough; but in the present instance he is often unfair and prejudiced. For instance: he asks concerning voluntaryism, "What has it done for the perishing millions of our poor population, in the lanes and alleys of our crowded towns? Multitudes whose feet never cross the threshold of church or chapel know that in the hour of sickness, sorrow, or death, they have their parish minister, and can command his services; but I ask again, What provision, worthy of the name, has voluntaryism ever made for these?" Now, Mr. Cornwall must know that apart from voluntary Christian effort our poor population would be in a horrible plight indeed. What would London be without its city missionaries, Scripture readers, Bible women, district visitors, Sunday schools, ragged schools, district churches, chapels, preaching-rooms, etc? B less the dear man, voluntaryism has done nearly all that has been done both by Churchmen and Dissenters; and had the people been left to the state-paid clergy alone, had these clergy been as devout and indefatigable as Paul, what could they have done among so many? Why, there are clergymen with parishes of 50,000 inhabitants or more, and if voluntaryism had not stepped in, what would have become of their parishes? When men shut their eyes they cannot see! Well may it be the daily prayer of the church that *he* who doeth great marvels would be pleased to enlighten our bishops and curates.

Trapp's Commentary in Five Volumes. Richard D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

Good Master Trapp omitted to leave, according to the established custom, any sum of money for a funeral sermon, but his works will enable him, though dead, to speak for himself more eloquently than any other man could for him. Most genial of spirits, racy in wit, far and deep seeing in intellect, small of stature, and judging from his portrait not abundantly handsome in person, he was one of God's noblest and most diligent servants. We fancy the little man a fugitive in the Parliament-camp, quietly penning this most admirable exposition of the Scriptures. We know of some commentaries which have the flavour of the nursery about them, and are redolent of the cradle, and specially rich in "milk for babes;" this, however, has the manly spirit of those who are stirred to conflict by noble motives, and are prepared to do and die gloriously in the clear light of heaven, on the side of the right and of the true. Here our readers will find manly thoughts, nervously expressed; joined with a quiet conversational quaintness as of men round a watch-fire, who tell what they have seen in campaign, and mused over in the long silent night-

watches. We are not of the number who despise light from any quarter, and we are prepared to recognise the undoubted value of some of the German critics, but we have also noticed that very frequently there is as much demolition, and at times imposition, as there is of exposition, in that school. We are prepared to affirm, that commentaries of native growth are, at least, equal to any for expository, and superior to all for practical purposes. We are glad to congratulate Mr. Dickinson on the completion of this work, which, for style, printing, and general appearance, is all that can be desired. We fancy that the revision of the Scripture references, and the accentuations of the Greek, might have been more carefully attended to, as, on comparison with our old edition, we found that, for general accuracy, we should give the latter the preference. The life of Master Trapp, and the addition of his miscellaneous works, make these five volumes (each of which has a full index of contents) a complete and eminently satisfactory whole; and we hope that a large demand, on the part of the public, will amply repay the enterprising publisher for his outlay and pains.

The Literary World: a monthly supplement to the Christian world. Price One Penny.

Here the man of scant means has a boon conferred upon him, for which he ought to be heartily grateful. All the books of the month are well reviewed, and many of them summarised, and the whole result is offered at the nominal price of one penny. If young England is not acquainted with its current literature, it deserves to be steeped in tenfold night.

The Hunchback Crossing Sweeper; or, I am ready. By James Hooper, late Master of the Home for Crippled Boys, Kensington. London: W. C. Boddington, Notting Hill Gate.

An earnest gospel sermon suggested by the departure of a young believer, whose body was greatly deformed. The narrative portion is very brief, and is only used as the shoeing-horn to draw on the discourse, which is in all respects a good one.

Chats by the Sea. By Marianne Farningham. James Clarke & Co.

A bright shilling's-worth of interesting information upon all manner of creeping, swimming, and growing things which dwell upon the margin of old Neptune's domain. The authoress, well-known to all readers of the *Christian World* is always aiming to bring forward the highest and best truths, even when she writes or sings of humbler themes.

Our Distinctive Position as a Denomination; a Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Suffolk and Norfolk Home Missionary Union. By W. F. Gooch, Diss. Published by Juster and Son, Diss.

It is delightful to see our rising ministers so sound in church matters, as well as in doctrine. Mr. Gooch did his work well, and we have no doubt his paper was thoroughly appreciated.

The Gin Shop illustrated by George Cruickshank. (as a sheet or as a tract). Price One Penny. Partridge & Co.

A most telling thing. Ought to be distributed by millions. Haters of drunkenness should frame it, and hang it out for passers-by to study it.

Supplemental Hymns for Public Worship. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

So long as the Holy Spirit opens up new founts of sacred song we shall need supplements to our own hymn-books, and when they have to be made it is well when a poetical and judicious mind presides over the selection, as in the present case. To gather fair clusters of grapes after the vintage requires a sharp eye and a quick hand. Mr. Henry Allon has succeeded where thousands would have failed.

The Increase of Faith. Second edition. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

A few months ago, we had the pleasure of studying and reviewing this volume, and we are gratified that our appreciative verdict has been endorsed by the public, and a second edition has been called for. Dr. Wm. Lee, of Roxburgh, in this edition, avows the authorship. We trust that such sound, and withal, fresh and vigorous teaching, may have a still wider influence. To students, the treatise will be peculiarly valuable.

Memoranda.

THE virulent mendacity of the press with regard to Mr. Gladstone in the present struggle for justice to Ireland, and the bitter hostility which he endures from furious bigots, should lead every Christian man to pray that he may be sustained in his noble course. When we observe the unprincipled assaults made upon his character and conduct in certain prints, we are led to think that Sir Henry Wotton must have had Tory scribblers in his eye when he said, "An ambassador is a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country; and a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit."

The *Rock* continues to assert that we knew that a churchman gave £5,000 towards the Tabernacle; we have declared over and over again that we know nothing of the kind. The donor had been all his life a sturdy Nonconformist. He was bedridden at the time his donation was paid, and if it be alleged that he then changed his views we should require some proof before we believed it. We find that it was asserted by a speaker at the laying of the first stone that this aged gentleman was born a churchman, was brought to a knowledge of the truth under a minister of the church of England, and was a churchman *at heart*. This statement we do not controvert, although we never observed it till it was pointed out to us, and now that we do observe it, it does not appear to us to be an assertion, much less a proof that the good man was then or ever had been really and avowedly a churchman. He was so long as he was able to commune anywhere a member with the Independents, but if the church of England must needs claim him, we are quite prepared to revise our statement and admit that a gentleman who is said to have been a churchman in heart did give £5,000 to the Tabernacle, and how many other churchmen *in heart* gave to it we cannot tell. We wrote what we believed to be true when we said no churchman that we knew of, except two or three, ever contributed to the building of the Tabernacle, and if we do not say the same now, we believe it none the less. We have abundant testimony from the pastors under whom the late Mr. Holmes worshipped, that he was in all respects a Dissenter, and was never suspected of churchism; but we think the matter too trifling to concern ourselves further in it.

The movement under Mr. Wiggins at Battersea, is seriously hindered by the want of a chapel. Ground is expensive and our friends are poor; their room is crowded beyond all bearing. In due time, we trust the Lord will send means for a chapel.

We hope very soon to see the commencement of the new chapel, in Shooter's Hill Road. The friends have enough funds to begin with. This church is a child of the College.

Our esteemed tutor, Mr. Gracey, is about to attempt raising a Baptist interest in Albany Road Chapel, so long occupied by our beloved Mr. Rogers, as a pastor of an Independent congregation.

We have good news from Jersey; our brother Holland appears to be *the* man.

Mr. Gilkes of our College is labouring in Belfast, with the view of raising a new Baptist church.

Our young friend James Mukish has become a pastor in the United States. We wish him the best success.

Mr. McGee has returned to Toronto, but will probably accept a pastorate over a coloured church in the States.

Our esteemed friend Mr. Ness is progressing in his College at Melbourne, and is in much better health; the Lord has doubtless sent him to those far-off regions with designs of great importance to his church.

Mr. Cother, late of St. Helena, is in London, on his way to Australia, where a church anxiously waits for him.

Mr. Henry Bradford, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the New Mill church, Tring, and will immediately enter upon his labours there.

Mr. Julyan, who has removed from Pinner to Ridgmount, was recognised as pastor of the church on Tuesday, July 21st. In the afternoon the Scriptures were read by Mr. T. Owen, of Cranfield. Prayer was offered by Mr. A Walker, of Winslow, and Mr. Speed, of Bedford. A statement was read by one of the deacons in behalf of the church, and Mr. Julyan explained the circumstances that led to his conversion, his call to the ministry, and his settlement at Ridgmount. The charge was given by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. After tea Mr. Rogers presided at the evening meeting. Mr. Williamson prayed: Mr. G. H. Davies, of Houghton Regis, gave a charge to the church. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. S. Walker, of Winslow; G. Walker, of Fenny Stratford; Speed, of Bedford; and S. H. Akehurst, of Toddington. The services were well attended and were very encouraging.

The Baptist church at Southsea having, on the retirement of its pastor, Mr. G. Arnot, applied to the Tabernacle College, Mr. McArthur, was cordially elected to the pastorate. The congregation has rapidly increased under his ministrations, and the enlargement of the chapel is contemplated. Recognition services in connection with Mr. McArthur's settlement were held on Tuesday, the 28th of July. In the afternoon Mr. T. Bateman, of Niton; Mr. W. Tidmatson; and Mr. Arnot, took part in the service; and the charge was given to the pastor by Mr. Rogers. In the evening Mr. Rogers presided. An address was given to the church by Mr. T. G. Gregson, of Portsea; and congratulatory addresses by Messrs. T. T. Prescot, G. Arnot, J. Jones, of Gosport: W. Jones, of Portsea; J. Spurgeon of Havant: Grigg, of Portsmouth; Bateman, of Niton; H. R. Brown, and W. Gibb, students in the Tabernacle College. Mr. Gange, who cordially sympathises with Mr. McArthur, was absent from home; but several of his friends united to welcome another minister from the Tabernacle College to the same vicinity.

On Sunday, July 26th, the anniversary services of the Baptist chapel, Burgess-street, Great Grimsby, were held. Mr. H. Hayeroft, M.A, of Leicester, preached both morning and evening. This was the first anniversary since the settlement of our friend Mr. Lauderdale. Liberal collections were made on the occasion.

Mr. Wilkinson is doing well at Ventnor; a small chapel is soon to be erected.

Our College work is pushed on with vigour: we are quietly plodding on in daily study, and are diligently seeking to break up fresh ground in the outer world, and to found new churches. We earnestly entreat the prayers of all those who desire to see the kingdom of Jesus extended. With heart and soul we lay ourselves out for this. O Lord, send prosperity!

We are always glad to hear of places where friends desire to form new churches, and will lend our best endeavours to assist them. Our Lord's kingdom must come.

The last day of August was set apart as a season of prayer and fasting by the Baptist churches of the South of London; prayer commenced at 7 a.m. and continued till 6 p.m. Mr. Howieson and his friends lent their vestries and chapel. O for more of such seasons!

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—July 30, eighteen; August 13, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Colonel Smith	1	1	0
Mr. Stiff	10	0	0
Mrs. Stocks...	1	0	0
Male Catechumen Class, proceeds of excursion	10	15	9
Mr. J. Near	0	1	0
Mr. W. Knight	0	10	0
A Friend, per Rev W. Durban	2	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. Near at Great Tey ...	0	9	0
Mr. J. Salvage	1	1	0
Mr. J. D. Austin	1	1	0
J. D. A.	0	10	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Dodwell	0	10	0
A Friend	1	10	0
Delay not	0	5	0
A Friend	0	10	6
Moiety of Collections at Scarborough after sermons by J. A. Spurgeon ...	17	17	6
E. S.	0	2	6
O. H.	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
A Friend, Lochee	0	10	0
A thank-offering, Mr. E. Ryder... ...	1	1	0
Miss Mecking	0	6	0
S. E. G.	2	10	0
Mr. Knight	2	2	0
Weekly Offering at Tabernacle, July 26	31	1	5
" " " Aug 2	27	8	2
" " " " 9	27	8	2
	£ 6	19	0

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscription—			
Mr. Mead (for six men, at the rate of 10s. per man per annum)	3	0	0
Donations—			
R. A.	15	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Brown	1	0	0
A Servant in Brixton Road	0	2	6
Mr. W. Barclay, Banff	0	3	0
Isa. xlii. 16	0	1	0
A Friend from Aberystwith	0	1	6
Collected by—			
Mrs. Mary Ellis	0	7	0
Mr. D. J. Watkins...	0	1	6
Mr. Longbotham	1	0	5
Mr. J. Lowrie	0	4	6
Mr. T. Jefferson, Carlisle... ...	1	10	0
Mr. J. J. Speight	0	3	0
Mr. S. Orme, Thornton	0	3	6
	£22	17	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 2 9th, to August 19th, 1858.

	£	s.	d.
J. E. B.	0	2	0
Mr. R. Raymond	1	1	0
Mr. J. Orchard	1	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture by Dr. Sharp	10	17	6
A Friend, per Dr. Sharp	1	0	0
A reader of "The Sword and Trowel"	1	0	0
Mr. James Hoare	0	8	0
Mrs. Green	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. W. Durban	2	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	2	10	0
R. A.	15	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Friends from the Country	1	0	0
Mr. Crook	0	2	6
J. W.	0	2	6
Mrs. Little	2	0	0
Mr. Thos. Coventry	20	0	0
Mrs. Webster	5	0	0
Mr. J. D. Austin	1	1	0
Mr. W. F. Smart	0	1	0
Mr. F. Morris	0	2	6
Mrs. Dykes	1	1	0
J. J.	0	5	0
George and Walter	0	2	0
A Friend	0	10	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Rebecca	0	2	6
A Half Orphan	0	2	6
Delay not	0	5	0
On account of Students' House	10	16	4
J. F.	1	0	0
Mr. Jukes	5	0	0
Mr G. Pedley	5	0	0
E. S.	0	2	6
A Working Man	0	1	0
R. S.	0	2	6
A. Z.	0	3	0
Mr. J. Fowden	1	0	0
Mr. J. Green	0	5	0
F.	0	2	6
Mr. R. Haddock	0	3	6
The Elders of Regent's Park Chapel	5	0	0
Mr. W. M. Newton	1	1	0
Mr. H. W. Davison	5	0	0
Mr. W. Dickes	2	2	0
Mr. W. Bryant	5	0	0
Mr. E. Wiles	2	2	0
Mr. Knight	10	10	0
Collected by Miss Gentry	0	8	6
" Miss H. Barker	0	3	8
" Mrs. Little	3	5	6
" Miss Paice	0	15	0
" Miss Taylor	1	9	4
" Miss E. Storey	0	10	0
S. E. G.	2	10	0
Mr. Thos. Dare	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	20	0	0
	£162	7	10

Fund for Special Purposes.—An Old Salt, £28 18s. 2d.

Orphanage Bazaar.

Contributions of articles for the Bazaar have been received from the following friends since our last acknowledgement, viz.:—Mrs. Gibbs; Mr. R. G. Mills; Mrs. T. Barrett and Miss Gibbs, Stonesfield; Mr. W. Carter, sen., Worcester; Mrs. Boorne, Reading; J. B. B., Frome; Miss Hobbs, Reading; Mrs. Boardman, Chelmsford; Messrs. Rodway and Co., Stroud; Mrs. Macornish, Burntisland, N.B.; Miss Hawkes, Northampton; H. A. Ward, Slawston; Mrs. Brooks; Mrs. Clement and Family, Newbury; B. B. B.; Mr. R. Martin, Brighton; Mrs. Finch and Mrs. Renton, Edinburgh; A. H., Guilsborough; M. Lewis; A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel," Northampton; A Friend, Ewell, Surrey; Miss Lizzy Bennett, Liverpool; Mrs. Langley; Mrs. Davis, Merthyr Tydvil; Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Hiltyard, Bath; A Servant, Brixton Road; Miss Earle, Hampstead Heath; a Reader of the Printed Sermons; a Working Man; K. L.; Friends at Streatham Hill; Miss P. George; Mrs. Turner; Mrs. Christian, Sheepshed; Mrs. Bonetto; Mrs. C. Bloodworth, Cheltenham; Mrs. North; Mr. J. B. Hughes; Mrs. Cape, Hull; W. Henstock; Mr. J. Read. *From Anonymous Donors* we have received parcels containing, among other articles, the following, viz.:—illuminated verses in oak frame; crochet quilt; child's frock, &c.; children's clothing d'oyleys, &c.; glass shade of stuffed birds; Indian stool, bags, &c.; pair of drab boots and cushion; family Bible—2 vols.; large box, marked, H. K. & C., 51, supposed to be from Glasgow.

College Stall.—Contributions have been most thankfully received from the following friends, viz.:—William Thompson, near Thrapstone; Mrs. Blyth Terling; A. Hawks, Northampton; Mrs. Palmer and Miss Hunter; S. I. W.; Mrs. Jessie Dicke, Glasgow; Urania Sibley, Ipswich; books from near Scarboro'; Miss Hinckley; Mrs. Reid, near Canterbury; Mr. Sheppard; per Mr. W. C. Running, Wig &c.; per Mr. H. R. Brown, Fleetpond; per Mr. H. W. Simmonds, Collingham; per Mr. Banks, Midhurst; per Mr. C. Chambers, Aberdeen; per Mr. C. Starling, Cardiff; per Mr. Mummery; per Mr. Frost, Fleetpond, &c.; per Mr. Ripper, Bedford &c.; per Mr. Hadler; per Mr. Lynn; Mrs. Reddington; Mr. Hobson, inkstand; Mr. T. D. Marshall, Periodicals, Stationery &c.; per Mr. Fisk; Mr. T. B. Bishop; per Mr. Mays; per Mr. Lang; per Mr. Baskett; per Mr. Stupple; per Mr. Priter; per Mr. T. M. Smith; per Mr. Dodwell; per Mr. Aviary; Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons; "The Book Society;" friends at Sutton-on-Trent; per Mr. H. B. Bardwell; Miss Gosling, Woolwich; Mr. R. D. Dicken on; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. From *Anonymous Donors*:—Pincushion, Ipswich; black and green antimacassars, &c.; satin pincushion, &c. *Cash.*—Mr. J. Bettesworth, 15s.; Mr. L. Bateman, 10s.; Mr. Is. Bridge, 10s.

Will intending donors to the "College Stall" if possible send their gifts before September 5th, addressed "College Stall."

For Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School, and Mission to the Costermongers, Golden Lane, E.C.—O. H., 5s.; a Friend, per Mrs. Lemon, 10s.; J. Wilson, Esq., £5.; Mr. E. Grubb; a parcel of tracts, &c.; J. Carter, Esq., £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. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1868.

What becomes of the Pins?

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

A MOST important and useful member of society is the bright and pointed pin, provided that his head is all right, his constitution strong, and his character straightforward; but what becomes of him? His name is legion, and his family very large, with a yearly increase of many millions, and yet who knows how to keep pins? Verily we need to look after our friend. It is true that we felt his presence in infancy, irritating our tender skin in all manner of uncomfortable places and ways, and thereat we protested as nature dictated, till the nurse, for peace sake, searched out the offender; but for all that, we have dear old friends in the tribe of pins, black or white, small or large—we could ill-afford to banish them. Where then do they disappear thus, swallowed up by myriads? Is any one the better for their death? Who buries them? If they lost their heads, and as a rule committed suicide, we might well consign them to oblivion, but such is not the case; our friends disappear, like the swallows, in full strength and vigour, with here and there a few who have not been sharp enough to go through life's duties with befitting ease, and who consequently get summarily dismissed; but these are the exception, and our question is still unanswered, What becomes of the pins? Well, gentle, and especially you fair readers, you can tell as well, perhaps better than we can, so we will leave the further enquiry in your hands, while we ask about other things with heads, and what is more, with hearts to feel and souls to be cared for; what becomes of many a fellow creature whom you and I might make use of, either for our own and the church's good, or for the Master's glory, in a variety of ways? What becomes of our *servants?* Do we care for their bodies here, and for their souls hereafter? It is a constant source of complaint with family people, that servants are, as a rule, so much anxiety, trouble, and expense to the heads of the house. Our experience is different to many, doubtless—for we have had no more trouble from them than we have returned, we fear, with interest, in our demands upon them in sickness and in daily domestic duties. We may have yet to do our share of penance, still it is only fair to speak well of them

while we can. But be they good or bad, what becomes of our servants? Do we know? Do we care? Many of them marry. Some of them die. While others go to the country and take a small business. Yes, but there is a large percentage who sink in youth into sin, and especially in old age into want and misery. With all their failings (and we have known some who had not a few) they are an invaluable blessing to us, and, nevertheless, we believe them to be, as a class, as neglected full often as if they were "pins" to be used for any and every purpose, but not to be cared for as fellow beings, whose feelings can be wounded, whose bodies experience weariness, and whose souls are precious before God. We are persuaded that much needs to be done for these members of our own households; and unless it is done, the cry will go on waxing louder and louder, that "our servants are the plague of our lives," and we shall have ourselves to blame for much of our social discomfort. Do we remember them in our prayers, and try to bring them to Christ by loving words and deeds? Or, if they are fellow Christians, do we as such deal with them—as those who have the Master in the house, serving us in the person of his members? All this may be done, and should be, and there will be no risk of servants forgetting their proper place or domestic duties, because you have done your duty as a true head of the house, and servant of the common Lord and Master of us all.

What becomes of our *elder scholars?* is a question which all friends of Sunday-schools face with pain, because of the sad answer which has so frequently to be given. The larger part of our youth, in the working and lower middle classes, passes through our Sabbath-schools. Do we retain them as we could desire? The reply is one which, in many places, becomes more hopeful every year. The subject is receiving attention: class-rooms are provided, suitable leaders for the classes are sought out, pastors are coming to the rescue, and as a denomination we are growingly successful in this direction. But after all, through the habits of the parents acting on the children, and more than this, the change of residence and breaking up of associations through settling in life (frequently in some distant and strange place), we lose many, very many, in the dawn of their days. Could we not do more to gather up these precious ones, that none should be lost? Are all our readers sufficiently on the alert for any strange young face which appears in the congregation, to hand the hymn-book and address the kind word, which in this case would not be a formidable task, and could not be construed into an impertinence? We know of some whose work this is, and who do it as unto the Lord, systematically and with no stinted measure of success. Let all follow their example, and, speaking after the manner of men, many a one who now disappears in the dust and rubbish outside would be a useful member of some Christian church. Our own Bible classes, the largest we know of anywhere, are helped not a little by some who are always on the look-out that none may say, "No man careth for my soul." We are anxious to have this blessing in every church throughout the land. Let all our young people notice fresh arrivals in places of business, and strive to ascertain whether their companions in daily duties are spending the Sabbath in the house of God, and always watch for the opportunity to say, "Come with us, and we will do you good."

What becomes of *our city friends when they go into the country or sea-side?* Our gracious Majesty, when she crosses the Tweed, becomes a Presbyterian, and on her return resumes her Episcopal creed. A transmutation takes place in many of our friends in the course of a railway journey, which is equally startling to our minds. In the city they are staunch Nonconformists, and keep close to the denominational chapel; but once away from home, they are as likely to cast in their lot with another sect, or even to attend the service of the church of England, as they are to enquire for the Baptist chapel, and go there to worship God. Now, we are not so bigoted as to desire to preclude any intermingling of the different sections of the Christian church: we would be the last to desire this; and if any have opportunities of showing hospitality to strangers, and of receiving angels unawares, we have that pleasure in our own place of worship every Lord's-day. What we want to call attention to is the encouragement which it is in the power of our friends to give to small and struggling country churches if you will at once make yourselves known to the brethren; and if your stay at the place be long or short, identifying yourselves with the saints of the same faith and order, and thus aiding materially in the struggle against the dominant and fashionable church of England. We are afraid that our country brethren have some ground of complaint in this matter. It too frequently happens that members of our congregations remove to more commodious houses in the country, and then, with the rise in the style of life, a hesitation is natural, but unscriptural, when the question of how to spend the Sunday comes up for discussion. It is unfashionable in the sight of the more respectable residents to go to the little Baptist chapel. It may be that the structure is ugly, and the pews uncomfortable. We will allow, perhaps, that the service is not all they have been used to, as to style and arrangement, though full often nothing but fastidious and morbid sensitiveness can find any ground of complaint for our rural brethren worship God as acceptably as we in the cities ca reasonably desire or attain unto ourselves. But we are only mentionin the excuses; the *reason*, we are afraid, is a want of genuine determina tion at all cost of time, self-comfort, and money, to work with the brethren on the spot till a better state of things shall arrive. It is a drop of grief, bitterest of all, in the cup of our fellow believers, when they see the brother, whose advent they had longed for, as one likely to help them in a hard struggle, tamely indifferent to the principles at stake, and recreant to the Master's cause, quietly throw down his arms and go to the other side, where the wealth and fashion of this world have always used their power against the truths he has hitherto professed to believe. There may be occasions when the doctrine preached is offensive, or the moral character of some who call themselves after our name, but are not of us, is not to be endured, and we must shake off the dust of our feet against them; but have we then no clear call either out of the place or to such work in the place as shall create a better state of things? We speak, however, of such persons as have no such legitimate excuse, and there are many such, who bring up their families in another way than the path they would themselves desire them to hold; and the result is almost sure to accrue, they are lost to us as a denomination, and though still it may be of some use to the church and

world, they are only so to a degree far short of what might be if they had been truly trained up in the way wherein they should go.

Another question we want to have answered is what becomes of *our lapsed members, and especially our excommunicated ones?* Every church has its roll clogged with names, which as surely gather on it as dust on our garments, and they need as vigorous dealing with, or our statistics become so many fallacies and standing reproaches. Have we any means of following after these strayed ones, and discovering that which is lost? A more systematic effort in this direction would help to keep some in church fellowship who now drift into the world, and if they do not suffer shipwreck yet bring upon themselves floods of sorrows. Could secretaries of churches, be they ministers or elders, lend assistance as do our friends the Primitive Methodists, who at once, on the removal of members, correspond with the church in the place whither the friends have gone, and they at once visit them, thus helping greatly to retain the individuals, and also to unite the different churches in a bond of mutual interest and care for each other. The other class, however, is more than these a matter of anxiety to us. Our excommunicates, who like Judas, have betrayed the Lord; or, like Peter, denied him, but are still alive and unrepentant. Every church has its lost sheep, have we all of us good shepherds who still care for them? Do we always deal wisely and kindly, though faithfully, in our discipline with them? Are they not too often cast out for ever with no eye appointed to watch, and no heart left to pray for them till by penitence they are brought back confessing their sin? What is the percentage of restored ones? Very small we fear, and here is, we think, a dropped stitch in our garment of love, which we must try to gather up. What though they have crucified our Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame, injured his church, and fallen into depths of sin! our Lord has himself bidden us to begin at Jerusalem with the very ones who rejected him, and put him to death on the tree. Our heart yearns over those outside, and we would fain bring them in again. Are we laying ourselves out to save them? It is a delicate, yea, a dangerous task, but surely there are some in every church who could, for the Master's sake, go to these wanderers and look in love upon them till they weep, and thrice if needs be put some question like our Lord to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" which may lead to better things once more, and there will be more joy over one such, among the angels of God, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

What becomes of *our sick and aged ministers*, and when they die, where are their widows and orphans? We thank God that this question is being looked at in some quarters, and by some churches, and ministers' lives are insured, so as to some extent grapple with the case. Alas! however, this is the exception and not the rule. Surely in nearly every church some one might charge himself, or better still, *herself*, with the not pleasant, but yet eminently needed task of collecting enough to help in this object. We suggest this as a new-year's offering of kindness which would be a capital key-note for the whole year. As to the orphans, we must heartily thank our friends for the contribution of money for the houses; but while grateful for the mill we are anxious for the grist to come in, or without flour we shall scarcely be able to make much

bread. We have no fears about the sound of the grinding becoming low, but we would remind our brethren that we shall want the small tithes of field and barn to supply us with corn to keep the mill going. We trust that orphan boys will be cared for, through us, by all the church giving us a regular collection for that purpose.

To bring our paper to a close, are there not things on either hand which escape our notice, and though valuable, are lost—become practically useless, or are seriously injured because we are not wise to watch, and earnest to employ them for the Master's glory? In small things the true test of character lies. "He who would steal a pin would steal a bigger thing," is true when put, "He who would spoil a pin, or lose it, would do the same in greater matters." Let us pick up dropped pins, and search for missing links, gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost.

The Memorable Life of Mr. John Welch,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN AYR.

BY AN ANCIENT AUTHOR.

MR. JOHN WELCH was born a gentleman, his father being laird of Collestoun (an estate rather competent than large, in the shire of Nithsdale), about the year 1570, the dawning of our reformation being then but dark. He was a rich example of grace and mercy; but the night went before the day, being a hopeless extravagant boy. It was not enough to him, frequently, when he was a young stripling, to run away from the school, and play the truant; but, after he had passed his grammar, and was come to be a youth, he left the school and his father's house, and went and joined himself to the thieves on the English border, who lived by robbing the two nations, and amongst them he stayed till he spent a suit of clothes. Then, when he was clothed only with rags, the prodigal's misery brought him to the prodigal's resolution; so he resolved to return to his father's house, but durst not adventure till he should interpose a reconciler. So, in his return homeward, he took Dumfries in his way, where he had a friend, one Agnes Forsyth, and with her he spent some days, earnestly entreating her to reconcile him to his father. While he lurked in her house his father came providentially to the house to salute his cousin, Mrs. Forsyth, and after they had talked awhile, she asked him, Whether ever he had heard any news of his son John? To her he replied, with great grief, "O cruel woman, how can you name his name to me? the first news I expect to hear of him is, that he is hanged for a thief." She answered, "Many a profligate boy has become a virtuous man," and comforted him. He insisted upon his sad complaint, but asked, Whether she knew his lost son was yet alive? She answered, "Yes, he was, and she hoped he should prove a better man than he was a boy;" and with that she called upon him to come to his father. He came weeping, and kneeled, beseeching his father, for Christ's sake, to pardon his misbehaviour, and deeply engaged to be a new man. His father reproached him, and threatened him; yet, at length, by the boy's tears

and Mrs. Forsyth's importunities, he was persuaded to a reconciliation. The boy entreated his father to put him to the college, and there to try his behaviour, and if ever thereafter he should break, he said he should be content his father should disclaim him for ever. So his father carried him home, and put him to the college, and there he became a diligent student of great expectation, and showed himself a sincere convert. And so he proceeded to the ministry.

His first settlement in the ministry was at Selkirk, while he was yet very young, and the country rude. While there, his ministry was rather admired by some than received by many: for he was always attended with the prophet's shadow, the hatred of the wicked; yea, even the ministers of that country were more ready to pick a quarrel with his person than to follow his doctrine; as may appear to this day in their Synodical Records, wherein we find he had many to censure him, and only some to defend him; yet it was thought his ministry in that place was not without fruit, though he stayed but a short time there. Being a young unmarried man, he boarded himself in the house of one Mitchell, and took a young boy of his to be his bedfellow, who, to his dying day, retained both a respect to Mr. Welch and his ministry, from the impressions Mr. Welch's behaviour made upon his apprehension, though but a child. His custom was, when he went to bed at night, to lay a Scot's plaid above his bed clothes, and when he went to his night-prayers, to sit up and cover himself negligently therewith, and so to continue. For, from the beginning of his ministry to his death, he reckoned the day ill spent if he stayed not seven or eight hours in prayer; and this the boy could never forget even to hoary hairs.

I had once the curiosity, travelling through the town, to call for an old man, his name was Ewart, who remembered Mr. Welch's being in that place; and after other discourses, enquired of him what sort of a man Mr. Welch was. His answer was, "O sir, he was a type of Christ." An expression more significant than proper, for his meaning was, that he was an example that imitated Christ, as indeed in many things he did. He told me also, that his custom was to preach publicly once every day, and to spend his whole time in spiritual exercises; that some in that place waited well upon his ministry with great tenderness, but that he was constrained to leave that place because of the malice of the wicked.

The special cause of his departure was a profane gentleman in the country, one Scot, of Hawickschaw, whose family is now extinct; but because Mr. Welch had either reproved him, or merely out of hatred, Mr. Welch was most unworthily abused by the unhappy man, and, among the rest of the injuries he did him, this was one: Mr. Welch kept always two good horses for his own use, and the wicked gentleman, when he could do no more, either with his own hand or his servant's, cut off the tails of the two innocent beasts; upon which followed such an effusion of blood that they both died, which Mr. Welch did much resent, and such base usage as this persuaded him to listen to a call to the ministry at Kirkcudbright, which was his next post.

But when he was to leave Selkirk, he could not find a man in all the town to transport his furniture, except only Ewart, who was at that time a poor young man, but master of two horses, with which he

transported Mr. Welch's goods, and so left him; but as he took his leave, Mr. Welch gave him his blessing, and a piece of gold for a token, exhorting him to fear God, and promised he should never want. This promise Providence made good through the whole course of the man's life, as was observed by all his neighbours.

At Kirkcudbright he stayed not long, but there he reaped a good harvest of converts, which subsisted long after his departure, and were a part of Mr. Samuel Rutherford's flock, though not his parish, while he was minister at Anwith; yet when his call to Ayr came to him, the people of the parish of Kirkcudbright never offered to detain him, so his transportation to Ayr was the more easy.

While he was in Kirkcudbright he met with a young gallant in scarlet and silver lace; the gentleman's name was Mr. Robert Glendoning, new come home from his travels, and much surprised the young man, by telling him he behoved to change his garb and way of life, and betake himself to the study of the Scriptures (which at that time was not his business), for he should be his successor in the ministry at Kirkcudbright, which accordingly came to pass some time after.

Mr. Welch was transported to Ayr in the year 1590, and there he continued till he was banished. There he had a very hard beginning, but a very sweet end, for when he came first to the town, the country was so wicked, and the hatred of godliness so great, that there could not one, in all the town, be found to set him a house to dwell in, so he was constrained to accommodate himself the best he might in a part of a gentleman's house for a time.

When Mr. Welch first took up his residence in Ayr, the place was divided into factions, and so filled with bloody conflicts, that a man could hardly walk the streets with safety. Mr. Welch made it his first undertaking to remove the bloody quarrellings; but he found it very difficult work; yet such was his earnestness to pursue his design, that many times he would rush betwixt two parties of men fighting, even in the midst of blood and wounds. He used to cover his head with a head-piece before he went to separate these bloody enemies, but never used a sword, that they might see he came for peace, and not for war. And so, by little and little, he made the town a peaceable habitation.

His manner was, after he had ended a skirmish amongst his neighbours, and reconciled these bitter enemies, to cause a table to be laid in the street, and there brought the enemies together, and, beginning with prayer, he persuaded them to profess themselves friends, and then to eat and drink together: then, last of all, he ended the work with singing a psalm. So, after the rude people began to observe his example, and listen to his heavenly doctrine, he came quickly to such respect among them, that he became not only a necessary counsellor, without whose counsel they would do nothing, but an example to imitate; and so he buried the bloody quarrels.

He gave himself wholly to ministerial exercises; he preached once every day; he prayed the third part of his time; was unwearied in his studies; and for a proof of this, it was found among his other papers, that he had abridged Suarez's metaphysics when they first came to his hand, even when he was well stricken in years. By all which it appears,

that he was not only a man of great diligence, but also of a strong and robust natural constitution, otherwise he had never endured the fatigue.

But if his diligence was great, so it is doubted whether his sowing in painfulness, or his harvest in success, was greater; for if either his spiritual experiences in seeking the Lord, or his fruitfulness in converting souls, be considered, they will be found unparalleled in Scotland. And many years after Mr. Welch's death, Mr. David Dickson, at that time a flourishing minister at Irvine, was frequently heard to say, when people talked to him of the success of his ministry, "That the grape-gleaning in Ayr, in Mr. Welch's time, was far above the vintage of Irvine in his own." Mr. Welch's preaching was spiritual and searching, his utterance tender and moving. He did not much insist upon scholastic purposes. He made no show of his learning. I once heard one of his hearers (who was afterwards minister at Moorkirk, in Kyle), say, that a man could hardly hear him, and forbear weeping, his delivery was so affecting.

Sometimes, before he went to sermon, he would send for his elders, and tell them he was afraid to go to the pulpit, because he found himself sore deserted, and thereafter desire one or more of them to pray, and then he would venture to the pulpit. But it was observed, this humbling exercise used ordinarily to be followed with a flame of extraordinary assistance. So near neighbours are many times of contrary dispositions and frames. He would many times retire to the church of Ayr, which was at some distance from the town, and there spend the whole night in prayer, for he used to allow his affections full expression, and prayed not only with an audible, but sometimes a loud voice, nor did he weary in that solitude all the night over, which hath (it may be) occasioned the contemptible slander of some malicious enemies, who were so bold as to call him no less than a wizard.

There was in Ayr, before he came to it, an aged man, a minister of the town, called Porterfield, the man was judged no bad man for his personal inclinations, but of so easy a disposition, that he used many times to go too great a length with his neighbours in many dangerous practices; amongst the rest, he used to go to the bow-butts and archery on Sabbath afternoon, to Mr. Welch's great dissatisfaction. But the way he used to reclaim him was not by bitter severity, but this gentle policy. Mr. Welch, together with John Stewart and Hugh Kennedy, his two intimate friends, used to spend the Sabbath afternoon in religious conference and prayer; and to this exercise they invited Mr. Porterfield, which he could not well refuse; by which means he was not only diverted from his former sinful practice, but likewise brought to a more watchful and edifying behaviour in his course of life.

He married Elizabeth Knox, daughter to the famous Mr. John Knox, minister at Edinburgh, the Apostle of Scotland; and she lived with him from his youth till his death. By her, I have heard, he had three sons. The first was called Dr. Welch, a doctor of medicine, who was unhappily killed upon an innocent mistake in the low countries, and of him I never heard more. Another son he had most lamentably lost at sea, for when the ship, in which he was, sank, he swam to a rock in the sea, but starved there for want of necessary food and refreshment,

and when, sometime afterwards, his body was found upon the rock, they found him dead, in a praying posture, upon his bended knees, with his hands stretched out; and this was all the satisfaction his friends and the world had upon his lamentable death, so bitter to his friends. Another son he had, who was heir to his father's graces and blessings, and this was Mr. Josias Welch, minister at Temple-Patrick, in the north of Ireland, commonly called the *Cock of the Conscience* by the people of the country, because of his extraordinary wakening and rousing gift. He was one of that blest society of ministers, which wrought that unparalleled work in the north of Ireland about the year 1639; but was himself a man most sadly exercised with doubts about his own salvation all his time, and would ordinarily say, "That minister was much to be pitied who was called to comfort the weak saints, and had no comfort himself." He died in his youth, and left for his successor, Mr. John Welch, minister at Iron-Gray, in Galloway, the place of his grandfather's nativity. He maintained his dangerous post of preaching the gospel upon the mountains of Scotland, notwithstanding the threatenings of the state, the hatred of the bishops, the price set upon his head, and all the fierce industry of his cruel enemies. It is well known that bloody Claverhouse, upon secret information from his spies that Mr. Welch was to be found in some lurking place at forty miles distance, would make all that long journey in one winter's night that he might catch him; but when he came he missed always his prey. I never heard of a man who endured more toil, adventured upon more hazard, and escaped so much hazard, not in the world. He used to tell his friends, who counselled him to be more cautious, and not to hazard himself so much, "That he firmly believed dangerous undertakings would be his security, and that whenever he should give over that course, and retire himself, his ministry would come to an end." Which accordingly came to pass, for when, after the battle of Bothwell-bridge, he retired to London, the Lord called him by death, and there he was honourably buried, not far from the king's palace.

But to return to old Mr. Welch. As the duty wherein he abounded and excelled most was prayer, so his greatest attainments fell that way. He used to say, "He wondered how a Christian could lie in bed all night, and not rise to pray." And many times he rose, and many times he watched. One night he rose from his bed, and went into the next room, where he stayed so long at secret prayer, that his wife, fearing he might catch cold, was constrained to rise and follow him, and as she hearkened, she heard him speak, as by interrupted sentences, "Lord, wilt thou not grant me Scotland?" and after a pause, "Enough, Lord, enough;" and so she returned to her bed, and he followed her, not knowing she had heard him; but when he was by her, she asked him what he meant by saying, "Enough, Lord, enough." He showed himself dissatisfied with her curiosity, but told her, he had been wrestling with the Lord for Scotland, "and found there was a sad time at hand, but that the Lord would be gracious to a remnant." This was about the time when bishops first overspread the land and corrupted the church. This is a more wonderful matter which I am now about to relate: I heard once an honest minister, who was a parishioner of Mr. Welch's many a day, say, "That one night, as he watched in his garden very late, and

some friends waiting upon him in the house, and wearying because of his long stay, one of them chanced to open a window towards the place where he walked, and saw clearly a light surround him, and heard him speak strange words about his spiritual joy." I do neither add nor alter. I am the more induced to believe this, having heard it from as good a hand as any in Scotland, that a very godly man (though not a minister) said, that after he had spent a whole night in a country house of his, at the house in the Muir, declared confidently, "That he saw such an extraordinary light as this himself, which was to him both matter of wonder and astonishment." But though Mr. Welch had, upon the account of his holiness, abilities, and success, acquired among his subdued people a very great respect, yet he was never in such admiration as after the great plague which raged in Scotland in his time.

And one cause was this: The magistrates of Ayr—forasmuch as this town alone was free, and the country about infected—thought fit to guard the ports with sentinels and watchmen; and one day two travelling merchants, each with a pack of cloth upon a horse, came to the town, desiring entrance, that they might sell their goods, producing a pass from the magistrates of the town whence they came, which was at that time sound and free; yet, notwithstanding, all the sentinels stopped them till the magistrates were called, and when they came, they would do nothing without their minister's advice. So Mr. Welch was called, and his opinion asked. He demurred and put off his hat, with his eyes towards heaven for a pretty space, though he uttered no audible words, yet continued in a praying gesture; and after a little space, told the magistrates they would do well to discharge these travellers their town, affirming with great asseveration, the plague was in these packs. So the magistrates commanded them to be gone; and they went to Cumnock, a town some ten miles distant, and there sold their goods; which kindled such an infection in that place, that the living were hardly able to bury their dead. This made the people begin to think Mr. Welch as an oracle. Yet, as he walked with God, and kept close with him, so he forgot not man; for he used frequently to dine abroad with such of his friends as he thought were persons with whom he might maintain the communion of the saints; and once in the year, he used always to invite all his familiars in the town to a treat in his house, where there was a banquet of holiness and sobriety.

(To be Continued.)

The Staubach.

THE Staubach is a fall of remarkable magnificence, seeming to leap from heaven; its glorious stream reminds one of the abounding mercy which in a mighty torrent descends from above. In the winter, when the cold is severe, the water freezes at the foot of the fall, and rises up in huge icicles like stalagmites, until it reaches the fall itself, as though it sought to bind it in the same icy fetters. How like this is to the common ingratitude of men! Earth's ingratitude rises up to meet heaven's mercy; as though the very goodness of God helped us to defy him. Divine favours, frozen by human ingratitude, are proudly lifted in rebellion against the God who gave them.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. VIII.—WESTMINSTER.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

HISTORICALLY, Westminster is the most remarkable city in the world. For proof thereof consult any hand-book on London you can beg, borrow or——purchase. Socially, it is no less remarkable. For centuries, the richest and the poorest may be said to have met together in its streets and avenues, its gardens and slums. It has been the haunt of the rich, and the chosen delight of the poor; the residence of law-makers, and the home of law-breakers. So fair is the city, with its beautiful structures, that it looks like a saint; so begrimed with dirt and reeking with filth are its back streets, that it typifies the demon of the human soul. Even now—such are the accretions of ages—its most magnificent buildings are skirted by pestiferous dens; and these are infested by hideous humanity, tortured by pain, victimised by intemperance, wasted by lust, and battening on its own corruption. In "the good time coming," the date of which it would be desirable to fix, we are assured that chemistry will be so perfected that London smoke will be condensed into solid globes of carbon, resembling, on a more imposing scale, homœopathic globules—those pretty little mysteries!—which will be burnt at night, so that public expenditure may be economised, the clouds rendered clearly observable to the human eye by day, and the exorbitant profits of gas companies considerably reduced. It is greatly to be desired, for the sake of the inhabitants of Westminster, that this long-expected day of the triumphs of chemistry may speedily come. Probably, however, they would be satisfied if factories consumed their own smoke.

Many attempts have been made to ruin and improve Westminster city. Whole streets of working-men's houses have been pulled down in order to drive away the filthy and the degraded; and courts and alleys have been preserved for the ostensible good of the respectable, but for the actual benefit of the fallen and impure. Such is the perversity of humanising societies that wish to reap large dividends for their "improvements." The changes, in this respect have, perhaps, been more numerous here than in any other part of the metropolis. The poor have, of course, been driven to overcrowding in the wretched houses that remain; the common lodging-houses are still filled with thieves and scamps; the alleys are the resort of gambling costermongers, and the large model lodging-house, called Westminster Buildings, is almost bereft of the families for whom it was designed, and is full of those for whom one room is considered a luxury, and two rooms a burden, and an unnecessary evil.

Walk through some of the remaining fever-polluted haunts, and you are struck with the comatosed state of the stolidly indifferent beings, who are insensible to their wretchedness and oblivious of a more elevated existence. Some, like eagles from their eyrie, are ready to pounce upon any offending neighbour, with whom a quarrel and a fight are inevitable necessities of close friendship, and to whom an answer demands much physical enforcement to send it home with any power.

To hear the jabbering Irishwomen talk is to realise Babel in one individual. As for intelligible utterance, clear pronunciation, and calm delivery—these are relegated to other and more cold-blooded people, to whom rapidity of speech would be a speedy exhaustion of ideas. You are surprised to see so many of the coster class, apparently, lolling and idling, smoking and chaffing. What is their occupation? where their employment? As they plunge their hands into the hidden recesses of pockets which serve as depositories for all manner of articles, or swear with vigour, or denounce with emphasis each other, the thought arises of their importance in a certain circle of acquaintance, and their varied and perfect knowledge of the most prominent government houses which are variously dignified and described by those who wish to conceal the fact of their prolonged and compulsory residence in them. Thieves still lodge in Westminster, though typhus fever, imprisonment, demolition of houses, emigration, and transportation, have somewhat diminished their number. As the policemen will tell you, however, the larger number work in retirement, or hoodwink the public by carrying on respectable trades. A few years ago, a civil-looking, fair-dealing butcher, to whom the visits of Christian visitors were generally acceptable, was ferreted out by a keen-witted policeman, and discovered to be a bank-note forger on a most enterprising scale. This man, Buncher by name, was never suspected of wrong-doing; while another man, also transported, was a pest not only to the godly, but also to the most ungodly. He was a wife-fighter, an awful blasphemer, and a ringleader in all street rows. So greatly was he execrated by his own associates, that this coiner of forty years was regarded by his friends as the most notorious blackguard in London. And the atmosphere was cleared of much moral pollution by his embarkation. Yet this man, whom all feared and shunned, detested and despised, whose daring in wickedness seemed unequalled, whose perfection in his sad art of coining was so marked that his coins were always recognised as his at the mint, but whose cleverness was so great that up to the period of his arrest, the police could never catch him so as to get a conviction—this foul blot in humanity would often appear affected while he was being reasoned with on righteousness and judgment to come. "No man in the district," says the London City Mission's agent, "would sooner take my part if any one said a word against me, or insulted me in any way."

How miserably degraded some parts of Westminster are, may be judged by the fact that in one district visited by a missionary there are seven hundred visitable families, and not twenty persons who give signs of a regenerated life. These families have five gin-shops provided for them, five openly bad houses, and eight that are suspected; and in one of them three sisters live in sin, one being married and supporting her husband by her infamy. This is not a large, but a very small district. The houses are in a wretched condition, there are no back yards, nor back windows; some of the cellars are inhabited; a whole family live together in one room, frequently not more than ten feet square, and it is not unusual to find a shoemaker at work in the midst of the family. The streets, in which most of the poor creatures spend the best of their days, present all the characteristics indigenous to such a neighbourhood. Gambling was a favourite pastime, especially on the Sabbath; but this

has been somewhat checked. The day is still desecrated by boys playing at marbles, at pitch and toss, and by women and girls amusing themselves with the shuttle-cock. A fight is no unusual source of merriment, although Irish rows, and Irish screams, and Irish bullying, and cowardice, are never rare where there is a nest of these choice residents. And notably is it true with them that quarrels would never develop into serious issues were there no spectators, no peace-lovers, no mediators, and consequently no one to believe that meddling is a virtue, and fighting a vice. For the latter conviction becomes a nuisance in such a locality, inasmuch as it frequently leads to fighting when it is not seriously contemplated. "Peace at any price," you say. Yes, but you can't enforce it by interfering or by giving away a tract. Fetch a constable should the conflict show a serious head; let the affairs alone, if you do not, since the skirmish will be likely to evaporate in words. The sight of a meddler seems to put an Irishman on his mettle; contact with a policeman will exasperate but ultimately quiet him; a kind word will only add fuel to the fire. Perhaps, after all, no one can so successfully put an end to what the reporters call a *mêlée*, as a priest. Before a priest, an ignorant Irishman is a dumb fool.

And yet, no fairer field for Christian enterprise can be found than in these haunts. Wherever the depraved are, the influences of the gospel should be felt. The time has gone by for submitting to that spirit of Pharisaism which shuts out the lost from Christian calculations and sympathies. Whatever fault may be found with the church of Christ in the present day, it cannot be said that it despairs of alleviating human misery, or refuses to touch pollution lest it should become polluted. The churches that hedge themselves in from the world, that refuse to associate with any but the elect, that have no sympathising ear, no helping hand, no warm hearts to pity, no willing feet to run, no active sentiments to stimulate, are miserably few, contemptibly weak, and are returning fast to the vile dust of decay and dissolution. Human sympathy is attracting everywhere the hearts of the wretched from a life of which they are tired; Christian holiness is drawing admiration in men and women long diseased, long suffering from sin; the strength of holy firmness, the unflinching ardour of noble courage, the penetrating sweetness of a gracious simplicity, displayed in seeking among the ruins of fallen nature, doubly lost—lost to God, lost to themselves—and in exhibiting the cross, and him who died thereon, is vanquishing hearts long seared by wickedness, and subduing wills long perverted to hellish principles. This blessed work of rescuing humanity from its thraldom, and breaking the iron bonds of spiritual slavery is a glorious occupation—

> "'Tis what might fill an angel's heart,
> And filled the Saviour's hands."

