THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1872.

"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.

To our Readers,

BRETHREN,—Our editorial labours of another year are before you, in their results at least. Conscientiously have they been performed, and never with a slack hand. Our work has been personally conducted to the best of our ability, and the effect has been a sustained circulation for our periodical, and we hope, also, a continued degree of interest among our readers. Certainly, our various enterprises, such as the College, the Orphanage, and the Colportage, have derived perpetual assistance as the fruit of our magazine articles; and very many other useful institutions which our contributors have described in our pages, have also gained substantial aid. For all this we are grateful, and render thanks to Almighty God; but we aspire to larger influence for good, and for this we must appeal to our subscribers whose good word would speedily double the number of our readers. If they feel they should give it, we trust they will not be silent.

In the portico of St. Mark's Cathedral we were amused by the sight of a grotesque mosaic representing seven lean bullocks, whose ribs might be counted, devouring seven well-fatted steers, whose plump hind-quarters were bleeding under the strangely carnivorous operators' teeth. We fear that the year 1872 has been to the Dissenting Churches of England one of the ill-favoured and lean kine, and has sadly consumed the former years, which were comparatively fat and well-fleshed. Our numbers, taking all churches round, have not increased, but have rather diminished: hence we must close the year with humiliation and regret. Jeremiah must be our prophet for awhile, and call us to lament for the hurt of the daughter of our people. Where lies the sin? Who is the Achan in the camp? Let us rise and purge ourselves, and cry mightily till the Lord our God return unto us in the power of his mighty grace.

Yet there is no cause for despondency. "It is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." He will turn again and restore to us the years which the locust hath eaten, only let us return unto him, and walk in all his ways, and rest in his promises. Now must we awake, and by faith advance in right earnest to the battle, and the enemy shall no longer insult over us. All the signs of the times, both those which are hopeful and those which threaten, unite to stimulate the prayers and activities of the faithful. Who knoweth what shall be, or whence shall come deliverance? This much we know assuredly, that the Lord will yet prevail over his enemies, and Moab shall be trodden down as straw is trodden for the dunghill.

Our own church at the Tabernacle has continued to enjoy prosperity and increase, and so has the larger proportion of those presided over by

brethren trained in our College. Our piece has been rained upon in the year of drought, which also keeps us in good heart of hope for others, since we are neither more worthy, nor wiser, nor stronger than they. The Lord is among us, and gleams of the light of his countenance are visible here and there; therefore, let the churches preach the gospel simply, live in holiness, and be much in prayer, and the power of the sacred Spirit will soon be manifest among us, and conversions will become numerous as the drops of the morning.

Again have we to bear witness to the goodness of God in providence, for our many and expensive operations have all been well supported, even until now; and they will be, for our reliance is upon the Infinite One. We have hope, also, that other works will yet be wrought by our instrumentality; and were all our readers fully consecrated to the Lord as to their substance, many much-needed agencies could be commenced or enlarged. He only lives who lives for Jesus. Nothing is worth having if it cannot be made to serve his cause. Eternity is hurrying on, we hear its chariot-wheels, and in its near approach we feel moved to speedier action, and wish that the blood of all Christians were quickened to more rapid pulsations in the work and life of Jesus. O for crowns for him! Souls won by his gospel to be priceless gems in his resplendent diadem! Brethren, what are we doing? Put the question in the singular, each man among you, and say "What am I doing for my Redeemer, the best of Masters, the incomparable Well-Beloved?" By every mercy received, by every boon expected, by every communion enjoyed, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, we call upon every lover of The Altogether-lovely One to honour him in all ways, while yet this dispensation lingers, and the Bridegroom tarries. To fight for him against his carnal foes, and labour for him in his vineyard, on his own chosen hill, be our chosen vocation, "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Brethren, as your brother and fellow-labourer, we salute you, begging a place in your prayers, and an increased share in your generous aid.

Yours for Christ's sake,

C. H. Spurgeon

December, 1872.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY 1, 1872.

The Year of Grace, 1872.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE adopt the above title, because our sincere prayer and earnest expectation would verify it. There is great need for a season of revival among the churches, and we have personal reason to believe that it is coming. If it be the Lord's will, a gracious time of refreshing will occur, and we think we have good warrant for anticipating it. In a hopeful spirit, anxiously expectant, we sit down to write this brief paper, the first in another volume of the *Sword and Trowel*, intending to make it in part a history, and in part an exhortation. How happy shall we be if it shall, in even the least degree, contribute to the consummation for which our spirit pines!

Some three months ago, having newly risen from a sick bed, our heart felt heavy for the souls of dying men. Our ministry has never been without large results in conversion, but we were discontented and ill at ease because to such multitudes the Lord Jesus appeared to be without form or comeliness. Especially did it burden us to see so many of our regular hearers undecided. After so much preaching, were they after all to perish? Were they to find no savour in the gospel but that of death unto death? These questions pricked us in our reins, and gave us no rest.

We should have become too sad for efficient service, had not another circumstance comforted our soul; for at this time instances of conversion, through the printed sermons, were brought before us in unusual abundance, so that, for a considerable period, we heard of perhaps twenty each week who had been led to find rest in the atoning blood. Some of these saved ones lived in remote parts of the world,

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and met with our sermons at sea, or in the bush, or in foreign hospitals, or in the backwoods. This was cheering, but the former pang was not diminished in bitterness. Did the Lord intend to bless his word by us to strangers and foreigners, and were the sheep of our pasture at home, the peculiar objects of our care, to remain without his favour? Our desire and anguish grew, and acted upon each other until both became regnant within our spirit, beyond all else. Then spake we with our tongue. We laid their case before the unregenerate, begging them to consider their state of condemnation, and to abide no longer in horrible indifference, while the wrath of God was resting upon them. Whether *they* felt it or not, our own spirit was stirred, and we were greatly disquieted.

It happened, as God would have it, that one of the female members of the church accosted us in this way:—"Dear pastor, I am sorely troubled for souls; I cannot rest unless they be saved." This word we laid up in our heart. A short time after, an elder of the church expressed himself in almost similar terms; and, unknown to him, another came to us with a similar confession of painful solicitude for the unconverted, the confession in each case being very emphatic, and relating to no ordinary emotion, but to an agony intense and unspeakable. We saw that the Lord was moving in other hearts besides our own, and were encouraged to feel a yet more vehement travail of soul.

Spontaneously, as a work of God, of which we may say, It groweth, but "thou knowest not how," a prayer-meeting began among the elders, from 5 to 6 on Monday evenings, before the usual business meeting at 6. These meetings have been times of sacred weeping and importunate intercession, and the very hour has seemed consecrated to us; we were of one accord, if we could not all be actually in one place. If ever men prayed, the pastors and elders of The Tabernacle did so; nor was faith lacking either, for we spake to one another with words of good cheer, and talked of the coming blessing, though no unusual means had been used to obtain it, and though no artificial effort would have been tolerated, if proposed.

A deacon who had been travelling on the Continent, upon his return, declared that he had been greatly stirred in heart, and had made a vow unto the Lord, though he was quite unaware that the pastor and elders had been subjects of similar inflamings of the Spirit of God. He had it on his heart to propose some special meetings, and had determined to bear any expense which they might involve. This, however, he left until such time as might seem good to the pastors and brethren. Like every one of the children of God upon whom the Holy Ghost was brooding, he felt afraid to push any suggestion, or to urge any plan, but coincided with his brethren in the belief that the Lord was about to work in the church, and that we must continue to wait upon him in prayer.

Signs of the sure answer to intercession began to appear and were joyfully welcomed; and, meanwhile, the circle of fervent ones daily increased, and comprised both men and women. As a specimen of the feeling which pervaded each heart among the quickened ones, we will quote from a private letter which we received from one of the elders, and it may well stand as a sample of all, for his inward experience precisely

tallied with that of others, who perhaps imagined that they alone were sighing and crying unto the Lord. This brother wrote us as follows:—

"My Dear Pastor,—That fire which God has lit up in your soul for the conversion of sinners has become apparent to every one. It has increased from a flame to a glowing heat; that fire has kindled a flame in others; glory be to God for this. I am convinced that the Lord is about to work mightily among us. When I heard Mr. C.'s prayer last Monday evening, that prayer told out all that I had been passing through. His troubled soul, his restless hours, and his cry in the night watches, were like mine. The Lord had been dealing with me in the same way, and at the same time. My soul has been troubled and refused to be comforted. My sleep departed from my eyes. I could not rest on my bed. At one, two, and three, in the morning, I have been constrained to cry unto the Lord that he would hasten the time to favour our land, and turn the barren wilderness into a fruitful field, and that he would purge and revive his church. With Mr. C., I have asked (yes, before I knew what was passing through his soul), Has God put this desire into our souls for nought? Has he made our hearts to long and pant for the salvation of souls, without having some precious design? I come to his house at the time of prayer, and find he has been dealing with a brother just in the same way as with myself; surely God is moving among us, or it would not be so. I have been anxious about this thing, and troubled as I look it in the face."

Other words of like import came to us from divers of our dear fellow helpers, and we waited to see what the end would be, as, indeed, we are waiting still. It could not be thought of that this was a mere spasm of pious feeling, it occurred so spontaneously, it moved in so many, and it was most evident in men of a cheerful heart, not at all prone to be unduly excited.

Week by week we enquired of the Lord for guidance, but held no meetings of an unusual sort. We thought of asking certain valued evangelists to visit us and hold special meetings, and the brethren only replied, "Do as you judge best, we shall only pray that you may not follow your own mind, but be led wholly of the Lord. Whatever you decide upon, we are with you heart and soul." Impressed with a feeling of deep responsibility, we turned over plan after plan, and at last determined upon that which we thought would savour least of trusting in man, and show most that we believed the Lord had already heard prayer, and had made the preaching of his word effectual. We gave notice that the pastor would sit two whole days to see enquiring souls, and that each evening there would be a meeting at which he would speak upon the discouragements and encouragements of seekers, and any of the elders who felt moved to do so would exhort.

Blessed be the Lord for the ingathering of those two days; they wearied the reaper with very joy. As soon as the hour appointed struck, several were waiting, and they streamed in all day. We looked for anxious persons, but the great majority who came were already believers in Jesus, brought to God during the former weeks of prayer. There were many weepers, it is true, but the most were persons who could tell of pardon bought with blood. The number was too great for us to see all privately one by one, so we had to appoint another season to see many of them. In the evening there were more than two hundred and fifty seekers present, and they were seekers indeed. We spoke to them for an hour of their discouragements, and it was a delightful duty, for they

were all eye, and ear, and heart. No need to employ attractive illustrations; they drank in the truth, and cared nothing for the language: they wanted to be saved, and listened as for life and death. Our preaching would be joyful work indeed, if we always had such a congregation. Our elders who exhorted spake under manifest impulse from on high; their addresses were not wordy and windy, but personal, affectionate, and telling. The Lord was there, and we knew it, and many remained behind to tell what they had felt, and to ask for more guidance and consolation. Sweet was our sleep that night.

The second day found more waiting, and still the preponderating number were not merely convinced souls, but rejoicing converts. They told us that they had believed in Jesus, and we had but to question them as to their change of heart and life, and their renunciation of self and the world. There was gladness that day in many hearts. One who came enquiring left us in deep sorrow, but came back an hour afterwards, for on the road home he had found Jesus, and came to tell us so at once. That evening there were from 400 to 500 present in the Lecture Hall, and the attention was almost oppressive to the pastor's soul: it was intense to the utmost degree. Far more remained; and our helpers, both of the sisterhood and brotherhood, had their hands more than full. There was not even the shadow of the excitement which reveals itself in noise and indecorum; all was as quiet as usual, more so indeed, and we were rejoiced to see it, for when intelligent people are on a life and death business, they are little inclined to bawl and shout. There is an emotion which blusters, but the deeper kind is too earnest to cause its voice to be heard in the streets. Eternity alone can know what the Lord wrought those two nights, and the secrets of how many hearts were then revealed. To us it sufficed that sixty persons were proposed for fellowship on the following evening; and these were, in every case, those who professed faith in the Lord Jesus, and were able to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

We write these few lines hundreds of miles away from the spot; but we are confident, that on our return, we shall find the good work vigorously progressing, and far larger numbers ready to join themselves with the people of God. We have not to deal with a God who begins and ends in a day. He has eternity before him and works steadily on, and we also are not in the hurry of unbelief, though we would use the diligence of love

Officers of churches, if you love one another and love your pastors, you will sometimes be actuated by one common impulse; and if you are living near to God, that impulse will be compassion for the souls of men. Should the Lord the Holy Spirit visit you with his flames of fire, you will glow, and, glowing, you will flame forth in ardent entreaties and labours. Then God will bring about his set time for Zion to be favoured; and multitudes of her sons will be born at once. May heaven so ordain it, and glorify himself by so ordaining. A perishing world calls upon you, hastening time and nearing eternity admonish you, while all the promises encourage you. Only be very zealous for the Lord God of Israel, and we shall have truly named this new year

THE YEAR OF GRACE, 1872.

Paris and London.

A WARNING WORD. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have been saddened by the sight of the ruins which commemorate the reign of the Commune in Paris. The devastations of the great German army have left no mark upon the city itself to be mentioned in the same hour with the scars of the wounds received in the house of her friends. The Hotel de Ville stands a ghastly but classical ruin, in fellowship with the Tuilleries, the Palais Royal, the great Granaries, and many other vast and once magnificent public buildings. Churches, houses, and docks have shared the same fate as palaces and courts of justice. The madness of the hour spared nothing on account of its sacredness, patriotic associations, antiquity, or serviceableness. The column recording successful war, so dear to the French vanity, is utterly fallen; and even the memorial of successful revolution, in the shape of the column of July, has not escaped the ruthless hand of the spoiler. Republicans, in firing upon republicans of a redder hue, have not spared the splendid pillar of bronze which records the names of liberty's martyrs, but have pierced it through and through with their cannon-shot. To both parties that pillar was more sacred than almost any other erection in the city, yet their fury spared it not; and the huge gilded angel at the top must have found it hard to continue his long poise upon one leg, and have had many inclinations to add to the number of the fallen angels who were creating a horrible Pandemonium below.

It was a most pitiable sight to see the many houses beyond the Arc de Triomphe, with their roofs gone, and in many cases gutted, riddled, rent, and made a heap of ruins. There, on the bridge of Neuilly, more than six months after the conflict, you may stand and mark enough of the horrors of civil war to sadden any heart capable of feeling; and yet we suppose that what is now visible is a mere flea-bite compared with what could have been seen directly after the struggle; indeed, it must be so, for on all sides there are evidences of extensive repairs. The bridge itself is broken about in scores of places, huge stones being dislodged from its parapets, and all corners being chipped off, as if angles were objectionable to republicans, and dead levels alone tolerable. Yonder is another bridge, once traversed by a railway, but now broken in halves. On the right, over the river, stand, or rather lean, a nest of houses, all roofless, with their floors broken through and their fronts gone; to be let cheaply on a repairing lease, we should think. On the left, on this side, are shops in a similar condition of distress: we step into one where business is being carried on, and note how the floor is propped up with timbers, holes in the wall filled up with plaster, and great cracking, bulging walls shored up to prevent a general collapse. There are scores, perhaps we should not exaggerate if we said hundreds, of such damaged domiciles. There was hot work here, for you observe that windows are still filled in with great lumps of clay, and roofs are in a highly ventilated condition; the trees which once adorned the noble roadway are

almost all gone, and even the fortifications are tossed about as if an earthquake and a hurricane together had laboured diligently to level them. To peace-loving English people this is a sight nothing less than horrifying; for one begins to calculate the loss in money, in domestic happiness, and, worst of all, in blood, which all this indicates. The stone and mortar are something more than mere building material out of order, for they once sheltered living palpitating hearts of men and women, not dislodged without fear and trembling, and an incalculable amount of lamentation. One house, ruined from roof to basement, involves a calamity to the landlord, to the tenant, the inmates, their servants, their business, and their out-door dependants; in fact, no one knows all the ramifications of one such disaster; but who shall estimate the amount of misery involved in a whole street reduced to fragments by a storm of shot and shell? Driven from home, or lingering there in deadly fear, the mental suffering to the inhabitants must have been beyond conception; and then the sad return to the wreck of all they valued, and the drain upon their substance to rebuild their desolated abodes, must have involved anxieties and woes not easily estimated. Happy are they to whom such things are but a rumour from afar; happy those who dwell in the peaceful homes of England, where the noise of civil war and insurrection has long been unknown.

The mere observer of the surface of things passes by the painful scenes before us with a flimsy remark upon the volatile character of the French people, and their need of a firm hand to govern them; but, there is far more than this to be learned, if we are inclined to learn it. No doubt, their are differences of race, and it is true that the Anglo-Saxon is more law-abiding than the Gaul; the islander is naturally conservative, and advances in the pathway of liberty with caution always, if not always with courage; but this is not all; nay, nor the thousandth part of what these violent convulsions would suggest to us. What has been done in Paris, may be done in London, and will be done, unless some far stronger restraints are brought to bear upon the working-classes than any which are involved in the temper of the race. Whether it be Gallic or Saxon, human nature is everywhere very much the same, and it is silly patriotic vanity to suppose our countrymen to be by nature so much better than our neighbours as to be incapable of riot and pillage. Mobs in England are, when infuriated, not very much superior to mobs in France. Where baby-farming can be practised, petroleuses may be produced; and there are not wanting among us desperadoes who only need the occasion, and they would at once develop into human butchers. We may lull ourselves into a deadly security, if we carry too far the notion that the populations are differently constituted, and that Englishmen never could become such furies and demoniacs as the Communists have been. We give the fullest legitimate weight to the supposed superior subordination of our countrymen, and we confess that it does not remove our disquietude, or even very much allay it.

Let us look at facts. Those bullet-holes, which pock the face of fair Paris, are hieroglyphic warnings to those whom it may concern. In London, we have a population far larger, quite as poor, and with the same passions and desires. Under like circumstances and conditions,

why should not the many in London act as the many have done in Paris? God forbid it should ever be so; yea, we say, God forbid it, a thousand times: but what is to hinder it? Our form of government gives no greater guarantee for security against insurrection than that of the Emperor, our troops are less numerous, our police not more skilful or forcible. Reasons for complaint may be fewer, but as grievances are not always based on fact, but usually grow out of sentiment, they may soon multiply, perhaps have already multiplied, in thousands of minds, and lie festering there, to produce mischief by-and-by. The vast difference between rich and poor is ever before the workman's eye, and, what is worse, before the eye of the loafer who hates work, and this alone is the great standing cause of envy, and the provocative to dissatisfaction. Already mutterings are heard of the word "republic," and that not alone or altogether from plebeian mouths; thousands have cheered the utterance, and a far greater number have heard it with silent complacency. There can be no doubt that a grave discussion is going on upon a point which, not long ago, seemed as fixed as the eternal hills, and among the many that discussion is taking a form most natural, but not most reassuring, to timid minds. There is activity in the political market, and all the business is not done at the "Hole-in-the-Wall," or the Old Bailey. Your republican clubs are mere foam, but there is a sea which will not always rest and be quiet unless something is done, and continuously done, to say to its billows, "Peace, be still." Under a virtuous queen, few will support a change which, under a dissolute king, fewer still will oppose. We have few fears about that formal political change, whether it come or come not; we look further down, and see far greater convulsions imminent before this generation has passed away, unless timely warning shall arouse those able to avert them.

What then? Do we suggest stringent measures of repression, or the denial of further reforms so earnestly demanded? Far from it. Such a course would be the readiest way to produce the evils which threaten the state. It is poor policy to refuse men their rights in order to preserve order; it is indeed the surest method to create rebellion. In England, especially, repression is out of date; we may be led, but we will not be driven. In the age of the Stuarts, force did not suffice to ensure the domination of mere power, much less will it in the days of the newspaper and household suffrage. No, we are no advocates of any order which requires tyranny at its head and slavery at its foot. Let every right be acceded to every man, and let no man suffer injustice even on the pretext of the commonwealth's necessity.