Westminster is carefully looked after by the various churches, although we doubt whether they do as much as the Roman Catholics. Men will

> "Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks"

to compass the work of proselytising. The Sisters of Mercy, with their black dress and beads, and coal-skuttle bonnets—the last remaining

vestige to teach the present generation that formerly bonnets were worn —are ever busy in the lowest haunts of misery. In them indolence has received its death-shock. Like the Syrophenician woman, though surrounded by difficulties, they are not discouraged; though God himself frown, they persevere. Such obedience to duty, so entire, so earnest, meets with its reward. They insinuate themselves into the good opinions of the poor, who are won by their kindness, subdued and awed by their authority. The Rev. Samuel Martin and his congregation work among the degraded, and largely help them in their poverty. The Baptist church in Romney-street has a staff of lodging-house visitors, who preach and teach those who manifest as little regard to virtue and outward cleanliness as they do to religious principles. The London City Mission labours here, and though not so much by preaching as some of us would desire, yet by visitation and instruction good is done. This work is not altogether easy, and results cannot always be chronicled, in consequence of the migratory habits of the people. There are plenty of schools, and so well has the district been canvassed that it is only among the lowest of the inhabitants that the children are entirely neglected. This neglect is due partly to the parents' dislike or carelessness respecting education, and to the early habits of incorrigible rebellion formed by the children themselves. The missionary conducts small devotional services—so he tells us in one of his reports—and those who attend consist of persons who have not listened to a religious service for years. They frequently come without shawl or bonnet. "One woman, who gets her living at her needle, is so interested in these meetings, that she keeps the room (an upper room) clean, opens it, preserves order, and frequently goes out before the service begins to invite the people in, and all without remuneration." Similar services are held for the servants of the Westminster Palace Hotel. The work of visitation is characterised by most hopeful features. When the visit is rejected, which is a rare occurrence, it is generally done with a measure of politeness which "breaks the fall." The interest attending each visit varies. Sometimes it is marked by extreme indifference, as though the truths conveyed met with no sort of response; at other times enquiry is evoked, and the visitor is greatly encouraged in his work; and now and then, through the mercy of God, hearts long hardened, minds long bent to evil purposes, consciences long blunted and deadened, have been softened, enlightened, and aroused. The first effect will be a moral one. Their lives need renovating; they knew it long ago, and confessed it, sometimes in a jaunty spirit, at other times with sadness. Now, in sincerity of spirit and earnestness of purpose, they desire to "turn over a new leaf." The reader may understand that homely expression, and think the work which it implies a comparatively easy one. Truth to tell, it is consummately difficult for some who are surrounded by temptations and sins which lose none of their potency, though much of their fascination. There is the temptation to live in satisfaction with a low standard of right and wrong. This temptation to conventional morality comes alike to all classes in all conditions of life. It comes in a low, gross form to the poor, but it is none the less a triumph of grace to conquer it. There is, too, the temptation to continue receiving ill-gotten gains. It comes to a poor costermonger, who has the choice before him of obtaining £3

or £4 a week by his old ways of cheating the public, or of relinquishing great profits and dishonest gains for one quarter of his usual receipts. The temptation is none the less strong because he is a poor, illiterate fellow, and not a fine, educated university man who has swindled the public through bubble companies. Nor are the heart-strugglings against the oppressive dread of persecution diminished by the condition of life of these new aspirants after God and goodness. His must be a brutal, unsympathising heart that can mock at the tyrannous world of passions which fight for the mastery over a soul just born to God, with but a simple, weak faith, trembling heart, and very imperfect knowledge. But oh! when the hour and the agony of temptation has past, when the craven fear has fled, and the insidious seductress of mischief departed, and the divinely-imparted strength has laid low the soul's great foe, and faith has triumphed, and hope has revived, and joy has animated and cheered the distressed heart—then gratitude fills the soul, and music flows from thankfulness, and confidence springs into noble activity. It is something worth knowing

> "How sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong."

And the triumphs of divine grace over human weakness have their lessons for us, whether they be won over our own hearts or over those of the poorest.

Two kinds of work are most useful in Westminister—perhaps three. *Open-air preaching* on Sunday afternoons in courts and by-streets, though attended by limited numbers, is surrounded by difficulties, but it is nevertheless owned and blessed by God. The missionary has two stations in courts which we have looked at, and found to be none of the sweetest or most desirable. The population is a mixed one—of English and Irish. "We never knew who heard the Word and who did not; for the houses were so close, and the streets so narrow, that they who chose to listen could do so without being seen or coming into the open street." We are told that the quiet hearing of the Word much depends upon the amount of drink imbibed by the fallen women and their companions during the previous part of the day. "Numbers of young men would pass up and down, and in and out among the women, and frequently have they stopped to listen to the words of truth, the effect of which has been to make them feel uneasy in their minds, and they hardly had courage to enter the houses of iniquity, but waited and listened until drawn in by the raillery or pressing invitations of their companions." A terrible picture; but alas! true to nature. Then there is preaching in *mission-rooms*, which in this neighbourhood are not easily filled, and—most important of all—*lodging-house visitation*. It appears there are now thirteen lodging-houses in the district, three of which are very large, and will unitedly accommodate about two hundred persons. They are tenanted by beggars and street hawkers. The preaching takes place in the kitchens, and is of the character described by the writer in "*The Sword and the Trowel*," of July, last year. Sometimes there is interruption, of course; some one will suggest money as the one thing needful, just as the Duke of Abercorn lately thought that "more turnips" would cure Ireland's ills; but a judicious speaker will turn such interpolations to advantage. When loquacious

men are in liquor, even a lion-like man is liable to look confused at an incisive lampoon. But even these men are more impressible than the dogged and sullen, who have only a few thoughts and fewer ways of expressing them.

We might give several remarkable instances of good done by visitation among the wretched, but our allotted space has all but gone, and we must content ourselves with two cases; we select the two from the missionary's report of 1863, solely because they are exceedingly striking, and in a measure representative of others of a later date. A poor fellow, of godly parents, was sent to college, obtained a good knowledge of Greek and Latin, became a Congregational minister, then was tutor at a Yorkshire college for some years, then travelled on the Continent, met one misfortune after another, was reduced to the lowest poverty, took to selling needles, paper, etc., in the London streets, and lacking decent clothing, ceased to attend public worship. He attended the missionary's service, and subsequent conduct proved him to be a true child of God. He became a great help in the neighbourhood, and though he was so poor as scarcely to obtain more than bread and weak tea, yet he read and talked to the poor lodging-house people, and was much liked.

Here is another case, given, because it is so painfully romantic, in his own words, of a poor tinman, who could neither read nor write, and knew no more about religion than that he thought he was a sinner "like the rest of the folks." He says: "You knows, Mr. P——, I believe what you say, but you know, the likes of us, that never had any larning, who have always been travelling the country ever since we was born, it arn't to be thought that we could know much about these things. My father was a great drunkard all his life; he could earn plenty of money, but he used to spend it as fast as he earned it. I was born on the road, as we was travelling—at least, so my mother tells me—poor old girl! but she has been dead for years. From a boy I always travelled with my father. Warn't I frightened once! Blow me, if I warn't. Why, my old dad (father), said to me one day as we was near a wood, 'I say, boy, I have often said I will never die with my shoes on;' so he climbed a tree, I at the same time crying to him not to do it—for I was but quite a boy, about twelve years old. He got up the tree, chucked me down his shoes, and says, 'Here goes, boy,' and hung himself with his neck handkerchief. I ran to a man close by, in the road, filling a dung-cart, and told him my father had hung himself, and asked him to come and cut him down; but he would not, saying he warn't going to cut him down if he was fool enough to hang himself. So I ran crying, and met two gentlemen in the road. They came just in time to save my poor old father's life; but he was ill a long time, and at last he died raving mad, through drink, a few years after."

He was asked why he did not attend a place of worship. His answer is a typical one. Read in the light of the recent letters and articles on sermons, and sermon-writers, it is instructive. "I do go to church sometimes, Mr. P——, but you knows that the parsons are so learned, that such poor ignorant creatures as us can't understand them." He evidently could understand plain common-sense preaching, for he

liked the missionary's talk, and his "old 'oman" read over again what had been read and expounded to him from the Scriptures. And notwithstanding the ignorance by which they were spellbound, the gospel message, which the simplest may understand and believe in, was comprehended by both husband and wife, and the Spirit of God led them to a higher life and nobler joys.

Dear reader, such men as these, poor as they are, are rich in faith, and have a great inheritance above. I am not writing a tract nor a sermon, but would ask whether your life, so morally superior to that which these poor creatures led prior to the commencement of the diviner life, has been consecrated to God, even as they consecrated theirs? The late Lord Farnham, a warm Evangelical it is said, who met his death at the awful railway accident at Abergele, had this motto attached to his coat of arms, "*Je suis prêt.*" "I am ready." Are you ready to meet the conflicts of time—the scene of death—the judgment-seat of God?

A Rare Discourse.

BY SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

(*Concluded from page* 408.)

Verse 9. "*He saith to me write, Blessed are they that are called.*" That which is written by God is sure a concluded thing. The saints' happiness is not promised by word, but written with the pen. God has booked your heaven and your happiness, if ye be called to the Lamb's marriage supper. The wicked man's hell is booked and written of God, and sealed up among his treasures, so vengeance is laid up for him. Deut. xxxii. But be glad and rejoice, O believers, for your charter of inheritance is passed through the great seal, this testament is confirmed with Christ's blood. Say ye, the testament is written, but my name is not there?

Answer. Neither Abraham's nor David's names are in it, yet it is sure enough. A father leaves an inheritance to be equally divided among his sons; each one has no more ado but to prove that he is a son, then he falls to his part of the inheritance. We err oftentimes in our applying either promises or threatenings: you make a question of God's part, if Christ died for you, and loved you; make sure your own part, and take no fear of God's part. If ye ask for whom Christ died? I answer, For all that lean to him, be they who they will. Take all to yourself till Christ say, "I died for you." A cord is cast down into a hollow pit to draw you up, and a hundred more; but if ye enquire, "Is the cord cast down for me?" I will tell you how ye shall answer that doubt, grip and hold fast by it for your life, and out of question then it was cast down for you. If ye take the Lord's offer, question not his good will; step in to the feast; Christ's good will will not ask you, "To whom belong ye?" And if he should ask such a question, say ye, "I am thine." If he deny it, be ye humble and wait. Cain's and Judas' names are not written in the sixth command, but they shall surely inherit the Lord's threatenings against murderers; even so shall believers win the promises. If ye ask if Christ died for you—he answers you with

another question. Would ye die for him? Or, are ye dying for love to him? That answers your question. Sinners are like a number of men swimming in the sea betwixt life and death. Christ and his merits are like a strong boat, and a man holding out both his arms, drawing them in one by one, saying, "Give me your hand;" and so he presses them in.

"*Blessed are they that are called.*" Then all that hear his word are in some measure blest. We are sent to call you and to cry, "The King's Son is to be married, come to the feast." But there are many called who are not called; that calling in Proverbs i. is not here meant, "I called, and ye refused;" nor that in Matt. xx. 19, "Many are called, but few are chosen." There is a difference between the inward calling and the outward calling. *First*, in the persons; none are called but the Bridegroom's friends, who are of Christ's own house, and near of kin to him; strangers to the house get but a common word: but to the true sons, the saints, there is a calling by their names, as when God called Abraham, who said, "Here am I." The friends of the Bridegroom hear a voice upon their hearts, as if God had called them by their names: the rest are called, but they obey not the King; they hear a voice sounding in the air as afar off. Speak to a man concerning an inheritance in Spain, he hears and hears not, for he hath no interest in it: the reprobate hear of God's calling as if ye were speaking to him of playing at foot-ball, or some trifle; but speak to a man of his own inheritance, and how he shall be lord of all things, oh, that goes near his heart! *Secondly*, the inward calling goes foot for foot with the decree of election. Rom. viii. 30: "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called." The inward calling is more than a word, it is a word with an arrow shot at the heart, a mighty stroke on the soul, so that it must yield to Christ and be led captive at his will. John x. 16: "Other sheep I have, them also I must bring in:" I must have them, cost what it will. If they be unwilling they shall be made willing. Indeed, the wicked run away with one of Christ's arrows sticking in them, like a wild beast with a dart, but if it is shot with Christ's full strength, it goes to the bone; otherways it but draws the blood, makes a hole in the skin, and the arrow falls out, and the wound closes again; but it is the Mediator's arrow that wounds and slays the enmity within. There is a grip called the Mediator's grip. John xiii. 32: "I, when I am lifted up on the cross will draw all men unto me." No man can resist, if once he get a blow and a wound in his soul with one of Christ's arrows: so Paul was not called to this supper till he was blind, and had fasted three days. So in Zechariah iii. 10: "They shall look on him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn as one that mourneth for his only son." These that are called to the marriage-supper are blest for ever; they are promised away and spoken for in marriage. When the contract is subscribed, and the woman gives her oath, hand, and promise to her husband, and when she is hand fastened before God to him, she cannot with honesty enter into terms of marriage with another man, so when we have given our name to our husband Christ, it is not honesty to fall in love with other lovers again; to marry two is vile falseness. Are ye content that Christ has your first love, and happy to go with him before another? All that are called to the marriage should be chaste, and think that a look of their husband Christ, who gat the first promise of them, is

pleasanter than that of all other lovers: he has a tongue that is sweeter than all other tongues. An honest merchant who made a fair offer, will not break off of it for a penny more, neither must you give up Christ for the world's temptings; for when all is done, the devil and the world cannot overbid our Lord Jesus Christ. Can they bid more than heaven, or Christ, or God? Many, after they have given away their hand to Christ in covenant, the world ravishes them ere ever Christ can come to claim them again.

The Lamb's "wife hath made herself ready." It is not said, The Lamb made himself ready; there is no stop of the marriage on Christ's side of it; it is long since he died and rose again, and is entered into his glory; but the wife is wild, slow, and unfit for the wedding. The reason why the last marriage day is deferred, is because God will have none of his own to be lost, or so perish. 2 Peter iii. 9. What, do ye long for the marriage-day, and cry, "Come, Lord Jesus"? Your lusts are not subdued, and yet ye would be at heaven. Get the body of sin and the world crucified, and the wedding garment ready, for on Christ's side there is no stop, the lodgings are taken. Ye bid him come quickly; he may bid *you* go faster, for he runs, but ye creep at leisure; ye come out of the world as Lot came out of Sodom, unwillingly. Get every day some of your journey over, and ye and he will meet; but ye stand still and sleep, ye are like a drunkard that says we are over long here in the ale-house, and yet he sits still and drinks on. It were not fit for us that the marriage came as soon as we seek it, for there is a great part of the wedding garment still unready.

"The marriage supper of the Lamb." Gospel promises and mercies are called a marriage supper. God calls no brass by the name of gold; he calls blessedness in Christ a supper, and a marriage supper, wherein are all pleasures that can delight hearing and tasting, for music and good cheer; it is a supper after which meek men get rest and the night's sleep, for the saints have many a hungry dinner in this world. Pleasures are the husks that the swine feed on, the devil's draff: "The pleasures of sin for a season." Hebrews ix. 25. The saints have much toil and labour the long summer day: but here is their blessedness, they know of a hearty meal of meat at night, and rest in the bosom of their well-beloved Christ. After this supper there is no such toil and trouble as is after dinner; men have no rest, but are weary and laden till Christ and they meet—they are under Satan's yoke till Christ loose them. Hab. ii. 13; Jer. ii. 20. "Of old I have broken thy yoke," &c., saith the Lord. God's people were in Satan's yoke, and under abominable slavery in Egypt, till supper came; then they had rest and sleep. Satan has men yoked in a plough, and profit, pleasure, and honour are his iron pricking goad. Balaam hears of gold and honour, and Judas of money, and they go sweating up the furrows. So are God's children yoked, till he loose and ease them and call them to his supper, and then they rest from their long summer day's toil. Ye marvel to see the wicked get such good cheer, that they wallow in pleasures; and ye startle at providence here, when ye see the godly in trouble; but the reprobates are not called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Wonder not that God gives a greedy dog a bone; and so indeed is the world to sinners: let them get their bellyfull of it, but

they shall, for all that, lie down in sorrow, without tasting of the marriage supper.

"*And he said unto me, These are the true sayings of God.*" Angels had a taste of Christ at the beginning, and they have learned something that they had never known if man had not fallen; and though they be but beholders, and eat not of the supper, as we do, yet when Christ's meat is on the table it casts a good smell, and they delight to learn something more of Christ which they knew not before. If they say that God's word is true, much more cause have we to say so: all the messes of the supper are for us; his "flesh is meat indeed" to us, and his "blood is drink indeed" to us. Say ye, will not all men, as well as angels, say so? Do any deny God's word and sayings to be true? It will be thought men for shame will not give God the lie to his face. Indeed, in general, we say God's word is true, but when it comes to practice, we hesitate not to give him the lie to his face. Like archers, who set their eye upon the mark, and when all is done, the bow breaks, and the arrow falls at their foot. Whilst conscience keeps in general, and is a hundred miles from the word, we say the word is good, but when the word is near to command us, and to control our lusts and deny our wills, then we do as Jeroboam's conscience, that slipped the shackles, when God's word was like as he thought to deprive him of his kingdom. Our conscience goes along with the word in general, but when it meets with our wild humours, or lights on our hidden sin, as it did on Herod's lust, then we cry and complain as he did: when our lusts rise, and the word binds our conscience, then conscience gives God fair words, like a flattering friend or knavish servant, that is always out of the way when there is most need for him. The adulterer says God's word is true, yet in time of temptation, when the seventh command gives him handy grips, and all are wrestling, then he tells another tale. The mind is as a judge that ay does right till he get ill counsel, and then never a good turn. The mind afar off judges aright of God's word, but in come the affections, as an ill counsellor, and conscience is led by the nose. When it comes to practice, the affections are conscience's ill neighbours, like Rehoboam's counsellors.

Verse 10. "*And I fell down at his feet to worship,*" We read of very few of John's faults; he fell twice into idolatry, very inconsiderately taking the angel to be more than an angel, he directing his worship to God, as he supposed; his heart being too much addicted to admire and reverence a creature, he slips when he doats so much on instruments; humility can steal in on our hearts in the heat of love, and Satan can beguile us with it. Idolatry came in upon John with a fair disguise; he welcomed it as God's worship. Our hearts and Satan work into each other's hands; while we are not advising with God, our hearts go far in pleasuring of sin, and covering of idolatry. But let men wash idolatry with all the holy water of Rome, it has ay a black skin. Many go farther on in idolatry than John did. Saul would not kill David himself, and does not mind the matter and event of it, nay, but he gives him over into the Philistines' hands. Sin, especially gross sins, have a bloody black face, that men must put on a mask before they kiss them. Men think to beguile their own conscience by

challenging of some circumstance. The Colossians worshipped angels, but they did it under pretence of humility. Israel did swear that they would not give their daughters to the Benjaminites, but how made they up the matter? They bade the Benjaminites, at a dance, take their daughters by force; and so they played their conscience a slip. Sin can go out at one door, when conscience boasts it, and comes slipping in again with a new garment: it being that same sin in Pilate, he put murder from himself by washing his hands, and said, "I am free of Christ's blood;" but he plaistered his murder fairly with this, "The people caused him to do it." So swearing is good enough to many, if they swear the truth. Men would fain have God's law beguiled. If vanity of apparel lose the name of pride, and is called the fashion, it is thought good enough. But if your clothes be proud, your heart cannot be humble. If the deceiver can cheat his conscience, and win by the eighth command, and can say the bargain was made in daylight, your eye was your merchant, and he thinks he has escaped dry-shod; but consider Jer. ii. 22. "Though thou wash thyself with nitre, and take ye much soap, yet thy iniquity is marked before me." Why is it that we learn not to deal honestly with God's laws? Alas! we make the Almighty a child, provoking him to anger; and then we put him off with fair words. John here doated on the instruments in his devotion, labouring to be thankful for the good news he had heard. It was an ordinary fault in many to give more to some instruments than was their due. Among the Hebrews (chap. iii.), some will set up Moses as a High Priest; and in Corinth, no preacher like Paul; says another, I think Apollos better; and a third says, in my judgment Cephas (Peter) is best of all. What are ministers but earthen pitchers, carrying the heavenly treasure? If they be faithful, they should do as John the Baptist, when the people thought to have done homage to him, and took him to be the Christ, he took them witness, that he told them he was not the Christ, nor worthy to loose his shoe-latches—"Call no man Rabbi." God is witness that ministers desire to put you fair off their hands, and to send you to Christ; they are but the bridegroom's friends, carrying your love-letters from your husband; but carry it who will, I charge you leave off the comparing of ministers with ministers, lest you provoke God to blow out the poor men's candles. You know a blown-out candle will have an ill smell, and so with ministers, if God leaves them. They but carry the trumpet, the Spirit blows and gives the sound. Doat not on any man. Would you have an object to waste your love on? There is one Christ Jesus, doat your fill on him. Love and better love him, till ye be wearied of loving him. Beware that ye move not the Lord to take the gift from the ministers. The devil can cast wild fire into the people's zeal, and cause them to make a God of a man in whom there is not much stuff if he were sifted. Is comfort bound to any man's tongue above another? Balaam's ass once made a preaching that might have been a lesson to that evil man. God you see can use what instruments he wills. I say, sirs, take God's meat, cook it who will. Alas! that ministers by their wicked lives should spoil God's meat so as the children *skunner* at it. Who would believe, when John was in an angel's company, ravished in spirit, and saw Christ so gloriously

revealed to him, and such comfortable victories over Antichrist, and having his heart so well set to praise God, that he would be almost taken into idolatry? Hence, if we were in an angel's company, the devil and sin, like Judas, are lying in wait to ensnare us. This world is as a great wood, at every tree-root and in every bush there lies a serpent. We had need to tell all our steps to heaven, and see whether we go right or wrong. When we are rejoicing in God, the devil can deceive us. Peter thought himself a humble man when he said to Christ, "Thou shalt never wash my feet;" but he was devilishly proud. In praying, reading, hearing, communicating, &c., temptations are at our elbow. Satan, in Job's days, came before the Lord to accuse the man: think ye not the devil is as bold as ever he was? And think ye that he dare not come to the communion-table? When Judas was at the table with Christ, Satan goes in with the sop. The devil has been at Christ's high messes, and will be waiting there to go into every believing soul. The world is like a piece of broad sea, full of nets and lines, Satan hath laid his lines thro' the world, it is all full of gins and traps wheresoever we go. In an instant John is here hooked with idolatry; David, with the glance of an eye, is hooked by adultery. We have need to pray, "Lord, lead us not into temptation;" and to take heed that we go not through Satan's camp without our armour, and our Christ with us; for Satan's arrows and bullets are flying thick about our ears, whatever we be doing. We live here beside ill neighbours, we dwell within a moment's march of Satan and his temptations. O let us beware of one that is at our elbow in the holiest work we can go about!

"*See thou do it not: I am thy fellow servant,*" *etc.* Angels will take none of God's glory to themselves. All that have gifts or light should labour to see that our Lord get his glory. When the beast suffered men to fall down on their knees to give him the worship and titles that was only due to Christ, we may know by that what spirit was in him. The man that is nearest to God would have all glory given only to God, and we must not be halvers in his glory. Papists say they give glory to God, but images must have a bow by the way. Is it not our part to keep good neighbourhood with God, to keep his marches? Grace may well satisfy us, glory is his peculiar treasure; none may say to Christ in that, "Half-mine." Cornelius offered his knee to Peter, but he refused it. Where there is a creature betwixt God and us, that represents God; if we bow a knee to it, that smells of idolatry. Although our worship be directed to God, we have a jealous Husband. If ye bow the knee to a creature, and say it is to Christ, it is as if a wife should prostrate herself to a strange lover, and then say, "God knows my heart is towards my husband." Idolatry may be idolatry, although men intend not idolatry in worshipping the creature. They who say John intended to worship the angel, have not well considered the place; John directed both his inward worship and his knee-worship to God, and took the angel to be God, otherwise the angel's reproof, "I am thy fellow servant," etc., were not worth a straw. And yet he is rebuked for idolatry in directing knee-worship to an angel. Cornelius intended not to give to Peter what was due to God, he knew as it was told him, that Peter was a man, yet he thought, for

his Master's sake, and the gospel's sake, he would bow his knee to him; for which he was rebuked.

"*The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy*"—that is "the testimony of Christ, which comes from the Spirit of Christ, who reveals things to come: as ministers are witnesses for Christ, so they must see and hear, otherwise they cannot depone upon their consciences to the people; they must have the Spirit that John had. John xv. 26. 1 Corinthians xii. 3. "None can call Jesus the Lord but by the Spirit." This will tell men if they be rightly called ministers; and if they want the Spirit, they sound not with the trumpets of God, but with their own worthless rams' horns.—I shall add no more. Amen.

Christ in the House.

BY G. ROGERS.

"It was noised that he was in the house."—Mark ii. 1.

IT was a great privilege *then* to have Christ in the house; but it is a greater privilege *now*. *Then* he was bodily present, *now* spiritually; *then* as a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, *now*, as in all things having the pre-eminence; *then* as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night, *now* to abide with us. Christ is in the house when the Bible is there. He is in his word. The whole of Christ is there. He is in the house when a tract is left there, containing the way of salvation through him. He is in the house when a good man enters it, and carries with him the savour of Christ. He is more properly in the house, and it will be noised, or generally known that he is in the house, when he dwells in the heart of any one in the family. He may be in a servant only of a household, or in a child only, or in one of the parents only; but it will be noised that he is in the house. If in more than one of the household, he will be still more in the house; if in all, he will be in the whole house. If there be no one in the family who has Christ, the hope of glory, Christ is not in that house. When any one of an ungodly household meets with Christ in the sanctuary or elsewhere, and takes him to his home, it may be said as of Zaccheus, "This day is salvation come to this house." When the only true Christian removes from the house, or is taken from it, Christ departs with him. Into whatever house a Christian family enters, Christ enters with it: it may be to abide where a Christless family dwelt, in which case it is noised that Christ is in the house. Oh, could houses speak! Could the walls of houses tell all that has transpired within them! Could the stone cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answer it! How, when frivolity, and oaths, and quarrelling, were exchanged for the voice of prayer and praise, it was noised that Christ was in the house! Oh, if chambers could tell the dark deeds they have witnessed at one time, and the wrestlings with God and the heavenly joy they have witnessed at other times! Oh, could they speak of the death-beds, both of horror and of gladness, that have occurred within the same walls! But the day is coming when they will speak; for "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known."

If Christ be in the house, it is generally more neat and cleanly; the family is more orderly; there is more love and forbearance; Sabbaths are more enjoyed; and there is more in the cupboard, for sin is more expensive than grace.

If it be noised that Christ is in the house, good men will be drawn to it, and bad men will be kept away.

If Christ be in the house, there will be a witness for God there. One truly Christian inmate, be it master, servant, or child, will be a continual sermon to the rest. There will not be a Bible merely in the house, which might be unread, but a living epistle read and known of all men. The seriousness of that one will be a continual rebuke to the frivolity of others; the holiness of that one, a continual restraint upon the immorality of others; and the happiness of that one, a continual recommendation of the gospel to others. The salvation thereof will go forth as a lamp that burneth. It will be in vain for any in that house to plead ignorance of salvation, and to say, "Lo, we knew it not; we knew not the law by which we were to be tried, nor the gospel by which we might be saved." The light was continually before them.

If Christ be in the house, there is a direct communication between it and the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. If Christ be in the head of the household, there will be a family altar from which incense and a pure offering will go up to the highest heavens; if in an inferior member of the family, be it servant or child, there will be a private altar on which the foot of the ladder may rest whose top reaches to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. The communication is continually kept up. There, all in the family are prayed for; and who can tell what evils may be averted, and what blessings may be laid up in store for them, in answer to those prayers.

If Christ be in the house, that house is under the peculiar protection of divine providence. The wicked owe much of their protection and many of their comforts to their connection with the righteous. Had there been ten righteous persons in Sodom the whole city would have been spared. To a king of Israel, whose army was perishing for want of water, from which nothing but a miracle could save them, it was said by the prophet, "As the Lord of Hosts liveth, before whom I stand, surely, were it not that I regard the presence of Jehoshaphat the king of Judah, I would not look toward thee, nor see thee." The tares must remain until the harvest, lest the wheat should be plucked up with them. Is it too much, then, to affirm that many a family has been preserved from some dire calamity which would inevitably have befallen it, but for one or more in the household who was accepted in the Beloved? A good man in the house is a better protection from plunder and violence than bolts and bars, and a better security than the fire-escape from fire. It is better to touch the wire that rings a bell in heaven than to ring an alarm bell on earth. "Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." It would be well to take a true Christian into the house where there is none, were it only to protect it from harm.

If Christ be in the house, the sympathies of good men are drawn towards it. Real Christians are specially interested in each other's families. If there be but one member of a family a member of Christ's body, the interest of the other members of Christ's body is drawn

towards the other members of the family. There is an alliance between that household and the household of faith. The family comes more within the observation of the church, the voice of its prayer, and the arms of its faith. A natural brother or sister is beloved for a spiritual brother or sister's sake. The widows and orphans of believers are cared for by the church for the fathers' sake; as David took care of Jonathan's son for Jonathan's sake.

If Christ be in the house, he often continues long there. In some families he enters with one, and with the same one departs. In others, his grace goes from one to another until there is a complete renovation in the whole household. Sometimes his abode in the house is for one generation only, and sometimes he goes down with it to many generations. When he enters a family that for generations past have been strangers to vital godliness, he generally abides long; and when he leaves a family in which he had long dwelt, it is often long before he returns. How singular it would be could we trace his entrance into families, his abode with them, and his going out from them; and still more, to know the houses in which he has been, in which he now is, and which hereafter will be honoured with his presence!

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. We should seek Christ on our own account; and we should seek him on account of others. We should seek to have him on our own account. How *have* him? "My little children," says the apostle to the Galatians, "of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Nothing will satisfy him short of Christ being formed in them. Nothing short of this should satisfy us on our own behalf. Christ is salvation, but Christ in me is my salvation. It is not Christ in the covenant of grace that saves me, nor Christ in the manger, nor Christ in the garden, nor Christ upon the cross, nor Christ upon the throne; it is not Christ in the word, nor Christ in his ordinances, nor Christ in the understanding, that saves me; it is Christ in me that is my salvation. This is the right thing in the right place; which is Christ in you the hope of glory. If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, and the spirit is life because of righteousness. Christ is not in the body, but in the spirit. The life he gives is not to the body, but the spirit; therefore the body is still dead because of sin, while the spirit has a life of righteousness. Hereafter Christ will be in the body, when he that raised up Christ from the dead shall quicken our mortal bodies by his spirit that dwelleth in us. Here he is in the spirit only. Then Christ is in the whole man, and all is ours.

We should seek Christ on account of others; that we may be blessings and not curses to others; that we may be a savour of life and not of death to others; that instead of dragging others with us to perdition, we may allure them to joyful seats above. If you are a husband, seek Christ for your wife's sake. If a wife, seek to have Christ for your husband's sake. If a parent, seek Christ for your children's sake; if a child, for the sake of your parents; if a brother or sister, seek to win Christ and be found in him for a brother or a sister's sake; if a master, for the sake of your servant; if a servant, for the sake of your master. Who knoweth, O man, but thou mayst save thy wife; and who knoweth, O wife, but thou mayst save thy husband? Who knoweth,

O parent, but thou mayst save thy child; and, O child, but thou mayst save thy parent? Who knoweth, O brother, but thou mayst save thy sister; and, O sister, but thou mayst save thy brother? Who knoweth, O master, but thou mayst save thy servant; and, O servant, but thou mayst save thy master? If we value not our own souls, we should value the souls of those who are near and dear to us. If we care not for own happiness, we ought not to be indifferent to theirs. The rich man in hell prayed that his brethren might not come into the same place of torment. There are not a few on earth who would wish their relations and friends to be saved, even if they are not. Well, then, the best way to seek salvation for them is to seek it for ourselves. How delightful to be the first to introduce Christ into a house where he is not! how sad to be the one on whose account he withdraws from the house where he had long stayed!

Sowing Beside all Waters.

(PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MR. HALDANE.)

THE blessing which attended the labours of Robert Haldane in Geneva is well known, and cannot be soon forgotten. On a recent visit to that city, his nephew, Robert Haldane, Esq., of Cloanden, alighted on fresh evidence of the good fruit which had accrued from the zealous efforts of his uncle to make known the gospel in its purity among the Swiss pastors and students of theology. Having detailed the following incidents to a friend, he was requested to embody them in a statement that might be printed. He was kind enough to comply at once with the request; and hence the singularly interesting letter which follows:—

Edinburgh, 17, *Charlotte Square*, 30*th May*, 1868.

My Dear ————,—I willingly comply with your request to commit to writing the very interesting incident which occurred to my wife and me at Geneva, in returning from Rome, Naples, and Venice, where we were for some time last spring. Our tour was indeed a delightful one, and full of interest. As you are aware, we witnessed much of the Lord's work in Italy, and rejoiced to find, from our own observation, that so extensive a field is opened in Italy for the circulation of the Word of God by the instrumentality of the National Bible and the British and Foreign Bible Societies. Ample testimony was borne to the good which is being done at the present time by these institutions. What we were privileged to take part in at Venice, where we joined with several hundred converts from Popery, animated by the fervent zeal of first love at their first communion, will never be effaced from our recollection.

Very early in the morning of Tuesday, the 28th ult., we crossed Mount Cenis on leaving Italy. In some places the snow was twelve feet deep, and the diligence—the *coupé* of which we occupied—was dragged along by ten mules and two strong horses. At the top of the mountain we were in some danger of having the carriage blown over by the strong wind; however, we got safe to Geneva between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, after passing through a rich and beautiful country.

On the following morning, we had just retired to our bed room up stairs to write some letters before going out to visit our old friends at Geneva—Mr. Merle d'Aubigné, Madam Malan, the widow of the well-known Dr. Malan, whose pupil I had been in early life, and others, when the door was thrown open, and a venerable old gentleman dressed in black was ushered in. As we did not suppose that our arrival at Geneva was known, I at once concluded that the waiter had made some mistake, and that the visit of the stranger was not for us. I therefore rose, and was in the act of explaining the supposed mistake, when the interesting old gentleman, who was evidently approaching

fourscore years, exclaimed in French, "It is no mistake—it is *you* I came to see; the name of Robert Haldane will be dear to me so long as my heart continues to beat!" We at once welcomed him, and I found that our visitor was the excellent Monsieur le Pasteur Guers, who had given me lessons in French at Geneva upwards of forty years ago, and who has long been one of the pastors of the Free Evangelical Church of Geneva, much respected, and the instrument of great good.

Our aged friend, having been invited to occupy an arm-chair, after some general conversation, and especially as to the present state of religion at Geneva, proceeded to tell us of my late uncle's visit in 1816. He said it was a subject on which he delighted to dwell, as to that visit he was, by God's blessing, indebted for spiritual life.

You are aware that about the end of the last century my father and uncle, soon after their conversion, having their time at their own disposal, felt very desirous to promote the knowledge of Christ throughout the world. My father had already commenced his efforts to evangelise Scotland, and to awaken his countrymen from the lethargy induced by the Moderate party in the church of Scotland, who had recently, by a great majority, ruled in their General Assembly that it is not the duty of Christians to carry the gospel to the heathen world. From the northernmost to the southernmost parts of Scotland, my father was honoured as the means of breaking the slumbers of a careless and worldly clergy, and to excite the people to the enquiry, "What shall we do to be saved?" My uncle's attention was particularly directed to communicating the precious truths of the gospel to the millions of Hindoos who were living in heathen darkness under the British Government in India. With that energy and decision which characterised him, he resolved to sell his paternal and beautiful estate of Airthrey, near Stirling, with its park and the castle he had built (now the residence of Lord Abercromby), and to devote the rest of his life to the conversion of the heathen. You are aware that everything was prepared. My uncle engaged the services of several very eminent ministers, who were to be his coadjutors in this noble enterprise; among others, Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, who added the reputation of a scholar and a philosopher to that of an experienced Christian and able theologian; Dr. Innes, then one of the ministers of Stirling; Mr. Greville Ewing, assistant minister in Lady Glenorchy Church, Edinburgh, afterwards of Glasgow, and many others. The whole expense was to be defrayed by Mr. Haldane, who had arranged to place a large sum out of the price of Airthrey in the hands of trustees in case of his death. Each of his coadjutors was to be secured in £3,500 in case of death or bad health. They were to be accompanied by printers, catechists, Sabbath-school teachers, &c. The whole scheme was, however, suddenly brought to an end by the Government of the day, and the East India Company, refusing them permission to land in India. In vain did my uncle go to London and remonstrate; in vain did he call in the aid of Mr. Wilberforce, the friend of Mr. Pitt; no permission could be obtained; and one of the East India Directors was reported publicly to have declared that "he would sooner see a band of devils land in Bengal than a band of missionaries."

At the end of twenty years, when the fall of Buonaparte led to the expectation of the continuance of a general peace, my uncle's missionary zeal again revived, and he started in the end of autumn 1816 for the purpose of doing something for the promotion of the gospel on the continent of Europe, which the horrors of war had so long shut up. Having reached Paris, he found that great city involved in Egyptian darkness. Scarcely a copy of the Bible could be purchased. He met, however, with a Christian gentleman, connected with the American embassy, who had been travelling in France and Switzerland, and who willingly gave him all the information he had acquired as to the state of religion at Geneva. Among other things, he mentioned that there were two ministers—one M. Moulinié, an aged pastor; and the other M. Galland, a young minister—to whom he could have access, but that all the others were bitter

opponents to the truth, being Arians and Socinians. On reaching the ancient city of Calvin, my uncle sought an interview with M. Moulinié, who was kind, but very timid, and not disposed to render Mr. Haldane any assistance in his efforts, saying that the Lord's time was not yet come. The other young minister had returned to Berne, where my uncle went to see him. During eight days they spent twelve hours daily together. He was very ignorant of the gospel, and Mr. Haldane endeavoured to set the gospel before him in all its fulness, and not without effect. The word spoken was evidently accompanied with a blessing. He conversed with his co-pastor on the subject of his discussions with my uncle, and they came to the conclusion that what he had advanced must be the true doctrine of salvation.

Mr. Haldane returned to Geneva, and had fixed the day for his return homewards, as there seemed no particular opening for his labours. He again saw M. Moulinié, who was as usual very kind, but with whom he could make no progress. He civilly offered to conduct Mr. and Mrs. Haldane, the day before they were to leave, to see a model of the mountains. When the appointed time came, there arrived a young man with a note to say that M. Moulinié had had a severe attack of the tooth-ache, but that he had sent a young student, a friend of his, to be their conductor. My uncle having invited this young man to remain to dinner, they had a great deal of most interesting conversation respecting the gospel, as to which the young theological student was as profoundly ignorant as if he had been educated in the schools of Socrates and Plato. To the Bible his attention had never been directed. He was evidently much interested in the instructions he received, and asked leave to return to the hotel next morning, and to bring a fellow student. M. Guers told us that he himself was that fellow student, and that the first was M. James, afterwards the evangelical French pastor of Breda. They acknowledged their complete ignorance of the Scriptures, having not been accustomed to read more than a Psalm occasionally. True theology, as another of the students has since said, was what they knew least about. Their theological professor gave them, instead of the Bible, quotations from Seneca and Plato.

The above-mentioned two students asked permission to bring six others in the same state of mind with themselves. Their visits became so frequent, that my uncle arranged that they should come from six to eight o'clock in the evening three times a-week, and he began to expound to them the Epistle to the Romans.

The impression produced at Geneva was so great, that discussions became frequent as to the grand truths of the gospel, and in a short time a deputation of the theological students waited on Mr. Haldane, and informed him that if he would begin his expositions anew, the *whole* students would attend. Others who did not wish to come as students arrived at different hours, and he was often engaged with them till midnight.

M. Guers gave us all these details. He told us that my uncle's French was very imperfect, and prevented him from holding any lengthened discussion except through an interpreter. This, however, he assured us was no disadvantage; for every truth he advanced and every error he refuted, was by turning to one or more passages of Scripture, with which he had a wonderful acquaintance. He insisted that God's word was the only arbiter in every discussion. When he advanced any doctrine he supported it by a passage from the Bible; and if this was not sufficient to convince the students, he had other passages ready from which there could be no appeal. The students felt that it was God who was thus speaking to them. Their errors and false doctrines were all refuted, not by man, but by God's own words. He made them read the passages he brought forward, and enquired how they could gainsay them. M. Guers added that the gravity of Mr. Haldane's demeanour—his venerable appearance—his powdered hair, with the antiquated queue which he still retained—all conspired to give him authority as an instructor.

M. Merle d'Aubigné was much astonished by what Mr. Haldane said of the depravity of human nature. He had never heard of such a doctrine. On the

contrary, his college professor used to say, "Are we not all born pure?" At last he became convinced that Mr. Haldane was right, and said, "Now I see that doctrine in the Bible." "Yes," replied my uncle, "but do you see it in your heart?" "That," he adds, "was a simple question, but it came to my conscience—it was the sword of the Spirit. If Geneva gave something to aid us at the time of the Reformation, if she communicated light to John Knox, Scotland in return has amply repaid the debt in the blessed exertions of Robert Haldane."

He had used the same Bible ever since his conversion, and he instinctively laid his fingers on every verse he required to find. Whatever the students said, he called on them to support it from Scripture; and in this way convinced them of their ignorance. One of the remarkable features of Mr. Haldane's teaching, as mentioned by M. Guers, was that there was not a shadow of sectarianism in it. He confined himself to the grand truths held in common by all Christians. If his pupils asked him questions in regard to church government, or points of minor importance, he told them to search the Scriptures for themselves. The doctrine of justification by the free grace of God was what he delighted to dwell on; and even for years after he left Geneva, his students were not aware to what section of the church he belonged. M. Guers assured us that he knew of twenty-five students who were converted to Christ during these meetings, among whom were several most eminent ministers, Dr. Malan, M. Gaussen, M. Merle d'Aubigné, the two Monods, Bost, &c., &c.

The Professor of Divinity at Geneva was stung to the quick by the results produced by the labours of a foreigner who, with the Bible in his hand, had overturned all his false theories and Socinian reasonings. The professor and the pastors tried to instigate the government to banish Mr. Haldane from the canton, but, as M. Guers said, "without effect:" and the irate professor used to walk before the windows of my uncle's lodgings in an avenue of trees, taking down the names of all students who attended, but without being able to deter them.

M. Guers told us that when all the students attended these lectures, the room was too small; but by opening a folding door, more space was obtained, and the young men sat round a table, at the head of which was Mr. Haldane, the Scriptures in the different languages being on the table, and each having his own Bible. A number of years ago Dr. Merle d'Aubigné gave an account of these lectures in the General Assembly of the church of Scotland, and I remember meeting Dr. Chalmers, who was deeply interested in the account which had been given. He remarked to me, "In my opinion, the *beau ideal* of theological instruction is for students and their teacher to sit round a table with the Bible studying the Scriptures."

Tears came into M. Guers' eyes when he gave us these recitals. He added with great warmth of feeling, "No such divine has appeared in Geneva since the days of Robert Haldane. He was superior as a theologian to Turretine and Pictet. He stands on a par with Calvin himself." He also referred with tender reminiscence to my aunt Mrs. Haldane. After the meetings she used to converse with the students, and urge them not to be content with reading the New Testament, but to study also the Old Testament Scriptures. He also added, "The grand secret of your uncle's success in accomplishing such a work in the short space of four or five months, was that he and Mrs. Haldane spent an hour before the meetings in supplicating the divine blessing, and in prayer, that the Holy Spirit might carry home the truth to the students' hearts."

Before we parted, M. Guers engaged in earnest prayer, that a blessing might still follow those meetings, and that all Mr. Haldane's decendants, and those connected with him, might be greatly blessed.

In the course of the day we were conducted by Mademoiselle Gaussen, the accomplished and pious daughter of M. Gaussen, to see the lodgings which my uncle and aunt occupied in the Place Antoine, commanding a splended view of the snowy Alps. In passing under the windows some time ago, Dr. Merle

d'Aubigné pointed them out to a French pastor, and observed "*Voila le berceau de la seconde reformation*"—Behold the cradle of the second reformation!

M. Guers remarked, "We had a most unfit Professor of Theology, who only led us into error. God was pleased to have compassion on us, and sent us a theological teacher of his own choosing *from the ocean*"—referring to Mr. Haldane having in early life been a naval officer under the celebrated Lord St. Vincent, and having been engaged in a well-known naval engagement, in which he distinguished himself.

After leaving Geneva, he resided for two years at Montauban, the centre of theological education for the reformed churches in France. There his labours were also were much blessed, and, as a French minister, now in Edinburgh, said to me a few days ago, much of the progress of the gospel in France of late years may be clearly traced to Mr. Haldane's labours in that city.

This letter has become much longer than I intended. However, I send it to you as it is; and I need not add that you are at liberty to make any use of it you please.—Most sincerely yours, ROBERT HALDANE.

Soul Prosperity.

(NOTES OF A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.)

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."—3 John 2.

WHAT a change the gospel made in John! He was one who could call fire from heaven on opposers, but now, having received the Holy Ghost, how full of love he is! He had been often with his Master, he had leaned on his bosom, and, like men who have lain in beds of spices, he had the perfume of delight upon him. I do not say that grace will work so visibly in all—for some retain their natural temperament, only it is turned in a new channel—but sometimes the change is remarkably evident: the morose become cheerful; the gay, serious; the revengeful, loving. John, having experienced a change, we see love in him at all times, he is the mirror of love. Whether he receives penitent Peter, or writes to the churches, all is love.

A man's private letters often let you into the secrets of his heart. Read Rutherford's letters, and you see the man at once; or those of Kirke White, or Newton. A man's writing desk should be used to make his biography. Here we have one of John's private letters to Gaius, and it is a letter just like him: it has the postmark of charity on it; it is scented with love. Note, he calls himself simply "the elder." Great men can afford to stoop. He uses no proud title: humility is ever the sweet companion of love. In this letter he wishes Gaius every blessing, and commences with an earnest desire for his better health. Gaius, it would seem, was ill; like many of the Lord's favourites, he was sickly in body. Some of God's choicest plants are kept earthed up by troubles, but, blessed be his name, it whitens them and prepares them for his use. John desired that his friend might recover; and we are allowed, with submission to the Lord's will, to pray for our own health and that of our friends.

Health is an invaluable mercy, and, like every other, never properly valued till it is lost. But we notice that John puts soul prosperity side by side with it. Man has two parts: the one corporeal and earthy, the other immaterial and spiritual. How foolish is the man who thinks of his body and forgets his soul; prizes the vessel and despises the treasure; repairs the house, but allows the tenant to languish; keeps the garment whole, but neglects the wearer.

First, we will *examine the words of our text more carefully*; secondly, *describe the symptoms of ill health of soul*; thirdly, *mention the means of recovery*; fourthly, a *practical exhortation*.

I. THE TEXT.

"I *wish*," says John to his "beloved" brother. But the word wish is not

strong enough to express the force of the original ; the Greek word is generally interpreted, as the margin has it, "*to pray*." Prayer is a wish sanctified. A wish is but a chariot : prayer yokes coursers to it. Good wishes are bullion : prayers are stamped money. Wishes are seeds : prayers are flowers. Let us plant our wishes in the garden of devotion, that they may blossom into fruit. "*Above all things*." Not that John desired bodily health above all things for his friend, but the phrase means "in all respects." Our wishes for temporal things should never get into the throne, but keep on the footstool. "*That thou mayest prosper*." This is one mercy he prays for, namely, prosperity. We may ask it for our friends, and especially if, like Gaius, they spend their substance in promoting the interests of religion. Some seem to suppose that religion makes men haters of their kind—no such thing: I can most sincerely pray for you all that you may prosper, and have what you require of worldly goods. "*And be in health*." This second mercy requires no remark, it is a necessary ingredient in the cup if we are to enjoy prosperity. But, my friends, I am startled at the closing thought. I am sure Gaius was a wonderful man—very unlike some of you. Why, look again : can you believe it? John wishes to have his spiritual health made the standard of his natural prosperity. Suppose I were to kneel down in my pulpit and ask God to make your bodies, in point of health, just like your souls. Suppose he should grant the petition. Half of you would drop down dead, for you have no spiritual life at all; you are dead in sin : this chapel would be a charnel house of corruption and death. Then as for those of you who have spiritual life, I should be afraid to pray this prayer for you. Many of you would begin to shake with cold, and I am afraid some of you would be in a decline, if not in a rapid consumption. Shall I pray the prayer? then some of you would become weak in the knee, your hands would be palsied, and your eyes dim. How many would have their hearts affected? and I fear none of us would be entirely free from sickness. Oh! bless God that the body is not the index of the soul. But, still, if the picture be horrible, if we cannot endure a lazar-house of sick bodies, what must an hospital of sick and dead souls be, if we could only see within! The spiritual anatomist ought, however, to look beneath the surface, and penetrate between the joints and marrow of the soul. May God help us to deal honestly with ourselves. And this brings us to—

II. Symptoms of ill health. These are many : I shall but have time to mention the most prominent.

1. *Lukewarmness.* This is mentioned by our Lord to Laodicea as a very dangerous symptom. A man lukewarm in business or politics will make but little way, but a man lukewarm in religion is worst of all. Do we not see this often the case? The place may be full or empty, what cares this man? Sinners may be converted or not, he does not mind, or, at any rate, he never bestirs himself to win souls himself. His prayers at the prayer meeting, if he ever comes, are cold as marble; his words seemed to have been packed in ice. His neighbours he cares no more about than Cain, who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Or perhaps he is a man of a little better stamp—he does give, he likes to see the cause go on ; but still he is not heart and soul in it. As for the truth, he does not care whether his minister be heterodox or orthodox ; he does not trouble himself much ; he is cold ; he leaves his heart in his shop, puts his soul in his cash box, and brings us the empty chrysalis of what ought to have been a heart. This is bad. If the man be a true son of God, he will be healed before death overtake him, but be careful—it may be he is a mere professor.

2. *A narrow mind.* This is far from uncommon. While some run into one extreme, and think no one doctrine truer than another, and are latitudinarians, others run to the other pole, and call all men reprobates but their own little selves and the sect they belong to. Be sure that if you do not love the brethren something is out of order. If you kill all who cannot say Shibboleth, you will have to put many of the Lord's little ones to death. I love baptism and the doctrines of grace, but I do not wish to look with a frown on all who differ from me. Cheever talks of putting his things into a spring box, and then putting the

key inside and shutting it. So some men try to put all truth, and the key too, into their own heads; but if you have a chest as large as St. Paul's, you will not know how to put all truth in it. Love the brethren, love ALL the brethren, but if not, be sure all is not quite healthy within.

3. *A bad appetite*—by which I mean a want of desire after the word. Some say, "I cannot hear;" they go elsewhere while the place is crowded; they hear a little while, but soon the rolling stone has another turn, and they cannot hear again, while some good souls think it marrow and fatness. Let the minister utter one opinion they cannot agree with, they could not enjoy the sermon. Ah, you require some bark from the tree of affliction, or a draught of Jeremiah's wormwood! You think it wisdom, but it is a disease—you are out of order.

4. *A forsaken closet.* This is the cause as well as the chief symptom of all ills to the soul. Oh! if the beam out of the wall testify against thee; if the mouldy air tells that thou hast seldom opened the door; if few angels ascend the ladder to heaven—then thou art sick indeed. Boast not of thine activity and zeal, I tell thee thou art sick if thy closet be unvisited. O critic, turn thine eye on thyself! thou hast often dragged the church like a bull to the altar, and driven thy knife into her flesh: stay thy fury; turn it on thyself. Thou lovest to lash Christendom as if she were a colossal culprit, and thou rendest off thongfull after thongfull of her quivering flesh; now, spare her motes till thou hast purged thine own beams: let thy reformations begin at home, and that thou mayst be recovered, hear the

III. MEANS OF RECOVERY.

I speak not now of the means God uses, though he is the great Physician. I know he cuts away the suckers, and prunes the superfluous branches from the trees of his garden, but I speak of a regimen we may use ourselves. May the Lord help you to practise it.