To what then do we look? We answer, we believe that national peace, and the security of our great cities, can only be guaranteed for a long future, by the recognition of the religion of Jesus Christ, and the wider spread of its principles. We do not mean by this an increased number of clergymen or ministers, or the erection of more churches or tabernacles—these, of course, so far as they are necessitated by the main matter; but we mean something more spiritual and potent by far. Let the spirit, the essence, the governing power of our holy faith predominate, and the work is done. Not as a charlatan puffs his nostrum, but with honest and cogent reasoning do we back our eulogism upon the

one and only panacea for ills to be dreaded in London, and bemoaned in Paris. Dost thou sneer, O doubting critic? Sneer on, but hear.

It would greatly tend to allay all feeling of popular discontent, if all employers acted as true Christians should in the matter of wages. Political economy gives the workman what it must, but Christianity commands that we give him what we should. "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal," is a plain command of the Christian's law-book; and at the peril of being unknown by the Lord at the last, may the master give his servant less. But the question occurs, "What is just and equal?" It is not always that which the worker asks, or even strikes to obtain, for he may demand what is unjust and cannot fairly be paid without damage to the employer; but one thing is clear as the sun, it cannot be just and equal to give a man a pittance upon which he can barely exist, and which compels him to live in a hole unfit for a dog or a horse. What can be said for employers who give to an able-bodied man in London fifteen shillings for a hard week's work? What indeed; but that they are the true sowers of sedition and fomenters of dissatisfaction. We are not aware of the remuneration of agriculturalists, and their rent and other expenses are far less burdensome than in town, consequently their earnings would naturally be less; but if in either city, town, or village, men or women are paid less than they should be, the wrong ought to be remedied by every employer professing to be a Christian. I may be a heathen and grind the faces of the poor, but a Christian I cannot be. A personal, independent, and upright course of action on this point, on the part of every follower of the Lord Jesus, would go far to influence other employers, and lay the axe at the root of much of the evil which is leavening the community. We are all in the ship together, and though we pay no attention to those able-bodied seamen who threaten us with mutiny unless they are paid as well as the mate or the captain, and still less to those lubberly fellows who will not lend a hand except at meal-times; yet, if there are honest, hardworking sailors who have not their fair share of beef and biscuit, and have no hammocks, we cannot allow the thing to go on; all hands must see justice done, or else, if the poor, half-starved fellows get together in the steerage, and concoct a plan to seize the vessel, the captain and officers will be as much to blame as they are. It is true it may be possible to knock them on the head, or put them in irons, but then it would be a loss to the ship if it were done, and besides, two can play at that game, and who knows which might win? Where the Lord Jesus is the Admiral, the order will be passed round to do unto others as we would they should do unto us; and, if that does not stop a mutiny, nothing will.

We have made a remark upon the laws of political economy, to which we will revert. It is a fact that supply and demand regulate the labour market, and, therefore, it has been called a law. A law it is, in the sense that men are usually governed by it, but a law it is not in the sense that men ought to be so governed. It is no law of God, but the reverse. It is a law of human nature to follow its own devices; but those devices are, nevertheless, sins, and will in due time be punished; and in the same way it is a law of society that men will only give for labour what others will give, but if that price is unfairly

low, the transaction is a robbery, and will cry out to heaven against the perpetrator of it. It is a law of garrotters to squeeze men's throats, but we flog them for it despite their law; and, if it be a law of communities to underpay the worker, they will have to answer for it also, in a higher court, as also will all personal offenders. The law of political economy can no more be denied than that of gravitation; sinners will give no more than they can help, and the worth of a thing is, to the most of our race, what it will fetch; be it added, also, that the souls of those who act by this rule will have to submit to a further immutable rule of fact, and of sublimely political economy: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." What they want is hard fact, and they shall have it, and find God's vengeance on oppressors a matter of fact of an emphatic character.

This much being done, the work has only begun; for much is needed on the worker's side. Many a man is now a grumbler because he has faculties untrained, and is following a mode of labour uncongenial to his nature. There must be education, that such men may find their true pursuit, the calling for which they are adapted, and in which they would be of the greatest service to their fellow men. Education is also required for those unhappy beings who now seek their pleasures in the indulgence of the baser passions, because they are unaware of the joys of knowledge and intellect. Perhaps they would cease to be discontented if they could appreciate the heritage which belongs to every man of understanding. We doubt not that many a working man has imagined happiness to be the product of politics, and so has raved deliriously, who would have found quiet for his mind, and have been a good citizen, had he spent the hours between his daily labours in some intellectual pursuit. Drink is still the curse of the working-classes, and what justice can we expect from beery politicians? If our workers abhorred drunkenness because Christ has forbidden it, there would be no more boisterous demands for share and share alike; the tankard and such talk go together. When the artisan or labourer becomes a Christian, he is at once removed from the ignorance and excess which are so damaging to social order, and he becomes at the same time an advocate for justice between man and man. If true to his profession, he gives a fair day's work for his wage, which, begging the pardon of thousands, is by no means a common thing. He is no eye-server, but labours diligently, doing in his sphere as he would have others do to him, were he their employer. Talk comes to him of forcing the price of work upwards, and he is glad enough of it if it can be fairly done, but he disdains to ask for other than justice, or even to fight for his rights in an unrighteous manner. He is no milksop; nay, of all men the Christian is or should be the most manly, but he is no lover of agitators who set class against class, and he is man enough to tell them so and to judge for himself, and not be a joint in the tail of some class combination. Not that he condemns combination when it aims at a just end, but he loathes it when its object is injustice.

The Christian workman is the hope of the age. It has been our lot to work with hundreds of such, and they are among our most earnest helpers. We never perceived in them the remotest objection to the discipline of our religious organisations; they will not obey mere power,

but they love to see right made as strong as you will. Having rendered their own homes happy, they are not likely to desire to break up the peace of others. They are rejoicing in hope of God's glory, and in the present enjoyment of his favour, and they are not apt to be envious of men of this world, even though they are clothed in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. Desire to benefit their fellow men is a far more predominant passion with them than jealousy; and a wish to loot an alderman's house, or burn down the Mansion House, never crosses their mind. To see a Christian working man voting boldly against the iniquity of endowing a favoured sect, and standing up for the political privileges of his order at a public meeting, is not unusual or otherwise than praiseworthy; but we are unable to imagine a Christian man exciting a riot, burning a palace, or pillaging a town-hall. Fustian jacket or broad cloth makes no difference; the Christian contends for justice for all ranks, and takes care to act justly himself.

It is plain, then, that the religion of Jesus, when it creates obedience to its golden rule, becomes the Saviour of Society; and as it has other and equally effective modes of operation, it affords multiplied securities for peace and order. Spread it, then, as it never has been spread. Educate, but let the faith of Jesus be the point to which men shall be led. Suffer no child to grow up unacquainted with the Scriptures; no adult to die unenlightened as to redeeming love. Paris is full of anarchy because steeped in atheism. The priests have made religion a farce; and so the great bond of order has been snapped. London would long ago have drifted in the same direction, had it not have been for her working men who are converted to God: that these are not more numerous is deeply to be regretted; that they are far more numerous than is generally believed is our assured conviction. Take away the working men from the dissenting churches of London, and many of them would become extinct, and nearly all would be brought very low, both in numbers and grace. Not empty profession, but genuine godliness, is the cement of our social fabric. England will suffer nothing, whether her government be of one form or another, so long as her people love God, and, therefore, love righteousness. Wrong-doing in any quarter divides, distracts, and incites to rebellion; but when all seek the right for all, mutual confidence creates union, union strength, and strength prosperity.

Let us, then, proclaim a new crusade, and lift again the cross of Jesus. The Ragged-schools must go on till none are ragged. If as yet the people will not come to us, we must go to them, and their fellow-workmen must be the missionaries of our churches. We must teach the rich to do right and the poor to do the same, regarding no man's person in our teaching, but dealing faithfully with all. Our churches, built up of good men and true, of all ranks, must be multiplied, and most of all where poverty abounds. Let us bring the lever to the load and lift it. Let us cry to heaven for help, and then put our shoulder to the wheel. Heaven and hell are warring with each other for London; may God send victory to his living truth, and give our city to his Son, then shall we fear no carnival of fire and blood.

Our London Arabs.*

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN all ages ignorance has been the bane of the poor population; for from ignorance spring vice and improvidence. What the consequences would have been had our dangerous classes still remained untouched by Christianity, while multiplying and sinking low and yet lower in depravity, can be best pictured by calling to mind how hordes of barbarians swept the fruits of civilization from the world in the olden time, to reduce to chaos the labours of ages. There is a germ of evil in every ragged, untutored child, which may expand into proportions such as we little suspect. A spark from a cowherd's lantern sufficed to destroy Chicago.

It was, indeed, giving expression to a noble idea when our philanthropists, with Lord Shaftesbury at their head, resolved on proving what could be done in the work of cleansing the stream of juvenile London life at the fountain-head, and so deliver the men and women of another generation from crime and degradation by rescuing the children. The magistrates of another age will, it is hoped, be saved a considerable amount of business by the action of the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION. Schools are not only cheaper, but more effective for good, than prisons and convict yards.

It must be remembered that other schoolmasters than those of the "Union" are abroad; and if children are not trained in courses of rectitude, they will come under the discipline of tutors in crime, and by their depredations—to say nothing of the cost of punishment—will entail on the nation a hundred-fold more expense than is incurred by their timely education. Thieving has become a science, having its recognised professors, who lecture their classes in the dark recesses of our London rookeries. Charles Dickens's *Fagin* was no mere literary creation. Fagin resided in Spitalfields, and conducted an institution where young persons could be initiated into all the arts of dishonesty.

However rough may be the subjects on first taking them in hand, the truth instilled in the ragged class soon yields due return. One evening, while out walking, a teacher observed a company of his pupils debating something with deep earnestness, proving it to be a matter of moment. What could it be? It might be a dispute relating to marbles, or about the "squaring" of a few halfpence. It was nothing of the kind, however. One of the party being in a state of destitution more than ordinarily pressing, his companions had subscribed eighteen-pence for the unfortunate fellow's special benefit, and were now arranging the best method of laying out the money. After standing aside and listening to their dialogue, the teacher discovered himself; and one of the lads, on being interrogated, answered, "We've been trying to raise a trifle for that poor fellow, for he's got nothing to eat,—he's got no home." Then they discussed how they could procure

* This paper admirably enforces the arguments of the preceding article, and deserves the attention of all Christians. For statements of fact we place implicit reliance upon the writer, but he alone is responsible for them.

him clothes and employment, and one actually walked four miles to beg him an old coat. This from boys who were compelled to seek a precarious living in the streets, and who, in some cases, had not themselves a bed to lie upon!

In many instances the children of our ragged-schools are orphans, the proportion of orphans being much greater in the lower ranks than among ordinary Sunday scholars. The rent-collectors of poor districts are in bad repute, and though often unjustly vilified, their treatment of destitute children is sometimes heartless and inexcusable; for, when a family is broken up by death, the hapless offspring of departed parents are often turned adrift to shift for themselves. The following, it may be feared, is a sample of what too frequently occurs in London.

One Sabbath afternoon, as a ragged-school teacher was returning home, he suddenly came up to a disconsolate-looking lad, whose deplorable condition so excited his compassion that he supplied him with temporary lodging, and passed him into a refuge. The grateful subject of this solicitude told an affecting story. His mother died during his infancy, and his father had lately sunk into a drunkard's grave. After seeing his father's remains committed to the earth, the now friendless boy returned to London with a sufficiently heavy heart, doubtless cogitating by the way how he should contrive to keep together the humble home. Home! He had no home! On reaching the room whence he came a few hours before to follow the corpse to its last resting-place, he found some men removing the furniture as payment for debts overdue, and thus he himself was turned into the street. The first night he slept in a cart, and afterwards selecting a dry arch he relinquished its accommodation by direction of the police. Then fortune favoured him. By special permission he huddled into the boot of an omnibus in a neighbouring yard; but, while thus singularly lodged, he set an example to those who would fain excuse dirt by the plea of poverty. How he should keep himself and his shirt tidy was a problem not to be solved without some trouble, and only after due consideration and search was a hot water pipe discovered by the river side, where he could easily wash body or linen. Admitted to the Refuge, this boy turned out an honest and worthy character.

He who picks up moral beings, like the above, to restore them to respectability and usefulness, does what is worthy of being acknowledged by the Victoria Cross of Philanthropy. Sometimes in the lowest state of poverty a lad will be found, who, for some cause or another, has left home to become involved in ruin. In a wretched and foul lodging-house, a teacher, some years ago, while canvassing for scholars, met with a case of this description, and thus reported his experience in the monthly organ of the Ragged School Union:—

"They are mostly boys, you see," said the landlord; "and you will find them a complete lot of riff-raff. . . . There is no doing much with them; but I have one boy I should like you to see; he has been well brought up, but now he is lost!" "Lost!" said I, the word ringing dolefully on my ears,—"Lost!" "Yes; lost Sir: but I'll bring him to you." He soon appeared in the street; and, by the light opposite, I could perceive that his sallow-looking countenance betokened both mental and physical suffering. He had

evidently once moved in a very superior station to the one he now occupied. The very touching and affecting replies to the questions which I put to him, made it both difficult and painful to elicit from him his previous history. "The reason I appear so different to the others is owing to my former position. I have moved in a very different sphere to the one you now see me in." I remarked to him, "You appear ill:" and proffered him my assistance in procuring medical advice, for which he thanked me, observing that he felt the doctors could do little for him now. "I shall not trouble anyone long." I invited him to see me on the following morning, when his attenuated form, as seen by the light of day, prompted the most compassionate feeling. He then related to me the story of his life. "I was brought up very respectably, and received an expensive education. My uncle and my father were at the expense of my education jointly. My father was then captain of a ship; in consequence of his inability to pay his share for my education, I was obliged to leave school. He is now reduced through his extravagance; in fact, he is so poor that he is unable to keep the five children dependent upon him: it is not likely he can afford to keep me. After the death of my mother, I was apprenticed on board a merchant vessel, trading to North America. When I returned last voyage, the captain discharged me out of pity. He could see I was not strong enough, and my cough was so troublesome as to make it difficult to perform my duties; in fact, everything was irksome to me. I had never been taught to look for a livelihood by my own exertion, but should not have minded that had I been strong enough. Had my mother been living, I should not have gone to sea. My uncle was for two years Mayor of Waterford, and is very rich. He will have nothing to do with me now. I met one of his sons in the street the other day, when he said to me, 'You must know my father well enough to know that it would be of no use whatever again to apply to him;' indeed, I have made up my mind never to trouble him again. I have a knowledge of Latin, and can read French pretty well, but cannot now speak it. I do not think of my former history much during the day, as I employ my time in reading; but cannot help thinking of it during the night; but I do not wish to think of it much."

The life-story of many of our London Arabs might be called the romance of crime. The tragical scenes of sensational fiction do not always surpass the following particulars of a boy received into the Westminster Refuge.

His father, being by profession a coiner of base money, attained to a high standard of excellence in his art, if "excellence" may be applied to such employment. The home, workshop, and warehouse, of this desperado, were situated in a court, long since demolished, which in its day, according to one description, "seemed as if purposely adapted as a fortified retreat for robbers and outlaws. Hidden in front by the houses in Old Pye Street, and the only entrance to it being by a dark, narrow passage from the most notorious part of Duck Lane, it was never frequented by visitors, except on business."

In this retreat, where the police entered only in companies, lived the coiner's family,— himself, wife, and two children, and the last

were in course of training for the same nefarious business. The attic, or laboratory, where the man worked, was actually a mint in miniature, and, approached by a dark staircase, was purposely rendered difficult of access; only one person, in a stooping posture, being able to enter at once. The boy of our story, at the date of the collapse of the establishment, about twelve years of age, already showed a precocity in wrong-doing beyond his years. One part of the daily business consisted in collecting pewter from the marine stores of London; and this, night by night, they converted into flash coin, and so skilfully was the transformation effected, that the chief artificer won a rare reputation among distinguished "smashers," and drinking propensities only hindered his becoming a capitalist. These people, being cowards at heart, naturally shrink from incurring additional risk by passing their own manufactures. They are content to sell their coin at a third of the value of good money.

It happened that a former accomplice, or "friend," of this coiner, turned traitor and supplied the police with information, besides giving them a plan of the premises, so as to enable them to effect an easy capture. The attack being planned, the assaulting column, consisting of twenty constables, headed by an inspector, approached; and when they surprised the ruffian in his den, their force appeared to be not one too many. Indeed, so desperate a resistance was offered, that only by being literally overpowered could the coiner be brought to bay.

The representatives of law and justice now supposed their victory complete; but, in the meantime, agencies were working against them, the existence even of which they little suspected. Mrs. Coiner, instead of being judiciously detained, was incautiously allowed to remain unnoticed, and she soon proved the potency of a woman's interposition by hastening into another house to acquaint the leader of a gang of thieves with the state of affairs at the Mint. On receipt of this stirring news, the "ganger" rushed into a public-house, near at hand, and marshalled his men, by calling them to arms in a few terse sentences. The Mint was surprised and stormed; and those enemies of their craft, the police, were even then in possession. Worst of all, their smasher-in-chief was in the clutches of the law. "Chaps"—this by way of peroration—"surely you will not see the poor fellow served like that." The party started up on hearing this summons, and hastened to the court, where now a peculiar whistle was heard proceeding from the coiner's den—a well-understood signal for his "pals" to rise. In a few minutes the stairs were filled by a dauntless company, who were resolved on compelling the police to raise the siege. This being actually accomplished, the coiner escaped, to return soon after to his occupation and to defy the law. For a time he remained unmolested; but at length was again surprised by fifty policemen, when, escaping through a trap-door, he got clear away, and still remained untaken. Not to be for ever outwitted and defied, the police finally succeeded in effecting a capture; though such was the violence of their prisoner that he tore the officers' clothes, bruised their limbs, and behaved as if he would shake the cab into ruins which conveyed him to the station. Being brought to trial, this determined criminal received a sentence of thirty years' transportation; but, after serving a tenth of that term, he, by good conduct and many

signs of true penitence, earned a ticket-of-leave. The son, now rescued from an apprenticeship of lawlessness, and a life of crime, by the ragged-school agency, grew up grateful for having been assisted in escaping the degradation of his father's business, and he turned out an intelligent, promising scholar. "It was a miserable life, sir," he said, "we were always in terror. Although living at the top of the house, if we heard anyone at the bottom of the stairs, father would spring to his feet and stand listening at the door until he knew who it was." One part of this boy's singular discipline consisted in practising the swallowing of coins, so that they should readily be put out of sight in case of urgent need. Five or six shillings seem to have represented the extent of his juvenile capacity; but the more accomplished sire "bolted" crown pieces with ease. Ultimately, this interesting scholar was sent out as an emigrant to Australia.

The above relation sufficiently proves the correctness of what was before remarked: that schools are not only cheaper, but far more effective than prisons in preventing crime, as well as in reforming the criminal. The best of prison discipline frequently serves only to harden. Thus, a certain boy, having been sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for stealing half-a-crown, would, on regaining liberty, probably have lapsed into a confirmed thief, had he not been helped to a better course by the ragged-school. How fatal, in its corrupt fruit, is a first sin. That half-crown was expended in treating divers dissolute companions of worse character than the actual transgressor; for when, at their instigation, the thief refused to repeat the offence, he was informed against and convicted. On leaving prison, perhaps he was fortunate in being compelled to regard his old comrades as enemies; because, separated from bad companions, he became more susceptible of the good influence of the teachers, by whom he was instructed, apprenticed, and put in a way of doing well.