1. *Seek good food.* Hear a gospel preacher and search the Bible. Many diseases arise from insufficient or unwholesome food. Live on the finest of the wheat; eat ye that which is good.

2. *Breathe freely.* Let not prayer be restrained. Inhale the air of heaven by fervent supplication, and breathe it out again in grateful songs. Open the closet of prayer; climb up to the throne and live.

3. *Exercise thyself unto godliness.* Labour for God. Fold not thine hands in apathy, but be up and doing while it is called to-day. This will circulate thy blood and warm thee if cold.

4. If these things fail, I will give you a good old prescription, and as it must be in Latin it shall be "*carnis et sanguinis Christi*," taken several times a day in a draught of the tears of repentance. Those who have tried this declare that it cannot fail: it is health to the spirit and marrow to the bones.

God the Holy Ghost helping you to practise the rules of the heavenly Physician, you will soon become fat and flourishing in the courts of the Lord. Turn to the old book called the Bible, and see what is the path of rectitude, for be sure that is the way of safety.

IV. I would conclude, if the Lord enable me, with AN EXHORTATION.

O my *brother Christian*, is it a small matter to be weak and feeble? Amid all thy contests thou wilt need all the vigour thou canst gain. Wilt thou let thy heart be untended, thine infirmities unregarded? Surely no. Wilt thou not go to Calvary with weeping, and cry to him who giveth more grace?

And now, *sinner*, a word with thee. I also am a man as thou art; suffer me to address thee lovingly. Thou art dead—I insult thee not—thou art dead in sin, and thou knowest it not; but the dead are ever senseless. Thou art dead, and dost thou think there will be corpses in heaven? In Egypt we are told they sometimes sat a skeleton at a feast, to remind the guests of death; but there shall be none such in heaven. It is the land of life. Thou canst not enter there: thou wilt be cast out as worthless carrion, to be fed on by the worm that never dies. Yet hear me. There is life in Christ: there is balm in Gilead. May God help thee now to seek it of him who gives freely to all applicants. Help, O Lord.

The Colportage Association.



ALMOST forcibly pressed into the service by one of our most earnest and generous friends, we some time ago set on foot a Colportage Association, which, from want of funds, is still a small affair, but deserves to become a wide-spread agency. The gentlemen who have managed the society for us are striving with all their might to extend its bounds. The longer the agency is employed, the more clearly we see the need for it, and the economy with which it may be worked; hence we feel growingly that this form of evangelising ought not to languish, but to be pushed on with vigour. Labourers are not lacking, but the great need is for friend who would give guarante of £30, so that a man cou be sent to their distric Where this cannot be don by friends in a district, smaller donations will aid the work. The engraving will bring the worker in this form of service the more vividly before the reader's eye, and perhaps suggest a prayer for the success of the enterprise. With these few words we ask an attentive reading for the first report of the Colportage Association.

Our Colportage movement was originated by a member of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who had become acquainted with the great success of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland, which from a small beginning has in ten years so much increased that it now employs in Scotland and the North of England about 160 Colporteurs. Our friend was willing to contribute freely towards the support of a similar agency in the south of England, and requested Mr. Spurgeon to organise an Association for the purpose of spreading good wholesome literature, and, as far as possible, counteracting the influence of the pernicious trash so prevalent on every hand, and so injurious to the moral and spiritual condition of our countrymen. Mr. Spurgeon, recognising the importance of such a work, notwithstanding his existing heavy responsibilities, at once sought the co-operation of brethren who would be ready to undertake the management of a society; and they, having formed themselves into a committee, held their first meeting on September 4th, 1866, and proceeded to obtain all possible information relative to the nature and requirements of the work.

After carefully arranging their plans (in which they were materially assisted by the Scotch Society), the first agent was appointed, and commenced his labours in the East of London, on 1st November 1866. In the district there has been so much poverty that the people, in many cases longing to purchase

books of the Colporteur, have been unable to do so, being in want of the commonest necessaries of life. Notwithstanding this, there have been circulated monthly (besides Bibles and other good books), about 500 periodicals all of a sound moral, and most of them of a religious character. This being the case, the committee have been loth to remove their agent, although his sales have contributed little towards his support, as they cannot but believe that his efforts must result in a great blessing to the people, many of whom, there is much reason to fear, would never have sought this class of literature for themselves. The total sales amount to £100 5s. 5d. for the fourteen months, and the cost of the agency, after allowing for profits on sale, was £57 12s. 6d.

On the 1st December, 1866, and 1st January, 1867, agents were started in Cambridgeshire and East Kent, and their experience goes to show that while the rural districts are most in need of our help, they at the same time afford the best prospect of success; at least, in a pecuniary point of view. In Cambridgeshire the total amount of sales during thirteen months was £149 14s. 7d., and the cost to the society £34 15s. 6d., and in East Kent the sales for twelve months amounted to £189 2s. 5d., and the cost to the agency was £27 18s. 7d. It will be observed that the maintenance of these agents has been met, to a large extent, by profits on their sales. These two localities have afforded the greatest encouragement to the committee, and the success which has resulted proves that with zealous indefatigable men as Colporteurs, a way may be found into the homes and hearts of those who are too often destitute of spiritual advantages, whose knowledge of the present life is confined to hard work and harder living, and whose sense of duty to God and man is fulfilled, they think, by a respectful bow or courtesy to the squire and the parson.

On the 1st February, 1867, three Colporteurs commenced to work in Wilts, Leicestershire, and Oxford respectively. The two first have been continued, not so successfully as those last alluded to, but there is reason to believe that much good has been done. In Wilts the villages are at considerable distances from each other, and the time taken in traversing the country doubtless accounts for smallness of sales, the total amount of which for eleven months was £78 4s. 2d., and the cost of agency £37 10s. 7d.; £20 of this amount has been contributed by friends in the neighbourhood, through Mr. Toore, of Warminster, to whom the committee are much indebted for hearty sympathy and co-operation. In Leicester the sales have not been satisfactory, having amounted to only £68 17s. 3d., and the cost of the agency was £43 17s. The work was discontinued in Oxford after a five months' trial, but the indirect results of it remain to this day, and will continue, we trust, for many years to come.

On 1st June another agent was appointed in Manchester, his sales for the seven months have amounted to £51 2s. 9d., and the agency has cost £25 6s. 7d. In making this appointment the committee acted upon information that there was a good field for their operations in Manchester, but their opinion, based upon the result of their first year's experience, is that the efforts of the society should in future be directed chiefly to the villages and hamlets, and not to the cities and large towns.

The aggregate results of our business operations are as follows: 114,193 house-to-house visits have been paid; the agents have sold 1,670 Bibles, 1,806 Testaments, 657 portions of Scripture, 6,117 Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, 1,326 "Pilgrim's Progress," 696 "Sword and Trowel," 1,613 Religious Tract Society's works, 2,504 copies of the "British Workman," and 6,125 Children's Magazines, which, with other books and periodicals, make a total of 39,270 publications. This has been done at a gross outlay of £507 9s. 1d., and the receipts have been—By profits on sales, £190 2s. 0d.; by subscriptions and donations, £335 17s. 0d.

The Committee rejoice that, while their ostensible purpose has been to sell good books, they have, at the same time, been privileged to send out men of

a missionary spirit, ever eager to point the sinner to the only source of salvation and eternal life; and several instances have been brought to notice in which the word spoken has brought forth fruit to God's glory.

The following extracts from the agents' journals will speak for themselves. An agent from the North of Scotland commences his journal thus:—

"I left Portsay (Scotland) for London, and arrived 17th December. I was so sick on board the steamboat I was only able to distribute a few tracts; hand a book to a man, and tell a soldier that he had a soul to be saved or lost. While in London, I distributed six hundred and fifty tracts, and attended the Tabernacle services.

"Sometimes there are many discouragements, and I feel that it needs the grace of God to uphold one in such a work as this.

"To-day I know what it is to be hopeful and cast down. Another anxious soul I found thirsting for the water of life. O that I was always in a right frame of mind to deal with such.

"I had thirteen hours' hard work to-day, besides indoor work. After getting my calls through, I felt completely tired. The appearances of a spiritual harvest more than makes up for my tiredness.

"To-day I went to E.——, and enjoyed the Lord's presence all day. At night I addressed a large cottage meeting.

"To-day I am ready to ascribe glory, praise, and honour to our God for his blessing on the work until now; this month far better than I had expected have been my sales and engagements."

As to the need for such men let the following extracts speak:—

"A family of eight persons without a Bible for two years—gave them one, then almost next door an old man said, 'It's no use to talk to me, I don't understand anything about it.' In answer to my question, 'Are you converted?' he said, 'I have never been converted to the chapel.' I then explained to him that he was a sinner, and must perish without Christ; when he said, 'I never heard that before!'

"The clergyman is a Romanist out-and-out, and so are some of his flock.

"The clergyman is quite indifferent to his flock.

"Light reading very common."

With regard to the reception of agents they say:—

"The people gave a hearty welcome.

"The day has been wet and rather discouraging; again I am cheered by the welcome given me on my rounds.

"One man accused me of insulting him because I left the tract, 'Young man, who is the fool?' at his house, and threatens violence if I call again. Another says that my tracts are *the* thing, and he learns more from them than by going to his church for twelve months.

"The clergyman is not favourable.

"At L—— I had an interview with the clergyman, who is much offended with my visits.

"I called at a house, and it happened to be the clergyman's; he purchased a Bible and several texts.

"I sold a few books to a drunken squire.

"I called on the squire again, and he bought a few more books.

"The squire had another *deal*.

"Here is an old man paralysed, so that he cannot speak; prayed with him—whilst doing so the old man and his wife sobbed aloud; never shall I forget it. When I rose from my knees to wish him 'Good-bye,' the old man took my hand and squeezed it with his own, so that it was with difficulty I got him to let me go. He could not speak, but the woman said 'Come again, no one comes to talk to us.'

"In my rounds I find the people much more willing to converse than when I first went amongst them, they then seemed suspicious of me; but now I find them very different; but this winter they have been very poor, so that I could

not sell many books among them. My great desire is to do all the good I can for my Saviour, seeing there is a great deal to do, and little time to do it in."

The spiritual results are thus spoken of by the different agents:—

"In my rounds, I met a young man who was ill with consumption; I read to him the fifty-third Psalm, and pointed him to Jesus as the friend of sinners. I thought he was very indifferent about his soul, very anxious to get better. I tried to show him that to get ready to die was in reality getting ready to live; for if we put our souls into the hands of Jesus, we have peace, and then the medicine has every chance of benefiting the body; therefore, both body and soul were safe in the hands of Christ. He kindly asked me to come again. I continued to visit him until he died; every time I visited him, he wished my visits to be more frequent, and often said he would sooner that I should come to talk to him than anybody else. His end was peace, trusting in Jesus.

"All through last summer on Sunday afternoons, and Wednesday evenings, I had the pleasure, in conjunction with two or three young men, to hold an open-air service at the corner of the police station, on a piece of ground which is always at our disposal, just opposite the rector's house. He very cordially wishes me good success, and if sinners are saved, he cares not whether they are Baptists or church people, if they but love the Saviour—that is the principal thing with him. The result of my services there is that I have sold several Bibles to policemen, who would not otherwise have bought them."

The committee think that, upon the whole, there is much cause to thank God and take courage. The first period has been necessarily one of much anxiety, as the work was commenced without any practical acquaintance with its nature; and all the Colporteurs have had to break up fresh ground, to familiarise themselves with the people, and to overcome the jealousies of some who have regarded them as intruders. This having been to a very great extent accomplished, the way has been cleared for future action, and with God's blessing, and the largely increased support of his people, the committee hope that a grand and noble future is in store for the Society.

Various plans have from time to time been suggested, with a view to augment our funds, so that more labourers may be sent into the vineyard. An officer of the church has recently offered ten shillings a year, per man, for any number not exceeding twenty, and suggests this plan to the committee as a practical and efficient means of promoting the interests of the Society. The committee commend the work as one worthy of the sympathy, prayers, and co-operation of all who are anxious for the extension of the Master's kingdom, and they trust that such material aid will be speedily forthcoming, as will enable them to multiply the number of their agents, until they shall be found in every part of our land.

Rough Words for Great Evils.

WE fear that our two pictures of last month greatly shocked a few of our good readers whose souls are tender of the Establishment; but we do not in any degree apologise to them because the shock, like that of a cold bath early in the morning, will do them good, and strengthen their constitutions. We can assure them that they cannot be one-half so much shocked by our ridicule of error as we are by the error itself. We do not make the evil, we only expose it; and if we use words and symbols which strike and stick, and even offend, we believe that they are necessary, and ought to be used far more frequently. We are not going to handle the abominations of the present Anglican establishment with kid gloves; and if we judge sarcasm and ridicule to be deserved, we shall give the Lord's enemies their full quota of scorn. We have lately met with a Hudibrastic tractate, written by a Fen countryman, which has the right ring about it, and in order that our good friends may have

another healthy shock, we have culled a few lines from it, descriptive of Anglican baptismal regeneration and confirmation. The author is dealing with Mother Church, and says:—

"She takes an infant in her arms,
Mutters her cabalistic charms,
Sprinkles some water on its face,
Hight presto! 'tis a child of grace!
Regenerated from that hour—
Needing no other saving power—
Made by the parson's magic rod,
An heir of heaven and child of God!
Oh, what a very wondrous man
The priest must be indeed, who can
Accomplish in so short a space
The highest act of Sovereign Grace!
And on such cheap and easy terms,
Confer that gift on mortal worms,
Which (in some simple people's view)
No one but God himself can do.
What wonder that he feels so proud,
And claims such homage from the crowd;
Assumes such consequential airs,
And something "more than mortal stares"?
While the poor sponsors standing by
Pronounce the customary lie,
Repeated o'er and o'er for years,
Till all its grossness disappears,
As if a falsehood was no crime
When told the hundredth thousandth time;
Or that the sternest, strongest vows,
The language of the land allows,
Made to our Maker and our Judge,
Were all mere moonshine, flash, and fudge.
Their sanctions of as little sway
As old wives' chat, or children's play;
Their sanctity a Cheap Jack's joke,
Just "made like pie-crust to be broke;"
Though promising to God and man
What mortal never did, or can;
With neither strength, nor wish, nor will,
Their stern engagements to fulfil.
As reckless oft of right and wrong
As if they hummed a comic song;
While, if not blasphemy, their sin
Is something very near akin.
A fact, which matters not a straw.
While countenanced by Prayer-book law;
The outrage is no consequence
On Scripture truth, or common sense.
Nor ought the parson to be freed;
As an accomplice in the deed
'Tis right that those who set the snare,
The culprit's punishment should share;
And God will surely in this way,
Deal with the case some future day;
Though his long-suffering patience still
Spares those who thus transgress his will.
And when that child in after years
Before his Catechist appears,
The simple, unsuspecting youth
Is taught t' insult the God of truth;
When to the question, "cut and dried,"
The lying answer is supplied,
Bearing upon its front, the sin
Of falsehood "burnt and branded in."
Combining in its impious claims
The highest and the holiest names;
Forging the work of the Most High,
To countenance the daring lie,
Which rises at a single stretch
As high as finite sin can reach;
Ascending to the throne of God
Through paths by common sins untrod—
Like Titans, in their fury driven,
It scales the battlements of heaven,
By mountains, in confusion wild,
Of falsehood upon falsehood piled;
Asserting things already done
Which never yet have been begun,
And surely never will, unless
A greater power than priests possess,
Does for the glory of his name
What they so arrogantly claim.
Next comes the confirmation day,
With one more wicked farce to play;
For which good Mother Church prepares
To show her most imposing airs,
Decked out in all her best array
To celebrate the gala day.
Her proudest trappings—after all,
Picked up on some old Pagan stall,
On which both Jew and Gentile bags
Have poured their second-handed rags—
Brought out to dramatise again,
The ancient scenes of Dura's plain;
While organs peal, and bells ring out,
And white-smocked urchins scream and shout;
And parsons gather "smart and slick"
As "leaves in Vallombrosa thick,"
From rectors in their plumpest trim,
To leanest curates, spare and slim.
Which altogether form a band
Just as contemptible as grand,
When 'tis considered how much brass
And lead are molten in the mass;
Which makes the little gold, in fact,
Scarce worth the trouble to extract;
Or to remunerate their toil
Who part the "precious from the vile."

* * * * *

All joint performers in the play
Which Mother Church gets up to-day
When sponsors are to have their backs
Eased of their self-inflicted packs;
From those engagements set at large
They ne'er attempted to discharge,
When those on whose account they "stood"
Have made as heavy as they could.
Who now are told that they with zeal
Must put their "shoulder to the wheel;"
Avoid all Satan's sinful snares,
And come to church and say their prayers,
Since all those sins which heretofore
Were placed at their God-parents' door,
Stand henceforth to their own account,
However awful the amount.
Advice which they will doubtless rate
At its own proper estimate
And now with all the pomp and show
That pride and priestcraft can bestow,
Forth comes the bishop to review
His regiment ranked in order due,
Who at the signal of command
Are taught to bow, to kneel, or stand,
To catch what grace, by rule of art,
Prelatic fingers can impart;
Which, if results are any test,
Is a small modicum at best.
The blind, unconscious dupes and tools
Of blinder dupes, and guiltier fools;
Some mere uncultivated dolts;
Some wilder than wild asses' colts;
Some as fit fuel for the fire,
As Satan can himself desire:
Though young in years, mature in sin;
Steeped in transgression to the chin,
All which, compounded in the lump,
Are held at one conclusive jump,
Without enquiry or research,
True genuine chickens of the church—
Whom now their careful parent brings
Beneath her fond maternal wings,
And strews a feast of poisonous food
Before her thankless, careless brood.
When having led the graceless blades

Through all probationary grades,
Relieved the sponsors of their vows,
As far as Prayer-book law allows—
A yoke, it must be owned, whose touch
Has never galled their shoulders much—
And thanking God for having done
A work that never was begun.
And blandly complimented heaven
For having all their sins forgiven.
* * * * *
The church her finished sons invites
To join and share her holiest rites—
Howe'er "unworthy," or unfit,
'Of course it matters not a bit—
So they but at her "altar" meet
And make the mockery complete;
Their own "damnation" to secure,
And make perdition doubly sure.
So ends the confirmation day,
An empty show and vain display,
Which every truth-taught Christian must
Contemplate with confirmed disgust.

A Short Dialogue between a Learned Divine and a Beggar.

THERE was in times past, a certain famous divine, who by the space of eight years, had continually importuned the Lord by prayer, conceiving that he lacked the right knowledge of the truth, notwithstanding all his learning, and spent whole nights therein, begging of God to let him know him, and know himself, and to show him any man that might teach him the way of truth. When upon a time he was inflamed with a most vehement desire thereof, a voice from heaven thus spake unto him, "Go forth to the church doors, and there thou shalt find a man that can teach thee the way of truth." And going forth, he found there a certain *beggar*, with patched and torn apparel, and feet much soiled by travel, all whose apparel was scarce worth three half-pence; to whom by way of salutation he thus spake.

Divine.—God give thee a good morning.

Beggar.—Sir, I do not remember that ever I had an evil one.

D.—God make thee fortunate and prosperous; why dost thou speak in this manner?

B.—Neither was I ever unfortunate or unprosperous.

D.—Be happy! What mean these words of thine?

B.—Nor was I ever unhappy.

D.—God save thee! Now at last speak more plainly.

B.—Truly sir, I will do it willingly. Thou sir, didst wish me a prosperous and good morning; and I answered I never had an unprosperous or evil one; for when I am pinched with hunger I praise God; if I suffer cold, if it hail, if it snow, if it rain, if the weather be fair or foul, I praise God; if I be wretched and despised, I likewise praise God; and therefore there never happened any sad or evil morning to me. Thou didst likewise wish that I might be fortunate: and I answered that I had never been unfortunate, because whatever God gave me, or I suffered, or whatever happened to me, whether it were agreeable to me, or otherwise, were it sweet or bitter, I gladly received it at his hands as the best: and therefore I was never unfortunate. Thou saidst moreover, that God would be pleased to make me happy; whereunto I likewise answered, that I never had been unhappy; for I am fully resolved through his grace, to adhere and only to cleave to the will of God as the best (and abandoning mine own will), into which I have so wholly poured out mine own will, that whatever he wills, that I will also; and for this cause (as I said) I was never unhappy, since I cleave to his will only and have wholly resigned mine own proper will.

D.—This is very strange; but what I pray thee wouldst thou say, if the Lord of Majesty would drown thee in the bottomless pit, couldst thou be content then with his will?

B.—Drown me in the bottomless pit! Why, certainly if he should, I have two arms, by which I would still embrace him: one is, true humility, and that I lay under him, and by it, I am united to his most sacred humanity; the other, and that is the right arm, which is love, gives me unity to his divinity; and

also by this love from himself, I hold him so fast, that he would be forced to go down to hell with me; and it were much more to be wished by me to be in hell with God, than to be in heaven without him.

By this, that divine learned, that the most compendious way to God is a true resignation with profound humility; hereupon the divine spake again to the beggar, and asked him—

D.—Whence camest thou?

B.—From God.

D.—Where foundest thou God?

B.—Even there where I left all the creatures.

D.—And where didst thou leave him?

B.—In humble and clean hearts, of men of good will, which are his temple and dwelling-place.

D.—I pray thee, friend, who art thou?

B.—Who am I? truly I am a king, and Jesus himself hath crowned me with peace, power and rest.

D.—A king art thou! but where is thy kingdom?

B.—Sir, the kingdom of heaven is within me, in my soul; and I can now, and do by his power in me, so govern and command all my inward and outward senses, that all the affections and powers of the old man in my soul are conquered, and are in subjection to me; which kingdom no man can doubt but is better than all the kingdoms and glories of this world.

D.—What brought thee to this perfection?

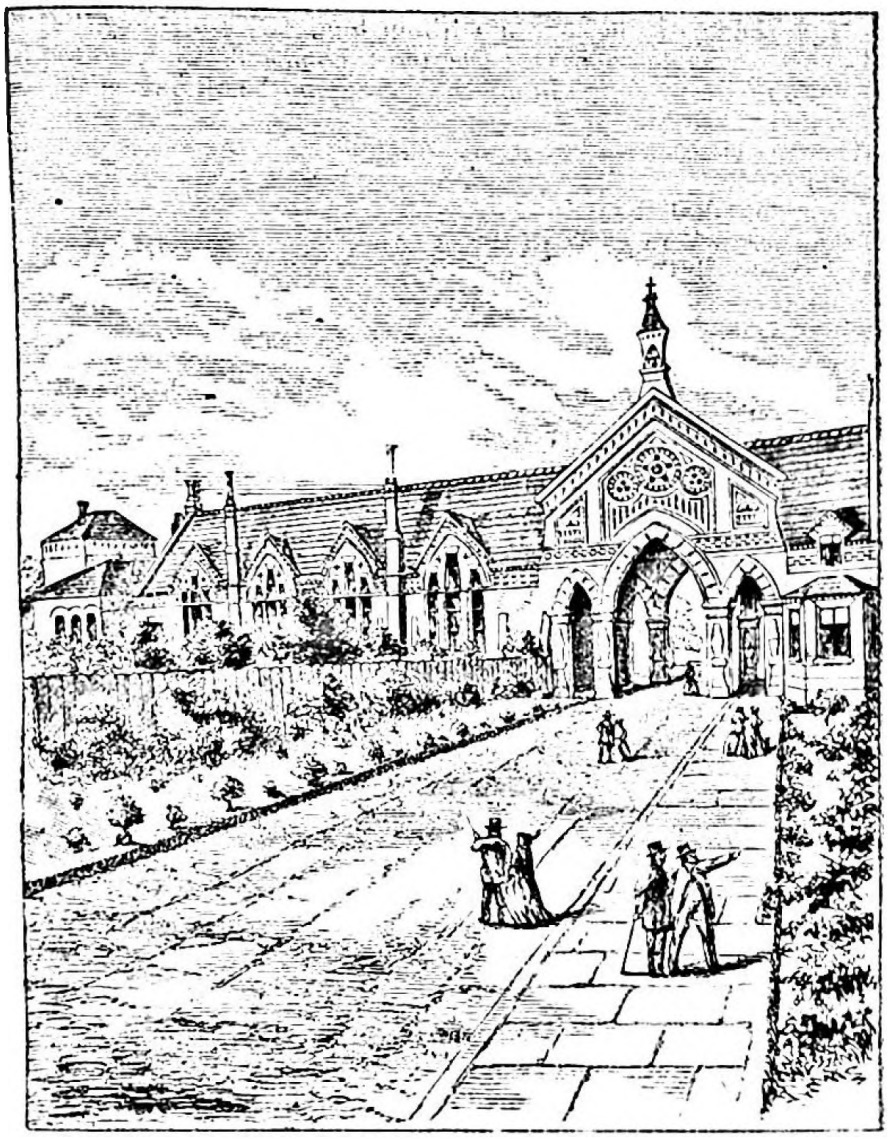
B.—My silence, sublime meditation, and union with the ever blessed God of peace and rest; and I could rest in nothing which was less than God; and now I have found my God, I have forsaken the unquiet world, and in him I have everlasting peace and rest.—*From an Ancient Volume.*

John Day, his Mark.

JOHN DAY was an eminent printer, of the sixteenth century, and his press was employed in printing works designed to promote the Reformation. The first edition of Foxe's Book of Martyrs was printed by him. He died in 1584.

It was usual for printers to have their "marks," as well as their "signs," and John Day had his. Some of these marks were very curious in design, and not a few displayed much ingenuity and represented important sentiments. John Day's mark was poetically expressive of the day-spring of the Reformation. The rising sun was depicted in the back ground, shedding his early rays on a man lying apparently asleep, who was being seized and shaken by the shoulders by another, uttering at the same time the rousing cry, "Arise, for it is day!" This was happily true: the darkness of Popish dominancy was passing away, chased by the true light of God's word and gospel teaching; and the voice of God's faithful servants was heard arousing the slumbering mind to see and walk in the light of life. The day of salvation had come, and the church of Christ must arise, shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments. Now, this work of rousing the slumbering needs often to be repeated. There is often an insensibility as to the dangers of the times; the peculiar forms in which evil and error shape their attacks; and the presence of opportunities and means of aggression on the forces and territories of the powers of darkness. Christians, be astir! There is work to be done; arise, and do it in the strength of the Lord! "Go in this thy might!" "Work while it is day, for the night cometh!" We need, in many cases, to seize hold of sleepy churches, and drowsy Christians, and cry aloud in their ears, "Arise, for it is day!" Lord, cause them to hear and awake!

Eythorne. R. SHINDLER.



Stockwell Orphanage.

LOOKING from the Clapham Road down a long avenue which will shortly be planted with trees, the entrance of the Orphanage attracts the observer. The entrance is a fine archway, over which there are rooms for the master, surmounted by a small bell-turret. The master's house is to the right, and the long building on the left is the school-room and dining-hall, while in the extreme left are the water tanks and cooking offices. The buildings strike everyone as remarkably beautiful and suitable for the object proposed. The bazaar was a success; and considering the season of the year a very remarkable one. £1,700 represents the gross takings of the week, but considerable expenditure was involved in fittings, advertising, refreshments for stall keepers, etc., so that the net gain to the institution will be considerably less. We would give the actual details, but unhappily Mrs. Spurgeon is a complete invalid, and our valuable secretary Mr. Blackshaw is also laid aside by illness, and our time therefore has been too much occupied to allow of completing the accounts. We

are afraid that many parcels have for this reason remained unacknowledged, and wherever this has been the case we beg to apologise, and to ask the kind donors to accept our warmest thanks hereby tendered. Friends have been very kind, and we pray the Lord to give them a gracious return. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me." It was our great grief to be deprived of the aid and presence of our dear wife, whose hours of pain and sickness seemed doubly dark to her while she felt that the Master's work was suffering from her enforced absence: this fact cast a gloom over our mind; but it was delightful to see with what zeal and perseverance our beloved fellow helpers of both sexes strove to make the whole business a success. We could mention names of workers who distinguished themselves by their self-denying efforts, but it might seem invidious. We bless God most devoutly for sending us such dear fellow labourers—we feel while writing these words that we love them all for their work's sake and for Jesus' sake, and we beg them to believe that if their Pastor says but little by way of commendation, and nothing in the form of compliment, he is observant of every generous deed, and treasures the memory of it in his heart. The amounts received by us from the stalls were as follows:—Misses Buckingham and Messent, £15 18s. 3d.; Pastor Stott, of St. John's Wood. £50; Mr. Palfrey, £29 2s. 1d.; Mrs. Mogtague, £37; Mrs. Spurgeon's stalls, £248 11s. 9d.; Mrs. Dring, of St. Neots, £17 1s. 9d.; Mrs. W. Olney, £150; Miss Sanderson, £70; Mrs. Haddock, £38 2s. 9d.; Messrs. Goodall and Wigner, £24 8s. 8d.; College, £119 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Bartlett's Class, £48 11s 6d.; Misses Higgs, £76 15s. 11d.; Sunday School, £90; Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Nisbet, £18 10s.; Miss Pash, £60; Home and Foreign Missionary Working Society, £112 6s.; Mrs. Ellwood, £50; Miss Abbot, £1 16s.; Mr. Stiff, £13 5s. 2d.; Miss Cawood, £9 5s. 1d.; Mr. Hanks' Class, £33 16s. 8d.; Mr. Bowker's Class, £20 14s. 1d,; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £26 17s. 1d.; Messrs. Jenkins, Marsh and Co., £68 19s. 4d.; Mr. Rowton, £78 2s. 4d. Out of this the produce of the College Stall, will go to the College House; the amount of Sunday-school Stall, and £50 from Mrs. W. Olney's amount will be set to Sunday School account, and the receipts of Messrs. Goodall and Wigner go to the Testimonial House, so that the general fund receives in the gross a little more than £1,400, from which all expenses are to be deducted.

We have one piece of news which we trust will be known everywhere to the honour of the grace of God in those who performed it. Our friend, Mr. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, requested us to assist at the re-opening of his chapel after repairs and painting. This we were delighted to do. We went down purely and solely to help our friend; but he is a man of ten thousand (and his friends imitate his generosity), and upon our arrival he told us that he and his people had resolved to pay for their repairs themselves, and to give to the Orphanage all the collections made at our sermons. This was a new thing in our experience, and as noble as new. The collections came to the grand total of £250, for which may God be praised, and may the brotherly love hereby evinced be rewarded with the richest benison of heaven

With these things to encourage our faith, we remember that to complete our buildings we still require about £2,000, and from the uncertainties connected with so large a work we may need more; this however is our best proximate estimate. Then by Christmas we hope to receive the children, and the regular demands for their support will begin. These are burdens far too heavy for us, unless the Lord gives his people willing hearts to aid us. Help us, O Lord, for thy name's sake.

Meanwhile the work of the College must not be slacked, for it is a soul-winning work, and God honours it. We trust that those who love Jesus and count his gospel to be the great balm for man's ills, will not forget that this is our greatest life work, and whatever they do for the orphans let them not forget the College.

Reviews.

Evening by Evening; or, Readings at Eventide for the Family or the Closet. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

The *Literary World* has favoured our work with the following kind notice:—

"Of 'morning and evening portions,' of almost every conceivable quality, there is already no stint; but there is abundant room for the fresh and earnest volume of the indefatigable pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. It is a Joseph's sheaf, to which its elder brethren in the field must needs make obeisance. In his selection of the Scripture texts on which the readings are reflections, Mr. Spurgeon has kept out of the common track, and has brought forward neglected subjects. Some of the texts are most unusual, but, as those who have read his sermons well know, he has the power of saying the most suggestive things from, seemingly, the most unsuggestive words. Here are a few specimens of the Scripture headings to the 'readings;'—'Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cushi.' 'She called his name Benoni, but his father called him Benjamin.' 'And they fortified Jerusalem unto the broad wall.' 'All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the vine-tree, from the kernels even to the husk.' 'Evening wolves.' 'He had married an Ethiopian woman.' We understand that upwards of twenty thousand copies of Mr. Spurgeon's 'Morning by Morning' have been sold, and there is little doubt that its companion volume, 'Evening by Evening,' will command as large a circulation."

Our honoured friend Dr. Chas. Brown, of Edinburgh, has also favoured us with his kind opinion:—

"Ever since I became acquainted with Mr. Spurgeon's 'Morning by Morning,' I have reckoned it altogether priceless, not only myself using it every day with joy and profit, but sending it abroad to members of my family in distant lands, giving it as a present to friend after friend, and in other ways endeavouring to extend the knowledge and use of it on every side. On learning that 'Evening by Evening' was published, how gladly I bade it welcome! And I can humbly commend it in no higher terms than by simply saying that it will be found a fit companion, every way, for its forerunner of the morning.

Chas. J. Brown, D.D., Edinburgh."

The Separation of the Irish Church from the State: being a reply to some recent Strictures by the Rev. R. P. Morrell. By J. G. Hughes, Minister of the Independent Chapel, Maldon. Maldon: Youngman & Poole.

The reply is conclusive, but men who are resolved to be blind will never see.

The Crisis. Plain Truths and Stern Facts for Earnest Men. By Robert Knox, D.D., Belfast. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Price Twopence.

A ringing blow from a true Jerusalem blade. We rejoice to find that such sound views and earnest arguments come from an Irish Presbyterian. The tract deserves the largest circulation. One proof that Anglicanism is nearer akin to Popery than to Dissent is well brought out in the following paragraph:—

"We are often, now-a-days, called '*brethren*,'—'*dear brethren*,'—'*our Presbyterian brethren*.' The men who use this language are supposed to be full of charity, and very condescending, and we are expected to be duly grateful for this very special and rare mark of episcopal favour. I would like to test this brotherhood, for, if it be real, it is a beautiful thing, and ought to be encouraged and reciprocated. Let us put it to the test, and see who are in *the brethren*. The Rev. Dr. Morgan has been a Presbyterian minister for nearly fifty years, distinguished for power, piety, and an abounding charity. Perhaps no man in this day, throughout all Ireland, in any of the churches, has been so acknowledged of God. It may be truly said of him, his praise is in all the churches. Let us suppose (I admit it is very difficult to do so, but let us for the sake of argument, suppose) this great and good man to change all his cherished views of the church of his fathers, and, after a long, hard struggle, to resolve on renouncing his Presbyterianism, and joining the National church. He repairs to the Palace, asks an interview with the Bishop, announces to his lordship what is in his heart. The Bishop is delighted—congratulates himself and his church on the accession of such a man. Dr. Morgan ventures to suggest that he has no desire *to be idle*. He would like to serve the Master during the years that remain, and modestly asks the Bishop to give him work. His lordship is perplexed, but only for a moment. He recovers his

self-possession, and addresses the venerable convert: 'Dear Dr. Morgan, I appreciate your zeal, but, before I assign you any post of labour, you must receive *ordination*.' 'What!' says Dr. Morgan, 'my Lord Bishop, I was ordained nearly fifty years ago.' 'My venerable friend,' the Bishop, replies, 'you are quite mistaken. You imagine you were ordained, but you are quite mistaken. You are but a *layman* yet. Do submit to the sacred rite of ordination at my hands.' The aged convert remonstrates. The memory of a ministry most blessed and fruitful rushes into his mind, and with mingled feelings of astonishment, indignation, and sorrow, he addresses the Bishop: 'My Lord, mine has been a ministry of great power. I can reckon the souls that God has given me by hundreds.' 'Well,' says the Bishop, 'I can't help that. It is somewhat surprising. It has been, to say the least of it, irregular. No matter how you have been acknowledged of God, my church forbids me to acknowledge you unless you submit to be ordained.' Now let us put side by side with this another supposition. The Rev. Dennis M'Ginty is a Roman Catholic priest. Let us imagine, for a moment, that this priest gets new light regarding his faith, and resolves to abandon Rome, and join the National Church. He repairs to the Palace, solicits an interview. His lordship presents himself, when the priest reveals the object of his visit. His Lordship is in ecstasies. He falls on the neck of his brother, and cannot restrain tears of joy. So soon as he can find utterance, he addresses his new convert in these terms: 'Dear Mr. M'Ginty, you will preach for us in Holywood next Sunday. I will be present, and read the lessons for the day!' Not a word of ordination. That's all right. The elixir of the true apostolical succession already permeates the whole system of the dear man from Rome. I venture now to ask, *Who is the clerical brother? Which is the sister Church?*"

Christ All in All. By RALPH ROBINSON. R. D. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon-st.

THOSE who are fond of the old Puritans will enjoy with us the reading of this book. Philip Henry, the father of Matthew, has a series of sermons upon our Lord's titles, which are akin to these, but we place this work far beyond that one for scholarship and force of thought. We counsel our friends to purchase this reprint of one of the choice old authors, and we thank Mr. Dickinson for placing it before the public in so convenient a form.

The Tree of Life; its shade, fruit, and and repose. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW. John Shaw.

A SMALL and tasteful volume of sermons from a prolific pen. Dr. Winslow is always thoroughly orthodox, and his style is pleasing. There is nothing very striking or profound in his writings; but there is so much that is sound and profitable that he always commands attention.

Nichol's Series of Puritan Divines. Works of GEO. SWINNOCK. Vol. III. James Nichol Edinburgh.

Mr. NICHOL'S mint continues to pour forth its issues of pure gold. Swinnock is one of the ablest and pithiest of the Puritans. We trust our friends are not allowing these fine old authors to be republished, and forgetting to enrich their shelves with them. In printing, binding, and matter, the series is most admirable. Young students may procure them from us by means of our College at a somewhat cheaper rate, but they are cheap enough in all conscience.

The Church; the Appeal; and the Hive. All cheap monthlies, published by Elliot Stock. Are earnest, well-conducted publications.

WE do not always approve of all their theology, but we commend their tone and spirit.

Christ is Coming.

WE began to copy the title of this work, but, on second thoughts, we shall not aid in disseminating such rubbish, the nature of which may be judged from the announcement on the title-page that Part VI. will be published September, 1874. We intend to wait till the last number is out before investing our cash in this book, and then we shall, if spared, find something better to do with it.

The Baptist Magazine was never better conducted than at present. The editor evidently makes most energetic efforts to vitalise this venerable monthly; and although its traditions are no light drag upon him, he is remarkably successful. We take off our hat most reverently in the presence of our august cotemporary. May it outlast the pyramids.

Memoranda.

We bespeak for the Baptist Union Meetings at Bristol, to be held October 12th to 16th, the fervent prayers of all believers. May the deliberations of our brethren be wisely overruled, and may the cause of our exalted Lord be advanced thereby.

Christians who are voters should serve the Lord in their citizenship, and not neglect the talent entrusted to them. The important question now at issue demands of us all our best energies in its settlement. Church and State must be separated, the Crown rights of Jesus must be proclaimed. Personally we dare not incur the responsibility of inaction, and we hope none of our readers will be seduced into indifference by the mistaken counsels of those brethren who would divorce the Christian from the man. If we do not vote against an evil we shall be accountable for its continuance.

The foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel, for the church and congregation under the care of Mr. J. Green, late of the Tabernacle College, was laid in the presence of a large number of people at Stogumber, Somerset, on September 1st. A hymn having been sung, an appropriate prayer was offered by Mr. R. Priske, of Watchet, and the pastor read a short sketch of the church's history since its formation in 1688. The stone was then laid by W. Rawlinson, Esq., of Taunton, after which Mr. S. Sutton, of Watchet, addressed the assembly. Mr. G.W. Humphreys, B.A., of Wellington, secretary of the Western Association, closed the proceedings with prayer. After tea, at which trays were gratuitously furnished by the ladies of the congregation, a public meeting was held in a large barn; W. D. Horsey, Esq., of Wellington, presided. Earnest and useful addresses were given by Messrs. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., E. Curtis, of Hatch Beauchamp, R. Kerr, of Montacute, J. Green, and W. Rawlinson, Esqs. The intended building is to take the place of an old chapel, the smallness, general inconvenience, and dilapidation of which have necessitated its removal. The proceeds of the day amounted to about £20. The contract has been taken for £410, towards which about £270 have already been raised. Further contributions will be thankfully received by the pastor.

Mr. D. E. Evans was recognised as pastor of the new Baptist church at Enfield, on Friday the 4th of September. This interest was raised by the labours of a few of the students at the Tabernacle College, and has flourished greatly under the ministry of Mr. Evans, who has been unanimously chosen to the pastorate. A very neat and commodious chapel has been raised. At the recognition services; Mr. Stribbling, an Independent minister at Enfield, read and prayed. A statement on behalf of the church was made by Mr. Vincent, the senior deacon. Mr. Evans gave an address suited to the occasion. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. Wallace, Baptist minister of Tottenham. Mr. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor. Mr. G. D. Evans, of Victoria Park Chapel, brother to the pastor, addressed the church. Mr. Robinson, Independent minister of Ponder's End, and Mr. Russell, Baptist minister, at Edmonton, also took part in the service. A public meeting was held in the evening, at which addresses were delivered by Mr. Wallace, Mr. G. D. Evans, Mr. Robinson, Mr. D. Russell, Mr. Mark, of Winchmore-hill, Mr. Buck, and Mr. Gibbons.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Spanswick, from Regent-street Chapel, Lambeth, and formerly of the Tabernacle College, as pastor of the church in Marlborough-crescent Chapel, Newcastle, were held on Monday, the 7th of September. Two sermons were preached on the Sabbath preceding, by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. Mr. David Lome, a Presbyterian minister in Newcastle, commenced the afternoon service with reading and prayer. The usual statements were made by Mr. Dixon, an officer of the church, and by Mr. Spanswick. Mr. W. Walters, Baptist minister at Newcastle, offered the ordination prayer. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers. A tea-meeting was held, at which about three-hundred were present. At the evening-meeting, R. B. Saunderson, Esq., J.P., who had been a great friend to the interest, presided. Mr. Medhurst, of Glasgow, gave the usual address to the church. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Walters, Mr. Leitch, Mr. Easton, Mr. Spanswick, and Mr. Rogers. When Mr. Carr resigned the charge of this church, which owes its existence to his exertions, application was made to Mr. Spurgeon; and Mr. Spanswick, after preaching one month, was unanimously chosen to the pastorate. Since that time there has been a growing conviction in the minds of all who are interested in the cause that he is well adapted to the circumstances of the church and the requirements of the neighbourhood.

On Wednesday the 9th of September, Mr. A. McFarlane of the Tabernacle

College, was recognised as pastor of the Baptist church in Portland Street, Glasgow. Mr. A. McLeod, the former pastor, presided, Mr. McDougall, of Rothsay, read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. McLeod spoke on behalf of the church, and cordially welcomed the new pastor as his successor in the office. Mr. McFarlane gave an account of his call by grace, and his call to the ministry. Mr. McLeod offered the ordination prayer. The charge to the minister was given by Mr. Rogers of the Tabernacle College, and that to the church by Mr. Tulloch of Edinburgh. Mr. A. Cameron, a Free-church minister at Renton, then gave an address upon the importance of maintaining the doctrines of grace. A large tea-meeting was held, after which a public meeting was conducted with much life and interest. Mr. McLeod presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. McDougall, Mr. Tulloch, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Rogers, Mr. McIlraine, Mr. McFarlane, and Mr. Glover. We hope soon to hear that the place of meeting is too small to contain the hearers who will be attracted by Mr. McFarlane's preaching, and that friends will be found to help him and his people to erect a large and commanding chapel, which is greatly needed in that part of Glasgow.

Mr. J. A. Wilson, of the Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist church at Peterhead, in the north of Scotland, on Monday the 14th of September. Mr Craig, the senior deacon, read a statement on behalf of the church. Mr. Wilson gave an account of his conversion, his call to the ministry, and his doctrinal views. Mr. J. M. Campbell offered the introductory prayer and the ordination prayer. Mr. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor. In the evening a social meeting was held, at which Mr. Rogers presided. Mr. C. Chambers, of Aberdeen, gave a charge to the church; after which, addresses were given by Mr James Stewart, of the Established church, Mr. W. Gallatly, United Presbyterian, Mr. R. Solomon, Wesleyan, Mr. Auchterlonie, Independent, and Mr. Wilson. The Baptist church at Peterhead was formed about ten years ago, but had no settled pastor until Mr. Wilson was recently and cordially invited to take that office. Since his settlement, about a year ago, fifty have been added to the church, and other circumstances are equally promising. The meetings are in a public hall. Timely help, we hope, will be given to enable the friends here to erect a chapel worthy of the denomination in this populous town.

Mr. Wiggins, at Battersea, has purchased an iron chapel, which is to be erected on ground near the York Road Station. Pecuniary aid is much needed.

The little church at Streatham will soon we hope develop into a powerful interest. A plot of ground for building is under consideration.

We have received most cheering intelligence from our friend Mr. Ness, who was for some time our much-esteemed fellow-labourer at the Tabernacle. In Melbourne his health has been greatly recruited, and he is able to preach very constantly. He has commenced a college, and the students give great promise. A new magazine is also announced to appear under his editorship. We wish our dear friend God-speed in all his works. We know his worth by experience, and hope that our loss will be the gain of the mighty empires yet to be raised in Australia.

Mr. Cother, of our College, is sailing to Melbourne, to become pastor of a church in the neighbourhood of that city.

Mr. Kerr, of our College, has left Montacute, and sails in a day or two for St. Helena.

Mr. Gracey, tutor of our College, has opened Albany chapel, Albany-road, Camberwell, as a Baptist place, and is succeeding most pleasingly. A church will soon be formed, and the interest permanently settled.

The friends worshipping at the Rosemary Branch, Peckham, are bestirring themselves to procure a piece of ground. Our dear brother Field has an evident blessing on his work: many have been added to our church through him, and the time has nearly arrived to form them into a new interest.

Under Mr. Cairns the poor dilapidated chapel at Hounslow has been filled, and repairs are soon to be undertaken.

Mr. Kew prospers in the hall of the Literary Institution at Brixton.

Mr. Asquith's place, Cornwall Road, Brixton, is so crowded as to render it most needful that a larger place should speedily be erected. We trust the Lord will send the means for this needful work.

Churches needing pastors may be guided to suitable men by application to our College. Where it is thought new churches might be founded, we shall be happy to co-operate.

In Greenwich a fine piece of ground has been purchased for a chapel for Mr. Davies. May this step be followed by the raising of funds for the erection.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—August 27th, fourteen; September 3rd, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to Sept. 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0	10	0
Mr. J. Jackson	2	0	0
Mrs. Magnus	5	0	0
Mr. Everitt	0	5	0
A. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Carson	1	0	0
Mr. Foster	0	5	0
Mr. M. Ward	2	0	0
M. A. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Marsh	2	0	0
Mr. H. Hill	1	12	0
Mrs. Glennan	1	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Batty	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. H. Speight	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	0	10	0
Two Sisters, Greenford Rectory	0	6	0
Fer	0	7	4
Mr. J. Challis	1	0	0
Mr. J. Melen	1	0	0
Sunday-school, Cornwall Road, Brixton	1	0	1
Mrs. W. Best	1	0	0
A Reader of Sermons	0	5	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	4	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
Mr. E. Gaze	1	0	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vickery	2	2	0
Mrs. Eliza Mauh	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
A Friend	20	0	0
Mr. Morgan	5	0	0
Mr. William Jones	0	10	0
A Lincolnshire Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	5	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
A Friend in the Free Church, Glasgow	0	2	6
Mr. Black	0	5	0
Mrs. Scrivright	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Aug. 16	28	0	9
" " " " 23	36	7	0
" " " " 30	37	1	2
" " " Sept. 6	27	8	2
" " " " 13	32	2	3
" " " " 20	36	7	0
	£263	8	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, to Sept. 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Wilson, 15100	10	0	0
Mr. Bambridge	10	0	0
Mr. P. Bambridge	0	10	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0	10	0
Mr James Mote	5	0	0
Mr. Beament	0	5	0
J. S.	21	0	0
Mr. Charles Lockhart	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Glover	1	12	6
Mrs. S.	10	0	0
Mr. Pavitt	1	13	6
J. P. G.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jackson	2	0	0
Mrs. Little	0	2	0
Madlle. Maria Lima	0	4	2
Miss Sargeant	1	4	6
Miss Jane Bryant	0	10	6
Mr. A. Mendham	0	10	0
Miss Alderson	0	16	0
Mr. Hunter	1	0	0
With Telescope	0	10	0
With Parcel for Bazaar	0	2	6
J. M.	0	10	0
H. E. B.	0	2	0
A Seat Holder	15	0	0
Mrs. Webster	10	0	0
A Wellwisher	1	0	0
Mr. Johnson's Singing Class	0	16	9
Mr. W. M. Hitchcock	2	2	0
A Friend, Bath	0	2	0
Mr. C. Ball	1	15	0
Mr. W. Edgar	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vast, Money Box	0	13	0
Mr. H. Peniston	0	7	6
A Lady, per Door Keeper	0	10	0
Mrs. Crofts	0	13	2
Mr R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	0	10	0
Fer	0	7	4
Mrs. Mary Ewart	1	0	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	2	6
Redcolt	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Shapland	0	2	0
Ami	0	10	0
Mr. Pinkstone's Sunday Class	0	3	6
Amy Stratford	0	1	6
Mrs. E. J. Steen	3	0	0
Miss Hopkins	1	1	0
Mr. A. Whitelan	0	10	0
W. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Penaluna	1	0	0
Mrs John Best	1	0	0
Miss Celia Best	0	10	0
An Orphan Boy	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	0
A. B.	0	1	0
Mr. Wiseman	0	3	0
A Local Preacher	6	8	6
A. B.	2	0	0
H. E. F.	5	0	0
An Unknown Friend	0	1	0
Miss Barras and Miss Elmslie	0	10	0
Two Friends, Sussex	0	10	0
Mr. W. Tarn	105	0	0
Mrs. Mary Ewart	1	0	0
Jee Hay	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lord	0	5	0
Mrs. Evans, Leamington	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	10	10	0
Friends at Dollar, Collected by Master W. Dobbie	1	10	0
Mr. Rathbone Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Polly and Eph	5	0	0
Mr. W. Kelsey	20	0	0
Mr. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	1	4	0
Mr. H. Butcher	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Batty	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mr. Fluitan	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	10	0	0
Elizabeth Bonser	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Tyson	2	5	0
Mr. Wigner, on account of Testimonial Houses	100	0	0
Miss Wigner for Furnishing Houses ...	10	10	0
J. Tritton, Esq., per Mr. Wigner ...	10	10	0
Mr. Wigner for Furnishing Houses ...	10	10	0
Mr. Wigner	15	0	0
T. R....	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
J. M. J.	0	9	1
Collected by Mr. H. Hobson	7	4	6
J. B.	0	2	6
A Friend with Poems	10	0	0
Mr. Beale	1	1	0
Mr. Hull	1	0	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	2	0	0
Mr. E. Gaze...	1	0	0
In Memory of a Beloved Sister	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vickery	2	2	0
Mr. Morgan...	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph C. Dew	1	0	0
An Orphan	0	4	0
Mr. William Jones	0	10	0
A Lincolnshire Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	5	0	0
Mr. James Simpson	1	1	0
A Stranger	1	0	0
J. E. B.	0	2	0
Mr. C Adam	0	1	6
Mr. Gibbs, Annual Subscription ...	0	5	0
E. K. ,, ,, ...	2	0	0
Mr. Summerfield ,, ...	1	1	0
	£331	12	6

College House, Stockwell Orphanage.

Second List of Receipts.

All marked (*) have contributed to the former list.

	£	s.	d.
Theresa Brown	0	10	0
Mr. Blake	2	2	0
Mr. Barsted	0	10	0
Miss Blee	0	2	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	1	1	0
*Lecture by Mr. Paterson...	2	0	3
Collected by—			
Mr. D. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Clark, Godmanchester	3	10	0
Mr. A. Bax, Faversham	4	2	0
Mr. A. Tessier, Bromley	2	0	0
Mr. J. S. Morris	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Barnard, Highgate	10	13	6
Miss George	2	0	0
Mr. G. H. Turner	0	10	0
*Mr. W. C. Bunning, Edinburgh ...	0	10	0
**Mr. Mayo	1	10	0
Mr. H. Hill, Harrow	3	5	6
Mr. Drysdale	4	5	0
*Master C. Spurgeon	4	4	0
*Master T. Spurgeon	4	4	0
Mr. Little	1	10	0
Mr. Lang	2	15	0
Mr. Pegg	4	0	0
Mrs. Fay	0	10	0
Mr. Cowland	0	6	10
*Mr. C. Davis	15	6	8
*Mr. Johnson	0	7	0
Mr. A. Walker, Winslow	2	13	7
Mr. D. E. Evans, Enfield	3	10	0
Mr. Fuller	3	0	10
Mr. Frost	0	6	0
Mr. W. R. Bloom	0	2	0
Mr. A. H. Stote	0	14	0
Mr. R. Kerr, Montacute	2	15	0
*Mr. Blewett, Westbury Leigh	2	0	6
*Mr. J. Cole, Burnham	0	1	0
*Mr. Hillman	0	10	0
*Mr. W. J. Julyan, Ridgmount	1	0	8
*Mr. W. Cuff, Bury St. Edmunds ...	0	10	0
*Mr. A. McDougall, Rothesay	10	0	0
Per *Mr. C. Pates, Aldwinckle—			
Miss S. Norwood	1	17	0
Per Mr. W. J. Inglis—			
Miss Joyce	2	12	6
Miss Curtiss	0	9	9
Mrs. Redman	0	1	3
Mr. W. J. Inglis	2	17	6
Per Mr. H. Perkins—			
Miss Toone	3	3	0
Mrs. Wheeler	0	6	0
Per Mr. Bradford, Tring—			
Mr. Fulks	1	0	0
Per Mr. Lauderdale—			
No. 149	1	13	6
180	0	7	3
183	2	10	0
327	1	2	6
328	1	1	0
Per Mr. J. O. Wills—			
Mrs. Hutton	0	10	0
Per Mr. J. W. Genders, Wandsworth—			
Mr. F. Feltham	0	3	0
Master Jones	0	14	6
Per Mr. McKinlay—			
Mr. J. Weeks	1	0	0
Per *Mr. J. L. Keys—			
Mr. T. Ackland	0	10	0
Miss Pitman	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	0
Miss Ivey	0	11	4
*Mrs. Keys's Collecting Box... ...	0	15	2
Per Mr. Jackson, Sevenoaks—			
Mr. S inner	0	10	0
Mrs. Palmer	0	2	6
Per Mr. Cameron—			
Mr. Monatt	0	10	0
Per Mr. Burton, Kingsgate Street—			
Miss Box...	0	11	6
Miss Keates	0	2	6
Miss C. Houlding	0	2	0
Mr. Broad	0	5	0
Miss Ham	0	1	0
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
Miss Scott	0	2	0
Mr and Mrs. Vincent...	0	10	0
Miss Miles	0	10	0
Mr. Broad	0	10	0
Mrs. Broad	0	10	0
Mrs. Merrick	0	5	0
Miss Taylor	0	1	0
Miss Duckworth	0	1	0
Mr. Burton	0	10	0
Per Mr. W. Whale, Buers—			
Mr. R. Keeble	0	10	0
Mr. W. Goldsmith	0	2	6
Mr. W. Whale	0	5	0
Mr. C. L. Gordon	0	15	0
	£131	5	1
Previously acknowledged ...	339	11	10
	£470	16	11

For the Orphanage.—A Friend, per Mr. William Olney (Sept. 24th), £500.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscriptions—			
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. H. Heath	0	10	0
Mr. C. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. B. Vickery	1	1	0
W. Pelley, Esq., Highworth	2	2	0
Lady Burgoyne	1	0	0
Mr. C. Waters	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Vaughan	1	0	0
Donations—			
Mr. H. G. Fisher, Woburn	0	10	0
Per	0	7	4
Mr. J. Jackson	1	0	0
H. Thompson, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. J. M., Wanlockhead	0	2	0
J. F. H., Glasgow	0	5	0
Collected by—			
Mr. W. J. Mayers	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Tucker	0	2	3
Miss E. Blackman	0	4	9
Mrs. Elizabeth Hart	0	8	3
Mrs. Lewis	0	1	0
Miss E. Linaker	0	2	9
	£14	8	4

Orphanage Bazaar.

Contributions of articles for the Bazaar have been received from the following friends since our last acknowledgment, viz :—"An afflicted Reader of 'The Sword and the Trowel';" Miss Allan, Falkirk; Mrs. G. B. Ash; Mrs. Antill; H. G. Alytt; Mrs. R. Adair, Maryport; "A Young Friend and Well-wisher to the Orphanage;" Mrs. Janet Barclay; Miss Brook, Edenbridge; E. Sutton Beves; E. P.; Mrs. Ball; Mrs. Brookes; J. and E. Balland; Miss Bridger, Birkenhead; Miss Buchanan; "Better late than never," Great Bedwyn; "Better late than never;" Mrs. F. Carson, Salford, Manchester; Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin; Miss Annie Coller; Mrs. Chamberlain; Mr. John R. Clarke; Mr. Crittall, Braintree; Mrs. Conder, Chelmsford; "A Constant Reader of 'The Sword and the Trowel';" Mrs. Culverhouse; Mrs. Drayson; E. Davies, Dywvor Castle; Miss Miriam Davey; Mr. D. Duncan, Cupar Fife; Mrs. Eustace; Mr. F. Ehrenzeller; Miss Emily Fenner; "Friends in Clapham Park;" Miss Edwards; "A few Friends in Lockerby;" "A Fisherman's Daughter," Ramsgate; E. and S. Fenham, Shrewston; Mrs. Gibbs; Miss Gay; H. M. Gloag, Largs, by Greenock; Miss Emily Glass; Gladman, Datchworth; Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim; Mrs. G. D. H.; Miss A. Golding, Edenbridge; Mrs. Goodenough, Edinburgh; Mrs. Grey; Mrs. Gordon; Miss Goldsmith, Leicester; Mr. Greenwood; Mrs. Griffiths, Kingswood; Miss Heritage; Mrs. H. Hasker; "An Invalid;" Miss Hunt, Heathrow; Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, Hawick, N.B.; Miss Hull; Mrs. J. Hukisson; H. W., St. Albans; Mr. Jarratt; "J.;" Misses Johnson, Bolton; Mrs. James and Friends; J. K.; Mr. and Mrs. Jeffs, Neithrop; Mr. H. K. Judd; Miss Jane Jenkins, Newport, Monmouth; Messrs. Knapp & Son, Colchester; Mrs. Kerr, Montacute; "The Lonely One," Ashmore; Miss E. Lamb, Edinburgh; Mrs. Lequieux; Miss Leigh, Porchester; Mrs. Matthewson, Dunfermline; Miss Medwin; Misses Morris, Lewes (1s. enclosed for carriage); "Mona," Port Erin, Isle of Man; M. E.; M. M.; Miss Eleanor Murcott; M. A. T.; Mrs. Muir, Lee; Mrs. Mellish, Edenbridge; E. A. Moore; Mrs. Moore; Mr. John Oakey; Mrs. G. Osborn, Kettering; "Two Orphan Sisters and a Friend," Guilsborough; Mrs. Pavitt, Chavering; Mrs. Poole; Mrs. Parker; Miss E. M. Peck, Kelvedon; Miss K. Perkins; Miss Robins and Miss Butcher; Mrs. Rees, Lewisham High Road; Mr. W. S. Rose, Edenbridge; Mrs. W. S. Rose; Mrs. Rains; Miss Sazgers; "Semper paratus," Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss Still; Mrs. Salmon; Miss Sargent; Mr. Elliott Stock; Mr. B. Smith, Chelsea; Mrs. Stirling, Denny, N.B.; Mr. T. B. Smithers; Messrs. Sang and Sons, Kircaldy; "Two Sisters," Ipswich; "Two Servants," Brixton (second gift); "Two Servants (spare moments); Miss Sewell; Pastor R. Shindler; Mr. Thomas Smith, West Smithfield; "The Lord will provide," Hockwold; Miss C. P. Trotter, Paris; Mrs. Timothy Thomas, Newcastle Emlyn; Mr. Trotman; Messrs. Turner & Son, Leicester; Miss Vince; Miss Waterman, Scarboro'; Mr. Wales, Ludgate Hill; Mrs. Williams; Mr. T. Whittle Bexley; Miss Fanny Willsher; Mrs. Walsh, Luton; W. S.; Mr. R. Waters; "A Widow's Mite;" Mrs. S. Whittard, Cheltenham; Mrs. Yeo; Miss George, per Pastor J. H. Barnard. *From Anonymous Donors.*—Parcels containing, among other articles, the following, viz :—A black net antimacassar; infant's flannel dresses; child's dress and half-a-crown; telescope and half-a-sovereign; infant's wool hoods, shoes, etc.; four mother-o'-pearl card cases; antimacassar, box of ladies' collars and shell cushion; box, marked, "252," and "J. M. and S," on direction card; large box, three cushions, banner screen, velvet pincushions, etc.; two pairs of girls' stays; knitted socks, etc., post mark "Wareham;" child's wool gaiters, by post; tatting cases and antimacassar; sheepskin mat and parcel of wool articles; wool antimacassar, and children's pinafores trimmed with lace; six pairs dolls' shoes, a Madras basket, etc; two netted bread cloths, post mark "Ballinluig;" pin cushions, and book entitled, "Under the Microscope;" worked slippers on holland; parcel in oil-skin cover, supposed to be from Paris; book-marks, worked by a paralytic Christian man; box of articles and half-a-crown, with words, "I am inside;" eighteen hair nets; a plume; four children's frocks; a feather fan.

College Stall.—Contributions have been most thankfully received from the following friends, viz:—Mrs. Colliers; Mrs. Dalton; Miss Heath; Mrs. Phillips, Kensington; Mrs. Stockwell, Chelsea; Mr. W. McKenzie, Glasgow (Photographs); Miss A. Chaunther, Oldham; Miss Hughes; Mr. Rossiter; Mr. Taylor; Mr. B. J. Phillimore; Mr. Peter Drummond; Mr. E. Foley; S. J. W.; Rev. James Lee; Mr. John Anderson; Mr. E. Marsh, Friends' Society; Mr. T. Stevens, Coventry; Mr. J. Gadsby; Miss Rogers; Miss Price; Mrs. T. R. Phillips; per Mr. T. W. Medhurst; per Mr. Mayers; per Mr. Burton, Kingsgate-street; per Mr. Pritchard; per friends at Arthur-street Chapel; per Mr. Blenkin; per Mr. Wilkins; per Mr. Knight; per Mr. Aviary; per Mr. Davis; per Mr. Blake; per W. J. Inglis, Soham; per Mr. R. J. Mesquitta, Kensington; per Mr. Cruickshank, Ufculme; per Mr. Prior; per Mr. Hamilton, Aylsham; per Mr. H. Hill, Harrow; per Mr. R. D. Smith, Monmouth; per Mr. W. Cuff, Bury St. Edmunds; per Mr. McKinlay; Mrs. Weeks, Wokingham; Mrs. Love, Chatham; per Mr. Asquith, Brixton; per Mr. G. T. Edgley, Chalk Farm; per Mr. R. Kerr, Montacute; per Mr. Julyan, Ridgmount; per Mr. Hillmann; per Mr. J. C. Forth; per Mr. Marshall; per Mr. A. Walker, Winslow; Miss Cockrell. *Anonymous*—Collarets, &c.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

The Christian Minister's Private Prayer.

ONE OF A COURSE OF LECTURES TO STUDENTS AND YOUNG PASTORS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OF course the preacher is above all others distinguished as a man of prayer. He prays as an ordinary Christian, else he were a hypocrite. He prays more than ordinary Christians, else he were disqualified for the office which he has undertaken. "It would be wholly monstrous," says Bernard, "for a man to be highest in office and lowest in soul; first in station and last in life." Over all his other relationships the pre-eminence of the pastor's responsibility casts a halo, and if true to his Master, he becomes distinguished for his prayerfulness in them all. As a citizen, his country has the advantage of his intercession; as a neighbour, those under his shadow are remembered in supplication. He prays as a husband and as a father; he strives to make his family devotions a model for his flock; and if the fire on the altar of God should burn low anywhere else, it is well tended in the house of the Lord's chosen servant—for he takes care that the morning and evening sacrifice shall sanctify his dwelling. But there are some of his prayers which concern his office, and of those our plan in these lectures leads us to speak most. He offers peculiar supplications *as a minister*, and he draws near to God in this respect, over and above all his approaches in his other relationships.

I take it that as a minister *he is always praying*. Whenever his mind turns to his work, whether he is in it or out of it, he ejaculates a petition, sending up his holy desires as well-directed arrows to the skies. He is not always in the act of prayer, but he lives in the spirit of it. If his heart be in his work, he cannot eat or drink, or take recreation, or go to his bed, or rise in the morning, without evermore feeling a fervency of desire, a weight of anxiety, and a simplicity of dependence upon God; thus, in one form or other he continues in prayer. If there be any man under heaven, who is compelled to carry out the precept—"Pray without ceasing," surely it is the Christian minister. He has peculiar temptations, special trials, singular difficulties, and remarkable duties, he has to deal with God in awful relationships,

and with men in mysterious interests; he therefore needs much more grace than common men, and as he knows this, he is led constantly to cry to the strong for strength, and say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Alleine once wrote to a dear friend, "Though I am apt to be unsettled and quickly set off the hinges, yet, methinks, I am like a bird out of the nest, I am never quiet till I am in my old way of communion with God; like the needle in the compass, that is restless till it be turned towards the pole. I can say, through grace with the church, 'With my soul have I desired thee in the night, and with my spirit within me have I sought thee early.' My heart is early and late with God; 'tis the business and delight of my life to seek him." Such must be the even tenor of your way, O men of God. If you as ministers are not very prayerful, you are much to be pitied. If, in the future, you shall be called to sustain pastorates, large or small, if you become lax in secret devotion, not only will *you* need to be pitied, but your people also; and, in addition to that, you shall be blamed, and the day cometh in which you shall be ashamed and confounded.

It may scarcely be needful to commend to you the sweet uses of private devotion, and yet I cannot forbear. To you, as the ambassadors of God, the mercy-seat has a virtue beyond all estimate; the more familiar you are with the court of heaven the better shall you discharge your heavenly trust. Among all the formative influences which go to make up a man honoured of God in the ministry, I know of none more mighty than his own familiarity with the mercy-seat. All that a college course can do for a student is coarse and external compared with the spiritual and delicate refinement obtained by communion with God. While the unformed minister is revolving upon the wheel of preparation, prayer is the tool of the great potter by which he moulds the vessel. All our libraries and studies are mere emptiness compared with our closets. We grow, we wax mighty, we prevail in private prayer. That we may be strong to labour, tender to sympathise, and wise to direct, let us pray. If study makes men of us, prayer will make saints of us. Our sacred furniture for our holy office can only be found in the arsenal of supplication; and after we have entered upon our consecrated warfare, prayer alone can keep our armour bright.

Among other most notable uses of supplication, your prayers will be your tender assistants *while your discourses are yet upon the anvil.* While other men, like Esau, are hunting for their portion, you by the aid of prayer, will find the savoury meat near at home, and may say in truth what Jacob said so falsely, "The Lord brought it to me." If you can dip your pens into your hearts, appealing in earnestness to the Lord, you will write well; and if you can gather your matter on your knees at the gate of heaven, you will not fail to speak well. Prayer, as a mental exercise, will bring many subjects before the mind, and so help in the selection of a topic; while as a high spiritual engagement it will cleanse your inner eye that you may see truth in the light of God. Texts will often refuse to reveal their treasures till you open them with the key of prayer. How wonderfully were the books opened to Daniel when he was in supplication! How much Peter learned upon the housetop! The closet is the best study. The commentators are good

instructors, but the author himself is far better, and prayer makes a direct appeal to him and enlists him in our cause. It is a great thing to pray one's self into the spirit and marrow of a text; working into it by sacred feeding thereon, even as the worm bores its way into the kernel of the nut.

Prayer supplies a leverage for the uplifting of ponderous truths. One marvels how the stones of Stonehenge could have been set in their places; it is even more to be enquired after whence some men obtained such admirable knowledge of mysterious doctrines: was not prayer the potent machinery which wrought the wonder? Waiting upon God often turns darkness into light. Persevering enquiry at the sacred oracle uplifts the veil and gives grace to look into the deep things of God. A certain Puritan divine at a debate was observed frequently to write upon the paper before him; upon others curiously seeking to read his notes, they found nothing upon the page but the words, "More light, Lord," "More light, Lord," repeated scores of times: a most suitable prayer for the student of the Word when preparing his discourse.

You will frequently find fresh streams of thought leaping up from the passage before you, as if the rock had been struck by Moses' rod; new veins of precious ore will be revealed to your astonished gaze as you quarry God's Word, and use diligently the hammer of prayer. You will sometimes feel as if you were entirely shut up, and then suddenly a new road will open before you. He who hath the key of David openeth, and no man shutteth. If you have ever sailed down the Rhine, the water-scenery of that majestic river will have struck you as being very like in effect to a series of lakes. Before and behind, the vessel appears to be enclosed in massive walls of rock, or circles of vine-clad terraces, till on a sudden you turn a corner, and before you the rejoicing and abounding river flows onward in its strength. So the laborious student often finds it with a text; it appears to be fast closed against you, but prayer propels your vessel, and turns its prow into fresh waters, and you behold the broad and deep stream of sacred truth flowing in its fulness, and you feel that it is bearing you with it. Is not this a convincing reason for abiding in supplication? Use prayer as a boring rod, and wells of living water will leap up from the bowels of the Word. Who will be content to thirst when living waters are so readily to be obtained?

The best and holiest men have ever made prayer the most important part of pulpit preparation. It is said of M'Cheyne,* "Anxious to give his people on the Sabbath what had cost him somewhat, he never, without an urgent reason, went before them without much previous meditation and prayer. His principle on this subject was embodied in a remark he made to some of us who were conversing on the matter. Being asked his view of diligent preparation for the pulpit, he reminded us of Exodus xxvii. 20: '*Beaten oil—beaten oil for the lamps of the sanctuary.*' And yet his prayerfulness was greater still. Indeed, he could not neglect fellowship with God before entering the congregation. He

* Memoir and Remains of the Rev Robert Murray M'Cheyne, page 61. This is one of the best and most profitable volumes ever published. Every minister should read it often.

needed to be bathed in the love of God. His ministry was so much a bringing out of views that had first sanctified his own soul, that the healthiness of his soul was absolutely needful to the vigour and power of his ministrations." "With him the commencement of all labour invariably consisted in the preparation of his own soul. The walls of his chamber were witnesses of his prayerfulness and of his tears, as well as of his cries."

Prayer will singularly assist you in the delivery of your sermon; in fact, nothing can so gloriously fit you to preach as descending fresh from the mount of communion with God to speak with men. None are so able to plead with men as those who have been wrestling with God on their behalf. It is said of Alleine, "He poured out his very heart in prayer and preaching. His supplications and his exhortations were so affectionate, so full of holy zeal, life and vigour, that they quite overcame his hearers; he melted over them, so that he thawed and mollified, and sometimes dissolved the hardest hearts." There could have been none of this sacred dissolving of heart if his mind had not been previously exposed to the tropical rays of the Sun of Righteousness by private fellowship with the risen Lord. A truly pathetic delivery, in which there is no affectation, but much affection, can only be the offspring of prayer. There is no rhetoric like that of the heart, and no school for learning it like the foot of the cross. It were better that you never learned a rule of human oratory, but were full of the power of heavenborn love, than that you should master Quintilian, Cicero, and Aristotle, and remain without the apostolic anointing.

Prayer may not make you eloquent after the human mode, but it will make you truly so, for you will speak out of the heart; and is not that the meaning of the word eloquence? It will bring fire from heaven upon your sacrifice, and thus prove it to be accepted of the Lord.

As fresh springs of thought will frequently break up during preparation in answer to prayer, so will it be in the delivery of the sermon. Most preachers who depend upon God's Spirit will tell you that their freshest and best thoughts are not those which are premeditated, but ideas which come to them, flying as on the wings of angels; unexpected treasures brought on a sudden by celestial hands, seeds of the flowers of paradise wafted from the mountains of myrrh. Often and often when I have felt hampered both in thought and expression, my secret groaning of heart has brought me relief, and I have enjoyed more than usual liberty. But how dare we pray in the battle if we never cried to the Lord while buckling on the harness. The remembrance of his wrestlings at home comforts the fettered preacher when in the pulpit: God will not desert us unless we have deserted him. You, brethren, will find that prayer before preaching will ensure you strength equal to your day.

As the tongues of fire came upon the apostles, when they sat watching and praying, even so will they come upon you. You will find yourselves, when you might perhaps have flagged, suddenly upborne, as by a seraph's power. Wheels of fire will be fastened to your chariot, which had begun to drag right heavily, and steeds angelic will be in a moment harnessed to your fiery car, till you climb the heavens like Elijah, in a rapture of flaming inspiration.

After the sermon, how would a conscientious preacher give vent to his feelings, and find solace for his soul, if access to the mercy-seat were denied him? Elevated to the highest pitch of excitement, how can we relieve our souls but in importunate pleadings. Or depressed by a fear of failure, how shall we be comforted but in moaning out our complaint before our God? How often have some of us tossed to and fro upon our couch half the night because of conscious shortcomings in our testimony! How frequently have we longed to rush back to the pulpit again to say over again more vehemently, what we have uttered in so cold a manner! Where could we find rest for our spirits but in confession of sin, and passionate entreaty that our infirmity or folly might in no way hinder the Spirit of God! It is not possible in a public assembly to pour out all our heart's love to our flock. Like Joseph, the affectionate minister will seek where to weep; his emotions, however freely he may express himself, will be pent up in the pulpit, and only in private prayer can he draw up the sluices and bid them flow forth. If we cannot prevail with men for God, we will, at least, endeavour to prevail with God for men. We cannot save them, or even persuade them to be saved, but we can at least bewail their madness and entreat the interference of the Lord. Like Jeremiah, we can make it our resolve, "If ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride, and mine eyes shall weep sore and run down with tears." To such pathetic appeals the Lord's heart can never be indifferent; in due time the weeping intercessor will become the rejoicing winner of souls. There is a distinct connection between importunate agonising and true success, even as between the travail and the birth, the sowing in tears and the reaping in joy. "How is it that your seed comes up so soon?" said one gardener to another. "Because I steep it," was the reply. We must steep all our teachings in tears, "when none but God is nigh," and their growth will surprise and delight us. Could any one wonder at Brainerd's success, when his diary contains such notes as this: "Lord's Day, April 25th.—This morning spent about two hours in sacred duties, and was enabled, more than ordinarily to agonise for immortal souls; though it was early in the morning, and the sun scarcely shone at all, yet my body was quite wet with sweat"? The secret of Luther's power lay in the same direction. Theodorus said of him: "I overheard him in prayer, but, good God, with what life and spirit did he pray! It was with so much reverence, as if he were speaking to God, yet with so much confidence as if he were speaking to his friend." My brethren, let me beseech you to be men of prayer. Great talents you may never have, but you will do well enough without them if you abound in intercession. If you do not pray over what you have sown, God's sovereignty may possibly ordain that it may be blessed, but you have no right to expect it, and if it comes it will bring no comfort to your own heart. I was reading yesterday a book by Father Faber, late of the Oratory, at Brompton, a marvellous compound of truth and error. In it he relates a legend to this effect. A certain preacher, whose sermons converted men by scores, received a revelation from heaven that not one of the conversions was owing to his talents or eloquence, but all to the prayers of an illiterate lay brother, who sat on the pulpit steps, pleading all the time for the

success of the sermon. It may in the all-revealing day be so with us. We may discover, after having laboured long and wearily in preaching, that all the honour belongs to another builder, whose prayers were gold, silver, and precious stones, while our sermonisings being apart from prayer, were but hay and stubble.

When we have done with preaching, we shall not, if we are true ministers of God, have done with praying, because the whole church, with many tongues, will be crying, in the language of the Macedonian, "Come over and help us" in prayer. If you are enabled to prevail in prayer you will have many requests to offer for others who will flock to you, and beg a share in your intercessions, and so you will find yourselves commissioned with errands to the mercy-seat for friends and hearers. Such is always my lot, and I feel it a pleasure to have such requests to present before my Lord. Never can you be short of themes for prayer, even if no one should suggest them to you. Look at your congregation. There are always sick folk among them, and many more who are soul-sick. Some are unsaved, others are seeking and cannot find. Many are desponding, and not a few believers are backsliding or mourning. There are widows' tears and orphans' sighs to be put into our bottle, and poured out before the Lord. If you are a genuine minister of God, you will stand as a priest before the Lord, spiritually wearing the ephod and the breastplate whereon you bear the names of the children of Israel, pleading for them within the veil. I have known brethren who have kept a list of persons for whom they felt bound especially to pray, and I doubt not such a record often reminded them of what might otherwise have slipped their memory. Nor will your people wholly engross you; the nation and the world will claim their share. The man who is mighty in prayer may be a wall of fire around his country, her guardian angel and her shield. We have all heard how the enemies of the Protestant cause dreaded the prayers of Knox more than they feared armies of ten thousand men. The famous Welch was also a great intercessor for his country; he used to say, "he wondered how a Christian could lie in his bed all night and not rise to pray." When his wife, fearing that he would take cold, followed him into the room to which he had withdrawn, she heard him pleading in broken sentences, "Lord, wilt thou not grant me Scotland?" O that we were thus wrestling at midnight, crying, "Lord, wilt thou not grant us our hearers' souls?"

The minister who does not earnestly pray over his work must surely be a vain and conceited man. He acts as if he thought himself sufficient of himself, and therefore needed not to appeal to God. Yet what a baseless pride to conceive that our preaching can ever be in itself so powerful that it can turn men from their sins, and bring them to God without the working of the Holy Ghost! If we are truly humble-minded we shall not venture down to the fight until the Lord of Hosts has clothed us with all power, and said to us, "Go in this thy might." Satan's kingdom fears not our rhetoric, our literature, or our orthodoxy; prayer is the master weapon, and the enemy quails before it. Vain are our words till the word of the King comes with power to the conscience in answer to our prayers.

The preacher who neglects to pray much as an habitual practice,

must be very careless about his ministry. He cannot have comprehended his calling. He cannot have computed the value of a soul, or estimated the meaning of eternity. He must be a mere official, tempted into a pulpit because the piece of bread which belongs to the priest's office is very necessary to him, or a detestable hypocrite who loves the praise of men, and cares not for the praise of God. He will surely become a mere superficial talker, best approved where grace is least valued and a vain show most admired. He cannot be one of those who plough deep and reap abundant harvests. He is a mere loiterer, not a labourer. As a preacher he has a name to live and is dead. He limps in his life like the lame man in the Proverbs, whose legs were not equal, for his praying is shorter than his preaching.

I am afraid that, more or less, most of us need self-examination as to this matter. If there be a man here who dares say that he prays as much as he ought as a student, I shall gravely question his statement; and if there be a minister, deacon, or elder present who can declare that he is occupied with God in prayer to the full extent to which he might be and ought to be, I should be pleased to know him. I can only say, that if he can claim this excellence, he leaves me far behind, for I can make no such affirmation: I wish I could. I make the confession with no small degree of shame-facedness and confusion, but I am obliged to make it. If we are not more negligent than others, this is no consolation to us; the shortcomings of others are no excuses for ourselves. How few of us could compare ourselves with Mr. Joseph Alleine, whose character I have mentioned before? "'At the time of his health,' writes his wife, 'he did rise constantly at or before four of the clock, and would be much troubled if he heard smiths or other craftsmen at their trades before he was at communion with God; saying to me often, 'How this noise shames me! Does not my Master deserve more than theirs?' From four till eight he spent in prayer, holy contemplation, and singing of psalms, in which he much delighted, and did daily practise alone, as well as in the family.' Sometimes he would suspend the routine of parochial engagements, and devote whole days to these secret exercises, in order to which, he would contrive to be alone in some void house, or else in some sequestered spot in the open valley. Here there would be much prayer and meditation on God and heaven."* Could we read Jonathan Edwards' description of David Brainerd and not blush? "His life," says Edwards, "shows the right way to success in the works of the ministry. He sought it as a resolute soldier seeks victory in a siege or battle; or as a man that runs a race for a great prize. Animated with love to Christ and souls, how did he labour always fervently, not only in word and doctrine, in public and private, but in *prayers* day and night, wrestling with God in secret, and travailing in birth, with unutterable groans and agonies, until Christ were formed in the hearts of the people to whom he was sent! How did he thirst for a blessing upon his ministry; and watch for souls as one that must give account! How did he go forth in the strength of the Lord God, seeking and depending on the special influence of the Spirit to assist and succeed him! And what was the happy fruit at

* Joseph Alleine: His Companions and Times. By CHARLES STANFORD. An admirable biography.

last, after long waiting and many dark and discouraging appearances? Like a true son of Jacob, he persevered in wrestling through all the darkness of the night, until the breaking of the day." *

Might not Henry Martyn's journal shame us, where we find such entries as these: "Sept. 24th.—The determination with which I went to bed last night, of devoting this day to prayer and fasting, I was enabled to put into execution. In my first prayer for deliverance from worldly thoughts, depending on the power and promises of God, for fixing my soul while I prayed, I was helped to enjoy much abstinence from the world, for nearly an hour. Then read the history of Abraham, to see how familiarly God had revealed himself to mortal men of old. Afterwards, in prayer for my own sanctification, my soul breathed freely and ardently after the holiness of God, and this was the best season of the day"?† We might perhaps more truly join with him in his lament after the first year of his ministry, that "he judged he had dedicated too much time to public ministrations, and too little to private communion with God."

How much of blessing we may have missed through remissness in supplication we can scarcely guess, and none of us can know how poor we are in comparison with what we might have been if we had lived habitually nearer to God in prayer. Vain regrets and surmises are useless, but an earnest determination to amend will be far more useful. We not only ought to pray more, but we *must*. The fact is, the secret of all ministerial success lies in prevalence at the mercy-seat.

One bright benison which private prayer brings down upon the ministry is an indescribable and inimitable something, better understood than named; it is a dew from the Lord, a divine presence which you will recognise at once when I say it is "an unction from the holy One." What is it? I wonder how long we might beat our brains before we could plainly put into words what is meant by *preaching with unction!* yet he who preaches knows its presence, and he who hears, soon detects its absence; Samaria, in famine, typifies a discourse without it; Jerusalem, with her feasts of fat things, full of marrow, may represent a sermon enriched with it. Everyone knows what the freshness of the morning is when orient pearls abound on every blade of grass, but who can describe it, much less produce it of himself? Such is the mystery of spiritual anointing; we know but we cannot tell to others what it is. It is as easy as it is foolish to counterfeit it, as some do who use expressions which are meant to betoken fervent love, but oftener indicate sickly sentimentalism or mere cant. "Dear Lord!" "Sweet Jesus!" "Precious Christ!" are by them poured out wholesale, till one is nauseated. These familiarities may have been not only tolerable, but even beautiful when they first fell from a saint of God, speaking as it were, out of the excellent glory, but when repeated flippantly they are not only intolerable, but indecent, if not profane. Some have tried to imitate unction by unnatural tones and whines; by turning up the whites of their eyes, and lifting their hands in a most ridiculous

* The life of the Rev. David Brainerd, Missionary to the Indians. By JONATHAN EDWARDS, A.M., President of the College of New Jersey. London, 1818.

† A Memoir of the Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D., Chaplain to the Hon. East India Company. By Rev. JOHN SARGENT, M.A., Rector of Lavington. 1855.

manner. M'Cheyne's tone and rhythm one hears from Scotchmen continually: we much prefer his spirit to his mannerism; and all mere mannerism without power is as foul carrion of all life bereft, obnoxious, mischievous. Certain brethren aim at inspiration through exertion and loud shouting; but it does not come: some we have known to stop the discourse and exclaim, "God bless you," and others gesticulate wildly, and drive their finger nails into the palms of their hands as if they were in convulsions of celestial ardour. Bah! The whole thing smells of the green-room and the stage. The getting-up of fervour in hearers by the simulation of it in the preacher is a loathsome deceit, to be scorned by honest men. "To affect feeling," says Richard Cecil, "is nauseous and soon detected, but to feel is the readiest way to the hearts of others." Unction is a thing which you cannot manufacture, and its counterfeits are worse than worthless; yet it is in itself priceless, and beyond measure needful if you would edify believers and bring sinners to Jesus. To the secret pleader with God this secret is committed; upon him rests the dew of the Lord, about him is the perfume which makes glad the heart. If the anointing which we bear come not from the Lord of Hosts we are deceivers; and since only in prayer can we obtain it, let us continue instant, constant, fervent in supplication. Let your fleece lie on the threshing-floor of supplication, till it is wet with the dew of heaven. Go not to minister in the temple till you have washed in the laver. Think not to be a messenger of grace to others till you have seen the God of grace for yourselves, and received the word from his mouth.

Time spent in quiet prostration of soul before the Lord is most invigorating. David "sat before the Lord;" it is a great thing to hold these sacred sittings; the mind being receptive, like an open flower drinking in the sunbeams, or the sensitive photographic plate accepting the image before it. Quietude, which some men cannot abide, because it reveals their inward poverty, is as a palace of cedar to the wise, for along its hallowed courts the King in his beauty deigns to walk.

> "Sacred silence! thou that art
> Floodgate of the deeper heart,
> Offspring of a heavenly kind;
> Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind." *

Priceless as the gift of utterance may be, the practice of silence in some aspects far excels it. Do you think me a Quaker? Well, be it so. Herein I follow George Fox most lovingly; for I am persuaded that we most of us think too much of speech, which after all is but the shell of thought. Quiet contemplation, still worship, unuttered rapture, these are mine when my best jewels are before me. Brethren, rob not your heart of the deep-sea joys; miss not the far-down life by for ever babbling among the broken shells and foaming surges of the shore.

I would seriously recommend to you, when settled in the ministry, the celebration of extraordinary seasons of devotion. If your ordinary prayers do not keep up the freshness and vigour of your souls, and you feel that you are flagging, get alone for a week, or even a month, if possible. We have occasional holidays, why not frequent holy days?

* Flecknoe.

We hear of our richer brethren finding time for a journey to Jerusalem; could we not spare time for the less difficult and far more profitable journey to the heavenly city? Isaac Ambrose, once pastor at Preston, who wrote that famous book, "Looking unto Jesus," always set apart one month in the year for seclusion in a hut in a wood at Garstang. No wonder that he was so mighty a divine, when he could regularly spend so long a time in the mount with God. I notice that the Romanists have what they call "Retreats," where a number of priests will retire for a season into perfect quietude, to spend the whole of the time in fasting and prayer, so as to inflame their souls with ardour. We may learn from our adversaries. It would be a great thing every now and then for brethren to spend a day or two with each other in real burning agony of prayer. Our seasons of fasting and prayer at the Tabernacle have been high days indeed; never has heaven-gate stood wider; never have our hearts been nearer the central glory. Even if our public work were laid aside to give us the space for special prayer, it might be a great gain to our churches. Our silence might be better than our voices if our solitude were spent with God. That was a grand action of old Jerome, when he laid all his pressing engagements aside to achieve a purpose to which he felt a call from heaven. He had a large congregation, as large a one as any of us need want; but he said to his people, "Now, it is of necessity that the New Testament should be translated: you must find another preacher—the translation must be made; I am bound for the wilderness, and shall not return till my task is finished." Away he went with his manuscripts, and prayed and laboured, and produced a work—the Latin Vulgate—which will last as long as the world stands; on the whole, a most wonderful translation of Holy Scripture. If learning and prayerful retirement together could thus produce an immortal work, if we also were sometimes to say to our people when we felt moved to do so, "Dear friends, we really must be gone for a little while to refresh our souls in solitude," our profiting would soon be apparent, and if we did not write Latin Vulgates, yet we should accomplish enduring work, such as would abide the fire.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. IX.—LONDON GASMEN.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

IT is some years ago since a special effort was first made to improve the religious condition of the labourers working in our London gas-works. More ignorant, deplorably superstitious, or morally and socially degraded men could probably not be found. Their consciences seemed to be more blunted than even the heathen. Christian work among them appeared to be almost, if not quite, hopeless. Men had tried their powers of persuasion, and had been driven away by coarse rebuffs. Means which succeeded tolerably well among other artisans had been tried with them, but had all failed. The supremest height of ignorance is attainable by those who justify their absence of knowledge; and when men glory in their own shame, human intelligence seems powerless to enlighten or reform them. By gasmen we mean the men who

are termed stokers, or retort men. These are taken from the lowest grade of labourers, and the greater number probably consist of Irish Roman Catholics. This is not so largely the case as formerly. Many Germans, who are better able to bear the great toil and heat, are now being employed, and these are said to be a better class of labourers. There are also some Italians, and both Germans and Italians are more willing to receive Christian instruction than the Irish. That great ignorance prevails among the gasmen of London may be gathered from their replies to the enquiries addressed them when visited by Christian men. One man when asked whether he knew who Jesus Christ was, answered "I have heard of him, but I can't read or write, and I never was in a church or chapel in my life, and I don't want to go." "Jesus Christ," replied another man, on his dying bed, "Oh! yes, I have heard of that gentleman; who is he, sir?" It is satisfactory, however, to find that there are intelligent men among them, and not a few who have paid homage to the Christ of God. Yet the work of evangelising among them is attended by a host of difficulties. One great difficulty, undoubtedly, arises from Sunday work. This the companies feel. The men avow that it is of no use trying to be religious—we use their own words—while they labour on the Lord's-day; religion, indeed, was not designed to meet their wants. Then, too, they are bound hand and foot by a bundle of evil habits, each intertwisted with each other, so that unless the grace of God unties the whole, their reformation seems hopeless. Temperance societies have done some good among them; but we fear, not much. It is only the persistent loving enterprise of godly men that can break down the great bulwark of sin which is presented against the entrance of every moral good. Through God's grace this had been done to an appreciable extent, as will be seen further on. But the love of strong drink is a great fetter, which embrutalises the men, and makes them utterly oblivious of higher aspirations than earth can give.

The London City Mission's agent visits most of the gas factories of the metropolis. Into some of these he gains admittance; into others, he is refused entrance, inasmuch as the like favour would be demanded by Romish priests. Preaching services are held in certain rooms in some of the gas-works, and in the lobbies, where the men spend a short time in resting from their heavy labours. Open-air gatherings are the means of some good, while conversational addresses to small knots of men outside the gates of those factories into which the missionary is not permitted to enter, are likewise productive of great service to the cause of Christ. It is now six years ago since the present missionary entered upon his labours among the gasmen. At the first, there was much to discourage, and yet the reception given him was such as to make him grateful. He was frequently welcomed on the ground that no one had ever troubled themselves to converse with the men before. An active Christian, employed in a factory in which there are nine hundred men, said not long ago that during the twelvemonths in which meetings had been held in the room belonging to the factory, only one out of all the hands had not heard the gospel preached by the missionary. At the commencement of the services, there were only three who were known to attend public worship; now, he says, they may be counted by the

score. From the last six annual reports of the missionary, I gather that the universal testimony of the managers and foremen is that the men who have been visited have considerably improved; many have given up their work where Sunday labour was expected of them; many who were utterly indifferent to the claims of religion now attend places of worship; while in one case, a number of seats have been taken at a chapel well known to us, by stokers for themselves and wives—men who repelled at first the advances of the missionary, and indeed made a most determined opposition to the meetings which he wished to establish there. A foreman thus speaks of the results of the efforts that have been made in another factory:—"Before you came here it was awful to be with our men, to hear their language, and the way they used to drink. They were always getting into trouble. But now I never have any trouble with them on that account. Even last Christmas they did not lose an hour, and it is very seldom I hear a bad word escape them."

It would be impossible to give details of the work in each gas factory visited by the missionary. We prefer giving a general survey of the whole work, and recording as briefly as we can, some of the interesting cases which have been mentioned to us as instances of what the grace of God has done for these poor hard-labouring men.

In the gas-works at Fulham, a room is opened for preaching. Each labourer has, at one time or another, heard the Word proclaimed there; a meeting is conducted by a German every Sunday afternoon for the benefit of his fellow countrymen, and there is a Sunday-school for the children of Germans: these efforts are progressing favourably. As a sample of cases that turned up in the course of our enquiry into the condition of the men employed at gas-works, we may mention the fact that one man had not been in a place of public worship for thirty-two years. Interested in the services at the Fulham gas-works, he resolved to attend a Congregational chapel. This he did until he was struck down by paralysis, and died, not, however, until he had given evidence of godly concern for his soul. Another man living in utter defiance of God, is now a consistent Christian, an acceptable visitor among the poor, and does his best to improve the characters of the men whom he once led in swearing. Indeed, this love for swearing partakes so much of a thoughtless habit, that it only needs calm consideration by some who most frequently indulge in it, to convince them of its absurdity and evil; and the only hope for an improvement in this habit is to be found in the influence of those workmen who have renounced it utterly. The same may be said, though with certain reservations, of obscene language, which is indulged in to an awful extent—much greater than the outside public dream of—not only by the lowest, but by the most intelligent, artisans. "In the face of so much bigotry, superstition, and ignorance," says the missionary in one of his unpublished reports, "and where so much drunkenness abounds, added to the nature of the work in which the men are engaged—so much heat and dust, and having to labour seven days instead of six—I have to bear testimony to the love of God. But how often have I marvelled, and felt my heart overflow with gratitude and praise, when having to face their bigotry and rage, manifested in the foulest and most obscene language, they have been

subdued, and have listened like children to the simple tale of Jesus' love." The missionary finds the Irish most difficult materials to work upon—partly owing to their superstitious reverence for their priests, and partly to their volatile minds, and slippery tongues, and their uncontrollable and unreasonable impetuosity. In the Chartered Gas-works at Westminster, the missionary has free access to the mechanics' departments. He is heartily welcomed by the artisans there. In the meter shop he has had to do battle against Unitarianism, with which the minds of many of the men are impregnated. Here the mechanics are more intelligent and thoughtful, and such are most apt to nurse heresy. Indeed, it is astonishing how multiform error is among decently intelligent working men. Unable to see truth with any completeness, through lack of that education or culture which enables a man to throw away his mental blinkers, they are ever ready to accept statements that appear somewhat plausible; and, of course, the dogged pertinacity of a one-sided view of things is always unfavourable to an inlet for truer convictions. It is to this fact, that the author is inclined to attribute much of the popularity of the views held by the Plymouth Brethren, and the existence of an obscure sect he unearthed the other day, that is gaining a certain share of success, which boasts of the title, "Christadelphians." Working men are naturally iconoclastic; and the man who seeks to cast down orthodox creeds will be sure to gain a considerable amount of applause from them.

At Stepney, the gas-works are weekly visited, and in two of the lobbies used by the men when off duty, services are held, attended on the average by about thirty men. So well has the missionary been received, and so highly are his services thought of, that the men have made a presentation to him of a pocket Bible as a testimony of esteem—a graceful act not alone in the history of Christian labour among the poorest. A meeting is held at the Great Central Gas-works, Bow Common, on Sunday mornings. Its commencement was heralded by much opposition; but this has gradually died out. "On the 8th of January," the missionary tells me, "I was invited by a portion of the men to take tea at the house of one of their number. There were twelve present. These men have taken thirteen sittings at the Baptist Chapel, Old Ford, for themselves and wives. They expressed their desire to serve the Lord, but they found great opposition at the factory. We spent the evening in singing, reading, and expounding the Word, and in prayer and profitable conversation, in which I endeavoured to point out their difficulties, and direct them where alone their strength lay."

Two very interesting meetings of gasmen were held in 1865, at New Park Street Chapel, the school-room of which was lent by Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Burton (now of Kingsgate-street). One of the speakers at one of these meetings was a gasman, who asked permission to say something, and thus delivered himself:—"All you men present know me. My name is——. I have worked at this gas factory for many years. I was brought up near this spot where we are now, and went to the school held in this room, but I turned out a very wicked young man, and there is not a prison in London I have not been in, except one. During the frost one winter I earned more than forty-seven

pound extra money of our company, carrying coals, and all this I spent at one public-house in seven or eight weeks, while my wife and children were starving at home, and there are some of you here that know this to be true. I was engaged nine months ago to fight a man named—— for twenty-five pound, and my name was in the sporting papers to do so. I was very fond of fighting, and if I was fighting one day I was always ready to fight the next, and that some of you know to be true. I am speaking to some who knew me then and know me now. But I and my wife were led to go to Astley's the night before the fight. I don't know what made me go there, and yet I do—it was the Lord. Mr.—— preached. I did not pay much attention to what was said, but one word I could not forget, it made me very unhappy, and that word was eternity. Mr.—— after he had done came up to us, shook hands with me, and said something, but I did not care to answer him. He then shook hands with my wife, and asked if she was happy? She replied, 'I was very unhappy when I came in here, but I am happy now, and can rejoice in Jesus.' I was always a very. jealous man, and should have knocked him down, if he had acted thus to my wife at any other time, but I could not touch him then. It made me feel more unhappy than ever; I could not leave the place until I had found peace as well. It pleased the Lord to show me he had pardoned me for Jesus' sake, and we both came out rejoicing in Jesus. You know what I have been since then—you know I have been very different to what I was before. It was only yesterday morning I was before that prison from whence that poor man Wright was taken to be executed. I was once in that prison myself awaiting my trial, but I was there yesterday morning preaching the gospel." And so the speaker went on, pointing out the way of salvation to his "mates." The missionary visited the men after the meeting, and among those who were influenced by his appeals are some men now members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and others who worship there. One man, also a member of the same congregation, who had entirely neglected the means of grace, relinquished his position as foreman, in order that he might attend God's house on the Sabbath. It appears, indeed, that this is no rare occurrence; while a large number of men would probably prefer extra work during the six days if they could enjoy rest on the Sunday. The missionary believes that the managers manifest a much greater disposition to look this matter of Sunday labour in the face than formerly. It is clear that when serious impressions are made upon the men, they take the first opportunity of obtaining employment where their services can be dispensed with on the Lord's-day. Thus, it is not easy to ascertain the extent of the usefulness of the missionary. Besides, changes are constantly occurring—men are dismissed during the summer months who were under Christian instruction during the winter, when working in the factories. Still, the bread is cast upon the waters; and the promise is receiving its fulfilment, for it is found though after many days. One man engaged in a gas factory in the East End, was, as he himself sorrowfully acknowledges, "the wickedest man in the factory," a hard drinker and blackguard. He was softened while listening to a Sunday-morning service in the shop, and he is now a member of a Baptist church, and a worker among his relatives and companions.

Now and then the missionary meets with rough usage. Thus, when entering a factory, he was met by some of the coal carriers. One of them took off his hat, and throwing it on the ground, dared the visitor to go a step further. He then took off the missionary's hat, and put it on his own head, and tried every means to provoke him; while another man, passing with a sack of coals, let fall a large lump, intending he should have it on his toes. Finding their conduct met in a different spirit from what they expected, they gave way, and the visitor was allowed to proceed with his work. On the occasion of his second visit he was better treated. Such cases are but occasional; and as his work is seen to be of a self-denying character, the men are silenced by acts which appeal to them with greater force than words. There are about three thousand men employed outdoors and indoors in the works thus visited. To these men, the missionary ministers, in his humble way, the Word of Life—meeting here and there curious instances of good done, and of souls saved. Thus in the gas-works at Richmond, an old man, working in the yard, manifested much concern about his soul. At length he called the missionary on one side, and said, "I have often wished to tell you, and think it right you should know, for your encouragement, that the first time you came here, and opened your Bible, and read to the men, I was present, but ran away as soon as you began to read. I afterwards reflected on what I had done, and thought, if I ran away from you, what shall I do when I am called to appear before the bar of God? These thoughts so troubled me that I could not rest. I went into that shed, and knelt down, and prayed to God to forgive me, and then I felt a little more comfortable; and I have prayed and sought the Lord ever since." This man is now living a life of devout faith in Christ. These facts culled from a number of rough notes lying before me speak eloquently for themselves; and the reader can as well draw practical inferences from them as the writer. Surely they have a voice of encouragement to us all! They seem to say—

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand—
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad cast it o'er the land."

"The Wickedest Man in New York."

OUR friends, the Americans, are far ahead of us in many things; and it is not always that we desire to be abreast of them. Our old-world prejudices are so fatal to our rapid conversion to novelty, that we must content ourselves with moving quietly round our accustomed circle of duties, without attempting to startle the nations by any erratic departure from conventional usages. It was reserved for a Yankee to doubt the expediency of the world moving on its own axis every twenty-four hours, unless it was "subject to the American constitution;" and for other, and equally important revolutionary ideas, we are indebted to the same race. Perhaps, however, there are few contrivances of ingenuity that have startled us more than the last new move in the religious

world of New York. We have heard of various methods of leading men to religious convictions, and to the abandonment of an evil life; some of them have astonished us greatly, and offended our conservative ideas; but we had never conceived the possibility of converting a sinner from the error of his ways by writing to the *Times*. Yet that has been, practically, the last new effort of Yankee ingenuity, and as almost every religious newspaper in New York has been filled with articles and correspondence on the subject, and as no English magazine has referred to this extraordinary case, we purpose to give briefly the leading particulars.

New York, like London, has its dens of iniquity. They may be worse than here—they are certainly no better. A Mr. Oliver Dyer, who seems to be a Protestant writer, being anxious to secure the conversion of a keeper of one of the most prominent of these dens, entered one of them, and boldly told him that "the fatal hour had come for serving him up in a magazine article." The threat strikes our ears as a ludicrous one; and we venture to say that had anyone offered a like prominence to a London lodging-house keeper, he would have been expelled the premises, *minus* all the clothing which added to his personal appearance. Not so in New York. "The wickedest man in New York" was "jolly and defiant"—told his literary visitor to go ahead, to do his worst, and, quoting Shakespeare, begged as a favour that he would

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

The visitor was naturally taken aback, but he persevered, and took the exceptional method of proclaiming in the public prints the keeper of the dance-house, by name, John Allen, "the wickedest man in New York," and wrote lively sketches of his character and of the vile den which he conducted, to prove his wickedness. Newspaper placards, sensational pictures, and universal talk, made the man a nine-days' wonder. Not unnaturally, after reading the sketch, he ran off to the house of the missionary who introduced the writer to the dance-hall, with the intention of avenging himself. He appears, however, to have broken down. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he complained of the name by which he had been designated. "My children" he said, "will see the article when they've grown up, and know that their father was called the wickedest man in New York." It is very evident that the poor fellow was not so wholly given over to the devil as the writer had affirmed; and the painting *à la* brimstone was by no means so truthfully coloured as it might have been. It is evident enough that he was a vulgar and common-place transgressor—and, as a Baptist newspaper in the city points out, his wickedness could be matched fifty times over in New York. From Mr. Dyer's own account it is clear that he was not "the wickedest man" in the city; and the writer had no right to confer brevet rank in the kingdom of Satan.