Opportunities of acting the good Samaritan in the streets of London are seldom wanting to those who desire them; for objects on whom to bestow compassion are plentifully scattered abroad. The ragged juvenile outcasts who throng the river-side, and romp beneath dry arches, are not always inveterate thieves. Some are striving hard, and amid very terrible surroundings, at least to put on a show of honesty. Boys of this order loiter about railway-stations and markets, watching, with hunger-sharpened eyes, the extent of each pedestrian's luggage, and noting the weight of articles marketers purchase, hoping that a chance may somewhere turn up of earning a trifle by carrying the load.

One winter night, such a one was observed at Billingsgate. Homeless, ragged, and starving, he wished to do what was right, but in the unequal struggle with adverse circumstances, he succumbed to want and cold. Having no alternative but that of starving, or applying to the relieving officer—he chose the last; and, while walking to the workhouse, he met the lady who resolved on becoming his friend. When admitted to the school, this lad's physical condition was dreadfully reduced, as was shown by his skin being covered with sores. In very pity several class-mates purchased him a shirt, so that the rough, ragged clothing should cease to be a torment. Helped to this degree, the scholar soon delighted in helping himself. The friend who first noticed

him, now procured employment for him: and, from having his foot on the bottom round of the social ladder, he ascended to a respectable station. Still progressing in faith, well-doing, and temporal prosperity he finally desired to be enrolled among the teachers of the school, in order to enjoy an opportunity of leading others in the way in which he had himself been led.

There are large results won by humble agents, in a field sufficiently repelling to many respectable Christians: but since the Bible assures us that lack of knowledge is equivalent to destruction of soul, even ragged-school teachers may beware of underrating the importance of their labours. Ignorance is the blighting curse resting on the poor children of the street. The instinct of animals supersedes, in a large measure, their need of education, but the higher the creature in the scale of being, the weaker are its instinctive powers, so that with man, ignorance is the parent of a myriad of evils. The experience of our teachers and missionaries shows that we strike at the root of social and even political wrong, by diffusing Christian knowledge; for Christianity no less truly carries temporal good in one hand, than she does salvation in the other. What is ignorance?—ignorance of God? but the gaunt tyranny of the powers of darkness, whose empire of misery and of degradation our persevering workers are invading, and whose ascendency their endeavours tend to curtail.

What are the effects of ragged-school teaching on the lowest classes? on those who are already criminal? and who, as children, threaten to become so. Young persons instructed in the fear of God, and in habits of industry, will not willingly live to prey on others. A very little Bible truth suffices to beget in the degraded a sense of degradation; and every outcast—man, woman, or child—is a hopeful subject when brought to a sense of shame. "This school," said a youthful thief, "has done me a great deal of harm since I've been here. I'll tell you why. Me and some of my pals here get our living how we can, 'cause why, we've got no characters, and nobody won't employ us; we can't starve, don't you know, and what's a cove to do? Well, they're always preaching about God seeing you and the like of it, that it makes a cove afeard; it takes all the pluck out of *me*, I know." This testimony is satisfactory if somewhat ludicrous. Physical pain is not more certainly a sign of life than shame in a sinner is an omen of repentance and of better things; and, because the teaching of the ragged-school begets this sense of shame, and a yearning in the heart of the child after something higher than what has satisfied the parents, the seed sown by its agency is yielding for its fruit some of the fairest things of human nature. The good received by the children redounds in blessing to their elders. A profane drunkard once burst into tears when his little girl crept from her bed to rebuke him:—"Father, my teacher says, if you get drunk and swear so, you will never go where God is." That man forsook his evil habits; began spending his evenings at home, and was soon a regular attendant at public worship.

Indeed, every endearing trait of the human character can be found in the ragged class, if only diligently sought. The sensitive nature of the children after conversion, recoils from their degrading surroundings. One daughter of a low drunkard desired, when dying, to

be carried to the workhouse, to be out of the reach of her father's voice. Then, do we look for energy of character? A boy, with a lame leg, has been known to arrange with another to carry him to school, because he would not stay away on account of a mere inability to walk. Do we look for self-denial? A few shillings left by a visitor among the girls have been voluntarily surrendered to aid a case of distress. Do we look for the enviable capacity, skilfully and delicately to rebuke remissness in duty? "Will you not say your prayers, mother?" asked a little girl, at bed-time. "It's late and cold," replied the woman. "I'll pray for you," said the better-instructed ragged scholar; and, falling on her knees, she offered her petition. Thus praise continues to issue from the mouths of babes and sucklings. Their behaviour often strangely contrasts with the profanity of unnatural parents, who seem to think their duty consists in training children to vicious habits. Teachers hear of infants of five or six years being dosed with intoxicants; and a child has been known to be stupified with spirits twenty or thirty times before the age of seven!

Doubtless, too, genius is sometimes found among the children of the street; and this, if judiciously trained, will make way in what is ennobling, instead of merely excelling in criminality. A story told by the Bishop of Cork, at a meeting in London, will show what valuable human gems are occasionally to be picked up in the streets:—

"There was once a little boy in Ireland playing marbles and joking very much, and a clergyman, who was passing by, heard his jokes and took a fancy to him. He sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself, and was at last called to the Bar. At the Bar he also distinguished himself; and so he went on, and on, and at last took a home, and furnished it with all the accompaniments of respectability. Now, in those days a journey from Cork to Dublin took a very long time, and this old clergyman, who had not for many years been able to see anything of the lad he had brought up, was very anxious to go and see him. He had heard of his progress, and intended many times to take the journey. At last he made up his mind, and set off; and after some time he reached Dublin, found his way to the square where this boy lived, and found the house. He was a plain country clergyman, and did not look very grand; and when the door was opened by a powdered servant, his questions were answered very haughtily. The clergyman asked, 'Is your master at home? I want to see him.' 'He can't be seen,' said the servant. 'But I must see him,' said the old gentleman. 'You can't see him, then,' said the servant. 'Show me up to the drawing-room,' said the clergyman; 'your master will see me.' There was something in his manner, something in his voice, that startled the servant; and so, after humming and hawing, he showed him up stairs into a very nicely furnished room. The old gentleman walked in, took a chair, and put his feet on the fender. Presently the door opened, and in walked a fine-looking gentleman, and seeing a stranger with his feet on the fender, said, 'What do you want, Sir?' The old gentleman looked around, and immediately their eyes met: the gentleman rushed forward, threw his arms around his neck, and exclaimed, 'My dear old friend, you are

welcome! The fender is yours, the furniture is yours, all that I have is yours,—my more than father!' And, who is this I am speaking of? Why, the first lawyer of his time,—JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, Master of the Rolls."

The above strikingly shows that the truest charity consists in seeking out deserving cases and making them the recipients of our bounty. This is so far superior to indiscriminate almsgiving, that ragged-school teachers class the latter among the evils of the age, and regard it as a serious obstacle to their labours. The one course is fraught with blessing, only bad results can spring from the other.

But what are the qualifications of an efficient ragged-school teacher —our agent in reclaiming from ruin these oftentimes gifted and interesting City Arabs? He must be animated by a kind heart, possess a strong nerve, and being himself quick to learn his scholars' wants and idiosyncracies, he must be apt to teach, and of winning manners: he must also acquire the knack of commanding obedience and attention. If a paid agent, he is poor in worldly gear; but yet, though constantly associating with poverty in its worst form, he is ever tempted to devote an undue proportion of his slender means to affording relief to those who are poorer than himself. To-day, perhaps, one of his class is dinnerless, and a piece of bread must needs be doled out to prevent the child from fainting; to-morrow, a scholar may be missing, and on calling at the lodging, fever and destitution may call for still more urgent action and more Christ-like self-denial.

What of the ragged boy? Did you, my reader, ever properly realise that the urchin who keeps pace with omnibuses, turning somersaults, more to the risk of neck and limb than to the passengers' profit; and who eagerly opens your cab door, or begs the privilege of carrying your parcel, is your brother? The bare idea of so undesirable a relationship is no doubt entirely disgusting. Yet you need not superciliously turn aside; for when rescued and allowed to partake of a little of that knowledge which has made *your* way to differ from *his* hard lot, he, too, is found to carry the divine image. Only give him a few opportunities, or, as he himself would express it, let him have "a chance," and the subject taken from the slum, or the thieves' rookery, will not so disgrace his friends as would at first appear. He offers good materials for philanthropists to mould, and genius sometimes lights up his hunger-pinched features. That matchless definition of a parable, "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning," was given by a ragged scholar. He is grateful for a little help; but if left to himself, he is not given to harbouring vindictive feelings against persons better off, and who suffer him to drag on his existence in wretchedness and ignorance. In the hardest seasons, unless more than usually depressed by cold and want, he is not very subject to lowness of spirits. "Hi! clean yer boots, sir!"—"Cigar lights, three boxes a penny!"—"Hecho and Hevenin' Standard, third edition!" are familiar sounds, and are seldom pitched in a key betokening dulness within. True, the boy is ignorant, excepting in things he should not know, for he has been schooled in no better discipline than want, hard usage, and ill words. His home, should he have one, is an attic in some foul court or obscure alley, where few would find it

convenient to be clean and honest. His genius, like that of his brothers and sisters the world over, is quicker at progressing in vicious courses than in learning what is good; and associating with "pals" older than himself, he is, while yet a child, initiated into the ways and mysteries of crime, and learns that to be "plucky" he must steal, and swear, and fight. Nevertheless, he never loses his reverence for those whom he knows to be sincere in their professions and honest in their prayers for his reclamation. "At times they exhibit a shrewdness, and I may say a generosity, which are remarkable," said Charles Stovel, at Exeter Hall. "Passing down Rosemary Lane, one night, a handkerchief was extracted from my pocket by a lad, who ran away with it; soon afterwards, however, he returned, and said, 'Please, sir, is this yours?' 'Yes, it is,' I replied. 'Take it,' said he; and then added, 'Please, sir, give me something for bringing it back.' 'No, my boy,' I said, 'I must not do that, but I will leave for you, with my friend here, a little book.' The boy came next day to the house of my friend, and said, 'Please, sir, was not that a minister?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Ah, well,' said the boy, 'I will never rob a parson, for God's sake.'" If rescued in time, the ragged boy will reward his deliverers; but if left to himself, he will not disappoint his "schools and schoolmasters" by growing up true and honest. On the contrary, while himself swiftly traversing the broad road to destruction, he will unwittingly inflict heavy revenge on those whose apathy, not to say cruelty, has provided for him no better fate.

May the church never shrink from her great duty of rescuing for God the Arabs of our streets. May all our teachers and missionaries daily labour in that borrowed strength, without which the strongest arms are weak, and the most successful life is vanity. "Ragged School Union" and "Sunday School Union" have become familiar and pleasant sounds, and here, in the holiest sense, UNION IS STRENGTH.

Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evangelist.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

TOLD with considerable ability, the life of Duncan Matheson,* now before us, is one of intense interest, and cannot fail to be useful in stimulating every earnest worker in the mission field who may happen to be made acquainted with it. The memoir is free from many faults, which give this kind of literature anything but a wholesome tendency. In full sympathy with the spirit of the subject of the memoir, the author has lovingly presented the main features of the man's consecrated life, and the true secrets of his grand success.

Born on the 22nd of November, 1824, at Huntley, in the north-east of Scotland, Duncan Matheson inherited from his father "the Celtic fire which fused all his powers into one great passion;" and from his mother "the strong good sense, the irrepressible wit, and the boundless

* London: Morgan and Scott, 23, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

generosity which were amongst his chief characteristics." His parents, though poor, were raised above the pressure of poverty by industry and thrift. For thirty years the elder Matheson was driver of the mail between Banff and Huntley, the mother being left in sole charge of her little ones. It was no easy task for her to solve the problem how to rear a family with the slender means at her command. Young Duncan had a lively recollection of his mother sitting up late at night, making and mending the clothes of the family. The practical lessons in economy which he thus learnt were not lost upon him, for, while yet a boy, he invested his small earnings in tea, etc., for the family; and, in after life, he not only managed to live on forty pounds a year, but to leave, also, a margin for purchasing tracts for distribution. A bright, intelligent boy, Duncan made rapid progress at school, his mental culture and attainments standing him in good stead when called to labour for the Lord.

During the boyhood of Duncan, evangelical religion in Scotland was almost confined to the Seceders and Independents. "Moderatism, which means a religion without earnestness, a form without life, and a gospel without grace, cast its deadly shadow over many a parish." George Cowie, Duncan's grand-uncle, "a man of rare humour, great force of character, and unbounded zeal," became pastor of the Secession church in Huntley, and though mobbed and pelted with dirt and rotten eggs at the outset, he boldly stood his ground in defence of the gospel. Some of the people of God, who had long mourned over this state of things, "came from hillside and lonely glen, and flocked to hear the Word. With the blue heavens for a canopy, the green sward for a carpet, and the little birds for a choir, they worshipped God in that great temple of nature, in which the religion of Scotland has oftentimes been baptised with the blood of her children." It was in such a school as this the finest type of Christian character was formed; for the heroism of faith receives its grandest development in men who thus dare to worship according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience. When religion has to cut a channel for itself it gathers strength with its ever-increasing volume, and soon flows with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. Cast upon their own resources, these sturdy men developed a faith stable as the hills, and climbed nearer heaven in reality by communion with God, than did their native mountains in appearance. On a calm summer's morning, ere the busy world was astir, such a prayer as this has oftentimes awakened the echoes:—"O God, oor souls are jist as dry as the heather; oor herts are as hard as the granite stane; but thou that gi'est the draps of dew to the heather, gie us the drappings o' thy grace this day, and let thy ain love licht upon oor hard herts like the birdie sittin' singin' on the rock yonner; and fill the souls o' thy fowk this day wi' peace and joy till they're rinnin' o'er like the waterspout on the brae. Lord, it'll be nae loss to you, an' we'll mind ye on't tae a' eternity. Amen."

Under the preaching of Mr. Cowie, the work of the Lord revived at Huntley, but bigotry was not so easily eradicated. For permitting Robert Haldane to occupy his pulpit, Mr. Cowie was thrust out of the Secession. Nothing daunted, he formed an Independent Church, and thus his trial issued in the futherance of the gospel. It was to these men young Matheson owed his earliest impressions; and when, at

length, he found the Lord, he knelt by his uncle's grave, in the silence and solitude of night, praying that his uncle's mantle might descend upon him. Disturbed in soul by deep convictions, it was not till after a long and painful experience that he found rest and peace in believing. Hearing a band of Christians singing at a cottage meeting:

"O greatly bless'd the people are
The joyful sound that know,
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go,"

he wished he were among them, and that he could rejoice in the same experience. About this time he was closeted with James Maitland, a ripe old Christian, whose heart-searching appeals left Duncan more unhappy. The prayers and entreaties of his mother deepened his convictions; as did, also, the death of his sister, "a sweet, holy child, who talked of Jesus with her latest breath." His own illness proved a season of distress of soul, for the time of his deliverance from the bondage of corruption had not yet come. Opportunities of hearing Moody Stuart and Robert McCheyne presented themselves, but he heard them only to tremble and fear. He then "tried to forget all about eternity, and took to novel reading," a subtle device of the enemy of souls, which, alas, is too often successful. It is to be feared that the fascinating novels of the present day, which find an easy introduction into so many Christian homes, absorb the greater part of the leisure hours of the family, supplanting the Word of God, and books of an elevating character. The unreal pictures of life, of ordinary fiction, exert an unhealthy influence, and disturb that sympathy of the mind with the legitimate sphere of service so essential to earnest devotion and true success. So enervating is the constant habit of novel reading, that work becomes wearisome drudgery. If the exciting romance be the only mental pabulum, we may despair of true manliness. That our judgment upon the habit of novel reading is not too severe, we may appeal to the testimony of three of the most successful writers of modern fiction. Oliver Goldsmith, writing to his brother upon the education of his nephew, said, "Above all things never let your son touch a novel or a romance." Sir Walter Scott, when on his deathbed, called for a book, and when his son-in-law asked "What book?" the dying novelist replied, "There is but one book," meaning the Bible. And Charles Dickens, in his last will, commended to his children, not the literary productions of his compeers, nor the novels of his own prolific pen, but the New Testament, and urged them to shape their course in life by its heavenly counsels. Speaking of novels, the celebrated John Foster remarked, "I wish we could collect them all together and make one vast fire of them; I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah; the judgment would be as just." It is high time to raise a warning cry, for, like the deadly upas, fiction is casting its baleful shade over the young and tender plants in the garden of the Lord, checking their growth in the knowledge of divine things, and destroying the early promise of fruit.

Entering upon an apprenticeship to a builder, Matheson removed to Kildrummie and afterwards to Banff, at which place and the

neighbouring town of Macduff, he again attended the ministry of the Word; but seeking "a gospel that would give him rest without repentance, and salvation without a sacrifice of self," he still suffered disappointment. Removing to Edinburgh, he took lodgings at the house of a godly couple, who were very helpful to him, and he resolved to attend once more the faithful ministry of Mr. Moody Stuart; but again the enemy gained the upper-hand, and, after hearing the preacher once, he spent the rest of that summer in utter disregard of the things which make for a man's peace. The memory of a mother's prayers and counsels was now the only slender cord by which he was held from running the same excess of riot as his ungodly fellow workmen. In October, 1845, he was called home to see his mother die; the scene deepened his convictions, and returning to Edinburgh he heard the gospel from Mr. A. Bonar, but his decision was again postponed by the devil's lullaby—"If you are to be converted, you will; if not, you cannot help it." This sad perversion of the doctrine of election has proved fatal to many; it has paralysed the energies of God's people, and has proved a stumbling-block to many a seeking sinner. Drawn again to the church, he was terrified by the preacher's emphatic repetition of his text: "WILL BY NO MEANS CLEAR THE GUILTY." He went home, to utter his first real prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner," and began to read his Bible. "But," he says "I was on the wrong track. I set out in search of faith, instead of One to be believed in. I went to a minister in Edinburgh, and he urged me to hope, instead of bidding me believe. I sought my old friend, John Cameron, who wept in his sympathy with me, and took me to his minister, Christopher Anderson. This devoted man listened to my story. He saw I was lifted up, and said, 'Young man, were I to say I am pleased with you, you would go down that stair in a happy frame; but you are yet far from the kingdom of God. I see you are angry with God for not giving you salvation as the reward of works; but it must be grace from first to last.' I thought it very harsh; I seemed cut off from all hope. I reeled to the door, and, when I reached the street, I felt shut up to God, and exclaimed, 'O God, it shall henceforth be thee, and thee alone.'" This is the last stage in the long and weary journey which Duncan Matheson travelled before he found the cross. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, he left the place where he was first awakened, in quest of one who could remove the burden of his soul's guilt; but, unlike the pilgrim, he returned home to find the cross; he knew not that there is no necessity for the burdened sinner to take one step before his burden is removed. "The grace of God *brings salvation*," and the command is, "believe and live." Duncan saw it all afterwards, and wondered he had "stumbled at the simplicity of the way." He returned home, and he says, "I was standing at the end of my father's house, and meditating on that precious word which has brought peace to countless weary ones: 'God so loved the world,' etc. I saw that God loved me, for I was one of the world; I saw the proof of his love in the giving of his son Jesus; I saw that 'whosoever' meant anybody, and, therefore, me—even me; I saw the result of believing, that I should not perish, but have everlasting life. I was enabled to take God at his word. I saw no one but Jesus only, all in all in redemption. My

burden fell from my back, and I was saved. That hour angels rejoiced over one more sinner brought to the Saviour, and new songs rang through the courts of that city to which I had now got a title, and of which I had now become an heir. I could not contain myself for joy: I sang the new song, salvation through the blood of the Lamb. I longed to die, that I might sin no more, and discover more fully the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of that love which I now knew passeth knowledge."