The result of the article was to bring out some of the finer feelings of Allen's nature. He was run down with visitors; parsons begging the favour of praying with him; numbers meeting together to supplicate on his behalf. The clerical visitors were always liked. He was always glad to see them; would get into theological discussions, and frequently confound them in argument, and all with the utmost good

nature. He revelled in orthodox papers, especially those in which editors scent out heretics and shake them as a dog shakes a rat. He liked "a lively gospel and a muscular religion." Bad as were his ways, he taught his children to sing, "Shall we meet in heaven above?" utterly thoughtless as to the meaning of the words, but concerned that the young ones should only sing such ditties as were pious, and should sing these perfectly. He was always fond of sacred music; for it brought to his mind scenes of youth and of parents' loving instruction. In the winter of 1864, when a policeman, with a comrade, was walking his beat, they stopped about three o'clock in the morning, to kick their heels on Allen's stoop. It was bitterly cold, and, to keep their hearts warm, they began to hum some heart-stirring old hymns. After awhile they struck into old *Coronation*—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all."

As they concluded the hymn a noise was heard inside of Allen's bar-room, and one of the policemen exclaimed: "Hush, Gilbert! there's some one in there!"

"Its only *me*, Towns," responded Allen, opening the door and stepping to the threshold in his night-clothes, bitterly cold as it was. "I heard you humming old Coronation, and had to get up and come down. I could not stand it with that old tune buzzing in my ears. Old Coronation will always fetch me at any season of the year, and at any time of the day or night."

He was observed one day to sing with his child the well-known hymn—"Nearer, my God, to thee;" on another day, he vanquished an infidel, who went to the dancing saloon, with the hope of spreading his views. Yet his ideas of vice remained the same as ever. He would swear vigorously before his children; the impure women who haunted his house could conduct themselves infamously, and yet he feared not that. But he dreaded that his favourite boy should imbibe sceptical notions. As he once said, "To have Chester get the notion that the Bible isn't true, or to have him hear any man deny the existence of God, or to make God anything less than God—why, gentlemen, I wouldn't have such notions put into Chester's head for all the world!"

He was once sworn in as a special constable, and became a "terror to evil-doers" by his rigour and passion for law and order. He takes a peculiar delight in defending out-door preachers, reproaching their assailants thus: "When a gentleman takes the trouble to bring you a message from heaven for nothing, ar'n't you man enough to listen to him respectfully? If I catch you making any more disturbance here, I'll boot you into the dock!" Yet Allen is tender-hearted towards poor children. He gathers them, we are told, into his house by dozens and scores during the inclement weather, and often not only feeds but clothes them; he also sends them to Sabbath-school. Sometimes he goes into the streets on a Sabbath and gathers up the vagrant children in squads, and marches them off to the Mission Sabbath-school. And he looks to their behaviour, too, after he gets them into Sabbath-school, and takes a fatherly interest in their welfare. He is equally kind to

costermongers, or as they are termed in America, "licensed venders." Indeed, there is much that is excellent in his temper and feeling. He has extraordinary talents, but they have all been perverted to wicked ends. He is fond of truthfulness, and his word can be depended on. This assures the hearts of those who have taken so much interest in his case, for he has promised to leave his premises, and to give up his wicked courses, for the sake of his children, that they may have a fair start in the world which he has done so much to pollute. Meanwhile, it would seem that hundreds of Christian people are praying for him; and ministers and missionaries unite in believing that if truly converted to God he would be a most successful preacher of the gospel to the out-door poor of New York, and to the vagabonds of the streets and docks.

We utterly disapprove of this new way of doing good—by advertising a man's iniquity. For one case of conversion as the result of this mode of procedure, nine hundred and ninety-nine cases would be found in which the effort failed. The wonder is that Allen was not terribly hardened in his course by the "showing-up" business, and that it did not crush every fine feeling left in him. If he had been approached in a simple, quiet way, by a good man more in love for souls than for sensational pictures, and the story of the cross had been faithfully told him, we should not have been surprised if his heart had given way to reproof. Hundreds of villains have been saved through personal instrumentality. In our pages descriptions have been given of dens probably as bad as that in New York; and the writer has seen the most wicked of men and women subdued by the teaching of the cross. We should be sorry to see the day of sensational conversions ushered in among us. God does not send missionaries to do work which shall be chronicled in newspapers; sufficient is it that the good done is chronicled in heaven. We know we have many evangelists among our readers, and we have given the narrative mainly for their benefit. We may learn from it the danger of unwarranted methods of doing good; and the necessity for believing that no man is required by God to play a trick to catch a soul.

The Memorable Life of Mr. John Welch,

BY AN ANCIENT AUTHOR.

Continued from Page 442.

HE continued the course of his ministry in Ayr, till King James's purpose of destroying the church of Scotland, by establishing bishops, was ripe; and then it fell to be his duty to edify the church by his sufferings, as formerly he had by his doctrine.

The reason why King James was so violent for bishops, was neither their divine institution, which he denied they had, nor yet the profit the church should reap by them, for he knew well both the men and their communications, but merely because he believed they were useful instruments to turn a limited monarchy into absolute dominion, and subjects into slaves, the design in the world he minded most. Always in the pursuit of his design, he followed this method: In the first place,

he resolved to destroy the general assembly; knowing well, that so long as assemblies might convene in freedom, bishops could never get their designed authority in Scotland; and the dissolution of assemblies he brought about in this manner:

The general assembly, at Holyrood House, in the year 1602, with the king's consent, ordain their next meeting to be kept at Aberdeen, on the last Tuesday of July, in the year 1604; and before that day came, the king, by his commissioner, the laird of Lauriestoun, discharged them from meeting. Mr. Patrick Galloway, moderator of the last assembly, in a letter to the several presbyteries, continued the meeting till the first Tuesday of July, 1605, at the same place. Last of all, in June, 1605, the expected meeting to have been kept in July following, is, by a new letter from the king's commissioner, prohibited, but without naming any day or place for any other assembly absolutely; and so the series of our assemblies expired, never to revive again in due form till the covenant was renewed in the year 1638. However, many of the godly ministers of Scotland, knowing well if once the hedge of the government was broken, the corruption of the doctrine would soon follow, resolved not to quit their assembly so. And therefore a number of them convened at Aberdeen, upon the first Tuesday of July, 1605, being the last day that was distinctly appointed by authority; and when they had met, did no more but constitute themselves and dissolve, and that was all. Amongst those was Mr. Welch, who, though he had not been present upon that precise day, yet, because he came to the place, and approved what his brethren had done, he was accused as guilty of the treasonable fact committed by his brethren. So dangerous a point was the name of a general assembly in King James's jealous judgment.

Within a month after this meeting, many of these godly men were incarcerated, some in one prison, some in another. Mr. Welch was sent first to Edinburgh Tolbooth, and then to Blackness; and so from prison to prison, till he was banished to France, never to see Scotland again.

And now the scene of his life begins to alter; but before his blessed sufferings he had this strange warning:—

After the meeting at Aberdeen was over, he returned immediately to Ayr, and one night he rose and went into his garden, as his custom was, but stayed much longer than ordinary, which troubled his wife, who, when he returned, expostulated with him very hard for his staying so long to wrong his health. He bid her be quiet, for it should be well with them, but he knew well he should never preach more in Ayr. And accordingly, before the next Sabbath, he was carried prisoner to Blackness Castle. After that, he, with many others who had met at Aberdeen, were brought before the Council of Scotland at Edinburgh, to answer for their rebellion and contempt in holding a general assembly not authorised by the king; and were first remitted to the prison at Blackness, and other places; and thereafter six of the most considerable of them were brought, under night, from Blackness to Linlithgow, before the criminal judges, to answer an accusation of high treason, of which they were condemned as guilty. Their punishment was banishment.

Mr. Welch was some time prisoner in Edinburgh Castle before he went into exile, where one night, sitting at supper with Lord Ochiltree,

who was uncle to Mr. Welch's wife, as his manner was, he entertained the company with godly and edifying discourse, which was well received by all the company, save only one debauched, popish young gentleman, who sometimes laughed, and sometimes mocked, and made faces; whereupon Mr. Welch brake out into a sad abrupt charge upon all the company to be silent and observe the work of the Lord upon that profane mocker, which they should presently behold. Upon which, immediately the profane wretch fell down and died beneath the table, to the great astonishment of all the company.

Another wonderful story they tell of him at the same time. Lord Ochiltree, the captain of the Castle of Edinburgh, and son to the good Lord Ochiltree, who was Mr. Welch's uncle-in-law, was very civil to Mr. Welch; but being, for a long time, through the multitude of affairs, kept from visiting Mr. Welch in his chamber, as he was one day walking in the court, espying Mr. Welch at his chamber window, he asked him kindly how he did, and if in any case he could serve him? Mr. Welch answered him, he would earnestly entreat his lordship, being at that time to go to court, to petition King James, in his name, that he might have liberty to preach the gospel, which my lord promised to do. Mr. Welch answered, my lord, both because you are my kinsman, and for other reasons, I would earnestly entreat you not to promise, except you faithfully perform. My lord answered, he would faithfully perform his promise, and so went for London. But though at his first arrival he really purposed to present the petition to the king, yet, when he found the king in such a rage against the godly ministers, he durst not at that time present it; he therefore thought fit to delay it, and thereafter fully forgot it.

The first time Mr. Welch saw his face after his return from court, he asked him what he had done with his petition? My lord answered, he had presented it to the king, but that the king was in so great a rage against the ministers at that time he believed it had been forgotten, for he had gotten no answer. Nay, said Mr. Welch to him, "My lord, you should not lie to God and to me, for I know you never delivered it, though I warned you to take heed not to undertake it except you would perform it; but because you have dealt so unfaithfully, remember God shall take from you both your estate and honours, and give them to your neighbour in your own time." Which accordingly came to pass, for both his estate and honours were, in his own time, translated to another.

The plague was, at that time, very terrible, and he being necessarily separate from his people, it was to him the more grievous. But when the people of Ayr came to him to bemoan themselves, his answer was, that Hugh Kennedy, a godly gentleman in their town, should pray for them, and God should should hear him. This counsel they accepted, and the gentleman, convening a number of the honest citizens, prayed fervently for the town, as he was a mighty wrestler with God; and accordingly after that the plague decreased.

Now the time is come he must leave Scotland, never to see it again; so, upon the seventh of November, 1606, in the morning, he, with his neighbours, took ship at Leith, and though it was but two o'clock in the morning, many were waiting with their afflicted families, to bid them

farewell. After prayer, they sang the twenty-third Psalm; and so, to the great grief of the spectators, set sail for the South of France, and landed in the river of Bordeaux. Within fourteen weeks after his arrival, such was the Lord's blessing on his diligence, that he was able to preach in French, and accordingly was speedily called to the ministry, first in one village, then in another, and thereafter was settled in Saint Jean d'Angely, a considerable walled town, and there he continued the rest of the time he sojourned in France, which was about sixteen years. When he began first to preach, it was observed by some of his hearers that, while he continued in the doctrinal part of his sermon, he spoke very correct French, but when he came to the application, and when his affections kindled, his fervour made him sometimes neglect the accuracy of the French construction; but there were godly young men who admonished him of this, which he took in very good part. So, for the preventing mistakes of that kind, he desired the young gentlemen, when they perceived him beginning to decline, to give him a sign, and the sign was, they were both to stand up upon their feet; and thereafter he was more exact in his expressions through his whole sermon. So desirous was he, not only to deliver good matter, but to recommend it in neat expression.

There were many times persons of great quality in his auditory, before whom he was just as bold as ever he had been in a Scots' village; which moved Mr. Boyd, of Troch-rig, once to ask him, after he had preached before the university of Saumure, with such boldness and authority, as if he had been before the meanest congregation, how he could be so confident among strangers, and persons of such quality? To which he answered, that he was so filled with the dread of God, he had no apprehension from man at all. And this answer, said Mr. Boyd, did not remove my admiration, but rather increased it.

There was in his house, amongst many others who lodged with him for good education, a young gentleman of great quality, and suitable expectations, and this was the heir of the Lord Ochiltree, who was captain of the Castle of Edinburgh. This young nobleman, after he had gained very much upon Mr. Welch's affections, fell sick of a grievous sickness, and after he had been long wasted with it, closed his eyes, and apparently expired; so, to the apprehension and sense of all spectators, he was no more but a carcass, and was therefore take out of his bed, and laid upon a pallet on the floor, that his body might be the more conveniently dressed, as dead bodies used to be. This was to Mr. Welch a very great grief, and therefore he stayed with the young man's body full three hours, lamenting over him with great tenderness. After twelve hours, the friends brought a coffin, wherein they desired the corpse to be put, as the custom is; but Mr. Welch desired, that, for the satisfaction of his affections, they would forbear the youth for a time, which they granted, and returned not till twenty-four hours after his breath was expired; then they returned, desiring, with great importunity, the corpse might be coffined, that it might be speedily buried, the weather being extremely hot; yet he persisted in his request, earnestly begging them to excuse him for once more. So they left the youth upon his pallet for full thirty-six hours; but even after all that, though he was urged, not only with great

earnestness, but displeasure, they were constrained to forbear for twelve hours yet more. After forty-eight hours were past, Mr. Welch was still where he was, and then his friends perceived he believed the young man was not really dead, but under some apoplectic fit; and therefore proposed to him, for his satisfaction, that trial should be made upon his body by doctors and chirurgeons, if possibly any spark of life might be found in him; and with this he was content. So the physicians were set to work, who pinched him with pinchers in the fleshy parts of his body, and twisted a bow-string about his head with great force; but no sign of life appeared in him; so the physicians pronounced him stark dead; and there was no more delay to be desired; yet Mr. Welch begged of them once more, that they would but step into the next room for an hour or two, and leave him with the youth; and this they granted. Then Mr. Welch fell down before the pallet, and cried unto the Lord with all his might for the last time, and sometimes looking upon the body, continued wrestling with the Lord, till at length the youth opened his eyes, and cried out to Mr. Welch, whom he distinctly knew, "O sir, I am all whole but my head and legs." And these were the places they had sore hurt with their pinching.

When Mr. Welch perceived this, he called upon his friends, and showed the young man restored to life again, to their great astonishment; and this young nobleman, though his father lost the estate of Ochiltree, lived to acquire a great estate in Ireland, and was Lord Castlestuart, and a man of such excellent parts, that he was courted by the Earl of Stafford to be a counsellor in Ireland, which he refused to be, until the godly silenced Scottish ministers, who suffered under the bishops in the north of Ireland, were restored to the exercise of their ministry, and then he engaged; and so continued for all his life, not only in honour and power, but in the profession and practice of godliness, to the great comfort of the country where he lived. This story the nobleman communicated to his friends in Ireland, and from them I had it.

While Mr. Welch was minister in one of these French villages, one evening a certain popish friar, travelling through the country, because he could not find lodging in the whole village, asked lodgings at Mr. Welch's house for one night. The servants acquainted their master, and he was content to receive this guest. The family had supped before he came, and so the servants conveyed the friar to his chamber, and after they had made his supper, they left him to his rest. There was but a timber petition betwixt him and Mr. Welch, and after the friar had slept his first sleep, he was surprised with the noise of a silent but constant whispering noise, at which he wondered very much, and was not a little troubled with it.

The next morning he walked in the fields, where he chanced to meet a countryman, who, saluting him because of his habit, asked him where he had lodged that night? The friar answered, he had lodged with the Huguenot minister. Then the countryman asked him what entertainment he had. The friar answered, "Very bad; for," said he, "I always held there were devils hunting these ministers' houses, and I am persuaded there was one with me last night, for I heard a continual whisper all the night over, which, I believe, was no other thing than the minister

and the devil conversing together." The countryman told him he was much mistaken, and that it was nothing else but the minister at his night prayers. "Oh," said the friar, "does the minister pray any?" "Yes, more than any man in France," answered the countryman, "and if you will please to stay another night with him, you may be satisfied." The friar got him home to Mr. Welch's house, and pretending indisposition, entreated another night's lodging, which was granted him.

Before dinner, Mr. Welch came from his chamber, and made his family exercise, according to his custom; and first he sung a Psalm, then read a portion of Scripture, and discoursed upon it; thereafter he prayed with great fervour, as his custom was, to all which the friar was an astonished witness. After the exercise they went to dinner, where the friar was very civilly entertained, Mr. Welch forbearing all question and dispute for that time. When the evening came, Mr. Welch made his exercise as he had done in the morning, which occasioned yet more wondering in the friar; and after supper, to bed they all went; but the friar longed much to know what the night-whisper was, and in that he was soon satisfied; for after Mr. Welch's first sleep, the noise began, and then the friar resolved to be sure what it was. So he creeped silently to Mr. Welch's chamber door, and there he heard not only the sound, but the words exactly, and communications betwixt God and man, and such as he knew not had been in the world. Upon this, the next morning, as soon as Mr. Welch was ready, the friar went to him, and told him that he had been in ignorance, and lived in darkness all his time; but now he was resolved to adventure his soul with Mr. Welch; and thereupon declared himself a Protestant. Mr. Welch welcomed him, and encouraged him; and he continued a constant Protestant to his dying day.

When Lewis XIII. of France made war upon the Protestants because of their religion, the city of St. Jean d'Angely was by him and his royal army besieged, and brought into extreme danger. Mr. Welch was minister in the town, and mightily encouraged the citizens to hold out, assuring them that God should deliver them. In the time of the siege, a cannon ball pierced the bed where he was lying, upon which he got up, but would not leave the room, till he had, by solemn prayer, acknowledged his deliverance. During this siege, the townsmen made stout defence, till once one of the king's gunners placed a great gun so conveniently upon a rising ground, that therewith he could command the whole wall upon which the townsmen made their greatest defence. Upon this they were constrained to forsake the whole wall in great terror, and though they had several guns planted upon the wall, no man durst undertake to manage them. This being told Mr. Welch with great affrightment, he, notwithstanding, encouraged them still to hold out; and, running to the wall himself, found the cannonier near the wall; him he entreated to mount the wall, promising to assist him in person; so to the wall they got. The cannonier told Mr. Welch, that either they behoved to dismount the gun upon the rising ground, or else they were surely lost. Mr. Welch desired him to aim well, and he should serve him, and God would help him; so the gunner falls a scouring his piece, and Mr. Welch ran to the powder to fetch him a charge; but as soon as he was returning, the

king's gunner fires his piece, which carried both the powder and shot out of Mr. Welch's hands, which yet did not discourage him, for having left the ladle, he filled his hat with powder, wherewith the gunner loaded his piece and dismounted the king's gun at the first shot. So the citizens returned to their post of defence.

This discouraged the king so that he sent to the citizens to offer them fair conditions; which were, that they should enjoy the liberty of their religion, and their civil privileges; but their walls should be demolished; only the king desired, for his honour, that he might enter the city with his servants in a friendly manner. This the city thought fit to grant, and the king with a few more entered the city for a short time. But while the king was in the city, Mr. Welch preached, as was his custom, which much offended the French court. So while he was at sermon, the king sent the Duke d'Espernon to fetch him out of the pulpit into his presence. The duke went with his guard, and as soon as he entered the church where Mr. Welch was preaching, Mr. Welch commanded to make way, and to set a seat that the duke might hear the word of the Lord. The duke, instead of interrupting him, sat down, and gravely heard the sermon to the end; and then told Mr. Welch, he behoved to go with him to the king, which Mr. Welch willingly did. When the duke came to the king, the king asked him why he brought not the minister with him, and why he did not interrupt him? The Duke answered, never man spake like this man, but that he had brought him with him; whereupon Mr. Welch is called, and when he entered the king's room, he kneeled upon his knees, and silently prayed for wisdom and assistance. Thereafter the king challenged him how he durst preach where he was, since it was against the law of France that any man should preach within the verge of his court? Mr. Welch answered, Sir, if you did right, you would come and hear me preach, and make all France hear me likewise. For, said he, I preach not as those men you hear preach; my preaching differs from them in these two points. First, I preach you must be saved by the death and merits of Jesus Christ, and not your own. Next, I preach, said he, that as you are king of France, you are under the authority and command of no man on earth. Those men, said he, whom you hear, subject you to the Pope of Rome, which I will never do. The king replied no more, but *Et bien, vous serez mon ministre.* "Well, well, you shall be my minister;" and some say, called him father; which is an honour the king of France bestows upon few of the greatest prelates in France. However, he was favourably dismissed at that time, and the king also left the city in peace.

After his flock in France was scattered, he obtained liberty to come to England, and his friends made hard suit that he might be permitted to return to Scotland, because the physicians declared there was no other way to preserve his life but by the freedom he might have in his native air. But to this King James would never yield, protesting he should never be able to establish his beloved bishops in Scotland if Mr. Welch were permitted to return thither. So he languished in London a considerable time. His disease was judged by some to have a tendency to a sort of leprosy: physicians said he had been poisoned. A langour he had, together with a great weakness in his knees, caused

with his continual kneeling at prayer; by which it came to pass that, though he was able to move his knees, and to walk, yet he was wholly insensible in them, and the flesh became hard like a sort of horn. But when, in the time of his weakness, he was desired to remit somewhat of his excessive labour, his answer was, he had his life from God, and therefore it should be spent for him.

His friends importuned King James very much, that if he might not return into Scotland, at least he might have liberty to preach at London, which King James would never grant, till he heard all hopes of life were past, and then he allowed him liberty to preach, not fearing his activity.

Then, as soon as ever he heard he might preach, he greedily embraced this liberty; and having access to a lecturer's pulpit, he went and preached both long and fervently, which was the last performance of his life: for after he had ended his sermon, he returned to his chamber, and within two hours, quietly, and without pain, he resigned his spirit into his Maker's hands, and was buried near Mr. Derling, the famous English divine, at little more than fifty-two years of age.

Our Scriptures.

A Paper Read before the London Baptist Association, October 6th, 1868.

BY T. D. MARSHALL.

MY paper deals with a question of great importance to us as individual Christians, as Baptists, as servants of the God of truth. I rejoice, dear brethren, that in this assembly there is no need to defend or commend the Scriptures. We know that fallen man needs a divine revelation, and we are convinced that we have that precious revelation in this blessed record, inspired by the Holy Ghost and authorised by the Son of God. The Scriptures by directing us to Christ have made us "wise unto salvation;" and since we have known the Lord we have discovered more and more of their value and importance. Are we teachers? The Scriptures are the only infallible record of divine truth. Are we soldiers? They are the only armoury in which are preserved the weapons of our warfare. Are we sowers? They are the granary from whence alone the good seed is to be obtained. But, brethren, besides this, the Scriptures are to be regarded by us as a *precious treasure committed by our God to our care.* They are OUR Scriptures. To Israel of old were committed that portion of "the oracles of God" which had then been delivered; to the jealous care of the true Israel; now is God's completed revelation entrusted; I say, to *our* care, for not to kings or governments, not to priests or societies, has God committed his Scriptures, but to his church—to those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ, and indwelt by his Spirit; and he has given the Scriptures unto us not only to preserve, but to diffuse them, and to spread the precious, purifying, and life-giving truths they contain. We cannot rest, we ought not to rest until "every creature" in every tongue and language has heard the name of Christ the Saviour; nor do we stop at hearing and believing; we earnestly desire, not merely that men may

be converted in every land, but that all the principles, precepts, and practices enjoined by our Lord and contained in his written word may be observed by those who are converted, according to his own command, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Though I do not myself think we should have obeyed the Lord's injunction to "*preach* the gospel to every creature." if we had placed a Bible in the hands of every man on earth ; for it is by the living voice that God mostly reaches the hearts of sinners; yet if the nations around us are to be evangelised and instructed in the principles and practices of Christ, who can sufficiently estimate the importance of giving in every tongue the true words of God, unmutilated and undefiled? And now I have to mention a fact which is, I believe, well known to some of the brethren, but with which others, I think, are unacquainted. Men are corrupting the word of God. Gainsayers are falsifying the divine record, and thus marring its blessed teaching. Rebels against the Great King are stealing from his armoury the weapons of his faithful soldiers. Enemies are poisoning the seed that should be sown in the earth. It is a painful and almost incredible fact, that tens of thousands of books, purporting to be translations of the Scriptures, are now being circulated in the different countries of Europe, which are altered, so as to hide the word of Christ and support the worst errors of Popery; and this is done at the expense of English Protestant Christians! To France, Germany, and Italy, to Spain, Portugal, and Poland, are being sent out from England corrupted Scriptures, from which may be taught the worship of Mary, the adoration of images, the invocation of saints, the sacrifice of the Mass, and the necessity of penance; while in them important words are left untranslated, in order to becloud the plain meaning of the divine Author. In these adulterated Bibles God is made to promise in Gen. iii. that "she," the woman, instead of "HE," Christ, shall bruise the serpent's head. Those who know the awful position assigned by the Romish system to their goddess Mary, whom they call the mother of God, and whom they actually exalt into a higher place than the Lord Jesus, will understand the terrible use to which this false rendering is put. Then idolatry is countenanced by the corruption of Hebrews xi. 21, where, instead of "Jacob when he was a dying . . worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff," it is said, he "Adored the top of his staff;" again, in Psalm xcix. 5, they say, "Worship the footstool of his feet, for it is holy," corrupted from "Worship at his footstool, for *he* is holy;" Job vi. is made to teach the worship of saints, "To which of the saints wilt thou turn?" being altered to, "Address yourself to some one of the saints." The Christ dishonouring Mass is supported by altering Matthew xxvi. 28, from "My blood which *is* shed," to "My blood which *shall be* shed;" and Acts xiii. 2, from "As they ministered to the Lord," to "When they were making sacrifice." Christ said, "Except ye repent, ye shall . . perish," but in this and in every other place where the word "Repent" is used, "do penance" is substituted. By this wicked and horrible deception, God's way of salvation is entirely hidden, and the power of a penance-appointing priest confirmed. But I will not prolong the narration of the terrible errors of the so-called Scriptures, which some

of us have been unwittingly assisting to circulate.* I will not venture to express what I feel about the conduct of those who persist, after many remonstrances, in disseminating these books: it appears to me to be utterly incapable of defence. Perhaps the most plausible among the many excuses offered for the practice, is the statement that Papists will receive Romish versions, and would not read the Scriptures faithfully translated. In reply to this, in the first place, I say that if we were to carry out that principle, we should have to supply the Hindoos with their Shasters, and send the Koran to the Mahomedans. It is our duty to promulgate the truth of God, let who will accept, and who will reject it. In the second place, I am convinced that it is not true that faithful versions of the Scriptures cannot be circulated in Popish countries. In Italy, they are in constant demand, and are far more welcome than the Romish. Indeed the continual complaint of native Christians, struggling against superstition is, that the Popish priest is able to find support for his falsehoods in the books sent out by Protestants in this country. The truth is that the Romish priests do not wish the people to have the Bible, or any part of the Bible, either corrupt or pure. In 1851, the Romish Archbishop of Milan, thus addressed his clergy, "It is unnecessary to remind you how repeatedly the Church, by the mouth of the Roman Pontiff, has forbidden her children to read the Bible in any vulgar tongue whatsoever, and has never sanctioned even the versions of the Catholic authors, though free from all suspicion;" the Romanist therefore who accepts, or purchases a Bible, knows that he does it without the consent of the priest, and in nearly every case will at least as readily receive a pure version. A lady was in the habit of visiting foreign ships in Plymouth harbour. She on one occasion offered a parcel of Bibles, issued by a Protestant Bible Society, to a Spanish Christian captain, and he readily received them. Some months after, the ship returned to Plymouth, and the lady visited it again, when the captain begged to return the books, saying he could not use them as they were made to teach the very errors he had renounced. The Rev. Carus Wilson thus writes, "My experience and that of every friend with whom I have been associated abroad, goes to prove that it is just as easy to circulate Protestant versions as Romish ones. My good friends, Captain Kelly, Mr. Stuart, and myself, when wintering at Vevey, got about a thousand Testaments into Savoy, and the Canton de Valais. The next year, Mr. Stuart, and myself, with another friend, got more than three thousand Bibles circulated through Sardinia. They were entirely Protestant ones, and there was not the least difficulty." The Rev. Thomas Boys, says, "During two years' residence in the dominions of the Pope, I was never once asked for a Roman Catholic Bible. I was asked repeatedly for a correct version of the original Scriptures." Testimonies such as these might be multiplied a thousandfold; but whatever the result may be, *it never can be right to do wrong.* Should our president write a letter to this association, and some person get possession of the epistle, and misrepresent his sentiments by

* The reader is referred to an important pamphlet, entitled, "*The circulation of Roman Catholic versions of the Bible, by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The defence of the practice examined, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.*" Published by William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row. Price Sixpence.

altering some of his expressions, every one would condemn the wrong; and if we afterwards were to print and circulate the falsified document, we should be partakers of the guilt; surely it is far greater error—shall I not say CRIME?—to intentionally falsify the words of God himself, and to circulate as his the fabrication. Foremost in this pernicious practice stands the British and Foreign Bible Society,* and I fear that it is utterly hopeless to expect them to abandon it, as they have for years steadily resisted every remonstrance and appeal, sometimes denying and sometimes justifying their course. Only this year they have refused to listen to the entreaties of Polish Christians, that they would rectify the gross errors in their version of the Polish Bible, and they are publishing a new edition of *the Romish version* in Portuguese. I close with two enquiries. *First.* To what extent is it desirable that we as servants of Christ, and ministers of his word, should, by contributions, or otherwise, co-operate with the British and Foreign Bible Society? *Secondly.* And this is even more important; can anything be done towards providing *pure* and *complete* versions of the Scriptures, in the languages of the heathen nations of Europe?

Petrified Books.

PETRARCH'S works are said to have laid so long in the roof of St. Mark's at Venice that they became turned into stone; by what process deponent sayeth not. To many men it might well seem that the word of God had become petrified, for they receive it as a hard lifeless creed, a stone upon which to sharpen the daggers of controversy, a stumbling-block for young beginners, a millstone with which to break opponents' heads, after the manner of Abimelech at Thebez. A man must have a stout digestion to feed upon some men's theology; no sap, no sweetness, no life, but all stern accuracy, and fleshless definition. Proclaimed without tenderness and argued without affection, the gospel from such men rather resembles a missile from a catapult than bread from a Father's table. Teeth are needlessly broken over the grit of systematic theology, while souls are famishing. To turn stones into bread was the temptation of our Master, but how many of his servants yield readily to the far worse temptation to turn bread into stone! Go thy way, metaphysical divine, to the stone-yard and break granite for McAdam, but stand not in the way of loving spirits who would feed the family of God with living bread. The inspired word is to us spirit and life, and we cannot afford to have it hardened into a huge monolith or a spiritual Stonehenge—sublime, but cold—majestic, but lifeless; far rather would we have it as our own household book, our bosom companion, the poor man's counsellor and friend.

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* Our esteem for this Society is so great that we would yet hope that it will refrain from aiding grossly inaccurate versions. Surely our dear brethren of the committee will see this to be wrong in principle; we cannot believe that they would persevere in it for a moment if they saw it as we do.—EDITOR.

Be Just, and Fear not.

A Tract for the Elections.

THE question in debate at the forthcoming election lies in a nutshell. It is a question of right and wrong which any honest man may decide without the help of lawyers, orators, or divines. Ought not every man to support his own religion? Has any church a right to tax those who hate it, or to compel its opponents to support it? In Ireland, nine persons of one religion are forced to pay their share towards the support of the religion of the tenth man, whose faith they detest. *Is this just?* Whether the nine men are Mahometans or Jews does not enter into the essence of the question, and if the tenth man be or be not the most orthodox of Christians, the enquiry is not at all affected, for it stands thus:—Ought the tenth man to force the other nine to ease him in the personal duty of supporting his religion, and has he any right to make them submit to the establishment of his church as the church of the whole ten? In the present case, the nine (who are mostly poor men) first support their own clergyman, and then are required to pay their quota towards the minister of the tenth, who is usually rich. Is this justice? If the nine were Protestants, and the tenth a Romanist, what would Protestants think of the case? Candid Protestants will own that they would not deliberate for a moment, but would be most resolute in sweeping away so glaring an oppression without a moment's needless delay. But if the victims in this case are Romanists, is it any the less wrong to do them an injustice? Is it more right for a Protestant to be an oppressor than for any other man? Does our superior light entitle us to do wrong? Ought it not rather to forbid our dealing ungenerously? Honourable minds would rather be oppressed than oppressing, and candid persons think a wrong done by Protestants, who boast their love of liberty, to be more lamentable than one perpetrated by Catholics prejudiced by long ages of superstition. Better far to be persecuted for righteousness' sake than to do violence to other men's consciences under the notion of upholding the truth. In the name of our reformed faith, let no Romanist suffer injustice at our hands, lest our good cause be defiled.

The case is too simple for our opponents to meet it on its own merits, they therefore try to bamboozle the public mind by raising party cries and agitating other questions. We are told that Protestantism will be endangered by disendowing the Irish church! As if Episcopalianism and Protestantism were one and the same thing. Look around, electors, and see if the Episcopal Church is not doing more to bring back Popery into England than any other agency in existence. What are these Ritualists but Papists almost undisguised? Are they not all but avowed Romanists? The cry of "No Popery" ill becomes the mouth of a Church of England clergyman, when it is by men of his cloth that the ceremonies of Rome are being forced upon us: the fox, with the hen in his mouth, might almost as well cry out, "No robbing of hen roosts!" Are not the Dissenting churches the most thorough Protestant communities in the land? Is it not a fact that very few of their ministers, or members, ever go over to Rome? Do they not, almost without a single exception

advocate justice to Ireland? Are not these sound Protestants very well able to judge what will injure Protestantism? Are they not quite as much in earnest to maintain religious liberty and the reformed faith as any set of men living? They have suffered long; their roll of martyrs is all but endless; depend upon it they are not the men to lift a finger to bring back Popery or even to aid its growth. Yet they all demand the disestablishment of the Irish Church, because they believe that injustice weakens the cause which is guilty of it, and that error is strengthened by oppression. They believe that it is for the best interests of Protestantism that everything like religious ascendancy should vanish. Truth they conceive to be most likely to conquer when unattended by anything like force and injustice. They hope that the day when religious equality is fully established will be the beginning of the end in which superstitions of all sorts will be utterly vanquished amid the songs of an educated and Christian people. Even if this hope did not cheer the honest man, even if he felt that his true faith might for awhile suffer loss, he dares not do evil that good may come; he leaves results with the eternal Patron of right, and commands that justice be done if the heavens fall.

The extreme age of the endowments of the Irish church is urged in their defence, but no lapse of time can make wrong right, or give immunity to robbery. Slavery was an ancient system, but it was right to abolish it, and the same holds good of state-churchism. The government has in past ages transferred ecclesiastical property from one sect to another by the same paramount right which now justifies it, while respecting all existing interests, in using church property for the general good. No one proposes to touch the private property of any church, it is only with its public endowments that the State will deal; they are now the source of continual irritation and abiding injustice. That noble statesman, Mr. Gladstone, is to be honoured for proclaiming that funds so long a curse to Ireland shall henceforth be employed for the benefit of the commonwealth.

Let every Christian vote for the proposed deed of justice as devoutly as he would pray, and feel as earnest in promoting it as in living righteously in his private life. Let Churchmen rise to disinterested nobility, as some of their clergy have done, and think more of right and of the national good than of party and power. Let Dissenters remember how long their fathers were oppressed, and show their gratitude to God for their present liberties by demanding the same justice for others which they hope to receive themselves. The sin of a national establishment founded in wrong belongs to us all as citizens until by voice and vote we have protested against its continuance. We must not be partakers of other men's sins, as we shall be if our inaction gives assent to them. We must do to others as we would that they should do to us; and as we would ourselves be free from oppression, we must aid our fellow subjects in dashing to the ground the galling yoke. Even if we avoid political discussions at other times, on this occasion we must act vigorously and promptly, and MAY GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

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Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXV.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David.—*Here is all we know concerning this Psalm, but internal evidence seems to fix the date of its composition in those troublous times when Saul hunted David over hill and dale, and when those who fawned upon the cruel king, slandered the innocent object of his wrath, or it may be referred to the unquiet days of frequent insurrections in David's old age. The whole Psalm is the appeal to heaven of a bold heart and a clear conscience, irritated beyond measure by oppression and malice. Beyond a doubt David's Lord may be seen here by the spiritual eye.*

DIVISIONS.—*The most natural mode of dividing this Psalm is to note its triple character. Its complaint, prayer, and promise of praise are repeated with remarkable parallelism three times, even as our Lord in the Garden prayed three times, using the same words. The first portion occupies from verse* 1 to 10, *the second from* 11 to 18, *and the last from* 19 *to the close; each section ending with a note of grateful song.*

EXPOSITION.

PLEAD *my cause*, O LORD, with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me.

2 Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help.

3 Draw out also the spear, and stop *the way* against them that persecute me: say unto my soul, I *am* thy salvation.

4 Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek after my soul: let them be turned back and brought to confusion that devise my hurt.

5 Let them be as chaff before the wind: and let the angel of the LORD chase *them*.

6 Let their way be dark and slippery; and let the angel of the LORD persecute them.

7 For without cause have they hid for me their net *in* a pit, *which* without cause they have digged for my soul.

8 Let destruction come upon him at unawares; and let his net that he hath hid catch himself: into that very destruction let him fall.

9 And my soul shall be joyful in the LORD: it shall rejoice in his salvation.

10 All my bones shall say, LORD, who *is* like unto thee, which deliverest the poor from him that is too strong for him, yea, the poor and the needy from him that spoileth him?

1. "*Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me.*" Plead against those who plead against me; strive with my strivers; contend with my contenders. If they urge their suit in the law-court, Lord, meet them there, and beat them at their own weapons. Every saint of God shall have this privilege: the accuser of the brethren shall be met by the Advocate of the saints. "*Fight against them that fight against me.*" If my adversaries try force as well as fraud, be a match for them; oppose thy strength to their strength. Jesus does this for all his beloved—for them he is both intercessor and champion; whatever aid they need they shall receive from him, and in whatever manner

they are assaulted they shall be effectually defended. Let us not fail to leave our case into the Lord's hand. Vain is the help of man, but ever effectual is the interposition of heaven. What is here asked for as a boon, may be regarded as a promise to all the saints; in judgment they shall have a divine advocate, in warfare a divine protection.

2. "*Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help.*" In vivid metaphor the Lord is pictured as coming forth armed for battle, and interposing himself between his servant and his enemies. The greater and lesser protections of providence may be here intended by the two defensive weapons, and by the Lord's standing up is meant his active and zealous preservation of his servant in the perilous hour. This poetic imagery shows how the psalmist realised the existence and power of God; and thought of him as a real and actual personage, truly working for his afflicted.

3. "*Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me.*" Before the enemy comes to close quarters the Lord can push them off as with a long spear. To stave off trouble is no mean act of lovingkindness. As when some valiant warrior with his lance blocks up a defile, and keeps back a host until his weaker brethren have made good their escape, so does the Lord often hold the believer's foes at bay until the good man has taken breath, or clean fled from his foes. He often gives the foes of Zion some other work to do, and so gives rest to his church. What a glorious idea is this of Jehovah blocking the way of persecutors, holding them at the pike's end, and giving time for the hunted saint to elude their pursuit! "*Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.*" Besides holding off the enemy, the Lord can also calm the mind of his servant by express assurance from his own mouth, that he is, and shall be, safe under the Almighty wing. An inward persuasion of security in God is of all things the most precious in the furnace of persecution. One word from the Lord quiets all our fears.

4. "*Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek after my soul.*" There is nothing malicious here, the slandered man simply craves for justice, and the petition is natural and justifiable. Guided by God's good spirit the psalmist foretells the everlasting confusion of all the haters of the righteous. Shameful disappointment shall be the portion of the enemies of the gospel, nor would the most tender-hearted Christian have it otherwise: viewing sinners as men, we love them and seek their good, but regarding them as enemies of God, we cannot think of them with anything but detestation, and a loyal desire for the confusion of their devices. No loyal subject can wish well to rebels. Squeamish sentimentality may object to the strong language here used, but in their hearts all good men wish confusion to mischief-makers.

5. "*Let them be as chaff before the wind.*" They were swift enough to attack, let them be as swift to flee. Let their own fears and the alarms of their consciences unman them so that the least breeze of trouble shall carry them hither and thither. Ungodly men are worthless in character, and light in their behaviour, being destitute of solidity and fixedness; it is but just that those who make themselves chaff should be treated as such. When this imprecation is fulfilled in graceless men, they will find it an awful thing to be for ever without rest, without peace of mind, or stay of soul, hurried from fear to fear, and from misery to misery. "*And let the angel of the Lord chase them.*" Fallen angels shall haunt them, good angels shall afflict them. To be pursued by avenging spirits will be the lot of those who delight in persecution. Observe the whole scene as the psalmist sketches it: the furious foe is first held at bay, then turned back, then driven to headlong flight, and chased by fiery messengers from whom there is no escape, while his pathway becomes dark and dangerous, and his destruction overwhelming.

6. "*Let their way be dark and slippery.*" What terrors are gathered here! No light, no foothold, and a fierce avenger at their heels! What a doom is appointed for the enemies of God! They may rage and rave to-day, but how altered will be their plight ere long! "*And let the angel of the Lord persecute*

them." He will follow them hotfoot, as we say, never turning aside, but like a trusty pursuivant serving the writ of vengeance upon them, and arresting them in the name of unflinching justice. Woe, woe, woe, unto those who touch the people of God; their destruction is both swift and sure.

7. In this verse the psalmist brings forward the gravamen of his charge against the servants of the devil. "*For without cause*"—without my having injured, assailed, or provoked them: out of their own spontaneous malice "*have they hid for me their net in a pit*," even as men hunt for their game with cunning and deception. Innocent persons have often been ruined by traps set for them, into which they have fallen as guilelessly as beasts which stumble into concealed pits, and are taken as in a net. It is no little thing to be able to feel that the enmity which assails us is undeserved—uncaused by any wilful offence on our part. Twice does David assert in one verse that his adversaries plotted against him "*without cause*." Net-making and pit-digging require time and labour, and both of these the wicked will expend cheerfully if they may but overthrow the people of God. Fair warfare belongs to honourable men, but the assailants of God's church prefer mean, ungenerous schemes, and so prove their nature and their origin. We must all of us be on our guard, for gins and pitfalls are still the favourite weapons of the powers of evil.

8. "*Let destruction come upon him at unawares*." This tremendous imprecation is frequently fulfilled. God's judgments are often sudden and signal. Death enters the persecutor's house without pausing to knock at the door. The thunderbolt of judgment leaps from its hiding-place, and in one crash the wicked are broken for ever. "*And let his net that he hath hid catch himself: into that very destruction let him fall*." There is a *lex talionis* with God which often works most wonderfully. Men set traps and catch their own fingers. They throw up stones, and they fall upon their own heads. How often Satan outwits himself, and burns his fingers with his own coals! This will doubtless be one of the aggravations of hell, that men will torment themselves with what were once the fond devices of their rebellious minds. They curse and are cursed; they kick the pricks and tear themselves; they pour forth floods of fire, and it burns them within and without.

9. "*And my soul shall be joyful in the Lord*." Thus rescued, David ascribes all the honour to the Judge of the right; to his own valorous arm he offers no sacrifice of boasting. He turns away from his adversaries to his God, and finds a deep unbroken joy in Jehovah, and in that joy his spirit revels. "*It shall rejoice in his salvation*." We do not triumph in the destruction of others, but in the salvation given to us of God. Prayer heard should always suggest praise. It were well if we were more demonstrative in our holy rejoicings. We rob God by suppressing grateful emotions.

10. As if the tongue were not enough to bless God with, David makes every limb vocal—"*All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?*" His whole anatomy he would make resonant with gratitude. Those bones which were to have been broken by my enemies shall now praise God; every one of them shall bring its tribute, ascribing unrivalled excellence to Jehovah the Saviour of his people. Even if worn to skin and bone, yet my very skeleton shall magnify the Lord, "*which deliverest the poor from him that is too strong for him, yea, the poor and the needy from him that spoileth him*." God is the champion, the true knight-errant of all oppressed ones. Where there is so much condescension, justice, kindness, power, and compassion, the loftiest songs should be rendered. Come, dear reader, have you not been delivered from sin, Satan, and death, and will not you bless the Redeemer? You were poor and weak, but in due time Christ sought you, and set you free. O magnify the Lord to-day, and speak well of his name.

11 False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge *things* that I knew not.

12 They rewarded me evil for good *to* the spoiling of my soul.

13 But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing *was* sackcloth: I humbled my soul with fasting; and my prayer returned into mine own bosom.

14 I behaved myself as though *he had been* my friend *or* brother: I bowed down heavily as one that mourneth *for his* mother.

15 But in mine adversity they rejoiced, and gathered themselves together: *yea*, the abjects gathered themselves together against me, and I knew *it* not; they did tear *me*, and ceased not:

16 With hypocritical mockers in feasts, they gnashed upon me with their teeth.

17 Lord, how long wilt thou look on? rescue my soul from their destructions, my darling from the lions.

18 I will give thee thanks in the great congregation: I will praise thee among much people.

11. "*False witnesses did rise up.*" This is the old device of the ungodly, and we must not wonder if it be used against us as against our Master. To please Saul, there were always men to be found mean enough to impeach David. "*They laid to my charge things that I knew not.*" He had not even a thought of sedition; he was loyal even to excess; yet they accused him of conspiring against the Lord's anointed. He was not only innocent, but ignorant of the fault alleged. It is well when our hands are so clean that no trace of dirt is upon them.

12. "*They rewarded me evil for good.*" This is devilish; but men have learned the lesson well of the old Destroyer, and practise it most perfectly. "*To the spoiling of my soul.*" They robbed him of comfort, and even would have taken his life had it not been for special rescues from the hand of God. The wicked would strip the righteous naked to their very soul: they know no pity. There are only such limits to human malice as God himself may see fit to place.

13. "*But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth.*" David had been a man of sympathy; he had mourned when Saul was in ill health, putting on the weeds of sorrow for him as though he were a near and dear friend. His heart went into mourning for his sick master. "*I humbled my soul with fasting.*" He prayed for his enemy, and made the sick man's case his own, pleading and confessing as if his own personal sin had brought on the evil. This showed a noble spirit in David, and greatly aggravated the baseness of those who now so cruelly persecuted him. "*And my prayer returned into mine own bosom.*" Prayer is never lost: if it bless not those for whom intercession is made, it shall bless the intercessors. Clouds do not always descend in showers upon the same spot from which the vapours ascended, but they come down somewhere; and even so do supplications in some place or other yield their showers of mercy. If our dove find no rest for the sole of her foot among our enemies, it shall fly into our bosoms and bring an olive branch of peace in its mouth. How sharp is the contrast all through this Psalm between the righteous and his enemies! We must be earnest to keep the line of demarcation broad and clear.

14. "*I behaved myself as though he had been my friend or brother:*" I waited on him assiduously, comforted him affectionately, and sympathised with him deeply. This may refer to those days when David played on the harp, and chased away the evil spirit from Saul. "*I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother.*" He bowed his head as mourners do. The strongest natural grief was such as he felt when they were in trouble. The mother usually wins the deepest love, and her loss is most keenly felt: such was David's grief. How few professors in these days have such bowels of compassion; and yet under

the gospel there should be far more tender love than under the law. Had we more hearty love to manhood, and care for its innumerable ills, we might be far more useful; certainly we should be infinitely more Christ-like. "He prayeth best that loveth best."

15. "*But in mine adversity they rejoiced.*" In my halting they were delighted. My lameness was sport to them. Danger was near, and they sang songs over my expected defeat. How glad are the wicked to see a good man limp! "Now," say they, "he will meet with his downfall." "*And gathered themselves together,*" like kites and vultures around a dying sheep. They found a common joy in my ruin, and a recreation in my sorrow, and therefore met together to keep the feast. They laid their heads together to devise, and their tongues to deceive. "*Yea, the abjects gathered themselves together against me.*" Those who deserved horsewhipping, fellows the soles of whose feet were needing the bastinado, came together to plot, and held hole-and-corner meetings. Like curs around a sick lion, the mean wretches taunted and insulted one whose name had been their terror. The very cripples hobbled out to join the malicious crew. How unanimous are the powers of evil; how heartily do men serve the devil; and none decline his service because they are not endowed with great abilities! "*I knew it not.*" It was all done behind my back. What a fluster the world may be in, and the cause of it all may not even know that he has given offence. "*They did tear me, and ceased not.*" It is such dainty work to tear to pieces a good man's character, that when slanderers have their hand in they are loath to leave off. A pack of dogs tearing their prey is nothing compared with a set of malicious gossips mauling the reputation of a worthy man. That lovers of the gospel are not at this time rent and torn as in the old days of Mary, is to be attributed to the providence of God rather than to the gentleness of men.

16. "*With hypocritical mockers in feasts, they gnashed upon me with their teeth.*" Like professional buffoons who grin around the banquet to make sport, so they made a business of jeering at the good man; not, however, out of mirth, but from violent, insatiable hatred. Like cake-scoffers, or men who will jeer for a bit of bread, these hireling miscreants persecuted David in order to get a bellyfull for themselves from Saul's table: having moreover an inward grudge against the son of Jesse because he was a better man themselves.

Very forcibly might our Lord have used the words of these verses! Let us not forget to see the Despised and Rejected of men here painted to the life. Calvary and the ribald crew around the cross seem brought before our eyes.

17. "*Lord, how long wilt thou look on?*" Why be a mere spectator? Why so neglectful of thy servant? Art thou indifferent? Carest thou not that we perish? We may thus reason with the Lord. He permits us this familiarity. There is a time for our salvation, but to our impatience it often seems to be very slow in coming; yet wisdom has ordained the hour, and nothing shall delay it. "*Rescue my soul from their destructions.*" From their many devices; their multiplied assaults, be pleased to set me free. "*My darling,*" my lovely, only, precious soul, do thou rescue "*from the lions.*" His enemies were fierce, cunning, and strong as young lions; God only could deliver him from their jaws, to God he therefore addresses himself.

18. "*I will give thee thanks in the great congregation.* Notable deliverances must be recorded, and their fame emblazoned. All the saints should be informed of the Lord's goodness. The theme is worthy of the largest assembly; the experience of a believer is a subject fit for an assembled universe to hear of. Most men publish their griefs, good men should proclaim their mercies. "*I will praise thee among much people.*" Among friends and foes will I glorify the God of my salvation. Praise—personal praise, public praise, perpetual praise—should be the daily revenue of the King of heaven. Thus, for the second time, David's prayer ends in praise, as indeed all prayer should.

19 Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice over

me: *neither* let them wink with the eye that hate me without a cause.