This peace of mind was soon destined to be broken, and he was to prove that his cup of life contained many bitter ingredients, which a short experience would bring to the surface. He had to learn that conversion does not mean the removal of the old heart, but is the bringing in of the new life, which, by God's grace, is to subjugate and triumph over the old nature. "Gradually," he says, "my joy began to abate. I had been soaring on the eagle-wings of praise, but now my song failed." Doubting his own election, dreading future apostacy, and believing he had committed the unpardonable sin, these bitter waters quenched for a time the ardour of his first love. Evil thoughts, like rank weeds, grew apace, and checked the growth of the good seed in his heart. The shadow of Satan's great black hand, as he relaxed his grasp of the young convert, still fell across his heart and obscured the face of his reconciled God and Father. Unmindful or ignorant of the experiences of others, Duncan thought some strange thing had happened unto him, and indulged hard thoughts of God. He saw afterwards that he had begun in the Spirit, but wanted to be made perfect in the flesh. This is a mistake which young converts are apt to fall into, and accounts for their chequered experience. After a period of two years, he was brought to distinguish between the work of Christ as the ground of justification, and the work of the Spirit in witnessing to the fact. From this time his faith was unshaken, and he knew in whom he believed. He commenced the study of the writings of the Puritans, and they not only moulded his theology, but proved manna to his soul. He thus grew in grace, and his desire for the salvation of souls became intense. He commenced by teaching drawing to his fellow workmen, and made opportunities for speaking to them about their souls. His first effort in speaking in public was in response to the request of Miss Macpherson, to address an audience composed of aged women. From that time the ruling passion of his heart was to preach Christ. Throwing great earnestness into his work, and commending his efforts to God by prayer, he was the means of saving many. The most difficult people he had to deal with were those who "concealed a hard heart under a thick coat of evangelical varnish." To extend his usefulness, he secured a printing press, and wrote upon it, for a motto, "For God and Eternity." He soon acquired the skill necessary to work it, and printed about two thousand four-page tracts a day without relaxing his other efforts. A hundred thousand of these silent messengers were printed and circulated in an incredibly short space of time. Here is example and encouragement for young Christians who attempt nothing for Christ, because they cannot see their way to employment in connection with existing organizations. One of the most important lessons for them to learn is that of individual responsibility. Thomas Carlyle says, the latest gospel

in the world is, "know *thy* work and do it." Each has his own sphere to occupy and his own mission to fulfil; to each the Master says, "Make your calling and election sure," "Work while it is called to-day," and "Every one must give an account of himself to God." This voice came to Duncan Matheson with all the emphasis of its divine authority, and he consecrated himself to his lofty mission, and laboured for God and eternity.

With the self-sacrificing spirit of a true servant, he was willing to go anywhere and do anything at the Master's call. Had he chosen his own sphere of service he would have gone to China, but the Lord had another field of service for the young evangelist to occupy. Witnessing the departure of our troops for the Crimea, his sympathies were enlisted in their behalf, and he prayed that he might be allowed to attend them amidst the hardships and temptations of the campaign. Others, knowing his intense zeal for souls, were praying that an opportunity might be presented for him to go to the scene of conflict. By a singular mistake a letter, intended for another of his name, was delivered to him from the Rev. J. Bonar, which in substance ran thus:—"If you are still in the mind to go to the East, reply by return of post, and please say when you can start." Knowing the letter was not addressed to him his impression was deepened that God intended him to proceed to the Crimea, where he might be of service to the soldiers of the Highland Brigade. His correspondence with the writer led to his appointment as a Scripture Reader, and in November, 1854, he left his native land to brave the perils of the deep, exposure to the severities of a Russian winter, and the trials of camp life. When he reached Balaklava his text for the day moved his heart with the divine assurance, "The Lord preserveth them that love him." The scenes which presented themselves to him on landing were enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. "The hospitals were crowded; many were dying. Day after day ship after ship, with its load of suffering, was despatched to Scutari. Many of those you met were in rags, most were emaciated and smitten with hunger. Some were almost shoeless; many had biscuit-bags instead of trousers, whilst others had newspapers tied round their legs; and often such was the wretchedness, that you could not distinguish officer from man, or recognise the best known." The first Sabbath after his arrival he and Hector Macpherson, a Christian officer, retired to a ravine, and there, amid the deepening roar of cannon, they read and prayed, and sang together the old battle song of David and Luther—

> "God is our refuge and our strength,
> In straits a present aid;
> Therefore, although the earth remove,
> We will not be afraid."

For a lodging place he took possession of an old stable; and, though it was infested with rats, he was thankful for the poor shelter it afforded, and set to work with the zeal of a true evangelist. One starlight night, weary and sad with the delay of victory, he was returning from Sebastopol to his lonely stable, and as he trudged along, knee-deep in mud, he

thought of the spirits of the glorified above, and he sang aloud the well-known verses—

"How bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright."

A poor soldier, grown tired of life, had gone forth with his musket intending to end his miserable existence. His attention was arrested by the well-known tune, which he had learned at the Sunday-school. He abandoned his intention, returned to his tent, and told the missionary the following day that he was resolved to seek the one thing needful. "God moves in a mysterious way" to call into the fold his lost and wandering sheep. The following incidents not only reveal Matheson's extraordinary self-possession, but the guardian care of a covenant-keeping God. He had retired with a Christian officer to hold fellowship in prayer and in reading the word, when a shell dropped at their feet. "On this they went a little further off, but again the exercises were disturbed by another terrible invader. 'Never mind,' said the soldier, it is only the devil trying to spoil our enjoyment; let us go on.' They had just resumed, when, whiz, whiz, with a loud fall, a thirty-two pound shot lay beside them. One day, when conversing with another officer, the latter said, 'We have been long enough here, let us move away.' No sooner had they removed, than a large shell dropped and burst upon the very spot where they had been standing." How, true is the well-known couplet—

"Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

His intense consecration to his work, and his privations, told, however, upon his health, and he fell a victim to cholera. For three days and three nights he lay in his cheerless stable, sick, helpless, and alone. Recovering from the attack, he sought to recruit his health by taking a trip to Trebizond. On his return he again devoted himself to the work, with what zeal we may learn from a letter he wrote to a friend in Scotland about this time. He says: "I hardly know from what point to start, to let you know of my work since my entering this field of death and bloodshed. It has been an eventful, thrilling, soul-trying time; and yet in the midst of all, much of the seed of the kingdom has been scattered. I have given away 52,000 tracts; 622 Bibles; 1,477 Testaments; 770 French Testaments and 32 Bibles; 4,300 Italian Testaments and 200 Bibles; 173 Welsh, Russian, and German Testaments; and 450 books for officers." It is impossible for us to estimate the results which followed the reading of the Word by men who felt they were standing on the brink of eternity. The truths of the Bible never shine more brightly than when the light of the other world falls upon the page.

After a brief run home, to recruit his health, which had again broken down, Duncan returned to the scene of his labours with fresh stores of Bibles, books, and tracts. These were soon disposed of, as the troops were eager to learn the way of life. Especially was this the case with the Sardinians. "In one day," he writes, "seven hundred soldiers and officers visited me, asking for Bibles; and ere the last soldier had left the scene of their trials, I had given 2,347 Italian Bibles; 1,230 Italian Testaments; and upwards of 3,400 books and tracts. All were asked for." Having accomplished his mission to the Crimea, he returned home by way of Constantinople, Italy, and France, scattering the seed of life along the route. The reader cannot fail to be struck with the absence of the spirit of a hireling, careful only of the observance of official routine. While maintaining the prudence which became him as the agent of a Society, he laboured with all the freedom of a divinely-appointed ambassador. Few can read the record of the labours of Duncan Matheson without being rebuked for want of zeal. No one can imbibe his spirit without deriving fresh stimulus in the Master's service.

(To be continued.)

On Surrendering.

THAT is, giving up, and confessing yourself beaten, and with a prospect of having to submit to any terms that your conqueror may think fit to dictate. How it goes against the grain, how it humbles a man; how our whole nature boils up at the thought of it. No wonder people will bear all manner of hardships before they will do it. Yet it has to be done by every one who wishes to be a real conqueror.

I am not much surprised at men not submitting to their fellow mortals—proud, passionate, fitful, and unreliable as they must more or less be. "Why should I humble to one who, though for the moment encircled with riches and begirt with power, must at last be reduced to the common *dead level* with myself? I won't do it." Small blame to you, friend. You may be right, for often it happens that tyranny and wrong ought to be resisted to the last degree of our power to do it. The marvel to me is that men carry this non-yielding spirit into higher regions, and refuse to surrender even to God himself. He is not tyrannical, he is not fitful, he is not unreliable, he is not mortal; and so far from wishing to injure man, or curtail his liberty, he asks submission for man's highest good, and that he may endow him with a power to conquer his sin, that none other in heaven or earth can give. Why men do not submit to the Lord of Heaven, who is continually pouring out his benefits upon them, is the wonder of wonders. He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil, and backs up his benefits by the most glorious promises of higher and better good to those who will open their hearts, that one is lost to find a reason for their non-submission.

I remember reading of a certain General Dalton, of Bohemia, who was sent by his Government to reduce a rebellious city. He so successfully surrounded it, that none came out of it and none went into it.

Thus shut up, famine soon stared the inhabitants in the face, and death fast followed on its heels. Then there came one out of the city and said to the besieger, "General, the people are starving in the streets of the town." "Let them yield," he replied, "and they shall have bread enough." Back went the messenger, and told what the General had said. The citizens, having met and consulted, replied, "No, we will die first;" and many of them did die. But the messenger, who could not bear to see the people thus perishing, once again went out and cried, "For God's sake, General, send relief." "Do they yield?" he asked. "No, they say they will die first, and they are dying; but will you thus kill brave men and women?" Then the General mused awhile. At last humanity and generosity prevailed over all other considerations, and he nobly replied, "I cannot bear that they should die, rebels though they are. Prepare, gentlemen," said he to his officers, "and send to them of the bread we have, and say, 'Though you will not surrender, I will do what I can to save you from death; I must not relax my hold of your city, for you are in unlawful rebellion against your sovereign, but so long as I have provisions you shall share them.'" So the bread was taken into the city, and the message was delivered. It was bread of grace and a message of mercy; and they had their wonted effect, for no sooner had the citizens received them than they met again, and began to say among themselves, "We thought Dalton was a hard-hearted and cruel man; he cannot be that, or he would let us starve. We thought he was come to take away our liberties, yet he gives us liberty to live. He is generous, he is noble; can we do better than submit? for he is worthy of our confidence." So they sent him this word: "General, your kindness in sending us bread when we were starving shows us that you mean us well; we cannot hold out longer against such treatment; we open our gates; we surrender at once; come in and do what you will, for we are sure you will do right by us." He went in, and the more they knew of him the more they loved him, and wondered that ever they had refused to yield.

My brother sinner, this is but a faint picture of what God is continually doing to you. He does not *nearly starve* you into submission, he constantly gives you bread, and much more than bread, and by ten thousand providences every day shows that he is kind, merciful, gracious, and not willing that any should perish. For years he has been giving, and giving, and giving, and you have been sinning, and sinning, and sinning, and by so much as your sin has abounded, by so much the more has his grace abounded. Why, if he had desired you harm, would he have blessed you all these years? Surely no. Oh, then yield, and you shall indeed find that you will receive nothing but love at his hands.

Some one of my readers may be saying, "But I am not in open rebellion against God, I do not wish to keep him out of my heart. Nay, I have at times a yearning desire that he would come in, and, if he will, I am sure I shall not resist his entrance."

Now, what would you think of the people in a besieged city sending to the commander outside, a message after this fashion:—"General, we are not intentionally keeping you out, we want to surrender: but somehow or other we cannot open our gates." Would he not reply, "You are either trying to deceive me, or are deceiving yourselves by

talk like that. *Some* of you may wish to surrender, but it is clearly not the case with all of you, or your gates would at once be thrown open. Throw open your gates, that's all I want, and I'll do the rest." May not this be the case with your heart, reader? There is a desire of a kind—to yield, but is there the readiness to give up every thought, and wish, and feeling—to surrender your whole body, soul, and spirit to him. Is there not some lingering lust, some cherished idol, some mental reservation, that you will not bring out and allow to be exposed? Be honest now, know of a certainty that you cannot cheat God; all things are naked and open to his eyes, and he will not have part of your heart; it must be all or none. Unconditional surrender or no surrender at all. Are you prepared to do this? Honestly, now, are you? "Well," you say—at least I hope you do, "I believe I am, I have known for years that I am a sinner. I have felt often that I cannot save myself. I am sure if I am to be saved, it must be through God's mercy in Jesus Christ. There is no doubt whatever in my mind on this point, and I have tried and tried to come to God. I want to be reconciled and my heart says, 'O that I knew where I might find him.' But all seems dark and dreary. What am I to do? I used to think I could come when I liked: but, now that I try, I cannot." Brother, it's a blessed thing you have got to that. God has graciously brought you a great way towards himself. When a man feels his blindness and utter inability either to save himself or find the Saviour, he has given up the last strong-hold of pride in his heart, and is not far from the kingdom of God. Take courage, brother, your case was never more hopeful. Cheer up now, and take one step more and all will be right. "And what is that?" you say.

There was once a poor blind man who, by reason of his sad infirmity, could not gain a living. Very miserable was he, and very anxious as to how he was to live. He saw no hope in the future, and knew no friend who could help him. Well, there came one day to him, as he sat bemoaning his hard lot, a gentleman, who said, "My poor man, I hear you are in great want, and that your blindness prevents your obtaining a livelihood; and, since you cannot help yourself, I will help you. Come to my house at ten o'clock on such a day, and I will give you a paper that will secure you an annuity for life, so that you shall want no more." Then, giving the poor man directions for finding his house, and a loving assurance of his welcome reception, he left him. On the day named the blind man started to find his benefactor's house, but he had no friend to lead him; and, coming to a crossing where carts and horses were continually passing, he was brought to a standstill. In vain he listened for a quiet moment when he might venture to cross, there was nothing but one unbroken roar of wheels. Then he called to the passers-by to guide him across, but, either through the noise of the vehicles or the pressure of their own business, they heeded him not. He became very anxious, for the time fixed for his arrival was fast approaching. "What shall I do," he said, "my kind friend will think I do not want the annuity." So he stood, and soon his anxiety began to turn to despair. Then some one touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Do you want to cross the road?" "O yes," he said, "I do, but I am blind, and cannot go myself." "Then come along," replied the voice, "I know

where you are going, I'll take you." Now this made the poor man feel more uneasy than ever, and he drew back from the offered help. "For," he said, "how should he know my affairs?" "Come along," said the stranger, "for I know all about you." With that he gave him a history of his whole life, told him where he was going, and all about it, which brought such a fear and trembling upon the man that he began to doubt whether he was in his senses. He never felt so bewildered in all his life. He dared not move a step. Then the friend, changing his voice, said, "Come, won't you go? Don't you know me, I'm the gentleman who promised you the annuity; give me your hand." "Oh, then," said the blind man, "it's all right," and he held out his hand in a moment, saying, "I'll go with you at once. I beg a thousand pardons for doubting you; you'll forgive me, won't you?" "Yes, I'll forgive you; come along." So he went, received his annuity, and wanted no more. My dear reader, are you not this blind man? Long ago you have found that you cannot save yourself, and lately, when trying to find the Saviour, you have discovered that you are lost on the road. All your boasted power has left you. Your desires after peace and happiness have become stronger and stronger, but your ability to find them weaker and weaker. You are bewildered. All is dark within and all is hopeless without. Now, do you not know that "man's extremity is God's opportunity"? "Upon you that sit in darkness a great light is about to shine." God is going to visit you. Do you not even now hear him whisper, "*I* will lead the blind by a way that they know not"? He has seen you afar off; he is running to fall upon your neck and kiss you; he puts out his hand and says, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart." "I will be a Father unto thee, and thou shalt be my son." And now, as you but venture out the hand of faith, the tempter makes his last assault, your ingratitude and past unbelief rush in upon your mind, and you say, "But will he forgive these? Have I not *wearied* his long-suffering?" "No;" he says, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from *all* sin; and, therefore, from unbelief and ingratitude." Now, throw yourself unreservedly on his mercy: say—

"Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

And he will receive you, and give you such assurance of his reception that your soul will at once be at peace with him; for you will know that your hope has been founded on his sure word of promise, which is yea and Amen in Jesus Christ.

Liverpool. A DEACON.

Sunday-school Addresses.

BY E. D. JONES, A.M., ST. LOUIS.

NOTHING is more injurious to a Sunday-school than the practice of inviting visitors to make addresses during the session or at the close of the school. Such indiscriminate speech-making brings mischief with it.

The invitation is generally given out of courtesy; but it is really at the expense of the visitor, and especially that of the school.

The visitor will, in all probability, be unacquainted with the lesson which the teachers have been endeavouring to unfold; hence his remarks will be at random, and must, in the majority of instances, tend to disturb the impressions made by the teachers, who have been trying to lead the minds of the scholars in a given line of thought.

If the superintendent really wishes an address from a visitor, if he has ten minutes of time that he desires to use in that way, and the visitor is well known to him as an attractive and instructive speaker to children, and is acquainted with the lesson of the day, there can be no harm in asking him to spend the allotted time in impressing some portion of the lesson under consideration upon the minds of the scholars. But if a mere desultory talk, mere story-telling, is to be entered into, the time will not only be lost, but positive harm will be done to the school.

Too many incompetent men make a practice of visiting schools with the expectation of being invited to speak, and always feel slighted and hurt if neglected. Such persons should never be invited. Ask only such speakers as will actually profit the school.

The pastor and superintendent should study to interest and instruct the school themselves, so that they may avoid resorting to such dangerous experiments.

There are times when the school may with profit dispense with lessons, and spend the time in singing and hearing brief addresses from those who are competent, and who may be previously invited to speak. Such occasions lend variety and attractiveness to the exercises.

A few hints upon the preparation of Sunday-school addresses may not be out of place.

Comprehend fully the subject to be presented. The mind should grasp it, and the heart should be so influenced by it that the deepest sympathy may be secured for it. Some systematic arrangement of the ideas to be presented ought not to be omitted. A plan should mark the entire address, so that kindred ideas may go in company, and so that all its parts may be logically presented. Each idea should be readily clothed with appropriate words, and in such language as will be best adapted to reach the minds of the children. Ease, naturalness, self-possession, earnestness, and vivacity are points that must be cultivated, if attention is to be secured.

The following outlines of Sunday-school addresses are given simply by way of suggestion. They are skeletons that can be filled up to the liking of any thoughtful mind:—

I. JESUS AS A FRIEND.

1. *Tried.*—How often have we tested him, and he never failed us

2. *Rich.*—Owns the world; all things are his, in heaven and earth.
3. *Useful.*—Worldly friends of little use compared to him who is able to save.
4. *Eternal.*—No end to his friendship; lasts for ever.

II. Jesus our Friend.

1. *Oldest friend.*—Knew us from all eternity; knew all our parents.
2. *Kindest friend.*—Saved us in ruin; ran to save our souls.
3. *Nearest friend.*—Never away from us; ready at our call.

III. The Believer in Jesus has

SALVATION.
SATISFACTION.
SECURITY.

Salvation is

FULL.
* Sing. "There is a fountain," etc,
FRESH.
* Sing. "'Tis religion that can give."
FREE.
* Sing, "I'm glad salvation's free."

1. *Salvation*, from sin and endless death.
2. *Satisfaction*, peace, contentment, rest, hope.
3. *Security*, eternal life, soul safety, Satan cannot harm.

IV. Where to Seek Jesus.

1. *In the Bible.*—He is revealed in so many delightful forms: as Pearl, Light, Gold, Food, Water, Star, Sun, etc.
2. *In the Closet.*—Jesus loved solitude. We may find him when we enter into secret prayer.
3. *In the House of Prayer.*—Jesus loves to meet his followers in the place where he has recorded his name.

V. Work for Jesus.

Brings to the soul

1. *Health.*—Working man is healthy. Work for Jesus keeps spiritual nature healthy.
2. *Strength.*—Work gathers new strength to body. Work for Jesus helps growth in grace.
3. *Wealth.*—Work brings earthly riches. Work for Jesus enriches us here and hereafter.

VI. Love.

Shows itself in

1. Kind feelings.
2. Kind looks.
3. Kind words.
4. Kind acts.

VII. Come to Jesus.

1. *Who says come?*
   1. Jesus, Son of God.
   2. Jesus, the Lamb slain.
   3. Jesus, the risen and ascended Lord.
2. *Who are invited?*
   1. Christians who feel they are weak.
   2. Young enquirers, asking the way.
   3. All who are sinners.
3. *For what should they come?*
   1. For pardon, by faith in Jesus.

* These songs may be sung as each point is explained.

2. For peace in believing.
3. To learn how to live holy lives.

4. *When to come?*
1. In youth, while easy to come.
2. In youth, before habits are fixed.
3. Now, without delay.

Happy illustrations thrown in to explain and enforce these points will aid very much in rendering these or any like efforts pleasing, impressive, and instructive.

The plants and trees of the Bible are interesting to children. The following is a specimen address:—

THE PALM TREE.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." Psalm xcii. 12.

The palm tree of Scripture, sometimes called the date tree, and sometimes the "Tree of the Desert," is found in Arabia, Egypt, and other countries where climate is hot and the soil is sandy. It flourished in Palestine centuries ago, but is not found there now to any extent. Jericho was called the "City of Palms." Phœnicia has been called the "Land of Palms." Palmyra was a city which Solomon built, and called by that name, because of the palm trees surrounding it. Bethany means "House of Dates," and Mount Olivet abounded with palms, and no doubt afforded the people palm branches when they followed Jesus on his triumphal march into Jerusalem. David compares the righteous to this tree, and Solomon compares the church to it. It has been the theme of poets, the delight of travellers, honoured and blest by people of all lands, and often called "The servant of God and friend of man." Let us draw some lessons from this tree as we try to describe it:

I. Beauty.

1. Its *uprightness* gives it beauty. See how straight and even it is. No ugly knots, no crooked branches interfere with its stately grandeur. We speak of straightforward men: men are said to be straight up and down; straight in all they do; *upright* men, honest men, just men. There is beauty in such characters.

Solomon says of the church, "Thy stature is like the palm." The beauty of the church, her grandeur and her glory consist largely in correctness and uprightness in outward acts, prompted by an inward purity and holiness of heart.

2. Its *height* gives it beauty. The palm grows to be one hundred feet high, and some kinds grow still higher. It has no branches, but the leaves at the top reach out some six or eight feet in length, making in some varieties a bunch in the form of a cabbage. As the tree grows upward, the lower leaves fall off, which gives it a naked look, but tends to impress it with a grand and commanding appearance. It seems to be aspiring upwards. Its Hebrew name, Tamar, means, "*uprising*." How suggestive to us. Some men aspire after riches, honour, position, and power. Poor are all these compared with heavenly things. Let the sight of the palm tree incite us to a holy aspiration, an uprising, a reaching after heavenly riches, heavenly wisdom, and those things far above this vain and sinful world.

II. Growth.

1. The palm tree is generally found *near springs or streams of water.*

Travellers on the desert, with hot sand beneath and a scorching sun above, find it a wonderful relief to see, after a long march, the towering palm. They are sure to find fresh water for themselves and camels.

As the palm surely needs water to live by, so our souls cannot live without Jesus Christ, the fountain of living water; and the nearer we are to him, our comfort and source of life, the more shall we thrive and flourish. David says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm." They flourish so long as they have this vital union with Jesus. As the palm is a sure sign of water to the

traveller, so we should be signs pointing souls to the Living Water, ready to lead them to it.

2. The palm grows *inwardly.*

Some trees grow outwardly, increasing their wood on the outside; but the palm belongs to the family of trees that increase their wood from the inside, so that the trunk is enlarged from the inward growth. So "the righteous flourish like the palm trees." Inward growth, enlargement of soul, is growing in love to God, love to men, and a growing in knowledge of God and his works.

III. USEFULNESS.

1. *Fruitfulness.* The date palm tree yields from three hundred to four hundred pounds of dates annually, and as it reaches old age yields the richest and most abundant crop. It is a tree of life to the people. They watch for the date harvest, as we look for a wheat or corn crop, because they and their animals depend largely on the various kinds of palms for much of their food. Besides, the uses of the palm are almost innumerable. The Syrians tell us of three hundred and sixty uses it is put to. Not a particle of the tree is lost; but all applied to some good purpose. Like the palm, let us be useful and abundant in good works.

Let our whole body—eyes, hands, feet, and brains—all be given for the sake of Christ. Let the whole life—youth, manhood, middle age, and old age—be fruitful for the Master.

2. *An emblem of victory*

The ancients called the palm "Phœnix"—"Immortal." Young shoots spring from the parent stem, though it be levelled to the ground. It would seem impossible to kill the tree. Hence, in all ages, by all people, it has been regarded as the emblem of victory. Let us emulate the nature and spirit of the palm to conquer and overcome, and be conquerors over sin and Satan—then shall come the victory God would have us win. Only those *who overcome* are to receive the promised crown of rejoicing.

Solomon carved on the temple walls figures of cherubim and *palms*—thus associating palms with heavenly beings.

Those who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, will be crowned with heavenly honours. Those conquerors who have fought their way up to the golden city shall not only be made happy with the crown, the harp, and the robe, but shall have their joys made perfect when they bear with them the *palm*, the emblem and assurance of victory and immortality.

Bad Air versus Religion.

MANY a farmer and housekeeper wonders why it is that they must needs take a nap every Sunday in sermon-time. When the parson gets comfortably into the second or third head of his discourse, and his congregation have settled into the easiest position to listen, gentle sleep begins to steal over their faculties, and the good man is surprised at finding his argument less cogent than it seemed when prepared in the solitude of his study. At home the busy matron never thinks of napping at eleven o'clock in the morning, and the man of business would consider his sanity or common sense sadly called in question should a friend propose a half-hour's nap at that hour of the day. Nevertheless, they both sleep like kittens in their pews, and logic, rhetoric, eloquence, are alike wasted in the vain attempt to rouse their sluggish souls. The question of the poet, so often sung in our assemblies,

"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?"

is exactly in point, and we propose as an answer, "Because we are breathing carbonic acid gas—deadly poison; because the chapel-keeper didn't let the foul air of last Sunday's congregation out of the doors and windows, and the fresh, pure air of heaven in."

Look round at the audience; that feverish flush on the face isn't heat, it is poison. The lady nodding over there, her nose and cheeks like a scarlet rose, is not too warm, for the thermometer doesn't stand over 70 degrees; she is partially suffocated; what she wants is fresh air. The hard-working mechanic or farmer doesn't sleep because he watched with a sick child last night, but simply for want of oxygen to keep the flame of intellectual and physical activity brightly burning.

Nobody can rise on wings of faith in a poisonous atmosphere. Oxygen and religion cannot be separated in this unrighteous manner. We cannot live in conformity to spiritual laws while in open violation of the physical.

Is your chapel-keeper a man of intelligence sufficient to understand the necessity and reason of ample ventilation? Does he know that every human being vitiates, at the least estimate, four cubic feet of air every minute? Linger when the congregation leaves, and see if he shuts every door and window tight to keep in all the heat till evening service. Then see how dimly the lamps burn in the vitiated air; how hard the minister tries to raise himself and his listeners to the height of some great argument, and how stupid they are—nothing but bad air.

Now for the remedy, which costs labour and money both, for ventilation is a question of shillings and pence. Saturday the chapel-keeper should be instructed to open all the doors and windows, to let out all the dead and foul air, and let in such as is fresh. It takes no more coal on Sabbath morning to heat the place to 70 degrees because of this purification. Sunday noon let the openings of the chapel be again thrown wide—warmth and bad air will alike disappear, and, though extra coal may be required to raise the temperature, the minister will preach so much better in consequence, and the hearers will listen with such increased relish to the sacred word, that the loss of the pocket will be infinitely compensated by the gain of the soul.

A Sabbath in Rome.

WITH no ordinary feelings we found ourselves on the Lord's-day in the city where Satan's seat now is, but where once the gospel gained its grandest triumphs. We had trodden the Appian way, peered into the gloom of the Mamertine prison, and threaded the mazes of the catacombs, and now we were to preach the gospel in Rome also, and salute the saints which be in Rome, and devout strangers out of every nation. Of superstition we do not possess a particle, and even sentimental reverence for places has small power over us. It might be said of us most truly—

> "A bricklat from Jerusalem,
> A bit of bricklat was to him,
> And nothing more."

For all that, an unusual condition of heart was upon us, and we felt the spell of Rome. That spell, however, did not move us in the direction of the old

heathenish Papacy, but in the opposite path, once trodden by an older, holier, and more truly Christian church, which is at this time reviving in the city of the Cæsars. If the church of the catacombs still exists—and we are sure it does, for we have seen it—it certainly finds no shelter beneath the dome of St. Peter's, or within the walls of the Vatican, for there an utterly alien system holds sway. Peter would be filled with wrath at the idolatry which defiles St. Peter's, and Paul would wonder how Pio Nono could dare to claim apostolical succession, when his palaces, and his teachings, and his pretensions are things unknown in the word of God.

We started early to find our Baptist friends, and break bread with them, but as they had told us the hour only, and not the place of meeting, we wandered about in a hopeless search. Our walk, however, took us by the English Episcopal church, outside the walls, hard by the public slaughter-house. Here the Pope in the days of his reign allowed our countrymen to worship, but their heretical rites were not allowed to defile the holy city. This church is reputed high, so high, that a rival church is opened on the opposite side of the road, offering a resort for those of a lower or more evangelical creed. The church which boasts of her unity thus exhibits a schism in the presence of the lynx-eyed church of Rome—a schism which one would think would not have arisen—as there is yet a third Episcopal congregation, called the American church. A man must be hopelessly infatuated who sets up High Church in Rome; carrying coals to Newcastle is nothing to it. If a man wants the genuine Popish article, he is not likely to deal with a Ritualistic pedlar, when so many wholesale warehouses are all around him. We sincerely hope the Low Church will snuff out the High, and present to the Roman people something better than the sham fineries of Puseyism.

We missed the meeting for communion, which we had much anticipated, and turned in to wait for the service in the neat and elegant meeting-house of Dr. Lewis, of the Free Church of Scotland. Our Free Church brethren, wherever they exist, gather around them all the Nonconformist element; and their general liberality of heart, and orthodoxy of doctrine, render them a very attractive centre for all Non-episcopal believers. In Dr. Lewis's church we had the great privilege of preaching the gospel to a numerous audience of all classes of the community, including not a few eminent persons among our fellow countrymen. At the remembrance of that service our heart is glad, for we are persuaded that the Lord was among us of a truth. Pleasant, indeed, it was to meet with old friends and acquaintances, after the service, and receive their Christian salutations.

In the evening our sermon within the gates, in the very centre of Rome, was addressed to the Italians. It was in an upper room near the Forum of Trajan that we spoke to a crowded little gathering, our beloved brother, Mr. James Wall, acting as interpreter. This dear friend we have known and esteemed for years; he is an able preacher, has thoroughly mastered the language, and speaks with the fluency of a native. He is a sanguine, zealous, warm-hearted, intense man; in all respects well fitted to be the pioneer of the Baptised churches in Rome. Withal, he is cheerful, and of a generous spirit, and large-hearted enough to work with the Vaudois, the Wesleyans, and others who are evangelising Italy. He deserves the prayers and co-operation of Christians in England, and we trust he will not be without them. In connection with his excellent fellow labourer, Mr. Cote, who represents the American Baptists, and of whom we will say more anon, Mr. Wall is doing a good and great work among the Romans.

Mr. Wall gave out a hymn, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed in Italian, and then began our part of the proceedings. It is always dull work to speak through an interpreter. One has to utter a few sentences and pause, and then begin again. It is as murderous to all oratory as the old method of lining out the hymn was deadly to all music. Your train of thought hardly starts, before it has to pull up. There is no opportunity for warmth or vehemence. Still,

by keeping to the marrow of the gospel, giving short sentences, and plentiful illustrations, attention can be gained and held. So far as we could judge, the best of feeling pervaded the meeting, and the truth was received with joy, though many there were strangers to it.

This was too good to last; and accordingly, as Satan would have it, a question was asked by some one near the door, which, being answered, a well-dressed personage attempted to prolong the inquiry and raise difficulties. As he had no right by law to disturb the assembly, he was requested to wait till the preacher had done. In all probability, our close would have been a little more remote, but so unusual an experience flurried us a little; and, with a prayer for divine guidance, we ended our exhortation, and prepared for war. Mr. Wall was coolly expectant, being well used to such debates. We being only able dimly to guess what the objector had to say, felt uneasy and impatient. The voice was at first that of a caviller from a free-thinker's point of view, but an assault being made in Mr. Wall's rejoinder upon the church of Rome, the gentleman threw off the mask and spoke as a Romanist. Thereupon, an esteemed Waldensian Pastor rose and addressed him with great energy, and even rose to indignant eloquence, denouncing the Jesuitism displayed by the caviller. He carried all the people with him, so that general acclamation followed, which could scarcely be hushed. The objector, with violent gesticulation and affected nonchalance, commenced again, but many rose to reply, and we could see that the battle was in excellent hands. It was a hotly contested field, but the enemy made no headway, even the common hearers were eager to answer him. We asked him, through Mr. Wall, one or two questions, at which he bit his lips, but which he did not attempt to answer, as for instance, this:—"What are the great advantages offered by the church of Rome? Seeing that masses are said for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Wiseman, it is clear that this eminent divine has gone where he is not in repose. If such is the future prospect of your best and greatest men, there must be but a poor look-out for common people,—would they not be better off if they turned heretics and went to heaven at once when they died?" The people tried to hold him to these questions, but he backed out of them, and endeavoured to talk on other points.

Just then a letter was passed up, saying that the writer knew the objector to be a secular priest, of remarkable ability, and a personal friend of the Pope. He was informed of this and asked if it were so. He pretended astonishment, but could not deny it. He was thereupon challenged by Mr. Wall to a public discussion, but wisely declined it. He was then informed that the time was come to close any debate for the evening, and he thereupon left the assembly. We then proceeded again to talk to the people; and, after many salutations to the brethren, went our way to our hotel, attended by the two evangelists and other friends.

Our brethren in Rome view the conflict of the evening with great satisfaction. To them it appears needful to break their way in a manner unusual and undesirable in England. The disputing brings hearers, and lets in light where otherwise indifference would have reigned. For our part we shall be glad when it can be dispensed with, for our fear is that it prevents the due influence of gospel preaching upon the hearer, and is likely to confound the weaker sort, and wound quiet spirits. For the present it is like the backwoods-man's axe, needful to hew a way through the dark forests of ignorance, superstition, and scepticism.

So ended our Sabbath in Rome, joyously and well. We hope that ere long we may be allowed to spend many days in this city, for a great door and effectual is open unto us, and there are many adversaries. Since that Sabbath, we have had further intercourse with our Baptist brethren, and have broken bread with them, and quietly preached the word of life. A church is growing up in Rome, full of hope, living, suffering, and increasing. There are four preaching rooms in Rome, a small Pastors' College, and several out-stations. Mr. Cote is a solid and energetic man, exactly fitted to work with Mr. Wall; and the two

together make up an apostolic agency of the right kind. They ought never to lack funds or friends. Prayer should be made for them continually; they need it and deserve it. What is most wanted is a large central meeting-house where all could meet for worship. Their rooms are as good as they can afford, and are just now in capital situations to reach the poor; but, in addition, they ought to have a permanent site and a neat but handsome room. If they were only half as well off as our Presbyterian friends, it would be an improvement indeed. American and English Baptists must unite in this work; why should they not? Would to God we were knit together by closer bonds. We are one race and have one Lord, one faith, and one baptism; let us labour together for the common cause. Would it not be possible to have a Baptist Union for all the world, and meet in brotherly conference to look each other in the face? It might be a step to increased unity in the entire Christian world. Meanwhile, Rome must have a chief place in all our hearts.

Besides the English churches, and the two brethren we have mentioned, who labour among the Italians, there are in Rome two ministers of the Waldensian church with their congregations, one Italian Wesleyan, and we believe two Italian Free churches. There is therefore a hopeful agency at work, a wonderful agency, indeed, considering that religious freedom has only been enjoyed since September, 1870, when the Italian troops entered the city. Everywhere priests are despised. Convents and nunneries are in the process of suppression, church lands are being sold, and public opinion runs strongly on the side of unbounded liberty. Scepticism is wide-spread, and is an enemy equally to be dreaded with superstition, but the tongue and the pen of the evangelist are free, and the gospel slowly but surely is winning its way. If we had to choose our life-work, we would prefer to labour in Rome. It is a clear site, no other man's foundation is there, and he who is first at work will be the architect of the future. The Lord bless those who are already labouring there, and raise up many helpers of their toil. May his Holy Spirit richly rest on all that is done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus, both at Rome and throughout the world.

C. H. SPURGEON.

The Blessed Poor.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE seventy-second Psalm reveals the king in his beauty, and side by side with it the poor in their necessities: a singular but most appropriate conjunction. It is the greatest honour of our eternal King that he cares for the poor, and it is their greatest happiness to be cared for by him. His sovereign grace would not be so resplendent, if it did not embrace such needy objects; neither would they be otherwise than wretched if he did not look upon them.

The King is said in the second verse to judge or rule his poor people, thus he displays his own impartial righteousness, and they enjoy secure protection. It little matters to them how the world may condemn, for the Divine Judge will hold the scales impartially, and give forth his sentence according to truth. Then shall slanderous tongues be silenced for ever. Then, in the fourth verse, the king saves the needy, and, by breaking in pieces their oppressors, reveals his own power, while they, in their weakness, magnify his might, and rest in peace. Persecutors shall have but a brief day. The iron rod of the coming king will make short and sharp work of them, dashing them in pieces like potters' vessels. In the twelfth verse, the Prince of Peace delivers the poor and helpless when they cry, and so proves his faithfulness to his promises, and

makes them confide in him without fear. In verses thirteen and fourteen, he is said to spare and redeem the needy. He bears long with them, and spares them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him; while, by the merit of his blood, and the might of his arm, he, both by price and power, redeems his chosen. All the attributes of the covenant God are displayed in saving the needy clients of mercy, while the Lord's poor people bless him with all their hearts.

From this we learn the blessedness of the spiritually poor. It is for them that the Son of David rules; all the statutes and ordinances of his government have a special eye to them. The poor in spirit are the courtiers of heaven, the favourites of the Great King; their lowliness is their livery of state, their humility their insignia of honour. Men count themselves happy in great possessions, but the saints find their wealth in being and having nothing of their own. To be nought in self, and to have all things in Christ, are the true riches of believers. Emptiness of self leads to fulness in Christ. When we are weak, then are we strong. Often do we forget this, and labour after the self-sufficiency which would inevitably be our ruin; but, in our best frames, we feel it to be both most safe and most right for us to bow lower and lower before the Lord. As the poor have the gospel preached to them, so, in a deeper sense, the poor have the gospel. By so much as I think I have of my own, I am most truly poor; I may estimate my real poverty by my supposed self-sufficiency. As merchants labour to be rich, so should Christians labour to be spiritually poor. To divest ourselves of all our own hopes, trusts, joys, and aims is the most rapid way of being clothed with the royal apparel. Perfect man was naked, and when we are made perfect we shall not wear a rag or thread of our own: our beauty and adornment shall be all in Jesus. Downward, as to self, lies the way to heaven. We fight against that which we should covet, for the flesh lusteth after somewhat to flatter its own pride, and will not submit to be dead and buried, that Christ may be all in all. My Lord, grant me grace to sink: deal graciously with me by starving all my self-content, and allowing me no provision for self-congratulation! Let me never lift my horn on high, but rather let me lie low in the dust before thee, that I may share the benedictions which are reserved for thy poor people, and may not be the object of thy wrath, as the world's mighty ones have been!