20 For they speak not peace: but they devise deceitful matters against *them that are* quiet in the land.

21 Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me, *and* said, Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it.

22 *This* thou hast seen, O LORD: keep not silence: O Lord, be not far from me.

23 Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgment, *even* unto my cause, my God and my Lord.

24 Judge me, O LORD, my God, according to thy righteousness; and let them not rejoice over me.

25 Let them not say in their hearts, Ah, so would we have it: let them not say, We have swallowed him up.

26 Let them be ashamed and brought to confusion together that rejoice at mine hurt: let them be clothed with shame and dishonour that magnify *themselves* against me.

27 Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause: yea, let them say continually, Let the LORD be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.

28 And my tongue shall speak of thy righteousness *and* of thy praise all the day long.

19. He earnestly prays that as they have no cause for their enmity, they may have no cause for triumph either in his folly, sin, or overthrow. "*Neither let them wink with the eye that hate me without a cause.*" The winking of the eye was the low-bred sign of congratulation at the ruin of their victim, and it may also have been one of their scornful gestures as they gazed upon him whom they despised. To cause hatred is the mark of the wicked, to suffer it causelessly is the lot of the righteous. God is the natural Protector of all who are wronged, and he is the enemy of all oppressors.

20. "*For they speak not peace.*" They love it not; how can they speak it? They are such troublers themselves that they cannot judge others to be peaceable. Out of the mouth comes what is in the heart. Riotous men charge others with sedition. "*They devise deceitful matters against them that are quiet in the land.*" David would fain have been an orderly citizen, but they laboured to make him a rebel. He could do nothing aright, all his dealings were misrepresented. This is an old trick of the enemy to brand good men with S.S. on their cheeks, as sowers of sedition, though they have ever been a harmless race, like sheep among wolves. When mischief is meant, mischief is soon made. Unscrupulous partisans could even charge Jesus with seeking to overturn Cæsar, much more will they thus accuse his household. At this very hour, those who stand up for the crown rights of King Jesus are called enemies of the church, favourers of Popery, friends of Atheists, levellers, red republicans, and it were hard to say what besides. Billingsgate and Babylon are in league.

21. "*Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me.*" As if they would swallow him. Uttering great lies which needed wide mouths. They set no bounds to their infamous charges, but poured out wholesale abuse, trusting that if all did not stick, some of it would. "*And said, Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it.*" Glad to find out a fault or a misfortune, or to swear they had seen evil where there was none. Malice has but one eye; it is blind to all virtue in its enemy. Eyes can generally see what hearts wish. A man with a mote in his eye sees a spot in the sun. How like a man is to an ass when he brays over another's misfortunes! how like to a devil when he laughs a hyæna-laugh over a good

man's slips! Malice is folly, and when it holds a festival its tones and gestures far exceed all the freaks and mummeries of the lord of misrule.

22. "*This thou hast seen, O Lord.*" Here is comfort. Our heavenly Father knows all our sorrow. Omniscience is the saint's candle which never goes out. A father will not long endure to see his child abused. Shall not God avenge his own elect? "*Keep not silence.*" Rebuke thine enemies and mine, O Lord. A word will do it. Clear my character, comfort my heart. "*O Lord, be not far from me.*" Walk the furnace with me. Stand in the pillory at my side. The sweet presence of God is the divine cordial of the persecuted; his painful absence would be their deepest misery.

"23. *Stir up thyself.*" Be upon thy mettle. Prove that thou art no indifferent witness to all this infamy. "*Awake to my judgment.*" Take the sceptre and summon the great assize; vindicate justice, avenge oppression. Do not tarry as men do who sleep. "*Even unto my cause, my God and my Lord*" He claims a nearness to his God, he holds him with both hands; he leaves his case with the righteous Judge. He begs that the suit may be brought on, heard, tried, and verdict given. Well is it for a man when his conscience is so clear that he dares to make such an appeal.

24. The appeal is here repeated; the plaintiff feels that the joy of his accusers will be shortlived as soon as impartial justice rules. The oppressors' wrong, the proud man's contumely, the fool's grimace—all, all will cease when the righteous Lord sits down upon the judgment seat.

25. "*Let them not say in their hearts, Ah, so would we have it: let them not say, We have swallowed him up.*" Disappoint them of their prey when their mouths are ready to swallow it. Saints are too dear a morsel for the powers of evil; God will not give his sheep over to the wolfish jaws of persecutors. Just when they are tuning their pipes to celebrate their victory, they shall be made to laugh on the other side of their mouths. They are all too sure, and too boastful; they reckon without their host: little do they dream of the end which will be put to their scheming. Their bird shall be flown, and they themselves shall be in the trap. The prayer of this text is a promise. Even before the lips of the wicked can frame a speech of exultation, they shall be disappointed; their heart-speech shall be forestalled, their wishes frustrated, their knavish tricks exposed.

26. Here is the eternal result of all the laborious and crafty devices of the Lord's enemies. God will make little of them, though they "*magnified themselves;*" he will shame them for shaming his people, bring them to confusion for making confusion, pull off their fine apparel and give them a beggarly suit of dishonour, and turn all their rejoicing into weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Truly, the saints can afford to wait.

27. "*Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause.*" Even those who could not render him active aid, but in their hearts favoured him, David would have the Lord reward most abundantly. Men of tender heart set great store by the good wishes and prayers of the Lord's people. Jesus also prizes those whose hearts are with his cause. The day is coming when shouts of victory shall be raised by all who are on Christ's side, for the battle will turn, and the foes of truth shall be routed. "*Yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified.*" He would have their gladness contributory to the divine glory; they are not to shout to David's praise, but for the honour of Jehovah. Such acclamations may fitly be continued throughout time and eternity. "*Which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.*" They recognised David as the Lord's servant, and saw with pleasure the Lord's favour to him. We can have no nobler title than "servant of God," and no greater reward than for our Master to delight in our prosperity. What true prosperity may be we are not always best able to judge. We must leave that in Jesus' hand; he will not fail to rule all things for our highest good.

"For by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is always best."

28. Unceasing praise is here vowed to the just and gracious God. From morning till evening the grateful tongue would talk and sing, and glorify the Lord. O for such a resolve carried out by us all!

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Jesus our Advocate and Champion; our friend in the courts of heaven and the battles of earth.

Verse 2.—Jesus armed as the defender of the faithful.

Verse 3.—Enemies kept at arm's length. How the Lord does this and the blessedness of it to us.

Last clause.—Full assurance. An assurance positive, personal, spiritual, present, divine, complete, coming by a word from God.

Verse 4.—The everlasting confusion of the devil.

Verse 6.—The horrible pilgrimage of the ungodly.

Verse 9.—Joy in God and in his salvation.

Verse 10.—A matchless God, and his matchless grace—these are the themes. An experienced heart, thoroughly quickened—this is the songster; and from this cometh matchless music.

The music of a shattered harp.

Verse 13.—Christian sympathy even for the froward.

Last clause.—Personal benefit of intercessory prayer.

Verse 15.—The shameful conspiracy of men against our Lord Jesus at his passion.

Verse 17.—The limit of divine endurance.

Verse 18.—The duty, blessedness, and seasonableness of public praise.

Verse 22.—Omniscience pleaded, a word sought for, presence requested, action entreated, affiance urged as a claim.

Verse 27 *(last clause).*—What is that prosperity in which the Lord hath pleasure?

Verse 28.—A blessed theme, a fitting tongue, an endless speech.

The Character and Occupation of the High Priest.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

"Now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum: We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man."—Hebrews viii. 1, 2.

IN these words, dear friends, the apostle returns to the main aim of his Epistle, "We have such an high priest," &c. He was afraid lest you should let the chief thing out of your mind, so he here returns to it, "We have such an high priest." Brethren, this is the sum of the Epistle to the Hebrews—this is the chief object of the Bible—to show you the work, the beauty, the glory, the excellency of this high priest. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." This is the sum of all our preaching—"I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Brethren, this is the sum of your belief—this is the precious corner-stone. It is good to know other things; but the main thing is, to know that "We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched and not man." It is amazing how soon we forget this.

Let us observe three things from these words: First, *the character of the high priest*—"We have *such* an high priest;" secondly, *the place of the high priest*—"Seated on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens;" thirdly, *the occupation of the high priest*—"A minister of the sanctuary," &c.

I. First of all, THE CHARACTER OF THE HIGH PRIEST. What a deal of meaning we have sometimes contained in a little word!—"We have *such* an high priest." That little word "such," expresses all that the apostle was speaking about Christ. If a Jew were speaking of Aaron, he would speak of

him somewhat in this manner, "We have an high priest taken from among men;" and then he would describe his garments for glory and for beauty, and his breastplate, on which were the names of the children of Israel; and when he came to the end, he would say, "Such an high priest became us." Now, this is what Paul does in the seven previous chapters—he describes Christ And just look at the character he had gone over. First. In the first chapter, he went over *his Godhead:* He was the Son—the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, &c. He is better than the angels—"All the angels worship him." "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." "And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thine hands," &c. This is he that purged away our sins by the sacrifice of himself—this is he that now prays for us. Secondly. Then, think again of *his manhood.* This is spoken of in the second chapter, "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands." "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same." "He took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren," &c. This is the high priest that went in within the veil for us. And then, thirdly. Think of *his compassion.* Paul speaks of this in the fourth chapter, "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He was "taken from among men:" he was one "who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way:" he is one that went through a deeper line of sorrow than ever we are called to go. Then again, fourthly. Think of *his call to his office.* This is mentioned in the fifth and seventh chapters, "So also Christ glorified not himself to be made an high priest; but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee." "For those priests were made without an oath, but this with an oath by him that said unto him, The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." We have *such* an high priest—we have one whom God chose, "mine elect in whom my soul delighteth"—the fittest being God could find. And then, fifthly. Think again of *his work.* This is not fully mentioned till after. You will see something of it in the first chapter, and in the fifth chapter, "Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way," &c. (to the end of the seventh verse). Sixthly. And then, think again of *his eternity.* This is mentioned over and over in the seventh chapter, "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually." And then again, "They truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death; but this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood." Seventhly. And last of all, think of *his holiness.* This is mentioned in the seventh chapter, "Such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." This is the high priest that we now have. Brethren, this is the sum of the whole Epistle to the Hebrews; it is the whole sum of our preaching. Many of you last Sabbath said, when you took the bread and wine into your hands, "I have such an high priest." Well, I would say, hold him; for remember, you are to retain peace with God by having such an high priest: There is no other way of having peace with God. "We have such an high priest." This is the sum of your peace, your joy, your hope. If you can say this in life, and at death, "We have such an high priest," all hell cannot deprive you of it. Put your hand in his. Brethren, there are many of you who have not such an high priest. Oh! what shall I say to you, but just this, if you have no high priest,

you have no pardon—you have no peace—you have no access to God! How will you stand before him? O will you not come with us? We have such an high priest. We are no better than you: we have sinned the same sins with you: but, oh! *we have* such an high priest.

II. Let me for a moment speak of the second thing opened up in these words; and that is, THE PLACE OF THE HIGH PRIEST—"We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens."

There are three places in this epistle where Christ is spoken of as sitting at the Father's right hand. The first is in the first chapter, third verse, "Who, being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." It was after he had purged away our sins that he sat down on his Father's right hand. The second is in the tenth chapter, eleventh verse, "And every priest standeth daily ministering, and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins. But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." The third is in the passage before us, "We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." There are three things to be learned from this.

First. *The perfection of Christ's atonement.* When the high priest had slain the lamb, and gone in with its blood into the holiest of all, *he stood;* but it was different with Christ; for, when he had offered his sacrifice, he went in and *sat down* for ever at his Father's right hand. He said when he was on earth, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." If he had not, by his one offering, purged away our sins, he had never sat down at the Father's right hand: he would have been sent back to finish the work.

Secondly. *It teaches us how dear he is to the Father.* The right hand is the place of honour. You remember it is the place where Solomon placed his mother, Bath-sheba: he rose up and bowed to her, and placed her at his right hand. It is the place of affection; so those of you who are Christ's will sit with him on his throne.

Thirdly. *That all power is given to Christ.* The right hand is the place of power. Christ said, when he stood before the high priest, "Hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." If Christ has all power, then, he shall not let me and you perish. The winds and waves may dash against the barque, but it cannot sink, for Christ is in it!

III. HIS OCCUPATION. Verse 2—"A minister of the sanctuary, and of the true Tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man."

When Christ ascended up on high, he entered into his rest, but he did not rest from his work—he is a minister still. When he was on earth he was a minister—he is the same still. Some of you will say, "What does he do?" First. *He appears in the presence of God for us.* When you sin, or when Satan accuses you, he appears for you; he is a minister of the true Tabernacle. Secondly. *He receives our prayers.* He goes round the church to receive the prayers of every praying soul. Thirdly. *He offers up our holy gifts.* Just as Aaron offered up all the gifts of Israel, so Christ, our better Aaron, offers up our gifts. He is a minister of the true Tabernacle. Fourthly. And then, last of all, *He prays for us.* Just as Aaron had on his breastplate jewels, on which were engraved the names of the children of Israel, so is it with Christ—our names he bears on his heart. When Satan desires to have you, that he may sift you as wheat, Christ is praying for you, that your faith fail not. This is the sum of saving knowledge. Brethren, can you say, "I have such an high priest?" If you can, do not take up your mind about anything else. And unto all I would say, no man cometh unto the Father but by Jesus. May the Lord bless his word! Amen.

Relative Trials.

TO a sensitive mind no chastisement is so severe as that which falls obliquely upon it through the pain and sorrow of some beloved one. This cross galls the shoulders more than personal affliction. To your own sickness you may oppose growing patience, but who can bear to see the fading cheek, and the tortured countenance of another dearer than one's own life? Yet this is the appointed lot of some of us, and we must not question the wisdom which ordains it so. It is hard to be unable to render assistance, to be helpless where your heart would fain yield half its lifefloods, to be useless where one would be nurse and physician too; but it must be right, for our Father never makes a mistake. But what is the lesson which he means to teach us? Is it intended to make us prize our domestic joys, and cultivate the natural affections while we may? Is it meant to educate our tenderer feelings by exercising our pity and our care? Are we some of us so hard in nature as to need to have the softer qualities developed? It may be so, and yet surely there are higher ends, since these are soon answered. We are thus trained to look above even the dearest earthly loves to the love eternal which is above all, and in whose light believers ought most to walk. We are thus made to turn to the Comforter for consolation both for ourselves and the dear subjects of tribulation, through whose sides we are wounded. Ministers especially need and must have affliction. They must suffer that they may know how to speak seasonable words to others. They above others must have fellowship with Jesus in the endurance of griefs. They must tread the Via Dolorosa again and again, that they may know HIM. This is the true college of Corpus Christi for them. This keeps them looking up and looking out; upward for the glory, onward for the coming of the Lord.

We are not required to conceal our grief, for Jesus wept, and we are not Stoics but Christians; yet we must take heed that neither the sick child nor the afflicted wife become a stumbling-stone to our faith. We must still glorify God, by whose ordination these trials come and go. Blessed he is, and blessed he shall be, do what he may. In a house darkened with a daily sorrow, around a bed where suffering holds its cruel throne, believers must give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name, and own him gracious even in the fires. He who pens these lines, in much depression of spirit, fearful lest at any time unbelief should prevail against him, desires at this moment to testify that truly God is good to Israel. Our heavenly Father is as surely wise and kind when he chastens as when he caresses, let flesh and blood say what they will. Neither earth nor hell can bring evidence to the contrary. He is good, and doeth good; let his name be glorified for ever and ever. Yet would he withdraw the rod, his gentleness would melt us; perhaps he will relent at our crying, "Who knoweth but he may turn and repent, and leave a blessing behind him?" Be it so, good Lord, and we will magnify thy glorious name.

Baptist Union Meetings.

WE feel it our duty to place on record our devout gratitude to God for the eminently holy and happy gatherings of our brethren at Bristol The Holy Ghost was there, and brotherly love, and warmth of grace, and hopefulness of courage, and boldness of utterance, were experienced. All Christians should rejoice in the prosperity of others, and it may gladden all the other denominations to know that never were the Baptists in a healthier or more growing condition. The Lord is with us of a truth. It is agreed that November 5th be a day of fasting and prayer, and it is hoped that, all over the denomination, it will be most devoutly observed. Thus may we hope to bring down a large blessing upon the church and the world.

Colportage Association.

SINCE the publication of the Colportage report in our last number we are glad to inform our readers that two new agents have been started, and we hope more will follow this month.

The churches situated in the districts supplied by our colporteurs bear their cheerful testimony to the value of this work as a missionary agency, and three applications for agents have been made during the last month, with promise of the necessary support. In one case six gentlemen have guaranteed to collect £5 each, and thus start a new man. Are there not many more who could assist in this manner? Error must be met with God's own truth, and this is a powerful means of supplying it.

Our Contributors.

JEMIMA WILKINSON, a mad Quakeress, promised to walk on the Seneca Lake, but forbore to do so on the ground that, as her followers believed in her perfect ability to do it, the doing of it was superfluous. Some of our old friends are falling into the same habit. They believe that by the generous aid of many our great works can be accomplished; and, therefore, as everybody believes that to be the fact, they fail to carry it out to practical proof. Our list of contributions is remarkably small this month, and we see no reason for it, but the forgetfulness of friends who at other times have been generously at our side. Our trust is in the living God, but we have a very heavy trial weighing upon our heart just now, and we could wish that no temptation might lie before us to feel anxiety about the College or Orphanage. The Lord will provide, but we blush not to appeal to his people, since it is their Lord's work.

Reviews.

The Election of Grace. By Rev. W. Taylor, Author of "Model Preacher," etc. Hodder and Stoughton.

In this most pretentious volume, Mr. Taylor settles for ever all the disputes of the ages with an infallibility seldom equalled. He claims to teach us "the way out of the labyrinth of human speculations," and he goes on authoritatively to establish Arminianism on the rock of his own positiveness. When he wins souls we love him; when he dogmatises we laugh at him. As a man of God we cheerfully sit at his feet, and give him the highest seat; as a controversialist we recommend him to take a lower room. His book is clever and plausible, and will catch the popular ear, and please contentious spirits; but it will be read as a theological authority when John Owen and Jonathan Edwards are forgotten, but not till then. Great questions are not settled by blustering, nor by smacks of wit. We had hoped that the sort of controversy here indulged in had died out, for it reminds us of the worst days of Arminian and Calvinistic pugilism; we feel that the only spirit in which to think of the production is that of intense love for our brother for his works' sake, and regret that he should so clearly prove that, like the rest of us, he is subject to human infirmity.

Montague and other Poems. By Robert Gemmell. Simpkin and Marshall.

A small volume of poems, full of moral and religious worth, generally good, though not rising into genius, or any great poetic merit. The author has published before, and will, we have no doubt, find many readers to enjoy his pleasant medley of moral, religious, and sentimental poetry.

Spurgeon's Almanack for 1869 is now ready, and we trust it will have at least as favourable a reception as its predecessors.

Reunion in the Heavenly Kingdom. By William Anderson, LL.D., Glasgow. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

The outpouring of an aged father's heart on the death of his last remaining son. We should have simply added our hearty sympathy with the sorrow which flushes this small book, and with a silent prayer for comfort to the mourner, have commended it to the perusal of other bereaved ones, had not the writer started two somewhat strange notions, which we must protest against. "With regard to those children, dying in infancy, who are the offspring of ungodly parents, equally of such do I believe that they shall be saved, though not with a salvation so glorious as that of the saints." "I believe that the child of the rebel shall be admitted into the kingdom. I, at the same time, believe that the faithful shall be advanced to a higher station of heaven." Why? What a mingling of works and grace is here! Is there merit in a Christian which will avail to lift his child higher in heaven? We have not so read the Scriptures. In heaven we believe the little one will be, but not through parental righteousness in any form. All of grace, and nothing of works. Again, Mr. Anderson says, "I have an impression, that Lazarus, whom Jesus loved, was weak in intellect;" from which he endeavours to comfort parents with "dull" boys. Now, this is a gratuitous insult to the special friend of our Lord, and one which we wonder at, as coming from the pen of a minister of the gospel.

Scripture Wines. By Rev. W. Ritchie. London: Houlston and Wright.

The Temperance Bible Commentary. By F. R. Lees and Dawson Burns. S. W. Partridge, 2, Paternoster Row.

Two able books for the Temperance view of the question, each likely to have, we should say, a large circulation. The scholarship and research of both being quite up to the average standard of such works, and the latter, which is the larger of the two, leaves little to be desired in that direction. We are not prepared to endorse all the positions maintained, but we think much good will ensue from the correction of some faulty translations where "vine fruit" should be the rendering, instead of the ambiguous and too comprehensive word, "wine." We heartily wish our teetotal friends success, but we question the wisdom of such comments as on Lev. x. 8—11, where, speaking of Nadab and Abihu, Messrs. Lees and Burns say:—"Sad thought! that while the people generally, at that time, neither used nor craved for any intoxicating drink, two of Aaron's sons and assistants should have indulged in it till they fell into heinous guilt, and brought upon themselves swift destruction! Thus early had the priests begun to err through wine, and through strong drink, to wander from the way of obedience and safety." What is their authority for this? The Commentary will amply repay a careful perusal by all lovers of the oracles of truth, whatever may be their views on the Temperance question.

Almost Home; a Lesson from Black Gang Chine. By W. J. Styles, Islington. Passmore and Alabaster. Price Twopence.

Mr. Styles is gallantly striving to raise a new church in Lower Holloway. Purchasers of this little book will be helping him. Mr. Tucker in his introduction says of this excellent little book, "the theme is solemn, the illustration vivid, the appeal fervent." We quite agree in his verdict.

Commentary on the New Testament. Part I. James Morrison, D. D. Hamilton Adams & Co.

We have tried to fathom the author's reason for issuing this fresh commentary on the New Testament, and conclude that it must be in order to ventilate some opinions which we certainly shall not rejoice to see spreading. The critical value of the work is on a par with some others we already possess, without reaching to the standard of Bengel, or the commentary founded on the work of that great master of New Testament criticism—we allude, of course, to the Critical English Testament.

Bible Jewels. By the Rev. R. Newton, D.D. Partridge and Co.

In the preface is a paragraph which explains the design of this attractive little work.

> This book is intended to be like a casket filled with Bible jewels. The first we meet with is "the Pearl of great price." This represents Jesus. Then there is the diamond which represents the true Christian. The ruby, with its flashing red, represents the love which real Christians have for their precious Saviour and all his people. The emerald, with its beautiful green, reminds us of the blessed hope of heaven which Jesus puts into the hearts of His people. The purple amethyst is the temperance jewel. The sky-blue sapphire reminds us of the faith which makes true Christians strong to serve and strong to suffer. The topaz, with its golden yellow, stands for the true honesty of those who are always trying to please God; while the beautiful opal, in which all the colours of the other jewels blend together, represents prayer, which "brings every blessing from above."

Rich in anecdote and illustration, abundant in loving advice and exhortation, and dealing with a subject of the most fascinating character, this book will find its own way among the young, and be its own advertiser. A more useful present for lads and lasses we could not suggest.

Allessandro Gavazzi: Records of Two Years' Christian work in Italy. Nisbet & Co.

All lovers of Italy, and thank God, these are not few, must be anxious to know what has become of the famous orator, who in days gone by fascinated our nation with his rhetoric. He appears to be none the less at work because comparatively unheard of. The pamphlet is exceedingly interesting.

Harry Blake's trouble. The Religious Tract Society.

A touching story, illustrating the need of home training and the necessity of carefulness as to the beginnings of sin. It will do our boys good to read it.

Address on India Missions. By Norman Macleod, D.D. W. Blackwood and Sons.

A most able address, far more worthy of its author than some things which we have read of late from his pen. Dr. Macleod deals, of course, mainly, with the Missions of the Established Church of Scotland, and views everything from that point of view. His scheme of one national Church for India is therefore perfectly consistent, and provided all would adopt believers' immersion, and would never touch a penny of state funds, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. As it is we can see no chance of it, as we certainly shall not give up what is so essential to obedience, and so expressive of love to our Lord.

A Layman's Faith. By Thomas Hughes, M.P. for Lambeth, Author of "Tom Brown's School-days." Macmillan.

This is a popular issue of "Religio Laici," a pamphlet by one of the most earnest, honest, and brave of men. We do not accept the author's theology in its peculiarities, but as his utterances are sure to make men think, and are full of a devout reverence for our God, our Saviour, and the Word, who are we that we should judge them? Our conclusions, technically put, are very remote from those of Mr. Hughes, and some of his views we regard as erroneous; but in his preface he disavows all intention of being controversial, and where there is no challenge, we choose not to fight.

Analytical Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. By John Forbes, LL.D, T. and T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

A learned and suggestive commentary on the Romans. The writer brings out the manifest traces of "Parallelism" in thought and expression contained in the Epistle; in this reminding some of our old Stepney students of teachings in that direction from the then authorities of the College. We cannot endorse all the opinions of the writer, but they are always worth a careful consideration. We should seriously question many of the positions taken up by the author in his dissertation on "Predestination and Free-will" contained at the end of the volume. We believe in Omnipotence, and no will of man can ever finally resist God, if the Almighty is determined to save. The volume is all that can be desired for printing and appearance, and will amply repay a guarded perusal.

Words of Comfort for Parents bereaved of Little Children. By WILLIAM LOGAN. James Nisbet & Co.

WINE and oil for wounded spirits. How many sad hearts may have been comforted by this work it would be hard to tell. It must be growingly useful as it is more widely known. Balm and spices from many lands are here collected, to make a precious soothing potion for weeping Rachels. Here, in the companionship of mourners or tender comforters, bleeding hearts may staunch wounds which may never heal, and somewhat assuage the grief which will never quite dry up. God spare our little ones; but if he pluck the buds, then in mercy may he give us in some way such consolation as this book seeks (and not in vain) to impart.

The works of GEO. SWINNOCK. In five volumes. Nichol, Edinburgh.

MINISTERS' libraries are utterly incomplete without Swinnock's works. Nichol's edition is both cheap and good. A sustentation fund for the soul will be found here.

Memoranda.

Brixton.—The first anniversary sermon of the Baptist chapel, Cornwall-road, Brixton, was preached September 30, by C. H. Spurgeon, in the Independent Chapel, Brixton (kindly lent for the occasion). After the service about 200 friends sat down to tea in the school-rooms. A public meeting was held in the evening, presided over by George Thomas Congreve, Esq., of Peckham. Addresses were delivered by A. G. Brown, Treasurer of the Building Fund, D. Asquith, pastor, S. Eldridge, E. Bolton, W. Anderson, and H. Wilkins. As a larger chapel is much required in consequence of the present one being so crowded, it is the earnest desire of the friends to clear off the present debt of £66 as soon as possible. Any donation towards the above will be most thankfully received by A. G. Brown, Stepney, or D. Asquith, Metropolitan Tabernacle College.

Loosley Row, Bucks.—Some two years since, through the divine blessing upon the labours of students from the Pastors' College, it was deemed necessary to enlarge and repair the Baptist Chapel in this village, at a cost of £147. The friends (who are of the labouring class), felt very desirous to free themselves from debt, and up to July last, had raised £70. It was felt more must be done, and accordingly they went to work in right good earnest. On October 14th a meeting was held to report progress, about 200 partook of an excellent tea; in the evening the chapel was crowded, and many were not able to obtain admission. Mr. C. T. Johnson, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, took the chair. In his remarks he congratulated the people on the prosperity, both temporarily and spiritually, which God had given them; that evening he had received the sum of £47 towards the remaining debt, beside which, Mr. Spurgeon had promised £10. Mr. Morris, of Princes Risborough, spoke on Dissent and Nonconformity; Mr. Piggott, of Speen, on the joys and sorrows of parting; Mr. Oakley (one of the deacons) then rose, and in the name of the church and congregation, thanked the chairman for his untiring labour and zeal amongst them; expressed their sorrow at his leaving, and begged him to accept a sum of money from the church and congregation as a token of their esteem and affection for him. Mr. Johnson has left this sphere of labour, but will long retain a place in the prayers and hearts of the people at Loosley Row.

The recognition of Mr. T. E. Rawlings, from the Tabernacle College, as pastor of the church in Oak-street, Crewe, took place on Wednesday, the 30th of September. In the afternoon Mr. W. H. Allen, minister of the other Baptist chapel in the town, introduced the service by reading and prayer. Mr. Rawlings made the usual statements. Mr. Kenny, of Weelock Heath, offered the ordination prayer, and Mr. Rogers gave the charge to the minister. A tea-meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which about four hundred persons attended. A public meeting was held in the same place, at which Mr. Rogers presided. Mr. Grant, of Stafford, prayed; after which a charge was given to the church by Mr. J. L. Whitley, of Manchester. This was followed by congratulatory addresses from Mr. Allen, Mr. Skinner, a Free Methodist, and Mr. Rawlings. A good chapel has been erected for this comparatively new church in a populous part of Crewe, which has a considerable debt, and needs much the assistance of others. Mr. Rawlings has been well received by all parties, and will, it is hoped, produce a

good and lasting impression in this rapidly increasing town.

Mr. James Grant, from the Tabernacle College, has recently been recognised as pastor of the Baptist church in Stafford. The Sabbath services on the 4th of October were conducted by Mr. Rogers. On the evening of the following day, W. Silvester, Esq., Mayor of the town, and deacon of the Independent church, presided. Mr. T. Ferguson, English Presbyterian, read and prayed. A statement on behalf of the church was made by Mr. Arnold, one of its deacons. The usual statements were then made by the pastor. Prayer was offered by Mr. S. B. Handley, the Independent minister of the town. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers, and that to the church by Mr. Isaac Lord, of Birmingham. A handsome and commodious chapel has recently been built, in which Mr. Grant has ministered for about twelve months with encouraging tokens of success. From a debt of £400, £100 has been removed by the attendants since last February. The number of members is 60 and there are 120 chidren in the Sabbath-school. The Baptist church, which has not been long established in this town, has a special claim upon the sympathy and support of prosperous churches and individuals of the same denomination.

Mr. Henry Bradford, from the Tabernacle College, was recognised on Tuesday, Oct. 13th, as pastor of the Baptist church assembling at New Mill chapel and at the Tabernacle, Akerman Street, in Tring, Hertfordshire. An afternoon meeting was held at New Mill chapel, at which Mr. Rogers from the Tabernacle presided. Prayer was offered, and the Scriptures were read, by Mr. Lawton, of Berkhamsted. A statement on behalf of the church was made by Mr. Burgess, one of the deacons. A full account was given by Mr. Bradford of the way in which providence and grace had combined to raise him to his present position, and of the doctrines which he intended to preach. Prayer was offered by Mr. Marriott, of Great Missenden. After singing, the charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers. Mr. Sexton, of Tring, closed with prayer. Tea was gratuitously provided by ladies in a malting house kindly lent by Mr. Liddington for the occasion, at which about 300 persons were present. An evening meeting was held at the Tabernacle, at which Mr. Olney, senr., from the Metropolitan Tabernacle, presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Cave, of Chesham. Mr. Keed, of Acton, then gave an address to the church, after which Mr. William Olney spoke, and in conjunction with his father, offered to give £10 to increase the pastor's library, if the friends present would do the same. A collection was instantly made for the purpose, which exceeded the amount. This was supplemented by an additional £10 by the deacons and an influential friend. Mr. Sexton then addressed the meeting, and Mr. Bradford spoke. Mr. Bradford had not completed his course of studies when he was invited to this sphere of labour, but the united desire of all parties for him to settle among them was so strong that it could not well be resisted. The result has shown and will, we trust, continue to show that the hand of God has been in all this.

We are very pleased to announce that the third chapel to be built by the London Baptist Association, will be commenced on Tuesday, November 3rd. The new chapel will be at the Downs, Clapton, and the foundation stone will be laid by Dr. Landels, at three o'clock. Tea in the Wesleyan chapel at five o'clock, and public meeting at half-past six o'clock. We hope, with many others, to share in the engagements of the day, and bespeak the attendance and sympathy of all friends.

With much joy we observe the hopeful commencement of Mr. Holland's ministry in Jersey. He appears to be eminently fitted for that sphere of labour.

Mr. Fisk, of our College, has accepted the pastorate of the church in Tregoney, in Cornwall. The Lord prosper his servant.

To complete the Orphanage building, we require about £1,400 more. It is hoped that this will not be long in coming in.

Mr. Herbert Perkins has accepted an invitation to become pastor of a church in Bristol.

Mr. McDougall has resigned his charge of the Baptist church at Rothsay. We hope he will soon be directed to another sphere of labour, for he is a most worthy man. Our young brother Cameron is now supplying at Rothsay.

Mr. J. H. Magee, late of our College, writes to inform us that he has been elected principal of the Baptist Educational Institute at Nashville, Tennessee, for the education of coloured persons. We wish him the best success in his new sphere.

Mr. Cooks, who left our College some three years ago, has now accepted a pastorate in Canada.

Mr. D. Patterson, who did a good work at Kingsland, has now accepted the pastorate of a Baptist church in Oxford. A public recognition service was held in the Town Hall on September 15th, at which about 700 persons were present. Mr. J. Spurgeon (father of C. H. Spurgeon), occupied the chair. Mr. G. Smith, of St.

Clement's, the senior deacon, addressed the meeting and stated that they had purchased Mr. Bulteel's Chapel (Old Adullam), and he hoped to see them in possession by Christmas, when they would hold a "thanksgiving service," and their friend, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, would be with them to open the place. He also stated that a lady, whose name he must not mention, desired him to present the church with a handsome communion service, consisting of a flagon, pair of goblets and plates, on her behalf. Mr. Patterson gave an account of his call to the ministry and his past labours, and stated that Mr. Spurgeon had kindly promised £100 towards the chapel, and £50 for repairs, and a further sum of £500 as a loan without interest, if the trustees of the College Fund would grant it, the friends having subscribed £80. Mr. A. Walker, of Winslow, Mr. J. M. Crapper, and others addressed the meeting.

We are glad to learn that the Lord is blessing the labours of Mr. Sargeant, of our College, at Newhaven. On Wednesday, September 30th, eight believers were baptised. A church was formed on October 5th. After tea, at which about 170 persons were present, an evening service, conducted by Mr. Wigner, of New Cross, was commenced, when the Tabernacle was well filled. Several neighbouring ministers and gentlemen took part in the service, among whom were Messrs. Isaac of Brighton, Miller, Holt and Moore, of Lewes. Mr. Wigner, after giving an excellent address on "the nature and constitution of a Christian church," gave the right hand of fellowship to those who composed the nucleus of what it is hoped will be a flourishing church, after which about thirty members and communicants gathered round the Lord's table to commemorate his dying love.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon:—Sept. 24th, twenty; October 1st, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th to October 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. J. Johnston	1	0	0
Mrs. Webster	5	0	0
J. P.	0	8	0
S. S.	50	0	0
A Collier	0	2	0
Maryport	0	11	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mrs. Morgan, per Mr. Tutton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Adams	1	0	0
Miss S. B. Pavey	0	10	0
Mr. R. Law	0	4	6
Mr. W. Drury	5	0	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Bryant	1	1	0
First Fruits	0	7	6
Friends at Gaihampton	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Pitt	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Master J. L. Pledge	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Pledge	0	2	6
Mr. Foster	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones	0	6	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	2	10	0
Friends, per Mr. Galt	1	0	0
A Friend, with another Brick for Orphanage	5	0	0
Mrs. Denny	1	0	0
Miss H., per R. B. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. A. L. S.	0	10	0
M. A. R.	0	1	3
Mrs. Boardman	1	0	0
Mr. R. Griffin	0	10	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. Phillips	3	15	0
Mr. A. Summers	0	10	0
Miss Meeking	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. C. Ware	0	7	6
Mr. E. W. Davies	15	0	0
O. H.	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Sept 27	38	1	6
" " " Oct. 4	33	5	8
" " " " 11	20	11	1
" " " " 18	49	2	11
	£249	9	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th to October 19th, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Quinnel, collected	0	13	7
A. P.	2	0	0
A Member	0	1	0
Miss Pickworth	0	12	6
Miss Bennington	0	12	6
Mr. Booth, Leamington	1	0	0
Master Brain, Collecting Card	0	14	0
Thanksgiving for Travelling Mercies	0	10	0
Mr. Bunning	0	1	0
A Friend by Lillah	1	0	0
J. J. Arbroath	0	10	0
Mr. J. Johnston	1	0	0
Kent, per Mr. H. Olney	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A Thank-offering for Mercies received, Melton Mowbray	5	0	0
Collections at Liverpool after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	229	4	2
Mr. J. Naylor	0	2	6
Ditto Collected	0	1	0
Mr. M. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. W. Jull	1	0	0
Maryport	0	11	0
Mr. M. C. Hardy	1	1	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Cheddar	2	15	0
Miss Jephs	0	1	0
M. J. T.	1	0	0
Mrs. Morgan, per Mr. Tutton	1	0	0
Mr. C. Blewett	0	5	0
Mr. Hill	0	10	6
On account Students' House	31	2	5
Mr. Keeble	3	0	0
Mr. Thomas Keeble	2	0	0
An Invalid	0	10	0
Mrs. Berry	0	5	4
Mrs. Sedcole...	0	8	1
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss Ford	1	7	6
Two Brothers	10	0	0
A Family of Seven	1	1	0
J. T., Working Man	2	16	0
First Fruits	0	7	6
Mr. W. C. Pitt	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Chapman	0	10	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	2	15	0
Mr. J. Benham	5	0	0
H. G.	0	4	0
A Friend who has given up Smoking ..	0	2	6
R. A.	2	10	0
Miss H., per R. B. L.	0	15	0
Rev. S. Bridge	0	10	0
A Friend at Chesterfield	0	10	0
Another Brick	5	0	0
Josephine	0	5	0
Westbury	0	3	3
Mrs. Boardman, Chelmsford	1	0	0
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	5	0
Bonnyrigg	0	5	0
Mr. A. Summers	0	10	0
Mrs. Norman, collected	0	17	6
Mrs. Vaughan	1	0	0
Charlotte Ware	0	2	6
Mr. J. Laker	0	2	0
A Hearer	0	2	4
Mrs. Phillips	0	10	0
Mr. E. W. Davies	15	0	0
A. Green	0	5	0
Mr. Lott, collected...	1	9	0
Miss Higham's Class	0	10	7
A Friend, Gloucestershire	0	10	0
Mr. N. P. Sharman	5	0	0
Annual Subscription, Mr. R. Griffin ...	0	10	6
" " " John Skinner	1	1	0
	£355	8	0

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations—			
N. P. Sharman, Esq.	5	0	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	0	10	0
R. A.	2	10	0
Collected by—			
Annie McH.	0	3	9
Per Joseph Toone, Esq.	5	0	0
Subscriptions—			
Mr. Hellier	0	5	0
Mrs. Hellier	0	5	0
Mr. A. M. Aitkin	1	1	0
Mr. C. Blackshaw	1	1	0
Mr. E. Stringer	1	1	0
Mr. E. Brayne	2	2	0
J. F. Maitland, Esq.	10	0	0
	£23	18	9

College House, Stockwell Orphanage.

All marked (*) have contributed formerly.

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Hadler	1	0	0
*Mr. Davis	0	8	6
Mr. Kew...	0	5	0
*Mr. Dunnington	0	1	0
Mr. Dalton	1	7	0
Mr. Colville	0	6	6
Mr. Ripper	1	6	0
Mr. J. C. Forth...	1	1	0
*Mr. Dodwell	0	13	0
Per *C. and T. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. Carnes	2	0	0
	9	8	0
Previously acknowledged ...	470	16	11
	£480	4	11

For Mr. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers, and Free Ragged School, Golden Lane.—O. H., 10s.; Mrs. Pasfield, 5s.; E., 1s.; E. S., £1 10s.; J. C., £1; Lady L., £1 1s.; Parcels of Tracts, Old Magazines and Clothes from Mrs. L. Doggett, H. S., Stockwell, and S. D. K.

OMITTED.—Parcels received with thanks for Bazaar, College Hall, from Mrs. Blewett, Westbury Leigh, per Mr. W. T. Sargeant, Friends at Newhaven, Miss Diprose, Chatham.

ERRORS IN LAST MONTH'S LISTS.—*Cash Account.*—Mr. James Weeks £1, should have been Mrs. Perkins, per Mr. James Weeks. *Bazaar Contributions.*—Mrs. Weeks should have been Friends at Wokingham per Mrs. Weeks.

For the Building of a New Chapel for J. B. Field at Peckham.—T. J. Field, Esq., £5 5s.

Fund for Spread of the Gospel.—A Friend, £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. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1868.

The Minister's Fainting Fits.

ONE OF A COURSE OF LECTURES TO STUDENTS AND YOUNG PASTORS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

AS it is recorded that David, in the heat of battle, waxed faint so may it be written of all the servants of the Lord. Fits of depression come over the most of us. Usually cheerful as we may be, we must at intervals be cast down. The strong are not always vigorous, the wise not always ready, the brave not always courageous, and the joyous not always happy. There may be here and there men of iron, to whom wear and tear work no perceptible detriment, but surely the rust frets even these; and as for ordinary men, the Lord knows, and makes them to know, that they are but dust. Knowing by most painful experience what deep depression of spirit means, being visited therewith at seasons by no means few or far between, I thought it might be consolatory to some of my brethren if I gave my thoughts thereon, that younger men might not fancy that some strange thing had happened to them when they became for a season possessed by melancholy; and that sadder men might know that one upon whom the sun has shone right joyously did not always walk in the light.

It is not necessary by quotations from the biographies of eminent ministers to prove that seasons of fearful prostration have fallen to the lot of most, if not all of them. The life of Luther might suffice to give a thousand instances, and he was by no means of the weaker sort. His great spirit was often in the seventh heaven of exultation, and as frequently on the borders of despair. His very death-bed was not free from tempests, and he sobbed himself into his last sleep like a great wearied child. Instead of multiplying cases, let us dwell upon the reasons why these things are permitted; why it is that the children of light sometimes walk in the thick darkness; why the heralds of the daybreak find themselves at times in tenfold night.

Is it not first that *they are men?* Being men, they are compassed with infirmity, and heirs of sorrow. Well said the wise man in the

Apocrypha,* "Great travail is created for all men, and a heavy yoke on the sons of Adam, from the day that they go out of their mother's womb unto that day that they return to the mother of all things—namely, their thoughts and fear of their hearts, and their imagination of things that they wail for, and the day of death. From him that sitteth in the glorious throne, to him that sitteth beneath in the earth and ashes; from him that is clothed in blue silk, and weareth a crown, to him that is clothed in simple linen—wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, and fear of death and rigour, and such things come to both man and beast, but sevenfold to the ungodly." Grace guards us from much of this, but because we have not more of grace we still suffer even from ills preventible. Even under the economy of redemption it is most clear that we are to endure infirmities, otherwise there were no need of the promised Spirit to help us in them. It is of need be that we are sometimes in heaviness. Good men are promised tribulation in this world, and ministers may expect a larger share than others, that they may learn sympathy with the Lord's suffering people, and so may be fitting shepherds of an ailing flock. Disembodied spirits might have been sent to proclaim the word, but they could not have entered into the feelings of those who, being in this body, do groan, being burdened; angels might have been ordained evangelists, but their celestial attributes would have disqualified them from having compassion on the ignorant; men of marble might have been fashioned, but their impassive natures would have been a sarcasm upon our feebleness, and a mockery of our wants. Men, and men subject to human passions, the all-wise God has chosen to be his vessels of grace; hence these tears, hence these perplexities and castings down.

Moreover, *most of us are in some way or other unsound physically.* Here and there we meet with an old man who could not remember that he was ever laid aside for a day; but the great mass of us labour under some form or other of infirmity, either in body or mind. Certain bodily maladies, especially those connected with the digestive organs, the liver, and the spleen, are the fruitful fountains of despondency; and let a man strive as he may against their influence, there will be hours and circumstances in which they will for awhile overcome him. As to mental maladies, is any man altogether sane? Are we not all a little off the balance? Some minds appear to have a gloomy tinge essential to their very individuality; of them it may be said, "Melancholy marked them for her own;" fine minds withal, and ruled by noblest principles, but yet most prone to forget the silver lining, and to remember only the cloud. Such men may sing with the old poet—

> "Our hearts are broke, our harps unstringèd be,
> Our only music's sighs and groans:
> Our songs are to the tune of *lachrymæ*,
> W' are fretted all to skin and bones."†

These infirmities may be no detriment to a man's career of special usefulness; they may even have been imposed upon him by divine wisdom as necessary qualifications for his peculiar course of service. Some plants owe their medicinal qualities to the marsh in which they grow; others to the shades in which alone they flourish. There are precious

* Eccles xl, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. † Thomas Washbourne.

fruits put forth by the moon as well as by the sun. Boats need ballast as well as sail; a drag on the carriage-wheel is no hindrance when the road runs downhill. Pain has, probably, in some cases developed genius; hunting out the soul which otherwise might have slept like a lion in its den. Had it not been for the broken wing, some might have lost themselves in the clouds—some even of those choice doves who now bear the olive-branch in their mouths and show the way to the ark. But where in body and mind there are predisposing causes to lowness of spirit, it is no marvel if in dark moments the heart succumbs to them; the wonder in many cases is—and if inner lives could be written, men would see it so—how some ministers keep at their work at all, and still wear a smile upon their countenances. Grace has its triumphs still, and patience has its martyrs; martyrs none the less to be honoured because the flames kindle about their spirits rather than their bodies, and their burning is unseen of human eyes. The ministries of Jeremiahs are as acceptable as those of Isaiahs, and even the sullen Jonah is a true prophet of the Lord, as Nineveh felt full well. Despise not the lame, for it is written that they take the prey; but honour those who, being faint, are yet pursuing. The tender-eyed Leah was more fruitful than the beautiful Rachel, and the griefs of Hannah were more divine than the boastings of Peninnah. "Blessed are they that mourn," said the Man of Sorrows, and let none account them otherwise when their tears are salted with grace. We have the treasure of the gospel in earthen vessels, and if there be a flaw in the vessel here and there, let none wonder.

Our work, when earnestly undertaken, lays us open to attacks in the direction of depression. Who can bear the weight of souls without sometimes sinking to the dust? Passionate longings after men's conversion, if not fully satisfied (and when are they?), consume the soul with anxiety and disappointment. To see the hopeful turn aside, the godly grow cold, professors abusing their privileges, and sinners waxing more bold in sin—are not these sights enough to crush us to the earth? The kingdom comes not as we would, the reverend name is not hallowed as we desire, and for this we must weep. How can we be otherwise than sorrowful, while men believe not our report, and the divine arm is not revealed? All mental work tends to weary and depress, for much study is a weariness of the flesh; but ours is more than mental work—it is heart work, the labour of our inmost soul. How often, on Lord's-day evenings, do we feel as if life were completely washed out of us! After pouring out our souls over our congregations, we feel like empty earthen pitchers which a child might break. Probably, if we were more like Paul, and watched for souls at a nobler rate, we should know more of what it is to be eaten up by the zeal of the Lord's house. It is our duty and our privilege to exhaust our lives for Jesus. We are not to be living specimens of men in fine preservation, but living *sacrifices*, whose lot is to be consumed; we are to spend and be spent, not to lay ourselves up in lavender, and nurse our flesh. Such soul-travail as that of a faithful minister will bring on occasional seasons of exhaustion, when heart and flesh will fail. Moses' hands grew heavy in intercession, and Paul cried out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Even John the Baptist is thought to have had his fainting fits, and the apostles were once amazed and were sore afraid.

Our position in the church will also conduce to this. A minister fully equipped for his work, will usually be a spirit by himself, above, beyond, and apart from others. The most loving of his people cannot enter into his peculiar thoughts, cares, and temptations. In the ranks, men walk shoulder to shoulder, with many comrades, but as the officer rises in rank, men of his standing are fewer in number. There are many soldiers, few captains, fewer colonels, but only one commander-in-chief. So, in our churches, the man whom the Lord raises as a leader becomes, in the same degree in which he is a superior man, a solitary man. The mountain-tops stand solemnly apart, and talk only with God as he visits their terrible solitudes. Men of God who rise above their fellows into nearer communion with heavenly things, in their weaker moments feel the lack of human sympathy. Like their Lord in Gethsemane, they look in vain for comfort to the disciples sleeping around them; they are shocked at the apathy of their little band of brethren, and return to their secret agony with all the heavier burden pressing upon them, because they have found their dearest companions slumbering. No one knows, but he who has endured it, the solitude of a soul which has outstripped its fellows in zeal for the Lord of hosts: it dares not reveal itself, lest men count it mad; it cannot conceal itself, for a fire burns within its bones: only before the Lord does it find rest. Our Lord's sending out his disciples by two and two manifested that he knew what was man; but for such a man as Paul, it seems to me that no helpmeet was found; Barnabas, or Silas, or Luke, were hills too low to hold high converse with such a Himalayan summit as the apostle of the Gentiles. This loneliness, which if I mistake not is felt by many of my brethren, is a fertile source of depression, and our ministers' fraternal meetings, and the cultivation of holy intercourse with kindred minds will, with God's blessing, help us greatly to escape the snare.

There can be little doubt that *sedentary habits* have a tendency to create despondency in some constitutions. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," has a chapter upon this cause of sadness, and quoting from one of the myriad authors whom he lays under contribution, he says, "Students are negligent of their bodies. Other men look to their tools; a painter will wash his pencils; a smith will look to his hammer, anvil, and forge: a husbandman will mend his plough-irons, and grind his hatchet if it be dull; a falconer or huntsman will have an especial care of his hawks, hounds, horses, dogs, &c.; a musician will string and unstring his lute; only scholars neglect that instrument (their brain and spirits I mean) which they daily use." "Well," saith Lucan, "see thou twist not the rope so hard that it break." To sit long in one posture, poring over a book, or driving a quill, is in itself a taxing of nature; but add to this a badly-ventilated chamber, a body which has long been without muscular exercise, and a heart burdened with many cares, and we have all the elements for preparing a seething cauldron of despair, especially in the dim months of fog—

> "When a blanket wraps the day
> When the rotten woodland drips,
> And the leaf is stamped in clay."

Let a man be naturally as blithe as a bird, he will hardly be able to

bear up year after year against such a suicidal process; he will make his study a prison and his books the warders of a gaol, while nature lies outside his window calling him to health and beckoning him to joy. He who forgets the humming of the bees among the heather, the cooing of the wood-pigeons in the forest, the song of birds in the woods, the rippling of rills among the rushes, and the sighing of the wind among the pines, needs not wonder if his heart forgets to sing and his soul grows heavy. A day's breathing of fresh air upon the hills, or a few hours' ramble in the beech woods' umbrageous calm, would sweep the cobwebs out of the brain of scores of our toiling ministers who are now but half alive. A mouthful of sea air, or a stiff walk in the wind's face, would not give grace to the soul, but it would yield oxygen to the body, which is next best.

> "Heaviest the heart is in a heavy air,
> Ev'ry wind that rises blows away despair."

The ferns and the rabbits, the streams and the trouts, the fir trees and the squirrels, the primroses and the violets, the farm-yard, the new-mown hay, and the fragrant hops—these are the best medicines for hypochondriacs, the surest tonics for the declining, the best refreshments for the weary. For lack of opportunity, or inclination, these great remedies are neglected, and the student becomes a self-immolated victim.

The times most favourable to fits of depression, so far as I have experienced, may be summed up in a brief catalogue. First among them I must mention *the hour of great success*. When at last a long-cherished desire is fulfilled, when God has been greatly glorified by our means, and a great triumph achieved, then we are apt to faint. It might be imagined that amid special favours our soul would soar to heights of ecstacy and rejoice with joy unspeakable, but it is generally the reverse. The Lord seldom exposes his warriors to the perils of exultation over victory; he knows that few of them can endure such a test, and therefore dashes their cup with bitterness. See Elias after the fire has fallen from heaven, after Baal's priests have been slaughtered and the rain has deluged the barren land. For him no notes of self-complacent music, no strutting like a conqueror in robes of triumph; he flees from Jezebel, and feeling the revulsion of his intense excitement, he prays that he may die. He who must never see death, yearns after the rest of the grave, even as Cæsar, the world's monarch, in his moments of pain, cried like a sick girl. Poor human nature cannot bear such strains as heavenly triumphs bring to it; there must come a reaction. Excess of joy or excitement must be paid for by subsequent depressions. While the trial lasts, the strength is equal to the emergency; but when it is over, natural weakness claims the right to show itself. Secretly sustained, Jacob can wrestle all night; but he must limp in the morning, when the contest is over, lest he boast himself beyond measure. Paul may be caught up to the third heaven, and hear unspeakable things, but a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him, must be the inevitable sequel. Men cannot bear unalloyed happiness; even good men are not yet fit to have "their brows with laurel and with myrtle bound," without enduring secret

humiliation to keep them in their proper place. Whirled from off our feet by a revival, carried aloft by popularity, exalted by success in soul-winning, we should be as the chaff which the wind driveth away, were it not that the gracious discipline of mercy breaks the ships of our vainglory with a strong east wind, and casts us shipwrecked, naked and forlorn, upon the Rock of Ages.

Before any great achievement, some measure of the same depression is very usual. Surveying the difficulties before us, our hearts sink within us. The sons of Anak stalk before us, and we are as grasshoppers in our own sight in their presence. The cities of Canaan are walled up to heaven, and who are we that we should hope to capture them? We are ready to cast down our weapons and take to our heels. Nineveh is a great city, and we would flee unto Tarshish sooner than encounter its noisy crowds. Already we look for a ship which may bear us quietly away from the terrible scene, and only a dread of tempest restrains our recreant footsteps. Such was my experience when I first became a pastor in London. My success appalled me; and the thought of the career which it seemed to open up, so far from elating me, cast me into the lowest depth, out of which I uttered my *miserere* and found no room for a *gloria in excelsis*. Who was I that I should continue to lead so great a multitude? I would betake me to my village obscurity, or emigrate to America, and find a solitary nest in the backwoods, where I might be sufficient for the things which would be demanded of me. It was just then that the curtain was rising upon my life-work, and I dreaded what it might reveal. I hope I was not faithless, but I was timorous and filled with a sense of my own unfitness. I dreaded the work which a gracious providence had prepared for me. I felt myself a mere child, and trembled as I heard the voice which said, "Arise, and thresh the mountains, and make them as chaff." This depression comes over me whenever the Lord is preparing a larger blessing for my ministry; the cloud is black before it breaks, and overshadows before it yields its deluge of mercy. Depression has now become to me as a prophet in rough clothing, a John the Baptist, heralding the nearer coming of my Lord's richer benison. So have far better men found it. The scouring of the vessel has fitted it for the Master's use. Immersion in suffering has preceded the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Fasting gives an appetite for the banquet. The Lord is revealed in the backside of the desert, while his servant keepeth the sheep and waits in solitary awe. The wilderness is the way to Canaan. The low valley leads to the towering mountain. Defeat prepares for victory. The raven is sent forth before the dove. The darkest hour of the night precedes the day-dawn. The mariners go down to the depths, but the next wave makes them mount to the heaven, and their soul is melted because of trouble before he bringeth them to their desired haven.

In the midst of a long stretch of unbroken labour, the same affliction may be looked for. The bow cannot be always bent without fear of breaking. Repose is as needful to the mind as sleep to the body. Our Sabbaths are our days of toil, and if we do not rest upon some other day we shall break down. Even the earth must lie fallow and have her Sabbaths, and so must we. Hence the wisdom and compassion of our

Lord, when he said to his disciples, "Let us go into the desert and rest awhile." What! when the people are fainting? When the multitudes are like sheep upon the mountains without a shepherd? Does Jesus talk of rest? When Scribes and Pharisees, like grievous wolves, are rending the flock, does he take his followers on an excursion into a quiet resting-place? Does some red-hot zealot denounce such atrocious forgetfulness of present and pressing demands? Let him rave in his folly. The Master knows better than to exhaust his servants and quench the light of Israel. Rest time is not waste time. It is economy to gather fresh strength. Look at the mower in the summer's day, with so much to cut down ere the sun sets. He pauses in his labour—is he a sluggard? He looks for his stone, and begins to draw it up and down his scythe, with "rink-a-tink—rink-a-tink—rink-a-tink." Is that idle music—is he wasting precious moments? How much he might have mown while he has been ringing out those notes on his scythe! But he is sharpening his tool, and he will do far more when once again he gives his strength to those long sweeps which lay the grass prostrate in rows before him. Even thus a little pause prepares the mind for greater service in the good cause. Fishermen must mend their nets, and we must every now and then repair our mental waste and set our machinery in order for future service. To tug the oar from day to day, like a galley-slave who knows no holidays, suits not mortal men. Mill-streams go on and on for ever, but we must have our pauses and our intervals. Who can help being out of breath when the race is continued without intermission? Even beasts of burden must be turned out to grass occasionally; the very sea pauses at ebb and flood; earth keeps the Sabbath of the wintry months; and man, even when exalted to be God's ambassador, must rest or faint; must trim his lamp or let it burn low; must recruit his vigour or grow prematurely old. It is wisdom to take occasional furlough. In the long run, we shall do more by sometimes doing less. On, on, on for ever, without recreation, may suit spirits emancipated from this "heavy clay," but while we are in this tabernacle, we must every now and then cry halt, and serve the Lord by holy inaction and consecrated leisure. Let no tender conscience doubt the lawfulness of going out of harness for awhile, but learn from the experience of others the necessity and duty of taking timely rest.

One crushing stroke has sometimes laid the minister very low. The brother most relied upon becomes a traitor. Judas lifts up his heel against the man who trusted him, and the preacher's heart for the moment fails him. We are all too apt to look to an arm of flesh, and from that propensity many of our sorrows arise. Equally overwhelming is the blow when an honoured and beloved member yields to temptation, and disgraces the holy name with which he was named. Anything is better than this. This makes the preacher long for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where he may hide his head for ever, and hear no more the blasphemous jeers of the ungodly. Ten years of toil do not take so much life out of us as we lose in a few hours by Ahithophel the traitor, or Demas the apostate. Strife, also, and division, and slander, and foolish censures, have often laid holy men prostrate, and made them go "as with a sword in their bones." Hard words

wound some delicate minds very keenly. Many of the best of ministers, from the very spirituality of their character, are exceedingly sensitive—too sensitive for such a world as this. "A kick that scarce would move a horse would kill a sound divine." By experience the soul is hardened to the rough blows which are inevitable in our warfare; but at first these things utterly stagger us, and send us to our homes wrapped in a horror of great darkness. The trials of a true minister are not few, and such as are caused by ungrateful professors are harder to bear than the coarsest attacks of avowed enemies. Let no man who looks for ease of mind and seeks the quietude of life enter the ministry; if he does so he will flee from it in disgust.

To the lot of few does it fall to pass through such a horror of great darkness as that which fell upon me after the deplorable accident at the Surrey Music Hall. I was pressed beyond measure and out of bounds with an enormous weight of misery. The tumult, the panic, the deaths, were day and night before me, and made life a burden. Then I sang in my sorrow—

> 'The tumult of my thoughts
> Doth but increase my woe,
> My spirit languisheth, my heart
> Is desolate and low."

From that dream of horror I was awakened in a moment by the gracious application to my soul of the text, "Him hath God the Father exalted." The fact that Jesus is still great, let his servants suffer as they may, piloted me back to calm reason and peace. Should so terrible a calamity overtake any of my brethren, let them both patiently hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God.

When troubles multiply, and discouragements follow each other in long succession, like Job's messengers, then, too, amid the perturbation of soul occasioned by evil tidings, despondency despoils the heart of all its peace. Constant dropping wears away stones, and the bravest minds feel the fret of repeated afflictions. If a scanty cupboard is rendered a severer trial by the sickness of a wife, or the loss of a child, and if ungenerous remarks of hearers are followed by the opposition of deacons and the coolness of members, then, like Jacob, we are apt to cry, "All these things are against me." When David returned to Ziklag and found the city burned, goods stolen, wives carried off, and his troops ready to stone him, we read, "He encouraged himself in his God;" and well was it for him that he could do so, for he would then have fainted if he had not believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Accumulated distresses increase each other's weight; they play into each other's hands, and, like bands of robbers, ruthlessly destroy our comfort. Wave upon wave is severe work for the strongest swimmer. The place where two seas meet strains the most seaworthy keel. If there were a regulated pause between the buffetings of adversity, the spirit would stand prepared; but when they come suddenly and heavily, like the battering of great hailstones, the pilgrim may well be amazed. The last ounce breaks the camel's back, and when that last ounce is laid upon us, what wonder if we for awhile are ready to give up the ghost!

This evil will also come upon us, we know not why, and then it is all the more difficult to drive it away. Causeless depression is not to be

reasoned with, nor can David's harp charm it away by sweet discoursings. As well fight with the mist as with this shapeless, undefinable, yet all-beclouding hopelessness. One affords himself no pity when in this case, because it seems so unreasonable, and even sinful to be troubled without manifest cause; and yet troubled the man is, even in the very depths of his spirit. If those who laugh at such melancholy did but feel the grief of it for one hour, their laughter would be sobered into compassion. Resolution might, perhaps, shake it off, but where are we to find the resolution when the whole man is unstrung? The physician and the divine may unite their skill in such cases, and both find their hands full, and more than full. The iron bolt which so mysteriously fastens the door of hope and holds our spirits in gloomy prison, needs a heavenly hand to push it back; and when that hand is seen we cry with the apostle, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforted us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." 2 Cor. i. 3, 4. It is the God of all consolation who can—

> "With sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse our poor bosoms of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

Simon sinks till Jesus takes him by the hand. The devil within rends and tears the poor child till the word of authority commands him to come out of him. When we are ridden with horrible fears, and weighed down with an intolerable incubus, we need but the Sun of Righteousness to rise, and the evils generated of our darkness are driven away, but nothing short of this will chase away the nightmare of the soul. Timothy Rogers, the author of a treatise on Melancholy, and Simon Browne, the writer of some remarkably sweet hymns, proved in their own cases how unavailing is the help of man if the Lord withdraw the light from the soul.

If it be enquired why the Valley of the Shadow of Death must so often be traversed by the servants of King Jesus, the answer is not far to find. All this is promotive of the Lord's mode of working, which is summed up in these words—"Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Instruments shall be used, but their intrinsic weakness shall be clearly manifested; there shall be no division of the glory, no diminishing the honour due to the Great Worker. The man shall be emptied of self, and then filled with the Holy Ghost. In his own apprehension he shall be like a sere leaf driven of the tempest, and then shall be strengthened into a brazen wall against the enemies of truth. To hide pride from the worker is the great difficulty. Uninterrupted success and unfading joy in it would be more than our weak heads could bear. Our wine must needs be mixed with water, lest it turn our brains. My witness is, that those who are honoured of their Lord in public, have usually to endure a secret chastening, or to carry a peculiar cross, lest by any means they exalt themselves, and fall into the snare of the devil. How constantly the Lord calls Ezekiel "Son of man." Amid his soarings into the superlative splendours, just when with eye undimmed he is strengthened to gaze into the

excellent glory, the word "Son of man" falls on his ears, sobering the heart which else might have been intoxicated with the honour conferred upon it. Such humbling but salutary messages our depressions whisper in our ears; they tell us in a manner not to be mistaken that we are but men, frail, feeble, apt to faint.

By all the castings down of his servants God is glorified, for they are led to magnify him when again he sets them on their feet, and even while prostrate in the dust their faith yields him praise. They speak all the more sweetly of his faithfulness, and are the more firmly established in his love. Such mature men as some elderly preachers are, could scarcely have been produced if they had not been emptied from vessel to vessel, and made to see their own emptiness and the vanity of all things round about them. Glory be to God for the furnace, the hammer, and the file. Heaven shall be all the fuller of bliss because we have been filled with anguish here below, and earth shall be better tilled because of our training in the school of adversity.

The lesson of wisdom is, *be not dismayed by soul-trouble.* Count it no strange thing, but a part of ordinary ministerial experience. Should the power of depression be more than ordinary, think not that all is over with your usefulness. Cast not away your confidence, for it hath great recompense of reward. Even if the enemy's foot be on your neck, expect to rise and overthrow him. Cast the burden of the present, along with the sin of the past and the fear of the future, upon the Lord, who forsaketh not his saints. Live by the day—ay, by the hour. Put no trust in frames and feelings. Care more for a grain of faith than a ton of excitement. Trust in God alone, and lean not on the reeds of human help. Be not surprised when friends fail you; it is a failing world. Never count upon immutability in man: inconstancy you may reckon upon without fear of disappointment. The disciples of Jesus forsook him: be not amazed if your adherents wander away to other teachers—as they were not your all when with you, all is not gone from you with their departure. Serve God with all your might while the candle is burning, and then when it goes out for a season, you will have the less to regret. Be content to be nothing, for that is what you are. When your own emptiness is painfully forced upon your consciousness, chide yourself that you ever dreamed of being full, except in the Lord. Set small store by present rewards, be grateful for earnests by the way, but look for the recompensing joy hereafter. Continue, with double earnestness to serve your Lord when no visible result is before you. Any simpleton can follow the narrow path in the light: faith's rare wisdom enables us to march on in the dark with infallible accuracy, since she places her hand in that of her Great Guide. Between this and heaven there may be rougher weather yet, but it is all provided for by our covenant Head. In nothing let us be turned aside from the path which the divine call has urged us to pursue. Come fair or come foul, the pulpit is our watch-tower, and the ministry our warfare; be it ours, when we cannot see the face of our God, to trust under THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. X.—SEAMEN IN THE DOCKS.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

LOOKING over London Bridge, the eye is arrested by a forest of sails, of all descriptions of dirty drab; by vessels of all kinds and shapes—some of no particular kind at all, and others of no describable shape; by ropes old and by ropes new; by boats crazy and boats that by re-painting have had a new lease of life given them; by cargoes heavy and cargoes light; by colliers black and barges blacker; by ruinous, dilapidated wharves, and by a medley of labourers, and sailors, and watermen, and lightermen, and mates professional and mates unprofessional—loafers who find that loafing pays, and others that starve upon it. The sight of industry seems to provoke idleness. One always sees the idlest vagabonds lounging where they may observe the hardest and most busy work. Thus the parapets of London Bridge are invariably, from early morn to dusk, fringed by some of the most depraved and vicious idlers that could claim commiseration or excite disgust. How they enjoy the sight of perspiring labour before them! What rude observations are jerked out occasionally, as if they who were too lazy to work were most competent to criticise those who could and did what it would be a pleasure to compel them to do. More animating and interesting still is the scene at the Docks. One of our first, and most boyish, literary efforts was a description of a visit paid to the London Docks. We have a clear recollection of the dismal, damp wine-vaults, through which we travelled—one barrel, we remember, contained 4,500 gallons of port; we walked through one of the immense tobacco-stores, the whole of which will cover five acres, and our juvenile eyes were attracted and delighted at seeing a labouring man shovelling damaged tobacco, on which no duty had been paid, into a huge furnace appropriately designated "The Queen's Pipe." The wine-vaults will accommodate 60,000 pipes of wine, while one dock is devoted exclusively to ships laden with tobacco. So bewilderingly extensive is the London Dock that the eye fails to take in all that is spread out before it. The dock contains an average of 240 sail. It must not be supposed that each ship has its crew. The crews are paid off, on the vessel entering the dock, and only about five or six hands are retained. But the hundreds of men engaged on the docks, and the number of seamen in the ships, render this a fine field for missionary labour. The London City Mission has surely acted wisely in employing several men for this purpose. We know few special works of greater interest, or requiring more care, and loving assiduity. Our readers will thank us for giving the life of one of the missionaries to the seamen at our London docks, and as it is not always easy to write of the living, we shall feel greater freedom this month in devoting part of our space to an account of the work of one whose simple duty it was to serve his Master well until he was taken away from the field of service to his rest in heaven.

Mr. Splaine was an Irishman. His parents, who lived in Clonakilty, in the county of Cork, had been Romanists, but had renounced their old faith, and had embraced Protestantism. Anxious that their children

should grow up in the fear of the Lord, they did their best to make their home-life such as would tend towards that end. The result was that the young lad showed early signs of an enquiring and devout spirit. At nine years of age, he was a diligent student and passionate lover of the Scriptures. Won by a Saviour's love, he learned thus early to study his Saviour's will. We are told that often, as he assisted his father in his work, he would secrete the Scriptures beneath his clothes, to enjoy what opportunities he could to make himself familiar with their contents while tending the sheep, or engaged in other labour which required but his partial attention. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that he ultimately became desirous of working for Christ. He had a fair education to start with. He was acquainted with the thraldom of superstition: for in his native place, Romanism was strong and virulent. So ignorant and superstitious were the people, that it was believed among them that Splaine's father "was not only officially delivered over to Satan, but that horns were actually growing out of his head." His father had been a reader of the Irish Church Mission; and the son connected himself with the same society. For six years he laboured amongst a people bitterly opposed to divine truth. He was persecuted in a variety of ways, and hated conscientiously. The poor Irish are peculiarly liable to this latter form of religious zeal. Nor is it always displayed on the part of the Catholics. We have heard of the story of a poor Protestant Irishwoman, a servant in an American home, who when asked whether she did not pity the Catholics, replied, "*Pity* them, is it? No, but I hates them! Do you think I'd waste my religion on them? Indeed, no; nor did his riverence, the rector. Would I be required to love them enemies to thruth if he didn't be to do it, too? 'Twas agin his conscience." And when she was asked how the priest and the rector treated each other when they met, she replied "Each other, indeed! Sure, ma'am, you wouldn't expect a born gentleman to be speaking in the streets to a poor spalpeen, born in a down fallen shieling, and bred among the pigs, like Father McCloskey. Indeed, ma'am, the rector's too religious a gentleman to be doing the like o' that! How did they meet, is it? Why, ma'am, the rector would always be to pass the ould priest on the road without looking at him no more than if he war a dog. Such was his inmity to him and all his Popery, that I believe, ma'am, he'd been glad to scald the whole race o' them with biling wather! So did he hate everything that wasn't real thruth in religion!" How far the story of the rector's share in the conscientious hatred may be true we know not; it is only too lamentable that such feelings should be indulged in by any section of humanity. It is certain that this bitterness exists largely in the hearts of the superstitious and ignorant Roman Catholics. And all missionaries among them have to expect opposition in carrying on their work.

Splaine came over to this country, and was appointed to labour in the East India Docks, by the City Mission. Here he entered upon congenial work. He visited the sailors, at their lodgings, at the bedside; had access on board the foreign and English ships, and conducted services in the emigrant-ships, of which there were, on the average, eight in the week leaving the dock. He worked hard; but his constitution not being strong, he fell ill, and died, leaving behind him a name honoured

and beloved. His was an unpretending work—prosaic and dull in the eyes of the world. He was not one of earth's great heroes, but an earnest, humble, quiet doer of his Master's will. We need not shun an acquaintance with a work so useful, because it is not characterised by those features which attract public notice and win human applause. He had a work to do of which some might well boast; he did it in a spirit which we may well envy; and he was blessed with fruits which we might well desire and pray for.

His three reports of work done in the Docks are crowded with incident. He set out with the conviction that no class of men more required instruction in the things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven than seamen. It has been said that they are "accustomed to hear a supernatural Power in the sounds of the air, in the moaning of the night winds, in the sighing of the storm; to see a more than mortal life in the clouds that wreath around the headland." This makes them superstitious, but not religious. Proverbially honest, they become in the presence of landsmen remarkably simple and unaffected. When the missionary offers them some tracts the sailors will proffer payment—so characteristic is their generosity. Alas! poor Jack, his very virtues lead him to vice. His assumed friends, the land-sharks, the wretched women who drug him with their smiles and professions of friendship, make him their prey. The "son of the ocean," who has braved many a fierce wind, and has been strong where others would be weak, is weak when he should be strong—unguarded when he should be careful. He is soon pressed with liquor, and liquor is his curse. He falls into the hands of designing Delilah's, and soon loses that which took him many hours of rough work to earn. Mr. Splaine did good service by mixing up with them as soon as a vessel came into the dock, and advising them for the best, and inculcating right principles. Honest Jack seldom spurns good advice. He has been found to be more susceptible of religious impressions than landspeople. He is, frequently, easily moved to tears. The parable of the prodigal son—how we thank God for that incomparable pearl of stories!—will touch his heart, and make him weep. So that Christian work among seamen is of a really hopeful character.

The work of the missionary at the docks is of a varied nature. Before the ship leaves the dock many of the crew loiter about the Blackwall pier, and thus a good opportunity presents itself for short and telling addresses. But this is not always practicable, since many of the crew are probably intoxicated. In such cases tracts are left with the captain for subsequent distribution. Passenger ships are visited in this way: a great variety of characters—Englishmen and foreigners, Catholics, Jews, atheists—come under the influence of religious teaching. Sometimes farewell meetings will be held, but these opportunities are necessarily rare, inasmuch as the bustle and confusion and hurry of the occasion prevent such gatherings. Old and disabled seamen are mostly left in charge of ships at the docks. A few of these are Christian men; but some are unacquainted with the way of salvation. These disabled men are visited by the missionary, and not a few have been impressed by a sense of sin in their old and declining days.

There are hundreds of dock labourers employed, some constantly, others but casually. Mr. Mayhew, in his "London Labour and London Poor," has very graphically pictured the social condition of this class of men. The picture, we fear, is but too true. "The dock labourers," he says, "are a striking instance of mere brute force with brute appetites. This class of labour is as unskilled as the power of a hurricane. Mere muscle is all that is needed; hence every human locomotive is capable of working there. . . . . Dock work is precisely the office that every kind of man is fitted to perform, and there we find every kind of man performing it." And there is a terrible scramble after this employment. "It is a curious sight to see the men waiting in these yards to be hired at 4d. per hour." It is sad to find how brutal many of the men are, and how depraved and drunken. They reside in some of the lowest haunts of East London—in lodging-houses which are a disgrace to heathenism, we might almost say. Yet these houses are somewhat better conducted than they used to be—though imagination fails to picture how wretched their former state must have been. The great body of the labourers, it is sad to learn, never attend a place of worship—are not even visited by Christian men. We have heard of several instances in which those who have attempted to benefit them have been insulted and mobbed. The labourers are, therefore, as might be expected, utterly ignorant of the elementary truths of the gospel. Writing in 1863, Mr. Splaine says, "A great many of them can neither read nor write, and are as ignorant of Divine things as if they were living in heathen lands. I have frequently addressed from fifteen to thirty labouring men at the dinner-hour on board of ships; and, while they were partaking of that meat which perisheth, I have endeavoured to impress their minds with a sense of their need of not neglecting to feed their never-dying souls with the bread of life which cometh down from heaven. My access to these men has been better than what I once anticipated."

Lightermen differ from bargemen in that the latter convey passengers, while the former convey goods from the vessels to the shore, or *vice versa*. Many of them work on Sunday, and consequently never enter God's house. They are more intelligent and less depraved than the dock labourers.

Sunday is the best day for ship visitation. The missionary is always welcome then; and has more opportunities for speaking to the men than on week days. Prayer-meetings have been held in the ships; while open air services are conducted by different missionaries. Some very interesting services have been held on board American ships. It would seem, however, that it is no easy task to conquer prejudices against such gatherings. Then, too, the crews of American vessels are composed of men of all nations and creeds. A few may be Christians. The greater part of them, it is feared, are unacquainted with the way of salvation. Some are bitterly opposed to the truth. This opposition proceeds, in some cases, from ignorance. In many, it arises from a contempt for religious men. Not a few doom themselves to a life of dislike to Christianity because of the hypocrites who have professed it. When the captains are willing, the services are readily organised. In one case, the missionary obtained the consent of the captain, who

professed himself anxious for the welfare of the crew. Four Sunday morning services were conducted in the ship, and ere the vessel left the dock five men declared their faith in Christ. Poor Splaine found many difficulties in carrying on his work. "Not a week passes over me" he wrote, "without my hearing of men suddenly coming by their deaths, either by falling from the ships' masts, or into the ship's hold, or into the poisoned waters of the docks—it may be, unprepared for such an unexpected change. Every day I have myself been exposed to similar dangers, in the prosecution of my labours. Sometimes I have to climb from ship to ship, and have frequently to ascend twenty steps of a rope ladder by a ship's side to get at those on board. I also find it no easy matter in the frosty weather to walk on the deck of a vessel that becomes as smooth as glass by the frost, and which often causes many fatal accidents." One of the missionaries employed by the society visits the men in the shipping-office, at St. Katharine's Docks, where he converses with from thirty to fifty men daily. Sometimes he is opposed, occasionally insulted, and has had several escapes from violence. Yet he has persevered, honestly reproved sin, and exhibited the truths of the gospel. What are known as "Bethel services" have been held. There is no regular place for worship in the docks, but when permission is granted, a Bethel flag will be hoisted on the ship in which the service is to be held. These meetings, it appears, were more honoured of God than any other means of usefulness.

The reports of all the missionaries engaged in evangelistic labour in the various docks agree in their descriptions of the terrible evils produced by drunkenness. Intemperance abounds to a fearful extent among seafaring people. One missionary writes:—"This is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that there is not a street at this end of London without at least from one to three gin-palaces or beer-shops. Whenever a new street is to be built, the first house erected on it is sure to be a public-house, situate in some prominent place. When a sailor passes by one of these houses, after returning from sea, and hears in one of them some singing and dancing going on, Bill says to Joe, his shipmate, 'Come in, and let's go and see what's all this about,' and accordingly they go in, and come out drunk and robbed of their money." Many instances of this will be seen at various times recorded in the police intelligence of London papers, but the larger number of cases never come to light.

Here is a sample of the kind of degradation to which humanity will sink. Mr. Splaine, in his last report, wrote:—"It is now over two years since I first noticed an old-looking man, dressed in seamen's clothes, talking very busily at times with sailors, after they were 'paid off' at the shipping-office, adjoining the Sailors' Home. I often endeavoured to get into conversation with him, but found it impossible, as he always succeeded in avoiding to meet me. At last I casually met him talking to a sailor, and gave to both of them a tract; but on pointing out to them the incomparable blessing of being in a state of peace with God, he became very restless and said, 'I think it's no matter what religion a man professes, it's all the same thing if he believes that there is a God above. If a man is a Turk, and believes this, there is no fear of him. I believe that there is a God that rules

all things, and do not fear ever being damned,' &c. At this time he got still more impatient, and, seeing some sailors passing by, he begged to be excused, and followed them. A few days subsequently one of the shipping masters at the Sailors' Home pointed out this man to me as being the greatest and vilest reprobate in existence. It appears that this old sailor is well known, and lives by 'crimping.' For every sailor he conducts to houses of debauchery, he receives from the inmates a few shillings, besides a stipulated sum he receives from those who become his victims. Many seamen in this way are brought into the paths of ruin; and many a young man, after leaving the peaceful home of his parents, is thus brought to make shipwreck of his soul and body. I meet daily in my work with cases of this kind, and I have no doubt but in a few instances my admonitions have not been altogether, I trust, in vain in the Lord."

The Sailors' Home is an excellent institution. It provides lodgings for seamen where they may be safe from the cupidity and devilish arts of land-sharks. Yet, even here poor Jack is surrounded by these wretched creatures, who, as he is passing into the building, will draw him into their low haunts. A sad case is mentioned in one of the reports, of a young man who was decoyed into a den of infamy, where he spent the best part of three days in drunkenness. The fourth day he was found dead through starvation and ill-usage. A boatswain of a ship was drugged with laudanum in one of these houses. Finding himself growing suddenly stupid, he endeavoured to make his way for the Sailors' Home. He was followed, and was stabbed in his head with a knife. For three weeks he lay dangerously ill. In his affliction he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord in mercy heard him. A very large number of the residents in the Sailors' Home are foreigners—mostly German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. The German sailors are not easily dealt with by the missionary, since they are fond of reasoning. Many of them esteem the faith of Christians to be little better than a child's faith—grounded on no evidence—backed up by tradition and fortified by the supernatural. In not a few cases the pride of intellect has given way to a lowly submission to the cross of Christ. Many recognise the worldly value of a Christian life. Hence, one of the sailors confessed before his mates that he would rather sail any day with a religious captain than with any other man. Services are frequently held in this Home for Sailors, and we believe a Scripture-reader labours exclusively amongst them. One of the dock missionaries has conducted a Monday-evening service in the Destitute Sailors' Asylum for sick seamen, for over a dozen years. "The aspect of these meetings," he informs us, "is often such as is well calculated to inspire a true missionary spirit. Here are men from nearly all quarters of the globe, and presenting nearly every shade of colour. Black, white, tawny, and copper coloured assemble here; not unfrequently the tear is seen to start, under the power of the Word, and I entertain a hope that much good will be found to have resulted from efforts put forth in this place." Boarding houses are likewise visited. In these places, seamen are boarded and lodged for about fourteen shillings per week. They are not always kept by the most respectable of men; but it is a pleasing fact that they readily open their houses to the missionary.

We had thought of concluding this account by showing the necessity for Christian effort amongst seamen. But the facts we have related are surely the best proofs of the importance of this work. It may be well to state, however, that English seamen are regarded, rightly or wrongly, by the natives of other countries, as specimens of our countrymen. What impressions they leave upon the inhabitants, whilst in the ports of other countries, is not a matter of conjecture. But if they were Christian men, of consistent lives, what an influence they might wield! How much more respected would England be in the eyes of foreigners and savages if, instead of seeing the typically drunken sailor, they were to encounter men who had the fear of God before them. And what splendid missionaries would these men become! Now and then we hear of such sailors. They have been known to hold meetings with their shipmates, to distribute tracts in foreign lands, and to commend the doctrines of truth by their consistent, holy lives. Look, too, at the dangers to which these poor fellows are subject. Here is an invincible argument for evangelistic work among seamen. "The wind," says one of the missionaries, "as it howls around our land-dwellings, it may be, takes some ship on a lee-shore, and plunges its crew into a watery grave. The statistics given before a committee of the House of Commons some four years since, showed that the loss of life by shipwreck, and other contingencies of sea-life, is as eleven to sixteen in all other causes of death. Whilst writing this report I shudder at the incident which occurred in the dock only four days since. The seamen went to their vessel expecting to sail that day, but were told by the captain that they were not wanted until the morrow, as the ship would not leave until then. One who was a little in liquor immediately remarked, 'Come on, lads, there is another night's spree for us then.' But these were his last words; for, on stepping from the bulwark to the quay, his foot slipped, he fell into the water, and was taken up quite dead."

May God grant that on this as well as on the other forms of Christian service which we have attempted to describe in these pages during the past twelve months, his richest blessing may rest. The writer's heart has been benefited by meeting during the year which will have closed before our next magazine is in the reader's hand, with humble Christian teachers, who in lowliness of heart, seek to serve their Master by seeking out the lost and the ruined. He will not have written altogether in vain if some reader's heart shall have been stirred to consecrate more fully his gifts to Him who honours his people by using them for the extension of his kingdom.

Educated Eyes.

WHEN a traveller is fresh among the Alps, he is constantly deceived in his reckoning. One Englishman declared that he could climb the Righi in half-an-hour, but after several panting hours the summit was still ahead of him; yet when he made the boast, some of us who stood by were much of his mind—the ascent seemed so easy. This partly accounts for the mistakes men make in estimating eternal things: they have been too used to molehills to be at home with mountains. Only familiarity with the sublimities of revelation can educate us to a comprehension of their heights and depths.

John Ploughman's Talk.

VERY IGNORANT PEOPLE.

I HAVE heard tell of a man who did not know a great A from a bull's foot, and I know a good many who certainly could not tell what great A or little A either may mean; but some of these people are not the most ignorant in the world for all that. For instance, they know a cow's head from its tail, and one of the election gentlemen said lately that the candidate from London did not know that. They know that turnips don't grow on trees, and they can tell a mangold-wurtzel from a beet root, and a rabbit from a hare, and there are fine folk who play on pianos who hardly know as much as that. If they cannot read they can plough, and mow, and reap, and sow, and bring up seven children on ten shillings a week, and yet pay their way; and there's a sight of people who are much too ignorant to do that. Ignorance of spelling books is very bad, but ignorance of hard work is worse. Wisdom does not always speak Latin. People laugh at smock frocks, and indeed they are about as ugly garments as could well be contrived, but some who wear them are not half such fools as people take them for. If no ignorant people ate bread but those who wear hobnail shoes, corn would be a fine deal cheaper. Wisdom in a poor man, is like a diamond set in lead, only judges can see its value. Wisdom walks often in patched shoes, and men admire her not, but, I say, never mind the coat, give me the man: nut-shells are nothing, the kernel is everything. You need not go to Pirbright to find ignoramuses, there are heaps of them near St. Paul's.

I would have everybody able to read, and write, and cipher; indeed, I don't think a man can know too much; but, mark you, the knowing of these things is not education; and there are millions of your reading and writing people who are as ignorant as neighbour Norton's calf, that did not know its own mother. This is as plain as the nose on your face, if you only think a little. To know how to read and write is like having tools to work with, but if you don't use these tools, and your eyes, and your ears too, you will be none the better off. Everybody should know what most concerns him and makes him most useful. It is little use for a horse to know how to fly, it will do well enough if it can trot. A man on a farm ought to learn all that belongs to farming, a blacksmith should study a horse's foot, a dairymaid should be well up in skimming the milk and making the butter, and a labourer's wife should be a good scholar in the sciences of boiling and baking, washing and mending; and John Ploughman ventures to say that those men and women who have not learned the duties of their callings are very ignorant people, even if they can tell the Greek name for a crocodile, or write an ode on a black beetle. It is too often very true—

"Jack has been to school
To learn to be a fool."

When a man falls into the water, to know how to swim will be of more use to him than all his mathematics, and yet how very few boys learn swimming! Girls are taught dancing and French, when stitching and English would be a hundred per cent. more use to them. When men have to earn their livings in these hard times, a good

trade and industrious habits will serve their turn a world better than all the classics in Cambridge and Oxford, but who nowadays advocates practical training at our schools? Schoolmasters would go into fits if they were asked to teach poor people's boys to hoe potatoes and plant cauliflowers. If you want a dog to be a pointer or a setter, you train him accordingly: why ever don't they do the same with men? It ought to be "every man for his business, and every man master of his business." Let Jack and Tom learn geography by all means, but don't forget to teach them how to black their own boots, and put a button on to their own trousers; and as for Jane and Sally, let them sing and play the music if they like, but not till they can darn a stocking and make a shirt. When they bring on the new act for general education, I hope they will put in a clause to teach children practical common-sense home duties as well as the three R's, and the folderols which I think they call "accomplishments." There's poor Gent with six girls, and about fifty pounds a year to keep his family on, and yet not one of them can do a hand's turn, because their mother would go into fits lest Miss Sophia Elfrida should have chapped hands through washing the family linen, or lest Alexandra Theodora should spoil her complexion in picking a few gooseberries for a pudding. It's enough to make a cat laugh to hear the poor things talk about fashion and etiquette, when they are not half as well off as the higgler's daughters down the lane, who earn their own living, and are laying money by against the time when some young farmer will pick them up. Trust me, he who marries these highty-tighty young ladies will have as bad a bargain as if he married a wax doll. How the fat would be in the fire if Mrs. Gent heard me say it, but I do say it for all that, she and her girls are *ignorant, very ignorant,* because they do not know what would be of most service to them.

Every sprat nowadays calls itself a herring; every donkey thinks itself fit to be one of the Queen's horses; every candle thinks itself the sun. But when a man with his best coat on, and a paper collar, a glass in his eye, a brass chain on his waistcoat, a cane in his hand, and emptiness in his head, fancies that people cannot see through his swaggers and brags, he must be *ignorant, very ignorant,* for he does not know himself. Flats, dressed up to the top of the fashion, think themselves somebodies, but nobody else does. Dancing-masters and tailors may rig up a fop, but they cannot make a nothing into a man. You may colour a millstone as much as you like, but you cannot improve it into a cheese.

When tradesmen put their earnings into companies and expect to see it again; when they take shares in railways and look for dividends; when they lend money at high interest and think to make their fortunes, they must be *ignorant, very ignorant.* As well hang a wooden kettle over the fire and get ready for tea, or sow beans in a river and look for a fine crop.

When men believe in lawyers and money-lenders (whether Jews or Gentiles), and borrow money, and speculate, and think themselves lucky fellows, they are shamefully *ignorant.* The very gander on the common would not make such a stupid of himself, for he knows when anyone tries to pluck him, and won't lose his feathers and pride himself in the operation.

The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks that the landlord's bows and "How do ye do, my good fellow," mean true respect, is a perfect natural; for with them it is

If you have money take a seat;
If you have none take to your feet.

The fox admires the cheese, not the raven. The bait is not put into the trap to feed the mouse, but to catch him. We don't light a fire for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for the labourer's good; if they do they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house"? If I spend money for the good of any house let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It's a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but heeltaps and headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together, is *ignorant, very ignorant.* Why, Red Lions, and Tigers, and Eagles, and Vultures, are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons?

He who believes that either Whigs or Tories will let us off with light taxes must have been born on the day after the last of March; and he who imagines that parish boards and vestries will ever have either heads or bowels must have been educated in an idiot asylum. He who believes in promises made at elections has long ears, and may try to eat thistles. Mr. Plausible has been round asking all the working men for their votes, and he will do all sorts of good things for them. Will he? Yes, the day after to-morrow—a little later than never. Poor men who expect the "friends of the working man" to do anything for them must be *ignorant, very ignorant.* When they get their seats, of course they cannot stand up for their principles, except when it is to their own interest to do so.

To lend umbrellas and look to have them sent home, to do a man a good turn and expect another from him when you want it, to hope to stop some women's tongues, to try to please everybody, to hope to hear gossips speak well of you, or to get the truth of a story from common report, is all evidence of great ignorance. Those who know the world best trust it least: those who trust it at all are not wise; as well trust a horse's heel or a dog's tooth. Trusting to others ruins many. He who leaves his business to bailiffs and servants, and believes that it will be well done, must be *ignorant, very ignorant.* The mouse knows when the cat is out of the house, and servants know when the master is away. No sooner is the eye of the master gone than the hand of the workman slackens. I'll go myself, and I'll see to it, are two good servants on a farm. Those who lie in bed and reckon that their trade will carry on itself, are *ignorant, very ignorant.*

Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public-house for happiness climb a tree to find fish. We might put all their wit in an egg-shell, or they would never be such dupes as to hunt after comfort where it is no more to be found than a cow in a

crow's nest; but, alas! good-for-nothings are common as mice in a wheatrick. I only wish we could pack them off to Lubberland, where they have half-a-crown a day for sleeping. If some one could let them see the sure result of ill-living, perhaps they might reform; and yet I don't know, for they do see it, and yet go on all the same; like a moth that gets singed and flies into the candle again. Certainly for loitering lushingtons to expect to thrive by keeping their hands in their pockets, or their noses in a pewter pot, proves them to be *ignorant, very ignorant.*

When I see a young lady with a flower garden on her head, and a draper's shop on her body, tossing her head about as if she thought everybody was charmed with her, I am sure she must be *ignorant, very ignorant.* Sensible men don't marry a wardrobe or a bonnet-box, they want a woman of sense, and these dress sensibly.

To my mind, those who sneer at religion, and set themselves up to be too knowing to believe in the Bible, are shallow fellows. They generally use big words, and bluster a great deal, but if they fancy they can overturn the faith of thinking people, who have tried and proved the power of the grace of God, they must be *ignorant, very ignorant.* He who looks at the sunrise and the sunset, and does not see the footprints of God, must be inwardly blinder than a mole, and only fit to live underground. God seems to talk to me in every primrose and daisy, to smile upon me from every star, to whisper to me in every breath of morning air, and call aloud to me in every storm. They say that man is the god of the dog; that man must be worse than a dog who will not listen to the voice of God, for a dog follows at his master's whistle. They call themselves philosophers, don't they? Their proper name is fools, for the fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God." The sheep know when rain is coming, the swallows foresee the winter, and even the pigs, they say, can see the wind; how much worse than a brute must he be who lives where God is everywhere present and yet sees him not! There is no ignorance like wilful ignorance, and those who will not see are the blindest of the blind. So you see a man may be a great hand at learning, and yet be *ignorant, very ignorant.*

As long evenings are now come, John Ploughman hopes to use his pen again, and write short chapters for the magazine. If he cannot write a long piece, he will give a short one; for, as the old proverb says, "If you cannot get it in bushels, take it in spoonfuls." If you cannot give a bird, you may give a feather. Some of the *Sword and Trowel* readers have been angry with John, especially those in debt, but John expected this, for if you pull a pig by the tail you must expect it to squeak; nevertheless, John would not wilfully tread on anybody's corns, though he has none himself, for he wears easy shoes, and recommends everybody to do the same.

Poll Early.

THE first votes recorded count all the day long, and so encourage the party all through the anxious hours of polling. When men give in their names for Jesus and his cause in the morning of their lives, their whole existence influences their times, and their encouragement to the good cause is life-long. Young people, remember this!

How can we Create and Sustain an Interest in the Work of Missions?

A paper read at a Meeting of Baptist Ministers in the District of Huddersfield and published at their request.

BY PASTOR J. CHADWICK, MILNS BRIDGE.

WITHOUT discussing the question, we shall be agreed as to the obligation resting upon Christ's disciples and Christ's church to make known the glad tidings of salvation to a perishing world. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" was the charge which the risen Saviour left ringing in the ears of his disciples as he was taken up out of their sight to sit down for ever at the right hand of God. Upon us there devolves the same responsibility, while we have the same promise to stimulate and encourage, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The early Christians seemed fully to enter into the spirit of their Master's message. They went everywhere, preaching the word, till in a space of time comparatively short, the banner of salvation had been uplifted in many lands. They were not unmindful of those by whom they were immediately surrounded; but having, according to the terms of their commission, "begun at Jerusalem," they were concerned that repentance and remission of sins should be preached to the regions beyond.

We live in an age when the church is not altogether unmindful of her obligations. She employs a thousand agencies to reach the masses who surround her doors, while at the same time she makes some faint response to the cry which from other lands is borne upon the breeze, "Come over and help us." Three quarters of a century ago the church awoke to a sense of her solemn responsibility in relation to the conversion of the world. Up to that period her spiritual energy had been confined almost entirely to herself. Absorbed in her own immediate interests, there was danger lest her life should be paralysed. She was dying of "nothing to do." Some feeble attempts had been made to carry the tidings of salvation to those who sat in the region and shadow of death, but they were for the most part individual in their character, and restricted in their range. General effort was a thing unknown and almost unthought of—certainly in many quarters not approved of. When Carey, in a meeting of ministers, proposed that the topic of discussion should be "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the gospel among heathen nations," Mr. Ryland, senior, said, "Young man, sit down; when God wants to convert the heathen he will do it without your aid or mine." This was a position very generally assumed, and encouraged by the trammels of a narrow, selfish theology, which then seemed to rule in the churches. Now, however, she burst her bonds. The inconsistency of prayer without practice dawned upon her; and, with quickened love to Christ, and renewed zeal for his glory, she entered upon the new work of seeking the conversion of the world.

The work once commenced, many things conspired to keep alive an interest in it. There was the novelty of the work itself, the thrilling adventures, in which the agents of the mission were the principal actors—the very difficulties to be encountered in executing the great design—all tended to arrest and sustain the attention of the churches at home. But those days are gone, and the aspect of the work is strangely altered. The novelty of the thing has worn off—difficulties calculated to call forth the energy of the churches have been to a great extent removed, while there is a lack of startling incident in connection with the work to evoke any great display of enthusiasm. Perhaps this may account for the fact; but, be the cause what it may, it is painfully evident that in many of our churches there is little or no interest in missionary effort. A monthly meeting for prayer—scarcely numbering the "two or three" who

have the promise of the Master's presence—a meeting cold, lifeless, uninteresting, this is about all that some—yea, many—of our churches lay upon this sacred altar. With apparent earnestness the petition is offered, "Thy kingdom come," "Let thy way be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations;" but scarce one honest effort is put forth that the object of that prayer may be realised. They will sing with amazing earnestness, "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," but they change the tune when asked to give it wings with which to fly, or do anything that would land it upon a distant shore. As John A. James says, "They pray as if they wished and wanted the world to be converted, but they give as if they would rather it remained as it was." Some of our churches come forth nobly to the help of the Lord against the mighty, but truth requires us to confess that in many quarters there is great flagging in missionary interest, and that zeal in this work is in great need of re-kindling. Surely this ought not to be so, for if there be anything about which we ought not to tolerate lukewarmness—if there be any one point on which the Christian church should keep its fervour in a continued glow, it is the matter of sending the gospel to a dying world.

It is a question, then, claiming our serious and prayerful attention, as to how we can best create and sustain an interest in the work of missions. Permit us to suggest a few simple thoughts which may, probably, have struck the minds of all.

1. We must seek to cultivate greater spiritual life in our churches. Many of the members of our churches seem never to rise above the stature of babes in grace. They have some sort of hope that they are in Christ Jesus, and with that hope they are content. They are satisfied with the thought that they are just saved. There is no growing in the divine life; no reaching after assurance; no consecration of self to the service of Jesus; no realisation of the truth, "Ye are not your own . . ye are bought with a price." Hence there is great difficulty in creating or sustaining interest in any form of Christian enterprise. Motives to earnest effort fall powerless upon the hearts of men whose own spiritual life is a poor, dwarfed, stunted thing. The picture of a world lying in the wicked; of souls perishing for lack of knowledge; of Jesus' love to dying men; all these will fail in bringing the least response from souls which do not half realise their own interest in the great salvation. We must seek, then, to cultivate a higher tone of piety in our churches. Without this, interest in missionary effort will be but fitful and temporary. There may be the blaze of momentary excitement, but if the flame is not fed with the oil of rich, genuine piety, it will soon expire, and leave the blackness of darkness behind it—a greater indifference than existed before. "The church must be revived herself before she is prepared to enter with true zeal upon the work of bringing the world to Christ."

2. We must keep constantly before the members of our churches the obligations under which they rest to give of their prayers, labours, and substance to the cause of missions. Let the various passages of Scripture containing our authority for this work, in precept or example, be sought out, prayerfully considered, and from time to time brought before the minds of the people. Let the work be set before them—not merely as one in which they may have the privilege of assisting, but as a plain, positive duty laid upon every disciple of Jesus, from which there can be no shrinking, and the neglect of which leaves room to doubt whether those who manifest it have either part or lot in the matter. Surely it is the Master's bidding, and he hath said, "Ye are my disciples if ye do whatsoever I command you."

3. One great method of accomplishing our object will be by giving to the people a constant supply of information as to the needs, progress, prospects, and success of missionary effort throughout the world.

The members of our churches can be expected to take but little interest in that of which they know comparatively nothing. A writer in the *Freeman* asks, "I wonder how many of us know how many missionaries we have at work, where their stations are, what number of communicants in round

numbers, there are on their books, or whether our principles are spreading or decreasing in the world? Nay, do many of us know the names of half a dozen of those who are representing us among the heathen, or whether in the most general way their churches are flourishing or otherwise?" There is much reason for the enquiry, and perhaps much of this ignorance may be laid at our doors as pastors of churches. If so, let us seek at once to remedy the evil. There are books without number affording information as to heathen lands, their crimes, idolatries, and desolations, with the story of missionary enterprise and success. If such books are not to be found in our Sunday-school and other libraries, we shall do good service to the cause of missions, and thus to our Master, if we see to it that they are speedily placed within the reach of the people. Carey's first thought of the work seems to have been suggested by the reading of "Cook's Voyages Round the World."

Especially should this matter be attended to in the case of our young people. *Something* they will read, and some of this missionary literature is calculated at once to fascinate them by its style, and to awaken in hearts already filled with the love of Jesus the earnest, resolute cry, "*What can we do?*"

It might be well if in connection with some of our larger Sunday-school and Congregational auxiliaries there were separate libraries established, for the purpose of bringing together and more easily circulating such works as in any way bear upon missionary enterprise. However, let care be taken that missionary intelligence, as furnished in our reports and periodicals, is regularly given to the people, so that they may be made familiar even with the names and localities, as well as the labours, discouragements, and successes of our brethren across the seas.

4. Let there be personal appeals to the members of our churches on the subject.

On all suitable occasions let the subject be publicly brought before the people, but let not this suffice. We think the pastor should make it one branch of his work to keep alive a spirit of anxious concern for a dying world, and for this the general address from the pulpit or the platform is not enough. Let us seek in the more private, social circle, and by individual address, to awaken and deepen an interest in efforts which are being made to bring the world to Christ. Calls, arguments, incitements to Christian duty, will be all the more effectual when in the privacy of social intercourse we can clench them with "Thou art the man."

5. May we not suggest that one way of interesting our people in missionary effort abroad will be by giving them as much as possible of missionary work at home?

They who care not for perishing souls at their own doors can be expected to have but little concern for those across the seas.

There is a class of persons somewhat numerous in our churches who object to missionary effort on the plea that all our strength and gifts are needed for the heathen of our own land. "Charity," say they, "begins at home." Let it be observed, however, that the cry generally comes from those who are a drag upon our churches—who are a hindrance to every effort for home evangelisation, and who would let their neighbours go to perdition without lending a hand to save them from going down to the pit. Those who are most busily engaged in the Master's work at home are those whose hearts feel most deeply, whose prayers ascend most earnestly, and whose gifts are most abundant for the support of agencies abroad. Let us give the members of our churches plenty of work at home. "All at it, and always at it," and we shall find it comparatively an easy matter to enlarge their sympathies, and teach them to embrace within their arms and hearts every part of the family of man.

6. Lastly, permit us to say that if we want our churches to be thoroughly imbued with a missionary spirit, we must see to it that we are in possession of it ourselves. No wonder if the people to whom we minister are forgetful of missionary work if we ourselves are careless and indifferent. Let us seek to have

a thorough acquaintance with the needs of a world that lieth in darkness and the shadow of death; let us often meditate on the value of immortal souls. Let us constantly bestir our minds to realise our responsibility and our opportunity, above all, let us grow in our acquaintance with him who was the "great Missionary," who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," so that we may catch more of his Spirit and tread more fully in his footsteps. Let our thoughts often find companionship in the remembrance of his love, his condescension, his agony, and his sacrifice. Never shall we get our hearts so filled with a true missionary spirit as when we abide under the shadow of the cross.