Another precious truth taught us in this Psalm is, that the Lord's poor have no cause to be afraid of divine sovereignty. As a rule, the more emptied of self a man is, the less does he quarrel with reigning grace. The self-righteous are all fierce disputers against the doctrines of election and eternal love, because they have an inward instinct which makes them feel that, if these things be true, their boastings are futile. Proud hearts see that the doctrines of grace abase the lofty pretensions of the flesh, and, therefore, they cannot endure them; but such as feel themselves guilty before God, and heartily confess that salvation must be all of grace, are the very men to allow that the Lord has a right to do as he wills with his own. The ninth of the Romans is a pricking thorn to unregenerate minds. It afflicts them greatly to be told that the Lord "will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and will have compassion on whom he will have compassion." They call the Lord a tyrant, but his own elect are content that none should say unto him, "What doest thou?" His absolute dominion is their delight. The King of Zion loves his poor, and his poor love him. They are too low in their own esteem to set up any fancied rights of their own in limitation of his sovereignty; and he, on the other hand, is so full of compassion towards them, that his throne is ever a rock of comfort and defence to them. They are both of one mind; he will be all in all, and they delight that he should be so; they feel that it is their exaltation to see him exalted, and hence they delight to be less than nothing that he may be all in all. Happy people of a happy king! Lord, let me never quarrel with thy crown rights, but be among those who bless thy glorious name for ever and ever. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done. Save whomsoever thou wilt save;

for thy poor and needy people own thy sovereign prerogatives, and rejoice in them from the bottom of their hearts.

The Lord's poor must expect to be despised of men. The wicked delight to shame the counsel of the poor, because the Lord is their refuge. But there is no cause for dismay on this account: the favour of the king is a more than sufficient compensation for the malice of all his foes and ours. He shall redeem our souls from deceit and violence, and precious shall our blood be in his sight; therefore, let us cease from all fretfulness and impatience, and spend our days in praising and serving our gracious Lord, in whom our souls are blessed. "Blessed be his glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." Amen and Amen.

Children in the Streets of Jerusalem.

HEADS OF A SERMON BY MATTHEW HENRY.

"The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets."—Zechariah viii. 5.

THIS intimates, 1. That they (the inhabitants of Jerusalem, restored, reformed, replenished) shall be blessed with a multitude of children; their families shall increase and multiply, and replenish the city, which was an early product of the divine blessing. Gen. i. 28. Happy the man, happy the nation, whose quiver is full of these arrows! They shall have both sexes, "boys and girls," in whom their families shall afterwards be joined, and another generation raised up. 2. That their children shall be healthful and strong, and active; their boys and girls shall not be sick in bed, or sit pining in the corner, but (which is a pleasant sight to parents) shall be hearty and cheerful, and play in the streets. It is their pleasant, playing age; let us not grudge it them: much good may it do them, and no harm. Evil days will come time enough, and years of which they will say they have no pleasure in them; in consideration of which, they are concerned not to spend all their time in play, but to remember their Creator. 3. That they shall have great plenty, and meat enough for all their mouths. In time of famine we find the children swooning as the wounded in the streets of the city. Lam. ii. 11, 12. If they are playing in the streets, it is a good sign they want for nothing. 4. That they shall not be terrified by the alarms of war, but enjoy a perfect security: there shall be no breaking in of invaders, no going out of deserters, no complaining in the streets (Psalm cxliv. 14): for when there is playing in the streets, it is a sign there is little care or fear there. Time was when the enemy hunted their steps so close that they could not go in their streets (Lam. iv. 8); but now they shall play in the streets and fear no evil. 5. That they shall have love and peace among themselves. The boys and girls shall not be fighting in the streets, as sometimes in cities that are divided into factions and parties, the children soon imbibe and express the mutual resentments of the parents; but they shall be innocently and lovingly playing in the streets, not devouring but diverting one another. 6. That the sports and diversions used shall be all harmless and inoffensive; the boys and girls shall have no other play but what they are willing shall be seen in the streets; no play that seeks corners, no playing the fool, or playing the wanton, for it is the mountain of the Lord, the holy mountain; but honest and modest recreations, which they have no reason to be ashamed of. 7. That childish, youthful sports shall be confined to the age of childhood and youth. It is pleasant to see the boys and girls playing in the streets: but, it is ill-favoured to see men and women playing there, that should fill up their time with work and business. It is well enough for children to be sitting in the market-place, crossing questions (Matt. xi. 16, 17); but it is no way fit that men who are able to work in the vineyard, should stand all the day idle there. Matt. xx. 3.

Reviews.

Readings for Winter Gatherings, Temperance, and Mothers' Meetings, Second series. Edited by Rev. James Fleming, Camden Church, Camberwell. Religious Tract Society.

A shilling's worth of very readable matter. Some of the pieces gender rather to fun than edification; still, as a whole, it will be approved. John Ploughman, we observe, is one of the authors from whom a piece is taken.

Does Education lessen Crime? By W. H. Groser, F. G. S. Longmans.

This question cannot be answered by reasoning, it must be left to the ordeal of fact. We agree with most that Mr. Groser has to say, and would educate, by all means; but, unless the mind be educated for God, we, personally, do not expect much better result from it than from training a lion to jump through a hoop, without, at the same time, taming his ferocious nature. The remarks of the Ordinary of Newgate go to show that a boy, able to read, with a bad book before him, is worse, rather than better off than his companion who does not know A from Z. We give them as a telling proof that moral training is far more important than the arts of reading, writing, and counting. The Chaplain says:—

"In taking the usual survey of my congregation, as they assemble in the chapel morning after morning, I have been much struck, as my eye rested upon the boys, to observe, sitting in the place appropriated to them, not only the little ragged urchins with shock heads of hair, nor the smartly-dressed boy pickpockets, but lads with refined features, neatly arranged hair, well clothed, well mannered, and having a thorough acquaintance with the use of the books they bring to the service.

"When I talk to the boys, one rightly informs me that his father occupies a highly respectable position, while he himself has been carefully instructed. Such is the case with numbers. They have been imprisoned for various offences, chiefly burglary and forgery. Without one exception, I discovered that all these boys had been in the habit of reading those cheap periodicals which are now published for the alleged instruction (?) and amusement of the youth of both sexes. They have given me an outline of some of the tales they have read. The character which had fixed itself on the mind of a boy, to whom I now especially allude, was a horrible scoundrel, who flinched from no crime of violence, in which from his brute force and ferocity, misnamed courage, he was generally successful. This was the source from which the boy derived his notions, which he afterwards carried out,—buying pistols, which he loaded to the muzzle, and supplying himself with those implements which he considered necessary for his physical education and development of muscle, such as foils, boxing-gloves, &c., &c. This wretched fellow was one of the boys who perpetrated the horrible outrage on the old housekeeper who had charge of a warehouse in the City; and never, whilst at Newgate, did he or his brother altogether get rid of the idea that they were heroes, like those scoundrels of whom they had read, and whose crimes had exalted them in the estimation of those poor miserable boys to that of great men, or demigods."

Aids to Sunday School Workers. By E. D. Jones, M. A. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

A condensed, practical manual full of sanctified common sense. We have elsewhere inserted a chapter. We hope the book will be published in England We like its motto much: "Every Christian a teacher, and every teacher a Christian."

The Daughter of Remeses, a Story of Ancient Egypt, and other Poems. By A. S. Nisbet and Co.

The authoress has an observant eye, and a musical ear; she sings sweetly the song of Pharaoh's daughter and that goodly child which she drew out of the water. The following extract from the preface is noteworthy. "To see our sailors at their daily meal of lentil soup and bread, seated in a circle round a common basin, and sucking their fingers after they had finished, reminded us forcibly, notwithstanding our inclination to laugh, of the meal which Jacob gave his brother Esau. Peep from the window of your *dahajich* in the early morning, and crowds of splashing figures will remind you that 'the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash at the river.' And, were baked meats exposed in a basket for a few hours on the deck, they would shortly meet with the fate of those in the chief baker's dream. Our masts and ropes were often covered with little birds, as thickly as is a currant bush with berries."

Hope for our Race; or, God's Government Vindicated. By JACOB BLAIN. Buffalo.

WE merely mention this book because it is written by one who, for twenty years, has been a preacher of annihilation for the wicked, and has, at last, convinced himself that his views "wanted completeness." In order to complete his opinions, he has embraced the restoration theory, and is as sure about it as he was about his former error. To what extremes will not men's minds swing when the childish love of novelty rules them! When men wish to defend a theory, with what ease can they wrest Scripture, and argue so as to convince themselves and bewilder others! While such a mob of reasonings, fancies, whimsies, heresies, craziesses, imaginations, and wickednesses, assail the old doctrine of eternal punishment, we are content to abide quiet, for they will surely eat up one another. Their house divided against itself, and will come to nought. Already the devil of unbelief is tearing those whom it possesses: let us hope it will come out of them.

The Sword and the Shield: a reply to The Sling and the Stone, by the Rev. Chas. Voysey, M.A. By THEOPHILUS. Part I. Introduction. Elliot Stock.

WE can never fairly judge of a work by one number, but we know Theophilus to be a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, and an earnest writer, and, therefore, we expect from him useful argument and home strokes. We like the Introduction.

An Enquiry into the Eternal Punishment of the Wicked. By JOHN BATE. Osborne, 23, Farringdon Street.

WE are all obliged to Mr. Bate for his useful Cyclopædia and other works; and he has increased the debt by issuing this pamphlet. He has written, not for the critical few, but for the many; and he has written well. We can quite believe the story with which he closes:—"We have been credibly informed of a Dissenting minister who recently imbibed the notions of the punishment of the wicked which we have been opposing. He preached them. And such were their acceptability to the ungodly of the town, that they actually drank to his health in the tavern, saying, 'Mr. —— is the parson for us. He won't send us to hell for ever for our sins.' And, thus encouraged, they indulged in their drink and wickedness."

Taking No Thought: an examination into the actual meaning of the words contained in Matthew vi. 23, 24. By F. W. P. Elliot Stock.

A WELL-REASONED paper, but we do not quite see what the author drives at. Is all forethought excluded, and are we literally to be as the ravens? We do not quite read it so.

Four Lectures on the Claims and Worship of Rome, delivered at Stepney Meeting-House. By the Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, M.A. Snow and Co.

THE infallibility of the Pope, the false basis of the papacy, Mariolatry, and the characters of the popes, are here handled by a Master in Israel. If it be thought hopeless to attempt to convert Papists, it is at least laudable to instruct our own people, lest they fall into the same delusions. There is, we fear, a great falling-off in the old Protestant feeling of the country; perhaps it was too much based upon tradition to continue, and there is need that a new and deeper anti-papal feeling be produced, which, being sustained by knowledge, shall abide upon the public mind. Such lectures as these will go far to foster a healthy abomination of the superstitions and blasphemies of the Papacy; therefore, let them fly abroad in thousands.

The Life of Jesus the Christ. BY HENRY WARD BEECHER. T. Nelson and Sons.

WE have not the time to read this work till we return. It is a noble volume in appearance, and the fame of its author will secure it a wide circulation. We consider Mr. Beecher to be the greatest genius of the age, and we only wish we were quite sure as to where he is, or will be, in theology.

Silver Spray and other Sketches from Modern Church Life. Elliot Stock.

STORIES illustrating the duty of weekly storing. By all means let the spirit of consecration be fostered.

Rays from the East; or, Illustrations of the Holy Scriptures, derived principally from the Manners of Eastern Nations. The Religious Tract Society.

Beautifully bound and superabundantly furnished with engravings, this book will win its own way. It is growingly difficult to find anything new in the form of illustration for the Bible, seeing that so many have reaped the field before; yet the author of this volume, whoever he may be, has been successful in bringing forth things new as well as old. We owe him thanks for a most attractive and instructive compilation, in which there is no affectation of language, but an evident aiming at simplicity. We select at random one of his explanations; it is that of Isaiah xlix. 2; "He hath made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me." "The shaft here referred to was either pointed with, or made entirely of, iron; and was, consequently, polished before it was laid in the quiver, preparatory to the battle. An arrow seems to denote an eloquent speaker, and it must be acknowledged that this is an emblem full of propriety, for the shafts of an expert man fly with celerity and hit the object with certainty. Words, when spoken in due season, sometimes strike through the hearts of the hearers, and stick fast in the memory like so many barbed arrows. Aristotle says rhetoric consists not in saying sublime, ingenious, or recondite things; but in hitting the hearts or understandings of the auditory. This remark is confirmed by the experience of every day. For this purpose there are no words like those of Holy Scripture; none that come so directly home to the feelings, or plead so forcibly to the judgment. They are polished shafts, and the Bible is a quiver full of them."

Labourers together with God: Words of Encouragement, Counsel, and Help for Sunday School Teachers. By the Rev. Gordon Calthorp, M.A. Elliot Stock.

Good advice well presented. Some books have veracity, but not vivacity: they are good as gold, and as heavy; but this little work has both truth and light, value and vigour, in it. We were struck with the following paragraph.

"Some years ago, I have been told, a superintendent of a Sunday-school, a man of much ability and goodness, was addressing his teachers upon the subject of teaching. He spoke at some length about their manner of communicating information, about the duration of their lessons, about the need of preparation, about the use of anecdotes, of lively illustrations, and other topics; and dwelling, as it seemed to one, at least, of his hearers, rather too emphatically upon these external matters, he was suddenly interrupted by a voice from the back benches, exclaiming, with intense earnestness of tone, that thrilled through his hearers, "*Give them Christ! I say, give them Christ!*" And so say we. That theme must underlie everything. Unless Christ be the foundation, the superstructure will go for very little. And yet we would venture to add a comment or two to that teacher's advice. There are different Christs in the world: the Christ of the so-called "Unitarian" is not your Christ and mine; the Christ of the Romanist differs widely from the Great Being whom you and I adore under that name. Human, merely human, conceptions, unguided by the Spirit, mar that gracious figure — sometimes, I fear, put altogether another in his place. We must "give Christ," then, but it must be the *true* Christ, not the Christ of our own fancies and imaginations, but the Christ who is set forth in the Scriptures, and whom the Holy Ghost, counteracting the tendency of our hearts to pervert and distort the likeness, enables us to realise, and to make, as it were, a visible and a tangible object for ourselves. Then, I think, we must be careful to "give" a living Christ. As there is a difference, as we have said, between one Christ and another, so there is a difference between the word "Christ" and the personal Christ. Some persons seem to me to *teach the word Christ*. Their scholars can tell you all about Christ: his doctrine, his miracles, his life and death; the prophecies which proclaimed his advent, the results which flowed from his appearance on the earth, and the works which he did upon it. But these scholars seem to regard him, at least practically, as a bygone personage, who did wonderful things certain centuries ago, and who is now of course reigning somewhere in heaven, but who has little or nothing to do with the ordinary life of the present day, and with persons like ourselves. Such should not our teaching be; we should labour to present a *living* Christ; Christ as an actual presence, a vital energy as truly pervading it because he is invisible, and has gone to the Father; Christ as a Being who enters into, not only by distant interest, but by actual, immediate contact, and by inner operation, all the concerns of his creatures of the present day. It should be our endeavour, then, to give both a true Christ and a living Christ."

Prayer and its Answer, or, how a believer may know whether his prayer will be answered. By Mrs. Robert Peddie. Partridge and Co.

Much of this work has been extracted from Fleming, Rutherford, and others. The subject is most important, and the manner of handling it most excellent. We are grieved to learn, from this accomplished authoress, that the plague which infests England, is also insidiously spreading in Scotland. We had hoped that both grace and nature would have kept rationalism out of Scotland; yet Mrs. Peddie says: "In Scotland this withering system is quietly spreading in some of our leading churches, under the ministry of men who are pleased to consider themselves advanced thinkers, and a reforming party in the Established Church of Scotland. Rationalism, as developed in our Scottish Churches, is as yet of a most subtle and undefinable character, and is insinuated rather than broadly enunciated. It is more marked by the suppression of evangelical truth, than by the contradiction of it. Earnest Christians, in some of the congregations, feel that there is something wrong, or something wanting, but what it is they cannot tell. They are perplexed and distressed, and they know not what to do, nor what to say. They cannot, with all their effort, lay their finger upon the special point, and say that it is here, or that it is there. In some instances they apply to the pastor himself, and express their feelings and apprehensions as they best can; and these generally have reference to the atonement, as being the point upon which they chiefly experience a painful yet undefinable want. The pastor, however, strongly maintains what he calls the atonement and sacrifice of Christ; but, notwithstanding, they remain unsatisfied, and feel as widely at sea as ever."

"Narratives of such perplexing conferences have been more than once given to us; and we have witnessed, with deepest sympathy, the distress and anxiety the matter has occasioned. Try him on the *substitutional* character of the work of Christ, we said on one occasion. Put it to him plainly: Do you mean by sacrifice or atonement, the death of Christ in the sinner's room and stead? and hold him to it, and you will discover that he will shy or shun the expression of his belief in the death of Christ, as being *substitutional*. Put it also to him plainly as to what are his views regarding the doctrine of regeneration, upon which also he can speak so freely, and it will be found that what he designates regeneration is a mere waking up to a new, good life, and not the implantation of a new life, by the Spirit of God, in a dead soul. Ask him what he means by the expression, 'The Fatherhood of God,' of which he makes so frequent use, and you will find that the great distinction between the children of God, and those the Bible terms 'the children of the devil,' 'the children of wrath,' is either partially or wholly ignored, and a doctrine assumed in its stead, in which God is represented only as the benignant, loving Father of all men; while his character as the Divine Sovereign and Judge of the world is virtually set aside."

The Biblical Museum, a collection of notes, explanatory, homiletic, and illustrative, on the Holy Scripture. By James Comper Gray. Vol. I. Containing the Gospels according to Matthew and Mark. Elliot Stock.

Excellent! Men, with little time and money, have work done and treasure collected for them in this Biblical Museum. To ministers, teachers, and students these notes only need to be known to be valued. The editor is not very profound in doctrine, but his volume proves his industry, his wide research, his judicious power of selection, and his aptness to teach. We did not review the numbers, for we like to see a work as a whole; and, having now done so, we warmly recommend it. It is very neatly and sensibly got up.

God's Arrow against Atheism. By Mr. Henry Smith. William Tegg.

We have aforetime said all we could, and more than was needed, in praise of "the silver-tongued preacher." This shilling's worth of his silver is not the most attractive of his sermons, but we hope it may, nevertheless, be of service. How we wish Mr. Tegg, or some other publisher, would bring out all the works of Old Tom Fuller. 'Tis a publication devoutly to be wished.

Messrs. Cassell's publications for the little ones occupy a front rank. Their wealth of pictures, as well as richness of amusement, will always command an immense sale. The volume of their magazine entitled *Little Folks* supasses all competitors for thorough-going fun and real interest. It is a sort of book to make little eyes sparkle with delight when awake, and to set little minds dreaming pleasantly when asleep. How it can be produced for three shillings remains to us a mystery beyond our ken. *The Children's Sunday Album, by the author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam,"* is altogether unique in its way. It has a text for the Sunday, which is explained, and is generally enforced by a story or some lively remarks, and is besides accompanied by a really fine engraving. One hundred and fifty Sundays are thus provided with good instructive reading. We observe that this work is in the thirteenth thousand: the thousands who make up "the public" are less intelligent than we think them to be, if they do not soon run up the sale to 100,000. The engravings are works of art of a high order; and thus the child's taste is elevated at the same time that his mind is instructed.

The Child's Book of Praise, including 34 pieces of music, with pianoforte accompaniments, and upwards of 250 illustrations. By the same firm. A perfect masterpiece. Our friends of the Belle Sauvage Yard are determined to excel, and they succeed to a marvel: in this Book of Praise they surpass themselves. Art here lavishes her treasures; we will not say that the result is too good for children, but we will say that none but the best of boys and girls ought to be trusted with such a charming volume. A household possessing the three books now mentioned, will be rich enough for one Christmas at the least. Time was when three such books could not have been bought for love or money.

The Grounded Staff. By Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A. Cassell & Co.

Another of the *Little Gem Series*, and one of the very best. The meaning of the title is explained by the author. "Every pilgrim wields a staff: it is a security and a stay to the wayfarer; by it he sustains his footsteps, supports his strength, ascertains his foundation, and speeds onward his journey. To rest it on the shifting sands, to plant it on the melting snows, is not to ground the staff upon a sure foundation. But when it rests upon the Rock, our footsteps slip not; our goings are established; and we have found and trusted in the grounded staff of the Christian—stayed upon the Rock, and that Rock is Christ." Much gracious doctrine is here taught, and we are delighted with the clearness and soundness of the teaching. Such a little book would be a very acceptable gift both to old and young.

Pre-Calvary Martyrs, and other papers. By Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., of Chelsea, is another of the same series, and is equally excellent. All those works are prettily got up and well printed, and remarkably cheap. The enterprising publishers deserve every encouragement. Perhaps our readers are not aware that the Pilgrim's Progress and Foxe's Book of Martyrs may be had of Messrs. Cassell for one penny each; and that twelve of Bunyan's may be had carriage free for eleven stamps, and the same of Foxe's for ten stamps

Eastern Manners and Customs; Jerusalem, Pictorial and Descriptive; Environs of Jerusalem, Pictorial and Descriptive (all by the late Dr. Tweedie); *The Fall of Jerusalem, and Roman Conquest of Judea: and The Jordan and its Valley, and the Dead Sea.* T. Nelson and Sons.

These five books are after our own heart, and should at once be in every Sunday School Library, on the shelf of every teacher, and we might almost say, on the study-table of every young minister. The engravings are good, abundant, and highly instructive, and the books themselves are models as to printing and binding.

The Land of the Nile; or, Egypt past and Present. By W. H. Davenport Adams. Nelson and Sons.

A larger work than the foregoing, even more rich in engravings, well written, and upon a theme which holds all hearts beneath its spell.

The Person of Christ. By Rev. W. B. Pope. Wesleyan Conference Office, 66, Paternoster Row.

A small volume, rather than what it styles itself, "A Discourse" on the Person of our Lord. A most able production, and we have read it with much pleasure. With some parts we should not agree in the views taken; but the spirit, power, and beauty have our unqualified praise. We think that the legitimate working out of the following extract to its true results and teaching, would assimilate our good Wesleyan friends very much more to our Calvinistic doctrines. The author says:—

"The very soul of the doctrine of atonement is its substitutionary character; that taken away, the whole circle of New Testament phraseology—not only in the English translation, but in the original—would require to be fundamentally changed; it is adapted to a vicarious intervention, and to no other."

So far we are one; but, alas! it is argued out to quite an opposite result to that at which we should have arrived from this view of the case; for the author adds: "His person was vast enough to be a counterpoise to all mankind, and to offer an atonement which has been accepted for the world—the world of all actual and all possible sinners." Then, we conclude, all will be saved, or here is an atonement which is not a fact, but only a potentiality, a scheme merely, but contingent in its results, even to those for whom he has atoned.

Sermons for Sunday Evenings. Religious Tract Society.

Sound, but not brilliant. The subjects are well selected and worked out in a straightforward way, which will enable ordinary readers to follow the thought with ease and profit. Why called specially Sunday *Evening* Sermons we cannot tell: they are as suitable for the morning as for any part of the day, and will be of use, we trust, to many in the night watches.

Sketches and Stories of Life in Italy. By an Italian Countess. Religious Tract Society.

Italy has much to learn of England, and England may learn much from Italy. A strong bond of sympathy binds the two nations together, and we trust it will strengthen every year. As one means to this end, it will be well to enliven our literature with Italian poetry, and embellish it with scenes from the sunny south. This volume will interest many readers in that classic land.

Past and Present; or, Social and Religious Life in the North. By H. G. Reid, Author of "Lowland Legends." Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.

The first chapter satiated, nay, nauseated us. Everything religious which we admire in Scotland this Author deplores, and that which excites our sorrow is to him a source of joy. Be it so. But one or other of us is putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. We quite believe that heretics are advanced men, but, on what road? Liberal no doubt they are, but with whose truth?

Captain Cook; his Life, Voyages, and Discoveries. Religious Tract Society.

We need say nothing about this well-known book, which has influenced more young minds than whole libraries of other works. This edition is well got up and illustrated, and makes a good Christmas present.

The Secret of Peace; or, "Let Go the Twig." By C. R. H. Fifty-third Thousand. Shaw & Co.

A very simple statement and illustration of the way of salvation, by a friend whom the Lord has greatly used in his kingdom. In the present copy the type is large and widely set out, so that the matter is not very copious in comparison with the appearance of the book; this, however, will be an advantage to some eyes.

Yet, a motto for all times and seasons: being a selection of texts in which God's promises and faith's plea are most encouragingly presented. By David A. Doudney. D. D. The Book Society.

Mr. Doudney's writings are always full of the Gospel, and breathe a gracious spirit. They do not lack freshness and variety, but they are chiefly consoling and edifying to those people of God who care more for matter than style. "*Yet*" will be best appreciated by those who can say, "though he slay me, *Yet* will I trust in him."

A.L.O.E.'s Sunday Picture Book, illustrating the Life of the Lord Christ, in a series of short poems. Nelson and Sons.

A DELIGHTFUL picture book, all a-glow with colour, and rich with art. It makes us wish to be a child again. Why did the artist represent John the Baptist as pouring water on Christ's head? We never read of his doing that. The orientals pour oil on the head, but we do not think that they ever anoint with water. We fear that the little cross, and the lamb and flag, scollop shell, and pouring of water must be a representation of some Popish tradition. Surely it would have been more becoming in a book for Protestant children to have given a picture of the Baptism of our Lord.

The Vagabond. By Mrs. F. MARSHALL WARD. Bemrose & Son, 21, Paternoster Row.

A THRILLING, but very far from pleasing story. If true, we have no fault to find with facts; but if fiction, to what end was it written, unless it be to make the reader miserable about what never happened?—a needless increase to earth's sorrow.

Memoranda.

As we have been travelling all the past month, we do not know what may have occurred at home. Everywhere in every city abroad there has been the greatest excitement among the English as to the Prince of Wales, and among the godly there has been much prayer that his life may be spared, and his heart renewed by divine grace. It may be, it will be, a turning point in his personal history. The example of men in high places is most potent either for good or ill. None need more the prayers of Christians than those who occupy positions of authority.

When this magazine reaches the reader, we hope to be at home preaching the word. Our health is much improved.

Very little help has come in for our Orphans during our absence, and the treasury is low to the eye, though faith knows it will be replenished.

As we were able to reach home before the completion of the Magazine, we are able to thank most heartily our many kind friends who have provided for the Christmas festival for the Orphans.

We give a large amount of reviews this month, because this is the busy season with publishers, and a time when purchasers are abundant. We have endeavoured, in every case, to do justice to each book—no more and no less. On returning we find a great pile of books awaiting us, and we will give them our earliest attention.

The *Daily Telegraph* makes an amazing and amusing mistake, in supposing that we invoked the aid of King Victor Emmanuel on behalf of Italy; our prayer was to him who is King of kings and Lord of lords,—the true and only Victor Emmanuel.

To our intense regret we learn of the death of our beloved sister in Christ, Lady Burgoyne. Never pastor had a more loving and consistent church-member. We hope to give some account of her in the next number.

The *Westminster Review* in a late article, among other falsehoods and misrepresentations, said of us, "We know, on good authority, that some of his own deacons describe him as a regular Pope." This is an unmitigated lie, for which there has never existed a shadow of foundation. Our deacons are brethren who load us with kindness, and rather err in giving us too much than too little respect. The Westminster Reviewer is hereby challenged to send us his name and address, and we will give him the names and addresses of all our deacons, so that he can either verify his statement, or admit himself to have uttered a gratuitous falsehood.

On Sunday, November 26th, two Sermons were preached in the Lecture Hall of the Literary Institute, Faversham, Kent, by the Rev. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, in aid of the funds of the newly-formed Sunday School in connection with the Baptist Congregational Church, under the pastoral care of Pastor A. Bax, late of the Tabernacle College. Our school has many difficulties to contend with owing to the inadequate accommodation. The friends here are earnestly working to raise funds for a New Chapel and School-rooms, and affectionately solicit a New Year's Gift from all sympathisers in the work, which will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by the Pastor, Mr. A. Bax, 110, St. Mary's Road, Faversham, Kent.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, November 23rd, seventeen; by Mr. B. Davies, November 30th, seventeen; by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, December 7th, thirteen; by Mr. B. Davies, December 14th, twenty-five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 14th, to December 18th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. N. P. Sharman	5	0	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. W. Ludbrook	1	0	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
A Sincere Friend	10	0	0
A Reader of Baptist Messenger, Dumfries	1	0	0
A Thursday night hearer	5	0	0
F. R.	0	10	0
A Thank Offering, Tunbridge Wells	0	2	6
Mrs. Bicknore and friends	2	0	0
Mr. Elder	0	10	0
Mr. Stevenson	0	15	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	2	0
M. N. H.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Withers			
Messrs. Helas & Co. Annually £1 1 0			
Mr. S. Gostage 0 5 0			
Mr. J. H. Fuller 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Leach 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Withers 0 5 0			
	2	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. Foster	0	10	6
Mrs. Morgan Brook	1	0	0
Mr. Rawlings	0	10	0
Miss R. Swain	1	1	6
Miss Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. Carter, Senr.	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Moon	1	10	0
A Friend, Annan	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lee	2	2	0
A Friend, Per Rev. G. Wright	0	10	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	5	0
Collection at Wandsworth, per Rev. F. O. Marchant	6	10	8
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov. 19	30	2	0
" " " 26	22	6	9
" " " Dec 3	34	1	8
" " " " 10	50	3	15
" " " " 17	22	6	0
	£219	7	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 14th, to December 18th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. W. Swaffield	0	5	0
Ebenezer	2	2	0
God bless the lads	0	1	6
Mr. N. P. Sharman	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	2	6
Mrs. Howard	10	6	0
A Friend, per Mr. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Annie and Harry	0	10	0
Mr. J. Thomas	2	2	0
W. A. M.	0	3	0
A sincere friend	5	0	0
Belfast	0	10	0
G. P.	0	5	0
Mr. Romang	1	0	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
A Sermon reader, Eaton	2	0	0
Scholars, Eld Lane, Colchester	0	9	9
T. H. H.	0	10	0
A.	0	3	0
L. W. R.	0	10	0
P. L. S.	0	5	0
Mr. F. Holgate	0	1	8
Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
Mrs. Harriet Tuffs	2	10	0
Mrs. Higgins	0	5	0
D. M.	1	15	0
Mr. J. Harper	1	0	0
Wellington-street Baptist Chapel, Luton	1	1	0
Two Lady readers of Sword and Trowel, per Mr. R. Duncan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Whalley	1	0	0
Mrs. Bent	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	0	0
Mr. G. Wight	5	0	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bloodworth	2	2	0
James and Louisa	0	2	6
Northman	7	0	0
Mr. Elder	0	10	0
Mr. Stevenson	0	15	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	2	6
M. N. H.	5	0	0
Morayshire	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Cashiers' Department L. & S. W. Railway	0	2	10
What my old Hat brought, C. H.	0	2	2
Mr. J. Snell	3	15	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	1	0	0
W. J. B.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Proceeds of Band of Hope Concert, per Mr. J. Field	0	15	0
Mr. J. Rettie	2	0	0
Mr. J. Lee	1	1	0
Part of the tenth	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. P. Murray	0	10	0
F. R.	3	3	0
Mrs. Houghton	0	10	0
Mrs. Virtue	1	1	0
F. C.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Howard	5	0	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	2	2	0
Mr. Greenwood for Bazaar goods	3	0	0
Marah	0	5	0
Matilda and Ann	0	4	0
Nellie	0	10	0
Mr. Reading	0	17	6
U. P. Sabbath School, Gorebridge 0 15 9			
Children's Boxes :—			
J. C. 0 10 0			
M. C. 0 7 0			
K. C. 0 7 2			
B. S. 0 4 0			
	2	3	11
C. D.	2	0	0
John's Mite	0	2	0
Pupils at Dr. Caves, Finsbury College	0	18	9
Friends at Early, per Mr. J. Taylor	1	2	6
Collected by Mr. L. Hooper	0	12	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	5	0
Stamford Hill	0	5	0
Collected by Boys at Orphanage :—			
Almeroth 0 5 0			
Bligh 0 2 0			
Ellis H. 0 2 0			
Dunn, J. 0 3 6			
Aptted, F. 0 2 0			

	£	s.	d.
Bailey, R.	0	5	0
Brown, J.	0	4	0
Massenhelder, E.	0	1	3
Stuart, C.	0	0	5
Loney, J.	0	5	11
Reeves	0	5	0
Semark, A.	0	9	2
Wingell, S.	0	2	6
Tiddy, E.	0	0	5
Charlesworth, W. E.	0	2	1
	2	10	3
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	8	3
Subscriptions, Per Mrs. Withers :—			
Mr. J. Huntley, Quarterly	0	10	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper "	0	5	0
Mr. W. Moore "	0	5	0
Mr. J. Leach "	0	5	0
Mr. J. Withers "	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackman "	0	1	1
Messrs. Helass & Co, Annually	1	1	0
Mr. J. Boorne "	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller "	0	5	0
	3	7	1
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Nelson	0	5	0
Mr. May	0	5	0
	0	10	0
Mr. T. Lloyd	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Jones	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thos. Young	0	10	6
	£218	12	2

For Christmas Dinner at the Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	2	0
Mrs. Townesend	0	10	0
C. D.	0	10	0
E. M.	0	5	0
J. W.	0	10	0
L. B. & L.	1	5	3
Mr. Dalton	1	0	0
For Dessert	0	5	0
D. M.	0	2	6
Two Friends, Blaenavon	0	10	0
Mr. E. Phillips	0	5	0
Mr. S. Coraborough	0	10	0
Mr. Ricketts	1	0	0
Master Rogers	0	3	0
Collected at the Sunday School, Rainham	0	10	6
M. G.	1	0	0
Homeopathic Dose	2	0	0
Mr. W. T. Aldridge	0	3	6
An Orphan's Friend	0	2	6
G. J. G	1	0	0
	£11	14	3

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 75, Oakley Road, London, N., acknowledges with many thanks the following donations :—

	£	s.	d.
A. Scott, Guernsey	2	18	6
Mrs. W. G. Gibson	5	0	0
Mr. Weatherston	0	10	0
Mrs. D. for "Harry"	1	0	6
Mr. J. Chappell and friends	1	0	0
Mr. J. O. Sargent	2	0	0
Mr. J. Thomas	1	1	0
Miss Robertson	0	5	0
Misses Vardy and Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Lane	1	0	0
C. S. F.	0	10	0
W. Adair, Junr.	0	13	0
A Sincere Friend	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Carruthers	0	5	0
Poor Children's Dinners.			
M. O.	1	0	0
Mrs. Purchell and little boy	0	12	0
W. Morison	1	1	0
H. J. W.	0	10	0
M. A. Cooke	0	5	0
W. Palmer	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Stephen	1	0	0
Miss C. Basset	2	2	0
C. R.	0	2	0

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions—	£	s.	d.
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	5	0	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, (Quarterly)	7	10	0
R. Hedley, Esq. (Half-yearly)	15	0	0
Miss R. Evans, (Annual)	30	0	0
Mr. W. G. Macgregor	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Weekly Offerings at Haroldwood for November	0	13	2
Blow ye the Trumpet	0	1	6
Mr. N. P. Shurman	5	0	0
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0
A Sincere Friend	5	0	0

List of Presents from October 21st to Dec. 15th.—PROVISIONS, &c. Bag of Rice, Mr. Cantell; Some Green Dried Bacon, S. & J. Gilstone; Sack of Flour, Mr. Belsey; half-cwt of Oatmeal, Mr. Yeeus; 240 Eggs, Miss Janett Ward; One Box do. Mr. Potier; 16 Wild Rabbits, W. H. Barton; A quantity of Turnips, Mr. Bath; 28 lbs. of Soap, Mr. Davis; 1 Box of Lemon Peel, and 28 lbs. of Currants, Mr. J. West; 2 Boxes of Valencias, Mr. & Mrs. Fisher; 9 Sacks of Vegetables, Mr. Liddiard.

CLOTHING, &c.—200 Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 31 Boys' Caps, A. James; 4 Straw Hats, Miss Bateman; 33 Pairs of Knitted Cuffs, 2 Antimacassars, and 12 D'Oyley's, The Misses Carter; 1 Patchwork Quilt, Mrs. Thomas.

BOOKS, &c. 24 Children's Books, The Misses Smithies; 50 Hymn Books, Rev. J. T. Wigner; 100 ditto, Mr. Passmore, kindly bound by Mr. H. K. Judd. Some Children's Toy Books, Mr. Alabaster; 3 Dozen Reward Books, and 6 Packets of Picture Cards, Mr. Elliot Stock.

SUNDRIES, &c. A Small Barrow, &c., S. Simmonds; a Rocking Horse, Mrs. Virtue; an Ambulance, Mr. Sexton; 600 Stoneware Mugs, Mr. J. Stiff; Glass, Paint, and Wood, for New Greenhouse, Mr. Higgs; Bricks for ditto, Mr. Murrell; a quantity of Window-glass, Mr. Harverson; a Ton of Soap, A Friend.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY 1, 1872.

Will Shepherd's Letters.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR.—I met our friend John Ploughman the other day, and asked him in a friendly way if his dog was dead, for I had not heard him barking lately; to which he replied that the faithful creature had been looking after stray sheep so much, that he had lately had no chance of having half-a-yelp on the quiet. I saw that he meant to give me a rub, and therefore I very meekly asked him when he was going to give us some more of his talk, for he had half-promised it, and told us that he had found a new goose quill and bought a fresh bottle of ink. He said he was sure he did not know when he should write again, for the wool did not grow inside his skull one half so fast as it did on a sheep's head. "Well," said I, "old friend, the neighbours are wanting some more of your homely sayings, and I think you ought to try your hand again." To which he made answer, "My apple tree only grows apples at certain seasons, and it is only up in heaven that trees bear fruit every month. Just now my pump is dry, or else the sucker is out of order, for the more I try to fill the bucket the more the water won't come. Why don't some of you fellows who think it so easy just try it yourselves. It is very fine to say, go on, Ploughman, but why don't you take the plough-handles yourself?" Seeing that John was an old fox that would not be dug out of his hole with my spade, I walked off, but I recollected his words, and I said to myself, I *will* "try it myself," and though I don't expect to rival my old friend John, for I am not much up in proverbs, I may perhaps help to stop a gap till he gets his

hand into working order again. When one of our carrier's horses went lame he put on a donkey, and that's a case in point.

If the great ones are shy,
Or are forced to lie by,
The small ones must come to the front;
If we lose number one,
Number two takes his gun,
And bears of the battle the brunt.

My letter is meant for Londoners and townspeople generally, and I dare say it will offend them, I only hope it will shame them too. I am going to write about the way in which the Sunday is kept, or rather not kept, among the townsfolks, and I shall put down my thoughts just as they have passed through my brains.

Whether I please or whether I tease,
I'll give you my honest mind;
If the cap should fit, pray wear it a bit,
If not you can leave it behind.