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet.
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

* * * * *

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

When once our hearts are thus filled with love to Christ, and zeal for his glory, and entire consecration to his service, we may expect that our churches will catch from us the heavenly inspiration, and with "The world for Christ" as their watchword, will go forth "conquering and to conquer," till it shall be said, "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ."

Sketch of the Rev. W. C. Burns, the Chinese Missionary.

WILLIAM Chalmers Burns was the son of the late Dr. William Burns, of Kilsyth. He was born in the Manse of Dun, in Forfarshire, in 1815, of which parish his father was then minister. After receiving his elementary education at home, he entered the University of Glasgow, when he passed through the usual curriculum of study. He was placed for some time in the office of his uncle in Edinburgh, with the view of becoming a lawyer. It was here, while sitting under the ministry of Dr. Bruce, in 1832, that he was convinced of his lost condition and led to embrace Christ as his Saviour. The change was decided, and with that resolution which ever characterised him, he resolved to give himself to the work of the Lord. After going through a course of preliminary studies in theology, he was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Glasgow, and shortly after was called upon to supply the pulpit of the Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, in Dundee, during his absence in Palestine in the summer of 1849. His preaching from the first was marked with great power and success, and this, no doubt, was the result of his dependence on God, and his close walk with him. He was emphatically a man of prayer, and this power he carried with him into the pulpit. For the first three months of his ministry in St. Peter's there was no outward manifestation of the Lord's work, except in the renewed zeal and greater prayerfulness of the Lord's people. The necessity of prayer was a subject on which he very frequently dwelt. It was an exercise in which he himself seemed to take special delight—dwelling in the secret chamber of the Most High, and abiding under his shadow. The beginning of that great revival, however, which took place under his ministry did not commence in St. Peter's, where he was labouring, but at Kilsyth, where he had gone on a visit to his father to assist at the communion; but the account of it will be best told in his own words, in a letter he sent to the congregation of St. Peter's, explaining his absence from them.

KILSYTH, *July* 31*st*, 1839.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD JESUS,

Amid the constant employment which the wonderful work of the Lord in this place supplies me with, I have thought it proper to send a few lines, that you may know in some degree the reasons which have made it appear to me and all God's people here his manifest will that I should be absent still a few days longer from that dear and unspeakable weighty and precious charge with which he has been pleased for a time to entrust me among you. On the Tuesday after the sacrament here, which took place on the first Sabbath I was absent from you, I intended to preach a farewell discourse to the people, and leave Kilsyth in the afternoon. This discourse was intimated to be delivered in the Market Place, in order to reach the ears of many, who, alas! even in this village, absent themselves habitually from the courts of the Lord. The weather, however, proved unfavourable, and the multitude crowded to the church, where there was indeed displayed, in a degree that had been but rarely witnessed, the glorious power and presence of the Holy Spirit. During the whole of the sacrament season, there has been evidently a deep impression of the things of God on the minds of the people, and much fervent and importunate prayer offered up by the Lord's people for the glorious revelation of his mighty arm. But at this time the work was altogether unlike anything that has preceded it in this parish since the glorious revival in the days of Robe, about a hundred years ago. The subject of discourse was Psalm cx. 3, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power;" and as the preacher drew towards a close, the feelings of the congregation became so intense and irresistible that some being compelled to give vent to them aloud; the whole multitude began at once to cry out—some exulting in glorious discoveries of Jesus' love, and many awakened to the most vehement desires after him. For some time nothing could be heard but the mingled cries of saints and sinners—the unconverted, with a few exceptions, being powerfully alarmed on account of sin, and the people of God being partly aroused by fresh discoveries of their guilt, and partly transported by brighter manifestations of the glory and the love of Jesus, their Lord and Saviour. When the people became more calm and composed, Dr. Burns of Paisley, my father and myself, engaged in prayer and praise, and Dr. Burns having also addressed the people, shortly the meeting ended. It was thought proper to hold another meeting in the evening, where, in the infinite and most sovereign mercy of my God, I was again honoured to declare the glorious gospel of Jesus to as great a multitude as in the forenoon. There was at this time no such violent outburst of the people's feelings, but the Holy Spirit, I doubt not, was present, glorifying Christ in the hearts of not a few, and convincing others of the sin and misery of their natural state; and since that time to the present day, I have been engaged along with my father during all the forenoon, in dealing privately with multitudes of sinners of all ages and characters, and in the evening in preaching and exhorting publicly the immense crowds that have a desire to hear the word of the gospel. Many are under the deepest convictions of sin—many travailing with pain in the second birth, and not a few, we trust, really delivered by the Spirit into the glorious liberty of the children of God. On Sabbath last there was an immense congregation, of not fewer, probably that four thousand assembled in the church-yard, and though no great power attended the discourse, many, probably about one thousand, seemed so unwilling to depart that I was led to make a few simple remarks to some of those nearest me, and being insensibly carried on by God beyond my original design, the Spirit of God was so remarkably poured down upon so many of the people, that floods of tears flowed from eyes under a powerful sense of sin, and of the love of Jesus to sinners, and we felt constrained to wait upon God in prayer, exhortation, and praise till the shades of evening had fallen around us. This is a specimen of the work that is going on in public, but in

private the evidences of the Lord's blessed presence are still more unquestionable. During some entire days and nights the town has been for the most part occupied in prayer and praise; and in the woods and fields many may be heard groaning after a Saviour desired, or exulting in a Saviour found. As it has pleased the Lord to engage me in this work, it appeared to all here after much prayer, that I could not leave it for a short time without hindering or opposing the manifest and gracious design of God; and I have no hesitation in remaining and leaving you under the pastoral care of my dear brother in Christ, Mr. Lyan, assured that the Lord might have blasted my labours among you had I run from his presence, and that he can easily bless me more on a day after my return, which I expect will be in the beginning of next week, than he has done during the three months which it has been my unspeakable privilege to labour among you.

The Lord Jesus be with all of you, dearly beloved friends, and stir up his people to ask and expect a day of his power, which may make thousands willing for his blessed yoke. Yours in the Lord Jesus,

W. C. Burns.

Mr. Burns returned to his charge in St. Peter's on the 8th August. The news of the work at Kilsyth had produced a deep impression in St. Peter's congregation, to whom the above letter was read, and the Lord's people had had frequent meetings for prayer that a like blessing might descend upon them. Their prayers were graciously answered. At the weekly prayer-meeting on Thursday evening, two days after Mr. Burns's return, the Spirit began to work in a way similar to Kilysth. Many strong men among the number weeping like little children, and crying, "What must I do to be saved?" Day after day the people met for prayer and hearing the word. Night after night the church was crowded, many of these, no doubt, came out of mere curiosity, of these a goodly number were arrested and led to the Saviour. Many notorious sinners were converted, and several sceptics were constrained to acknowledge Jesus to be Lord. A new era seemed to have dawned upon the town, almost every congregation shared more or less in the blessing. Some ministers indeed denounced it as a delusion, and the secular press ridiculed the work, and abused the preacher as a fool and a fanatic, but the work went on, all Scotland heard the glad tidings that the Spirit of God in mighty power had descended, and not only heard but shared in the blessing. The meetings in the church were held nightly for several weeks, various ministers assisting in the work. Meetings were also held in various other churches in the town.

Mr. M'Cheyne arrived from his mission to the Jews in November, rejoicing to hear of the great things the Lord had done for his people in his absence. It was much feared for a time that a jealous spirit would prevail among the people of St. Peter's, some saying, "I am of Paul," and others, "I of Cephas." Those recently converted were apt to regard their spiritual father in a light in which they could regard none besides. But Mr. M'Cheyne had received from the Lord a holy disinterestedness that suppressed every feeling of envy. Mr. Burns bore striking testimony to this trait in his character on preaching his funeral sermon. "We cannot," he said, "judge the heart; but our dear departed brother seemed peculiarly to have triumphed over that sin which holds so many captive. He rejoiced unfeignedly, and almost equally in the work of God, as being his alone whether he or another were the instrument employed in it. I had myself a peculiar opportunity of marking this, which I would now allude to for God's honour. You know that it pleased God during his absence in 1839 to visit this people with his salvation in a remarkable manner; and doubtless my heart and the hearts of many of you were knit together at such a time in a peculiar degree. Coming back in such circumstances to a people among whom he had been blessed, and whose affections had gathered round him, there was much that met him to excite, and that in the case of one less sanctified, would have excited suspicion and jealousy. And

yet, though others might be jealous or suspicious who were less exposed to the temptation, I never on one occasion, even in a look, could say that I discovered such a thing. The imperfections and sins which attached to much that was done at that time, were noticed indeed by others, and by many magnified beyond the truth; but from the first he rejoiced in all that was of God, and gave him the glory, seeming to leave it to others who had more delight in it, to seek for causes of offence; and indeed, from that day till the last, when I parted from him, he acted towards me with an openness and tenderness which rendered his friendship the most endearing that ever I enjoyed or can almost hope to be a second time favoured with. I record this to the glory of God because it was one of the greatest trials of his character in public life, and one in which he seemed to be more than conqueror through him that loved him."

Mr. Burns being now free from his engagement in St. Peter's, many of his friends were anxious that he should settle down in some stated charge as the pastor of a congregation, but this he declined; indeed, it was said at the time, friends offered to build a church for him, but to all such he turned a deaf ear, by saying, "the Lord sent him not to baptise, but to preach the gospel." He therefore became our evangelist, itinerating through Scotland, visiting most of its large towns, as well as its rural districts, wherever he went crowds flocked to hear him, and multitudes were converted. He wielded an influence over the masses whom he addressed which was almost without parallel since the days of Wesley and Whitfield. He had a clear and vigorous understanding, and a firm grasp of gospel truth, and though destitute of fancy or pathos, he had a voice capable of commanding any audience however large, whether preaching in the church, in the field, or in the market, amid its bacchanalian revelry, could arrest the attention. Men felt that he was in earnest, and that the things of which he spoke were realities. His labours were not confined to Scotland; he also visited England, Ireland, and Canada, but into these we cannot enter.

While on one of his visits to Aberdeen, an exaggerated account of one of his meetings appeared in one of the neswpapers, which led to an investigation by the presbytery. That investigation was believed to be at the time to have been entered into with no very friendly feeling towards Mr. Burns. Several of the ministers were known to be unfavourable to him. The investigation was resumed on six several days, various witnesses being examined, Mr. Burns himself being among the number. Letters were also sent to various ministers throughout the country containing queries as to whether revivals had taken place in their churches, and from the answers to these and that of the witnesses examined, a mass of evidence was educed so overwhelming that the presbytery were constrained to adopt the following resolution: "That the evidence derived from answers to certain queries sent by the committee to ministers and others in different parts of the country, amply bears out the fact that an extensive and delightful work of revival has commenced, and is in hopeful progress in various parts of Scotland. * * * That in the case of Aberdeen, to which the evidence more especially refers, it clearly appears, so far as the test of time can be applied to the subject, that a very considerable number of persons, chiefly in early life, have been strongly, and it is hoped, savingly impressed with the importance of eternal things; that many of all ages have been awakened to a more serious concern about Christ and salvation than they formerly felt, and have been quickened to activity in well-doing and that the labours of Mr. W. C. Burns, preacher of the gospel, are peculiarly discernible in connection with these results." Time has but deepened the impression thus made on all who took part in the movement. Many are now filling honourable positions in society and in the church, who can trace their first religious impressions to Mr. Burns. From St. Peter's alone the present writer knows of sixteen who are now ministers of the gospel filling spheres of usefulness, and honoured by the master in their work.

In 1847, the English Presbyterian church had resolved upon establishing a mission to China, and Mr. Burns was requested by Dr. Hamilton, who knew

him well, to become its first missionary. Many thought that this was a work to which he was not well adapted, so different was it from addressing multitudes at home; but they little knew the man. He was equally at home in pointing a single soul to the Saviour, as in addressing a large congregation. Besides, his heart from the first was set upon such a work. When first brought to know the truth, his resolution was formed of becoming a missionary, and though labouring so long and so successfully in his own country, he never abandoned the idea; and now that the way was opened up he readily accepted it, commenced his labours in that vast field where he was to achieve so signal success. He had a wonderful aptitude for acquiring languages, and in an incredibly short time had mastered the hieroglyphics of China, so that he could both speak and write it with fluency. He translated the "Pilgrim's Progress," and several other works into the Chinese language. From his first entrance on his missionary labours, he identified himself with the Chinese by adopting their dress, and conforming to their local habits. He was thus enabled to penetrate into parts seldom if ever visited by Europeans. Wherever he went his Bible was his constant companion and text book. He became known in the various villages, and even in Pekin itself, as the "Man of the Book." It is astonishing the influence he ultimately wielded. It is questionable if any single individual unconnected with the actual administration of the state wielded a greater influence in the Celestial Empire than him. When several of the native converts were exposed to persecution, Mr. Burns repaired to the capital, and through the intervention of the Hon. Frederick Bruce, the British Ambassador procured redress from the oppression to which they were subjected. By his uniform courtesy and singleness of purpose he became quite a favourite at Amoy, where he was stationed for a time. During the Coolie riots in 1852 he was almost the only European who dared to appear in the streets. A British soldier would not have been safe with his bayonet; but the missionary walked about unmolested with his Bible under his arm. It must not, however, be supposed that he met with no opposition or hindrances to his work. In a country like China, where the presence of strangers is looked upon with so much suspicion, his motives were frequently questioned, and his movements watched, and yet he succeeded in penetrating far into the interior, going from village to village preaching the word of life. On one of these excursions he was arrested along with two native teachers he had taken with him. On reading the account of his arrest given by governor Yeh, we are reminded of apostolic days, and the letters about the Christians sent to Rome by the provincial governor.

Yeh. *High Imperial Commissioner, Governor-General of the two Kwang Provinces, &c.*, addresses this declaration to H. S. Parkes, Esq., *Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Canton.*

"I have before me an official report from Wang-Ching chief magistrate of the district of Hae-Yang, in the department of Chasu-Chaw, which contains the following statements:—It being the duty of your subordinate to act with Lesenen-fang, the Major commanding at this city (Chasu-Chaw), in the inspection of the defences of the place, we suddenly observed, whilst engaged in this service, three persons seated in a boat on the river whose appearance had something in it that was unusual. We found in their boat, and took possession of, seven volumes of foreign books, and three sheet tracts, but these were the only things they had with them. On examining the men themselves, we observed that they all of them had shaven heads, and wore their hair plaited in a queue, and were dressed in Chinese costume. The face of one of them, however, had rather a strange look; his speech in respect to tone and mode of expression, being not very similar to that of the Chinese. We, therefore, interrogated him carefully, whereupon he stated to us that his true name was Pin-wei-lin (William Burns), that he was an Englishman, aged forty-two years, and as a teacher of the religion of Jesus, had been for some time past engaged in exhorting his fellow men to do good deeds. In 1847 he left his native land

and travelled to China, and took up his residence first at Victoria, where he lived two years, and afterwards at the foreign factories at Canton, where he remained for more than one. Subsequently, he visited Shanghae, Amoy, and other places, and there spent several years. Wherever he went he made himself acquainted with the languages of the Chinese, and by this means he delivered his exhortations to the people, and explained to them the books of Jesus, but without receiving from anyone the least remuneration. In 1854 he embarked in a steamer from Amoy, on a visit to his native home; and in December, 1855, joined himself to one of his countrymen, surnamed Tae, who was going to Shanghae to trade, 'I accompanied him thither,' said Burns, 'in his vessel, but from Shanghae, Tae returned home again, whilst I remained there and engaged myself in the distribution of Christian books. In the sixth month of the present year (July), I left Shanghae, and took passage in a foreign sailing vessel to Shantaw (Swa-taw), in the district of Chinghae. There I fell in on the 12th day of the 7th month (August 12th), with Le-a-quen and Chin-a-Seun, the two Chinese who have now been seized with me. I called upon them to be my guides, and we proceeded in company to Yen-fan, and from thence came on to this city, where we had it in contemplation to distribute some of our books. Scarcely, however, had we arrived at the river's bank, on the 19th day of the seventh month (19th August), when to our surprise we found ourselves under surveillance, and deprived of our liberty. We entertained, however, no other views or intentions than those which we have stated, and declare that these statements are entirely true.'

"Such is the account given by the missionary, William Burns, who, together with his seven volumes of books, and his three sheet tracts, was given over into the charge of an officer, and brought in custody to this office.

"Having examined the above report, I (the Imperial Commissioner) have to observe thereon, that the inland river of the city of Chasu-Chaw is not one of the ports open to (foreign) commerce, and it has never on that account been frequented by foreigners, I cannot but think upon it, therefore, as exceeding improper, that William Burns (admitting him to be an Englishman) should change his over dress, shave his head, and assume the costume of the Chinese, penetrate into the interior in so irregular a manner. And, although, when closely examined by the magistrate, he firmly maintained that religious teaching and the distribution of books formed his sole object and occupation, it may certainly be asked, why does William Burns leave Shanghae and come to Chasu-Chaw, just at a time when Kiang-Nan and the other provinces are the scene of hostilities? Or, can it be that a person, dressed in the garb, and speaking the language of China, is really an Englishman, or may he not be falsely assuming that character to further some mischievous ends?

"I have directed Heu, the assistant Man-Hae magistrate, to hand him over to the Consul of the said nation, in order that he may ascertain the truth respecting him, and keep him under restraint; and I hereby, by means of this declaration, make known to him (the Consul) the above particulars.

"William Burn's seven volumes of foreign books, and three sheet tracts accompany this declaration.

"Heenfung, 6th year, 9th month, 2nd day."

The two native teachers alluded to, a fortnight after Mr. Burns was sent off to Canton, were examined anew by the district magistrate, and, because of their testimony to the truth of the gospel, and its power in contrast with the doctrines of Confucius, as the means of saving the soul from death, they were both beaten forty blows on the cheek. They were, however, after four months imprisonment, set at liberty. Mr. Burns, after a short stay in Canton, resumed his labours at Swa-taw, but we soon find him again itinerating from village to village, blessed in his labours wherever he went. It would be impossible, however, in this brief sketch to enumerate the various places he visited, the wonderful perils he encountered, and his deliverances from them all. The many souls that were converted by his instrumentality, and the congregations

he formed. His life has been so full of self-consecration to a great cause, and so crowded with incidents of the most exciting interest and enduring value, that we can only hint at them.

The following extract from the American "Journal of Missions," we quote as showing the nature of the work carried on by him. "Many of the readers of the Journal will remember that in 1854, Mr. Burns, an excellent missionary of the English Presbyterian church, started from Amoy, on a preaching tour, accompanied by two native members of the church connected with the Mission of the Board of that place. At Pehchuia, the first town at which they stopped, so much interest was at once awakened that they were detained for two months, day and night holding forth the word of life in circumstances of great interest. A preaching place was soon secured, and public worship was held on the Sabbath, and every evening. As Mr. Burns did not wish to confine his labours to any one place, he early gave notice to Messrs. Doty and Talmage that he thought the time was near when a church should be formed in that town, and requested them to examine candidates for baptism, and assume the care of the little flock which might be gathered. A letter from Mr. Talmage, dated August 18th, communicates the gratifying intelligence that the work of the Spirit has been continued, and a church has actually been gathered. It was organised on the 17th of May, with five members, after which the Lord's-supper was duly administered. On the first Sabbath in July, four others was admitted to Christian ordinances. There are still a few at Pehchuia, Mr. Talmage says, of whom we think well, and whom we hope soon to receive into the fellowship of the church. In speaking of the little band of disciples in this place, he writes as follows: "We have been especially interested in their lively faith, their praying spirit, their earnestness in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and as a consequence of all this, their joy in the Holy Ghost." In the autumn of the same year, Mr. Burns left China on a visit to his native country, and while there received the "following interesting letter from the infant church at Pehchuia, given to be inspected by Mr. Burns, and all the disciples:"—

"We who have received the grace of Jesus Christ, send a letter to pastor William Burns (lit. shepherd-teacher, Privui-lino). We wish that God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, may give to all the holy disciples in the church grace and peace. Now, we wish you to know that you are to pray to God for us; for you came to our market town and unfolded the gracious command of God, causing us to obtain the grace of God. Now, as we have a number of things to say, we must send this communication: we wish you deeply to thank God for us that, in the Intercalary, seventh month, and thirteenth day, pastor Johnston (lit. shepherd-teacher Jin-sin) established a free-school here; there are twelve attending it. Formerly, in the third month, a man whose name is Chun-Sim, belonging to the village of Ch'eng-choan (pine-fount village), heard your preaching in the village of Hui-Hau (pottery village). Many thanks to the Holy Spirit who opened his blind heart, so that in the seventh month, he sent a communication to the church at Amoy, praying the brethren to go to the village. They went, and spoke for several days, and all the villages with delighted heart listened.' Also, in the town of Chio'h-Bey, the Holy Spirit is powerfully working (lit. influencing-moving): the people generally (man-man) desire to hear the gospel. The brethren and missionaries have gone together several times. And now in the village of Ka-lang there are two men Ch'eng-Soan and Sui-Mui, who are joining heart with the brethren in prayer. Teacher! we in this place with united heart, pray, and bitterly (i.e. earnestly) beg of God to give you a level plain (*i.e.* prosperous journey) to go home, and beg of God again to give you a level plain (good journey) quickly to come. Teacher! you know that our faith is thin (*i.e.* weak) and in danger. Many thanks to our Lord and God, who defends us as the apple of his eye. Teacher! from the time that we parted with you, in the seventh month, we have been meditating on our Lord Jesus' love to sinners in giving his life for them; also thinking of your benevolence and good conduct, your faith in the

Lord, and compassion for us. We have heard the gospel but a few months; our faith is not yet firm (*lit.* hard, or solid). Teacher, you know that we are like sheep that have lost their shepherd, or an infant that has lost its milk. Many thanks to the Holy Spirit, our Lord, morning and evening (*i.e.* continually), comforts our hearts and gives us peace. And in the seventh month, the twenty-fourth day, the brethren, with united heart prayed, and shedding tears bitterly, begged of God again to send a number of pastors, quickly to come again to teach the gospel. We wish that God our Father may grant this prayer, which is exactly that which the heart desires (*i.e.*, Amen)." Nine names were appended to this letter, being all the members of the infant church at Pehchuia at the date when the letter was written, namely, the Autumn of 1854. Mr. Burns visited several places in Scotland at this time, amongst others St. Peter's, the scenes of his former labours. We well remember the crowds that flocked to hear him, many amongst them his own spiritual children, and with what eagerness they again listened to his voice, but it was evident to all from the remarks he made, that his heart was in China, and that he as a caged bird was anxious to be at liberty and away. He also addressed meetings in several other churches in Dundee, giving interesting details of his work in China.

Mr. Burns sailed again for China on Friday, the 9th of March, 1855, on board the "Challenger," in company with Mr. C. Douglas, the first missionary ordained in Scotland for mission work in China. They safely landed at Hong-Kong, and proceeded on to Amoy, when he was again welcomed by his friends, and we soon find him planning out new fields of enterprise. From that time to the time of his death, he was incessant in labours in his Master's cause. Frequently disappearing, his friends scarcely knowing were, to turn up in some distant village, living with the natives, sharing in their food, and such accommodation as they could afford— his only anxiety the salvation of souls. He had from the first given himself to this work, and he prosecuted it with a zeal seldom equalled, never surpassed. This incessant labour, however, in a climate like China, began ultimately to tell on his constitution, and though privileged to labour there for a period of twenty-one years, he ultimately sank under it at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. Mr. Burns was taken seriously ill about the beginning of January of this year, but his health had suffered on the voyage to New-Chwang, where he had gone in a native vessel in August last, owing to the effects of unwholesome native food; and being "without many of the necessaries of life, and all the comforts." While labouring in New-Chwang, a low state of health ending in extreme prostration was the result. On the 15th of January he wrote on his sick bed these few lines for his beloved mother, the last he ever wrote, "To my mother: at the end of last year, I got a severe chill, which has not yet left the system, producing chilliness and fever every night; and for the last few nights this has been followed by prostration which rapidly diminishes the strength. Unless it shall please God to rebuke the disease, it is evident what the end must be, and I write these lines beforehand to say that I am happy and ready through the abounding grace of God, either to live or to die. May the God of all consolation comfort you when the tidings of my decease shall reach you, and through the redeeming blood of Jesus, may we meet with joy before the throne above.—William Burns." The Rev. A. Williamson, agent of the National Bible Society, of Scotland, who arrived at New-Chwang about a fortnight after his death, gives the following interesting particulars of his last days: "He did not speak much on religious subjects, either to Chinese, or foreigners, and when he did, the burden of his remarks was that he was prepared to die or live, as the Lord might determine. He was as carefully attended to as the circumstances would permit. The doctor was most assiduous and kind, and several members of the community constantly visited him, and watched when required. He lived at the extreme west of the Chinese town, fully two miles from the settlement, and could not be persuaded to remove to better quarters with our own countrymen. But as it was, the doctor saw him on the morning of the day on which he died, and a

friend was with him all night, till nine in the morning. Receiving word in the afternoon that he was worse, the doctor, in company with the consular assistant, went immediately, but just too late to see him die. He was buried in the foreign graveyard, every member of the community being present who could possibly attend. One of the gentlemen most frequent in his visits to Mr. Burns, gave me a few more particulars which will be interesting to you. He said that about a month after the commencement of his illness, Mr. Burns began to apprehend its fatal issue, but said he was quite prepared. After six weeks or so, his fresh looks began to leave him, and the brightness of his eye faded, and gradually he became like an old decaying man. About six or seven days before his death they had a very interesting religious conversation. Finding a decided change for the worse, and great distress in breathing, the gentleman read and repeated several portions of Scripture, among others the twenty-third Psalm, hesitating at the verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Mr. Burns took it up, and in a deep strong voice continued and finished the Psalm. He also greatly relished the fourteenth chapter of John, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and on closing the exercises with the Lord's prayer, Mr. Burns suddenly became emphatic, and repeated the latter portion and doxology, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," with extraordinary strength and decision. This was the last time he manifested any power of mind. Afterwards he only evinced recognition, and at last hardly spoke or even opened his eyes. Thus he passed away!! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

W. M. O.

Our Scriptures.

19, Cannon Street, London,, E.C.,
19th Nov., 1868.

Dear Sir,—It was stated, in a paper inserted in the last number of the *Sword and Trowel*, that the British and Foreign Bible Society is foremost in altering translations of the Scriptures, "so as to hide the word of Christ, and to support the worst errors of Popery." It was also stated that "only this year, they have refused to listen to the entreaties of the Polish Christians, that they would rectify the gross errors in their version of the Bible." Thirdly, it was asserted that "The society is engaged in publishing a new edition of the Romish version in Portuguese."

Now,whatever may have been Mr. Marshall's authority for these statements, he has been grievously misled; for they are all of them absolutely untrue. To take the two last first, the Polish Christians have made no application, direct or indirect, to the society to rectify their Bible; and the only translation of the Portuguese Scriptures which the society is preparing is a Protestant translation of the Old Testament.

As to the version in question, what is the fact? That there are certain countries in Europe, in which bigoted Roman Catholics will only receive translations of the Scriptures made from the Vulgate, which is the authorised Bible of the Church of Rome, and which you, dear Sir, justly designate as "an immortal work," and, "on the whole, a most wonderful translation." *Sword and Trowel*, p. 490.

These translations from the Vulgate are printed without notes and comments, and without the Apocrypha, by the Bible Society, much against the will of the Roman Hierarchy, and are sold to those persons, and to those only, who decline through prejudice to purchase versions made by Protestants.

And what is the character of these Vulgate versions? Do they leave out the second Commandment? Do they make the Virgin Mary a mediator? Do they make the Pope a successor of Peter? Do they recommend that people

should not read the Scriptures, or that they should have the worship of God conducted in an unknown tongue? Do they set up the ministers of the congregation as a priestly caste? Do they deny the cup to the laity? Do they uphold the sacrifice of the mass, the doctrine of purgatory, the meritorious power of penance, or the priestly confessional? No, not one Popish doctrine is to be found in these Vulgate versions. On the contrary, every doctrine which we Protestants hold as dearly as our lives, will be found in each of them.

The opponents of the circulation of these versions have been misled by *words*, which have been often mistranslated, often misapplied, and always separated from their context* by certain pamphleteers. Readers of these versions will find, here and there, words which run glibly from the tongue of the Pope or the Priest, but they will never find the doctrines which those words are supposed to uphold.

Once induce a bigoted Romanist to buy the Bible, to read the Bible, and to pray over the Bible, and you have done for him an inexpressible benefit, which the few mistranslations scattered here and there over its pages will no more affect than the spots affect the lightgiving power of the sun.

We ought to be careful before we hastily accuse a great Protestant Society of complicity with Popery. We have enough enemies around us and against us, without going out of our way to attack those who are honestly trying to do their duty to God, and who are spreading all over the world that Book which is God's great instructor for all nations.

Trusting you will judge these remarks, in answer to the article in the *Sword and Trowel* (pp. 505—508) "Our Scriptures," worthy of a place in your next number,

I remain, yours faithfully
FRED. EHRENZELLER.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Stockwell Orphanage.

WE are now busy with selecting out of the mass of applicants, fifty of the most needy children, so as to receive them at the new year. We are looking for a suitable master, and trust the Lord will send us the right man. Of matrons we have more than enough. Our friends will rejoice with us when we remind them, that from the first moment the Orphanage buildings were commenced up to this present, we have always had money when it was needed to pay the contractors, and we are full of confidence that the last £1,000, which is almost all that is required to complete the houses, will be surely sent in answer to prayer. So, also, will the means to maintain the orphans; for, "The Lord will provide."

Penny Readings.

"Our weapons are carnal and not spiritual."—*Modern Reading.*

IT has been a stock anecdote, especially in the temperance cause, that certain men applied for the office of coachman, and on being asked how near they could drive to the edge of a precipice, one said within a yard, another within six inches, &c., while one, on being questioned as to his ability, declared that for his part he should prefer to drive as far off as the road would allow; and, as the story goes, he was the accepted suitor. Would that the professing church had the common sense of the coachman; but numbers so invert the right order of things that they hope by the use of very carnal weapons to accomplish spiritual results. The plan of Penny Readings is very generally

* Those who wish to pursue this subject, may be referred to a "Dialogue on the British and Foreign Bible Society." Hunt & Co., price 2d.

put in operation by these descendants of Mr. Worldly Wiseman. One can understand that public readings might be made useful for public instruction, but how by pandering to low, vulgar tastes, the minds of the masses are to be elevated we cannot imagine. In a place not far from this spot, *Penny Readings* were used most successfully, so far as the attendance and the pence were concerned, but what shall be said of the moral and spiritual results? The programme involved sundry songs, both sentimental and comic, (query, Are these Penny Readings?) and recitations with suitable action. (Are these Penny Readings?) A chairman, member of a Christian church, being appointed, one of the secretaries, another member of the same Christian community, proposed the singing of a hymn, but an objection was raised by some present: "No; don't mix it." Just as if praise to God, "My own true Love," and "Whittington and his Cat," would not comfortably mingle together! The fun was so fast and furious, when a certain song was given, that even a recitation in praise of the "Life Boat" was too serious for the dissipated minds of the intellectual audience; and this is not all, for before the session came to an end, Professor Anderson was rivalled by an exhibition of legerdemain, by eminent performers, one of them a son of a deacon of the church. A simple-minded person might say, "Surely they did not class conjuring under the head of Penny Readings"? My dear friend, they dish up any rubbish nowadays under this name, and anything will take so long as a continual uproarious, broad grin can be maintained during the time of assembling. If the wisdom which comes down from above is first pure and then peaceable, and full of good fruits, associations for providing Penny Readings do not appear to be blest with it. When I observe how these proceedings are defended on the ground of "*there is no harm*," I do hope, sir, you will allow the *Sword* to be again exercised against these mischievous inventions. If these are the weapons with which Infidelity, Indifferentism, State-churchism, Ritualism, Romanism, etc., are nowadays to be assailed, then I shall make no more ado, but, seeing the glory is departed, shall at once write on the wall—

ICHABOD.

Reviews.

Emmanuel; or the Father revealed in Jesus. By James Culross, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

A capital little book, displaying much elegance and freshness of thought. We have greatly enjoyed the perusal of it, and heartily commend it to our readers.

Ecce Deus. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

"Ecce Deus," the third edition of which is now before us, is not a reply to "Ecce Homo." It claims to be "an examination of the life and doctrine of Jesus Christ, conducted on independent ground." We think that the author has rather stolen a march on the writer of "Ecce Homo," who is thus virtually forestalled in a title which we think he had a right to, in order to finish his projected life of Christ. We have found this work very heavy reading—not so much from the weight of thought as the cumbersomeness of the language. Many a time we have been reminded of the men in armour in the Lord Mayor's show, and the old six-horse state-carriage, as we have been examining this book. Simplified, it would be of use, but there is so much of parade and the powers of diction, that the practical utility of it is greatly diminished. The controversial notes at the end are of high value, and will well repay the studious reader. There is much in the work, as a whole, to commend it. The spirit is fair and generous, even when most severe; the figures are forcible, but hackneyed. We have evidences of independent thought, and not a little research. The author has evidently braced up himself to a vigorous effort, and has done justice to his views. We are, however, far from satisfied upon some points. "Atonement," he says, "is the possible result of sacrifice, when looked at from

the human side. The atonement, practically considered, may be regarded as the application which the sinner himself makes of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ." Is this the doctrine of the Scriptures, and all that results from the "one sacrifice, whereby he has perfected for ever them that are sanctified," when "once in the end of the world, he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself"? Again, we demur to this doctrine, "The sinner is not saved simply because Jesus Christ died upon the cross, but because he accepted that death as his own expression of the necessity of sacrifice for the pardon of guilt"!! Here the author confounds things which differ; the method of bestowing divine grace, and the work through which the exercise of that grace upon my heart has been rendered possible, must be kept distinct. I am not my own redeemer; the atonement for my guilt has been made by another; on the basis of his work alone, I rest my hope. *I am saved simply because of the death of Jesus Christ*, as the propitiation for my sin—the method of divine application is quite another thing; although even here the death of Christ has power as the Spirit applies his work and melts my stubborn will to the obedience of faith, through the application of the blood of cleansing. The atonement needs no addition, and if it did, I am in no condition to supplement it, so as to render it efficacious to my salvation.

Christian Life in the Camp; a Memoir of Alexander M. Macbeth. Nisbet and Co.

THE fond tribute of an aged female relative to the memory of a Christian doctor in the army. Without rising to the rank of other biographies of distinguished military Christian officers in the army, it will be found in company with them, and has some points which will render it not out of place in such a position. Our teetotal friends will doubtless read it to find a confirmation of their views, and a right good specimen of a Total Abstainer Mr. Macbeth doubtless was.

Le Petit Grammarien. By T. PAGLIARDINI. Hodder and Stoughton.

A VERY excellent French reading-book for young beginners.

The Last Adam. By LIEUT.-GENERAL H. GOODWYN. S. W. Partridge and Co.

WE have read through this book, and are none the wiser as to the object for which it was written. We are more than ever convinced of the genuine piety, and right-hearted spirit of the author, but clearly divinity is not the gallant and good general's strong point. We assure him that we freely accept our share of that solemn "responsibility *before God*," concerning which he warns all editors who were so depraved as to say a word against his previous work, which came to us for review some time back. We are sorry to offend any, but our rule is to be honest and speak out our mind, and we must suggest to authors not to be too thin-skinned when they have courted our judgment. We do not thrust our reviews upon them; they ask us for it, and when they get it they should not be irritated.

The Angel of the Icebergs and other Stories and Parables for the Young. By the Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

PARABLES new and old by the famous Mr. Todd. Some of them are charming, all instructive, and none uninteresting. Every thoughtful lad and lassie should read and remember the stories so charmingly told. The get-up of the book is most tasteful, a bait to catch purchasers: we hope thousands will be attracted thereby.

The Condition of Membership in the Christian Church, viewed in connection with the Class-meeting system in the Methodist body. By T. HUGHES. Hodder and Stoughton.

VERY sensible arguments upon a subject which is clear enough to everybody but an old Conference Methodist. To maintain the system of class-meetings is most prudent, to make them the test of membership is tyranny, and if persevered in will be the deadly wound of Methodism. We do not abide by the views of the present writer as to *the* scriptural requisites for membership, but we are quite at one with him in the belief that attending a weekly class-meeting and paying a penny a week is not one of them.

Louis Michaud, or the little French Protestant Girl. Religious Tract Society.

A WELL told story, rich with the spirit of the gospel. Happy are the little ones to have such a literature as is now provided for them.

Table Talk and other Poems. By WM. COWPER, ESQ. With numerous illustrations by Harrison Weir, Wimperis, Gilbert, &c. Religious Tract Society.

QUIET contemplative minds always gravitate towards Cowper. To such let their generous friends make a present of this delightful volume, which in its external beauties is worthy of the choice thoughts which it embodies. When such a poet, and such artists, are in conspiracy to produce a thing of beauty, the result is beyond criticism.

The Power of Grace. Results of Theatre Preaching; Extraordinary Tea Meeting in the South of London. By WM. CARTER. Morgan and Chase.

GOD has done great things by William Carter, and it is fitting they should be recorded. Earnest workers will read this account with deepest interest. We wish it had been printed on better paper; but it is very cheap; in wrappers it costs only one shilling. God speed his servant in his labours of love.

Stories of Old England. By GEORGE E. SARGENT, Author of the "Chronicles of an Old Manor House," &c. Religious Tract Society.

IF Uncle Tom is looking out for a Christmas present for Master Harry, he can hardly do better than patronise the Tract Society and buy this first-rate story-book. Here we have history made readable for children; good, reliable history, and not wishy-washy novels and sentimental tales. Our boys will like it we feel quite sure. It is written rather for children under twelve than for youths in their teens.

True Words versus Good Words. By KENNETH MACQUEEN. John Maclaren, Edinburgh.

A SMALL work on Missions, containing much that is worth serious thought. The writer, who is an old Indian, is attached to the Free Church of Scotland, and gives the result of his long experience of missionary work in India.

Memoranda.

Our teetotal friends need not be so greatly agitated by *our brother's speech.* We neither of us have ever designedly said a word to injure the abstinence cause, and hope we never shall. We only wish that such friends could accept our co-operation in their great end rather than insist upon our conformity to their mode of action. Perhaps there may come a day when all temperate men will be allowed to fight the demon of drink in kindly association, and will not fly into bad tempers with each other because they fight with different weapons. Meanwhile, we suppose bitterness must be allowed to wear itself out. We will never put our conscience under any man's heel, be he teetotaler or vegetarian, but we shall in our own way aid all labourers in the temperance cause; whether they like our way or not we shall not rail at theirs. We look with much hope to a conference which is to be held in a few days to adopt some mode of action in which total abstainers may combine with those who do not adopt the principle of total abstinence, and yet are earnestly desirous of restraining the prevailing intemperance.

LONDON.—SPENCER-PLACE NEW CHAPEL. Of all enterprises undertaken by a poor church, the erection of this new building is the most arduous and commendable we have ever heard of. The old chapel was down a court, the new one in a main street. After years of toil Mr. Gast and his friends have only raised £1,000, and they need about £4,000 more. In and around the Goswell-street-road the poor abound; and this church, in its poverty attempting great things, needs and deserves help.

Three sermons were preached in Vauxhall Baptist Chapel on Sunday, Nov. 15, in commemoration of the fifth anniversary: in the morning by Mr. G. Rogers; afternoon, C. B. Sawday; evening, J. A. Spurgeon. All the services were well attended. On Tuesday, the 17th, a tea and public meeting was held. A large company sat down to tea. G. Hanbury, Esq., took the chair at seven o'clock, and delivered an interesting address, during which he spoke in high terms of respect and commendation of the pastor, G. Hearson. The church secretary then read a very

interesting report, which showed that this new interest had from the first made a steady progress in all its various agencies. The meeting was afterwards addressed by A. McKinley, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle, W. Alderson, T. Attwood, and the pastor. The collection amounted to over £40, which leaves the chapel free of debt.

Mr. J. Parnell, for a time one of our students, is labouring with great acceptance and success at Manea, Cambs. He much needs a larger place of worship. There are many around for whom there is no chapel accommodation.

Mr. Johnson, of our College, has settled at Alford, Leicestershire, with most encouraging prospects.

The friends at Lammas Hall, Battersea, are about to erect an iron chapel. We wish them God speed.

Mr. E. P. Hammond, the earnest and loving preacher to children, has held during the past month a course of services in the Tabernacle for children. These have been very miserably misrepresented and condemned in the *Daily News* and *Standard*—not as associated with Mr. Hammond, but with Mr. Spurgeon. Now we simply, at the request of honoured and respected brethren, lent the place; and, having known that Mr. Hammond had been accepted by Mr. Noel, Mr. N. Hall, and other esteemed brethren, we felt quite safe in so doing; but, feeling some personal question as to the exact propriety of Mr. Hammond's modes of procedure, we did not take any part in the matter, did not invite him, and were not even present on one occasion. It is, therefore, most unfair to censure *us*. We cannot refuse to lend our vast building to good men without acting the part of the dog in the manger; and, at the same time, we are not prepared to be praised or blamed for all which may be done by persons to whom we so lend it. Whether for good or evil, Mr. Hammond's work, like everybody else's, must stand or fall on its own merits. There is a very great diversity of feeling, even at the Tabernacle about much connected with the present case, but nobody blames us for lending the place, or if they do we cannot help it. We are not prepared to shut out well-meaning people who have their own way of acting, any more than we are prepared to endorse all they do. Many places are lent to us, and it would be unjust to blame the lenders for any of our slips. We cannot at this moment say more, personally, as to the services than that they have evidently been a blessing to our school; and that, with much that is not at all to our taste, there was the true ring of fervent love to Christ in them, and we intend to wait and watch results. As to frightening or terrifying the children, nothing of the sort was attempted or accomplished; such remarks show a want of information. The faults of the services, if any, did not lie in that direction. Mr. Hammond is an earnest servant of God, and a prince of preachers to children. It is not in our heart to cavil at his peculiarities of procedure, and if we differ from some of his statements and modes of action, it is with the full conviction that he has a right to do his own work his own way. He might as justly criticise us as we condemn him. At any rate, he stands on his own footing, and we ought neither to be honoured nor blamed for a work in which he was the sole leader.

The annual conference of the members of the Baptist Association of Scotland was recently held in the hall of Dublin-street Chapel, Edinburgh. The meetings were commenced in Charlotte Chapel on the previous evening, in which, after reading and prayer by Mr. Bunning, the minister of the place, Dr. Culross, of Stirling, preached. Mr. M'Hoain, of Greenock, presided at the conference. Mr. Macandrew, deacon at Dublin-street, read a paper upon "The causes which hinder the more complete union of the Baptist churches in Scotland for practical purposes." Addresses were then delivered by Mr. Bunning, Mr. Francis Johnstone, Mr. Hugh Rose, Mr. M'Lean, Mr. Bone, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Alfred Bowser. Mr. Medhurst, and Mr. Hodge, of Glasgow, and Mr. Brown, of Perth, also took part in the conversation that ensued. Mr. Glover, of Glasgow, then read a paper upon "The Laws of Church Discipline," which led to a discussion, in which Mr. Newnham, Mr. Tulloch, Mr. Bunning, Dr. Patterson, and Mr. Rose took part. A public meeting was held in the evening in Dublin-street Chapel, at which Mr. Jonathan Watson presided. An address was delivered by Mr. Medhurst upon "The earnest study of the Word of God essential to advance in the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind;" by Mr. Johnstone upon "The Priesthood of Believers;" and by Mr. Chambers, of Aberdeen, upon "The Political Changes of Recent Times—a call for increased Missionary Effort." We are glad to see the representatives of our College standing by the side of the leaders of their denomination in Scotland, and doing their utmost to promote union and a revival of spiritual religion in that land.

Mr. J. L. Spence, of the Tabernacle College, having supplied the church at Falkirk

in Scotland, for a term of three months, accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor. The ordination services were held on the afternoon and evening of Monday, the 26th of October. The opening devotions were led by Mr. George Wade, one of the United Presbyterian ministers of the town, after which an appropriate and impressive discourse was preached by Mr. Francis Johnstone, of Edinburgh. Mr. Spence then gave a short statement of his call by grace and call to the ministry, together with a summary of his theological views. Mr. Johnstone having offered up the ordination prayer, and delivered a charge to the pastor, the service was closed with devotions led by Mr. John Anderson (Independent), of Falkirk. At seven o'clock a *soirée* was held, presided over by the newly-ordained pastor. After tea Mr. Alexander McFarlane, of Glasgow, delivered a charge to the church, and was followed by appropriate addresses by Messrs. Francis Johnstone, George Wade, John Anderson, and Downs. An efficient choir, under the leadership of Mr. Telfer, contributed to the pleasure of the evening.

In connection with the paper upon "Our Scriptures" we are bound to say that our feeling towards the Bible Society is not merely friendly, but most grateful. It has accomplished a noble work. Still this question of unsatisfactory translation is a very important one, and its discussion in a temperate spirit will do good, and perhaps quiet many minds. A letter in rejoinder from the society came late, but we made every exertion to insert it, and it is before our readers. There is much to be said on both sides, but it is a great pity when either side is inaccurate in its statements. The question has sufficient intrinsic weight to remove it out of the region of personalities, and its decision cannot depend upon details of circumstances.

To enquirers who wish to know the religious views of Mr. Lawrence, the member for Lambeth, we can only refer them to himself for information. At an election, if a man is eligible in other respects, we cannot discuss his soundness in theology. To do so would be persecution. It is one of our first principles that a man's civil rights are not to be affected by his religion. If the office sought had been that of a teacher of religion we should have examined the candidate with the Westminster confession; but as the duties were such as any honest Liberal can discharge, we did not note the colour of Mr. Lawrence's hair, his views on the planet Jupiter, or his opinion upon the origin of species. For a horde of graceless Tories to set up for defenders of orthodoxy is a transparent piece of hypocrisy. Their zeal for truth is like the thief's zeal for honesty—very suspicious, to say the least.

The Co portage Association is in want of earnest Christian men, as agents. Application may be made to Mr. F. A. Jones, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon:—October 26th, twelve; 29th, twelve; November 19th, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 23rd, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
The Elders' Bible Class	18	0	0
Mr. Arthur Ballard...	1	1	0
U. P.	0	2	6
Mrs. Hughes	1	1	0
Mrs. Kelsey	1	0	0
Tee Hay	0	10	0
Mr. A. Angus Croll...	50	0	0
A Bushel of Wheat, Mr. G. Bate ...	0	10	0
A Church Member	7	0	0
G. H. R.	0	3	0
A Few Christian Friends, Edinburgh,	0	13	6
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. J. Turner	2	0	0
Mr. H. Kinvig	0	10	0
M. L. K.	0	10	0
M. A. R.	0	1	8
Miss Pringle, Charlotte Street Chapel, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T.	50	0	0
J. T.	1	5	0
Anonymous	0	5	0
Mr. James Lee	0	10	0
J. H., Glasgow	0	5	0
The Misses Dransfield	10	10	0
Miss S. Hadland	1	1	0
The Misses Kemp, a Birthday Thank-offering	1	1	0
Rev. J. Bettesworth	1	0	0
Mr. C. A. Percival	0	2	0
Mrs. Sedgley, Collecting Box	0	10	4
In Memoriam Matris	1	0	0
Miss Buckley...	0	5	0
B. A. R.	5	0	0
W. Llanvapley	0	10	0
S. M. S.	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Mills	2	10	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Miss McLellin	0	5	0
L. C.	0	5	0
An ex-student, the Tenth of a Quarter's Salary	1	10	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	20	0	0
A Friend	20	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
A Mite from I.	0	2	6
Mr. D. Macpherson...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
9, 9, 9	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Profit of Tea Meeting and Lecture at Tabernacle	41	0	10
Mrs. Bydawell, Collecting Box	0	8	9
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
R. S., per Mr. Wilkins	1	0	0
Mr. Green	2	12	6
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Oct. 25	32	2	3
" " " Nov. 1	31	8	5
" " " " 8	60	4	6
" " " " 15	32	2	3
" " " " 22	29	5	5
	£441	18	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 23rd, 1868.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mrs. Ward, Slawston ...	0	2	6
Mr. Arthur Ballard	1	1	0
A Thankoffering, per Miss Fryer ...	0	5	0
U. P.	0	2	6
Moiety of Collection at Penge, after Sermon, by Rev. J. A. Spurgeon ...	3	16	6
Given to Mr. Spurgeon, at the Orphanage	1	0	0
Mr. J. E. Howe	1	0	0
Tee Hay	0	10	0
W. A. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. L., Dundee	0	10	0
Part of the Tenth	1	0	0
Mrs. Thomas Haydon	1	0	0
Mrs. Folwell, per Mr. A. Robinson, Bristol	1	1	0
A Witness that God is True to His Promises	0	5	0
A Friend, Edinburgh	0	0	6
A Wellwisher...	5	0	0
Miss L. Duncombe	0	16	0
Mr. Percival	1	1	0
W. K. L.	0	10	0
A Maid Servant	0	3	0
A Thankoffering, Bishop's Stortford, K. Z...	1	0	0
Miss Pringle, Charlotte Street Chapel, Edinburgh	1	0	0
On account Students' House	18	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. T.	50	0	0
J. T.	1	5	0
Mr. R. Haddock	0	3	0
Mr. C. Hazell...	1	0	0
J. H., Glasgow	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
M. H.	0	5	0
A. J.	0	2	0
Young Friends	5	5	0
In Memoriam Matris	1	0	0
Friends at Borough Green, per Rev. G. Wyard	1	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. Doggett	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, Mrs. Jenkins	0	2	6
W. G. G.	0	2	6
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	6
O. S. E.	0	1	0
A Friend in the Highlands, A. C. ...	2	0	0
S. P., Sparkbrook	0	3	0
W. B. W.	0	5	0
Friends at Banghurst, per Mr. W. Brown	3	6	3
Mr. J. Mills	2	10	0
Mrs. Tadman...	0	2	6
Mrs. John Macgill	1	0	0
Hitherto hath the Lord helped us ...	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	3	0	0
Cheltenham	0	2	6
D. D.	0	4	0
Infant Class, per Mr. E. Johnson ...	0	7	8
Psalmody Class " "	3	17	10
Mr. Foster	0	5	0
C. K., Notting Hill	0	6	3
Mrs. People	1	0	0
A Reader of the Sermons	0	2	6
Mr. Pasfield (Annual Subscription) ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Pasfield " ...	0	10	0
	£126	2	11

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations—			
A Friend, Blandford	1	0	0
T. O.	0	10	0
Mr. Tapper	0	5	0
U. P.	0	2	6
Miss J. Legge	0	10	0
Mr. R. Shawcross, Manchester	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. C. Hazell	0	10	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	50	0	0
J. T. S....	0	16	8
A Mite...	0	1	0
M. A. R.	0	2	0
Macduff	0	4	0
An Invalid	0	3	6
Mr. W. Davison	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by—			
Mr. R. Alderton, Suffolk	1	12	6
Subscriptions—			
E. B. (£10 per Man)	70	0	0
Mr. Hall (Monthly)	0	5	0
Mr. D. Banks	0	6	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	30	0	0
Mr. A. Boot	0	10	6
Miss Evans (towards support of Ono Agent)	30	0	0
Mr. J. Green...	1	1	0
	£183	8	8

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.