When I used to keep Squire Ramsden's sheep down in the shires. I lived in a place where everybody went either to church or chapel as regularly as the Sabbath came round. Dick Boozer and one or two living beer-barrels and good-for-nothings were the only exceptions to the rule, and even they were half-ashamed of themselves for it. Nobody was seen in his shirt-sleeves dawdling about the house, sauntering in the fields, or loafing at the street corner, but everybody went to the house of God as regularly as the day came round, and a pleasant sight it was to see them all, both young and old, going up to hear the word of God. If I had to be crossing the green or going down the street during the service time, because my flock required me to be looking after them, the stillness of the place was wonderful, it seemed like a deserted village, and when you looked in at our meeting, you saw that a good number of the people were there, and you knew that the rest were at church, or with the Methodists and the Primitives. This was one of your poor ignorant villages, I suppose, but I'll warrant you there was more happiness in it, and far less need of a policeman than in your crack cities.

Now I have come to live within an easy distance of London, and I have been up sometimes to see my town friends, and it makes me quite miserable to notice the difference. Why, even down here we find it quite a nuisance to be so near to London. There's chaps in our meadows with cages and coybirds, trying to catch birds on a Sunday before the day is well begun; and then along the roads there are carts full of people out for the day, who before they get home are in such a state that they don't know their own side of the road, and make such a row with what they call singing, that decent people are afraid to meet them. Do they let the mad people out of Bedlam on Sundays? I'm half inclined to think so when I see the romps and capers of some of these excursionists. Why, the other Sunday a score of them came down here on an omnibus with a fiddle and a trumpet, and made our quiet village quite a bear-garden. Why on earth don't they go where

they could find some other lunatics to join them? We are sick to death of them. I hope I am not malicious, but when it comes on to rain hard, and the men and the girls on the top of the bus look like drowned rats, and the water wets the fiddle strings, and chokes up the clarionet, I never shed a single tear, nor heave even one sigh of sympathy. There's all the week for them to go out a pleasuring if they like, and certainly there's their precious Saint Monday, which they have at their own disposal; but no, they must steal from God the one day in seven, and make our quiet commons and lanes hideous with their stupid noise.

Up in London there are parts where the shops do a roaring trade on Sunday, and hundreds of stalls and barrows are in the streets. Lots of the men never think of getting up till ten or eleven o'clock; or, if they do, they lie lollopping about as if they didn't know what to do with their time: big boys are loitering down the alleys, and on any waste bits of ground playing pitch and toss, if the police are out of sight; and by the time the clock is getting on to one, there's quite a congregation round the public-house doors, holding a fine assortment of crockery in their hands. I have seen fellows waiting till the beershop door is open with as much eagerness as if they must drink or die. What they do with the rest of the blessed day of rest I am sure I don't know; but, according to all I can make out, there is not an hour of the day given to God, to their souls, or to anything that could improve their minds. The Sabbath was made for man, but a good many use it as if it were made for pigs, and could only be enjoyed by sleeping, eating, and drinking twice as much as on any other day.

This is your London, is it? We are poor benighted agriculturalists, chawbacons, clodhoppers, and so on—are we? Johnnyraw, did you say? Well, let us keep raw, if you are specimens of the well-cooked article. You intelligent artisans and enlightened citizens set us a nice example, I must say. Fine minds you must have to prefer snoozing and snoring to the worship of your Maker! Your education has done you a mighty deal of good when it makes you despise the best things, and waste the precious hours of the Sabbath in idleness. There's my friend Barling's brother, he is a man of great mind and very expanded views, a man who could manage this nation far better than Gladstone, at least, he says so. We called in upon him on the road to the Tabernacle (for I don't mind saying that I drop in there when I'm in London), and what do you think this very intelligent great man was doing, why, he was scratching with a rake a morsel of ground, which he called a garden: it was about as big as a baby's pinafore, and never did and never could grow anything except dead cats and oyster shells. This, however, was a great improvement on what we have seen him doing on other occasions, for once he was swearing at his wife, and another time he was so muddled with a Saturday night's drink, that there was no talking to him. He has a vote, is a member of the Jolly Old Friends', Lodge Self-satisfaction, makes speeches at the "Magpie and Stump" about the profligate expenses of the government, is a man of very advanced views indeed, and altogether a great man; yet his pipe and his quartern of gin are more to him than eternity, his soul, his God, or heaven, or hell. Do you know, I would sooner be the poor fool I am, than be such a

mighty politician, and, at the same time, such a mere animal, living only for the poor passing pleasures of an hour.

A man who could reform the nation,
Yet quite neglects self-reformation,
Is like the barefoot beggar who
Contracted all the world to shoe;
Or quack who boasts to cure all ills,
Yet dies himself despite his pills.

A man who lives to eat and drink,
But little cares to pray or think,
And turns the Sabbath into riot,
However much he may deny it,
Is far more like a grovelling mole
Than man with an immortal soul.

They tell me that thousands of working men in London find their intellectual food for the week in the Police News. Pretty garbage, certainly. Are we to judge their minds by the food they live upon? I suppose we must; for when I see oats, I say, "that's for horses," and when I see pig-wash, I say, "that's for hogs." Please don't run away with the idea that I called anybody a hog, not a bit of it; only I do say that pig-wash is a deal sweeter and purer stuff than many of the sweepings of the police reports, and those trashy papers made up of sensational novels are not a bit better.

I hear that there is a great stir just now about shortening the hours of work. Bravo, say I. I go in for that all round, and then the ploughmen and the shepherds will do only half the work they now do for their wages, and bread and meat will go up to twice the price, and we shall only have to use our jaws half as much, for it stands to reason we shall have half as much to eat. But when you Londoners get extra time for rest, what will you do with it? Will you spend it as you do your Sundays? Will you waste it in guzzling beer, or what? Don't you think that half your talk about requiring time for mental improvement is what you call "bosh"? Mind, I am not against our all getting short hours of work, and I should be very glad to hear that you had them; but, don't you see, that if you can't do better with the Sunday rest than you now do, the odd hours of the week day will not be of much good to you? I know that hundreds of townspeople are thoughtful, intelligent Christians, but, on the other hand, look at thousands more whose minds could be put into a quart pot, who neither know nor care whether they have any souls, whether they shall die like dogs or live for ever. What will be the use of increasing their holiday time? Nobody will be the better off for it except the landlord of the "Dog and Duck," and the other sellers of blue ruin. With more spare hours we shall all want more sense, and more care for our minds, or else we shall only get into more mischief. We are said to be very benighted in the country, but we don't think you Londoners are overdone with light. Though you are fond of chaffing "young men from the country," and think us all greenhorns, there are some things in which we are not anxious to come up to you, but we fancy you might learn a lesson from us. It would be a very great benefit to yourselves and your families if you spent the Lord's-day as it ought to be spent; surely, six days are

enough to give to this world, and one in seven is none too much for the world to come.

In the matter of rightly using the Sabbath there ought to be a very great and speedy alteration, and I do hope working men in London will set about it.

Now, having touched-up the poorer sort, I have a word for the gentry and upper-crust people. I have noticed in the Dissenting Meetings in the fashionable parts of London, and I suspect it is the same at Church, that a good many of the rich folks are getting to be once-a-day attenders. One-eyed, one-legged, one-armed men we pity, but once-a-Sunday people, what shall we say of them? They surely must have got new Bibles and read, "Remember the Sabbath morning to keep it holy, but do what you like with the evening." My book does not tell me so. This I know, they grieve their ministers, weaken the church, and starve their own souls. I am told it is because the evening service comes just at the dinner time of the quality people. Yes, and, therefore, the worship of God is put aside for the roast turkey. I said something about pigs just now, I must not write the same thing again, Mr. Editor; but, really, my mind is running that way. What! Can it be that these professed Christians prefer Pudding to Piety, and Roast-beef to Devotion? Where's the deacon? Is that the true answer—"He's at home, worshipping that sacred bird, the pheasant." Where's the leading member? Is he tapping his "wines on the lees well refined," fresh from his own cellar? If it be so, might he not be more consistent if he stopped away in the morning too? Does he think the Lord is to be deceived by half-a-day religion. Besides, these morning hearers keep their servants at work, for they must have them at home to wait upon them. Why can't they have their dinners at two, or three, or four? What need is there to fix the time for feeding at the hour for worship? The example is bad, the thing is bad in itself, it is bad altogether.

> He's no saint, but an out-and-out sinner,
> Who cares less for his Lord than he does for his dinner.

If my sheep would only feed in the morning, I should think that something ailed them. If each one chose to get up in a corner and feed alone, I should know they were out of sorts; yet this is just what those do who say that they stop at home and read a sermon by themselves. It is a very pretty excuse, but it is like a sieve, it won't hold water. If a person is ill, or has a family, or lives a long way from the place of worship, or has any other good reason for staying at home, I would be the last person to find fault, for going to chapel is not the only duty to be attended to; but I speak of the abominable lazy habits of certain ladies and gentlemen who have their villas, and their luxuries, and are so very comfortable and cosy, that they don't like turning out to worship with the assemblies of the saints in the evening of the Lord's day. Their ministers know what I mean, for it is breaking the hearts of some of them, though it is to be feared that others take it as a matter of course, and are not faithful enough to rebuke them. I know they say the preaching is not good enough, and they could not stand two such sermons in a day. But, surely, if a man is worth hearing once, he is worth hearing twice; and if the morning sermon is so dreadfully

dull, why don't they go somewhere else, where they would be better fed. There's no excuse for them, at least I can't think of any. The minister at the Tabernacle says his people manage to be there twice, and he has no complaints to make; so, if one set of people can do it, others can. They tell me that the London suburbs are not half so bad in this matter as our country towns. Well then, I mean these simple remarks to have a wide sweep, and I hope they will come home to those who are the most guilty.

Only once a day
Soul dead or dying:
Only once a day
Love fled or flying.
Only once a day
Body richly pampered:
Only once a day
Soul sadly hampered.
Only once a day
Poor discouraged Pastor:
Only once a day
World made the Master.
Only once a day
Talk no more about it,
We will all amend,
Pray do not doubt it.

This will do for this time, and so I conclude, Mr. Editor, by signing myself. Yours, in a homely way,

WILL SHEPHERD.

The Spring in the Mamertine.

IN the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, where a very probable tradition declares that Paul was confined, there is a spring of clear water in the floor. Dark is that horrible vault, a huge cellar underneath a cellar, fit only for burials, and hideously unsuitable for the abode of living men, yet the living water reflects the torchlight, and looks like a beam from heaven lingering amid the glooms of death. Hard is the rock, yet out of it the waters gush. Now, be sure the like will be found true in all Christian experience; even in the innermost dungeon of affliction we shall find springs of comfort. The Lord will make the rockiest adversity to flow with rivers of consolation. Up, poor prisoner, peer about thee, for be thou well assured there is good cheer hard by. Even in your deepest gloom, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—*Roman Notes. C. H. S.*

William Tyndale and our English Bible.*

IT is not altogether a matter for regret that both the place and date of the birth of Tyndale remain unknown to posterity. All England claims him as a son, while his birthday was the era of the religious awakening of the sixteenth century. With Froude, we may truly regard William Tyndale as "a man whose history is lost in his work, and whose epitaph is the Reformation."

The religious condition of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, could we realise its sombre shades, would be a picture sufficiently saddening if not absolutely appalling. How depressed must have been the spiritual condition of the masses, when the only religious services with which they were conversant, were gabbled over in Latin by pastors who themselves were not only unable to translate the Lord's Prayer, but in numberless instances were incompetent to explain from whom the words first proceeded. Nor will this condition of the people be thought a matter for surprise, when we take into account the curriculum of students in those days. The quarrels of the schoolmen about Realism and Nominalism; and the claims for precedency of the conflicting theological and philosophical systems of Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican, and of Duns Scotus, the Franciscan, were more heeded than was the business of teaching the ignorant and perishing multitudes. Candidates for the church were educated by doctors, who on principle proscribed the Word of God. Theological Summaries, as they were called, superseded the Bible at the English Universities. Perhaps the precise condition of affairs will be best told in Tyndale's own words:—

"Remember ye not how within this thirty years and far less, and yet dureth to this day, the old barking curs, Duns' disciples, and the like draff called Scotists, the children of darkness raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and what sorrow the schoolmasters, that taught the true Latin tongue, had with them; some beating the pulpit with their fists for madness, and roaring out with open and foaming mouth, that if there were but one Terence or Virgil in the world, and that same in their sleeves, and a fire before them, they would burn them therein, though it should cost them their lives; affirming that all good learning decayed and was utterly lost, since men gave them unto the Latin tongue."

Notwithstanding this unsatisfactory condition of learning, the education received by Tyndale was liberal, and Foxe assures us that from a child he resided at the University of Oxford. The sun of the Reformation had not yet risen above the horizon, though the old learning, or the absurd hair-splitting of the schoolmen, was dying a natural death. While in England the general aspect of affairs yet remained unsatisfactory, divers foreign universities were awakening to the need of supplying something better, and something more practical than the mysterious speculations of the two thirteenth-century doctors. One fortunate event of Tyndale's youth was the settlement of Erasmus

* William Tyndale. A Biography. A Contribution to the Early History of the English Bible. By the Rev. R. Demaus, M.A., Author of "Hugh Latimer, a Biography." Crown 8vo. London: 1871.

at Cambridge—the Dutch professor being the most celebrated scholar of his day, either in England or on the Continent. This was fortunate, because, conservative as he was, Erasmus advocated the circulation of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, besides pleading the claims of Greek and Latin literature as opposed to the subtleties of the schoolmen. Probably, because attracted by the foreign professor's genius and learning, Tyndale removed to Cambridge. Be this as it may, the sagacious youth partially imbibed the opinions of the cautious Dutchman; and thus it would seem that Erasmus really sowed the seed, which grew till it bore fruit in our present noble translation of the English Bible.

Following Tyndale from the university, we next behold him as a young man of more than ordinary scholarship, serving in the capacity of chaplain to Sir John Walsh, at his old manor house of Sodbury, in the pleasant valley of the Severn. By court favour, and also by fortunate matrimonial alliances, the family of Sir John had become one of the most important in the county of Gloucester; and not being averse to a little ostentation, the knight hospitably entertained at his board many considerable churchmen; for Sir John had learning enough of his own to enjoy the word-fencing, springing from the prejudices of his guests and the innovating opinions of Master Tyndale, who ever gained the mastery in the fray, notwithstanding that some sharp rebukes were administered by Mrs. Walsh. It was not wonderful that the neighbouring ecclesiastics should soon learn to regard with suspicion and spite the able and subtle chaplain. His opinions struck at the root of their most cherished abuses. Their craft was in danger.

In those evil days—between 1521 and 1523—Tyndale passed no comfortable time, being abused by the clergy, and also by the civil authorities. The Gloucestershire pastors grew more spiteful: "These blind and rude priests," according to Foxe, "flocking together to the ale-house, for that was their preaching-place, raged and railed against him, affirming that his sayings were heresy, adding, moreover, unto his sayings, of their own heads, more than ever he spake." Like other gentle natures, Tyndale was brave and outspoken; and, while refusing to risk life and freedom wantonly, he yet loved to confer with learned friends on the sad prospects of the times and on the duty which lay before them. In such exercises the reformer met with little which was calculated to gladden his heart. Parker, the chancellor of the diocese, "threatened me grievously," he writes, "and rated me as though I had been a dog, and laid to my charge, whereof there could be none accuser brought forth, as their manner is not to bring forth the accuser; and yet, all the priests of the country were the same day there." "Do you not know?" said another doctor of unknown name, while conversing with the future translator, "that the Pope is the very antichrist which the scripture speaketh of? But, beware what you say; for if you shall be perceived to be of that opinion, it shall cost you your life. I have been an officer of his, but have given it up, and defy him and all his works."

Tyndale, however, did not look out hopelessly on the night of ignorance which encompassed the nation. The people, it is true, were perishing for lack of knowledge; but the one great want was the Bible. Why not translate into the vulgar tongue the oracles of truth? Henceforth,

this idea clung to Tyndale and shaped his course of life, expressing, indeed, what was destined to be his life-work. With so great but hazardous a scheme in his mind, he might well look to friends of age and experience for comfort and counsel. "Better be without God's laws than the Pope's," observed one consistent Romanist with whom he conferred; but shocked by the glaring impiety of the remark, Tyndale cried impetuously, "I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the scripture than thou doest."

Nevertheless, the Gloucestershire priests were too strong to be encountered singlehanded, so that necessarily the quiet study in the valley of the Severn was forsaken. Leaving the mansion of Sir John Walsh, Tyndale settled in London, in 1523. Turning his back for ever on what is supposed to have been his native county, with its ignorant and malicious priesthood, Tyndale looked towards London with all the hopefulness of inexperience. The chief object of this journey to the capital was to secure the favour of Tunstal, Bishop of London; a man who, according to a high authority, was one "to entertain ambassadors;" and, in the opinion of Sir Thomas More, was a scholar "out of comparison." Perfectly to understand the reformer's motives, we must remember that the Bible was not entirely proscribed in theory, though it undoubtedly was proscribed in reality. If only episcopal sanction could be obtained, the scriptures might be translated and given to the people, and on this account Tyndale looked in hope to Tunstal. Vain hope! The prelate, so highly lauded by More and others, was "evil-favoured in this world, and without grace in the sight of men, speechless and rude, dull and slow-witted;" and he did not regard the Utopian scheme with any favour. As, moreover, his house was full, the bishop denied the poor scholar the hospitality expected. With a heavy heart Tyndale turned his back on the episcopal palace so lately associated with his best hopes; but, though depressed and disappointed, he soon found entertainment and encouragement elsewhere. There was then living in the parish of All Hallows, Barking, a rich and liberal cloth merchant, well-disposed to the Reformation, and of the name of Humphrey Monmouth. This good trader was moved to become Tyndale's friend and patron. At the abundant table of his city home, Monmouth entertained with his lodger a number of the best informed of the London clergy; little suspecting, in the meantime, that his Christian kindness was serving a double purpose. Tyndale was assisted through a necessitous season, and he also learned, from his knowing town-companions, that openings and opportunities existed on the Continent for carrying out the scheme which lay nearest his heart. Here is a portrait of Monmouth taken from one of Latimer's sermons:

"In one of his sermons on the Lord's Prayer," says Mr. Demaus, "Latimer relates the following incident as characteristic of the generous merchant:—"In expounding the Epistle to the Romans, Master Stafford, coming to that place where St. Paul saith that we shall overcome our enemy with well-doing, and so heap up hot coals upon his head—brought in an example, saying that he knew, in London, a great merchant, which merchant had a very poor neighbour, yet, for all his poverty, he loved him very well, and lent him money at

his need, and let him come to his table whensoever he would. It was even at that time, when Dr. Colet was in trouble, and should have been burnt if God had not turned the King's heart to the contrary. Now the rich man began to be a scripture-man, he began to smell the gospel; the poor man was a papist still. It chanced, on a time when the rich man talked of the gospel, sitting at his table, where he reproved popery, and such kind of things, the poor man being then present, took a great displeasure against the rich man, insomuch that he would come no more to his house, he would borrow no more money of him, as he was wont to do beforetimes. Yea, and conceived such hatred and malice against him that he went and secured him before the bishops. Now the rich man, not knowing any such displeasure, offered many times to talk with him and set him at quiet; but it would not be; the poor man had such a stomach that he would not vouchsafe to speak with him; if he met the rich man in the street he would go out of his way. One time it happened that he met him in so narrow a street that he could not avoid but come near him; yet, for all that, this poor man had such a stomach against the rich man to say that he was minded to go forward and not to speak with him. The rich man perceiving that, catcheth him by the hand, and asked him, saying, 'Neighbour, what is come into your heart to take such displeasure with me? What have I done against you? Tell me, and I will be ready at all times to make you amends.' Finally, he spake so gently, so charitably, so lovingly and friendly, that it wrought in the poor man's heart, that by-and-by he fell down upon his knees and asked him forgiveness. The rich man forgave him, and so took him again to his favour, and they loved as well as ever they did afore."

On leaving England, in pursuit of the one object which henceforth he constantly kept in view, Tyndale went first to Hamburg, but almost immediately left that city to settle at Wittenberg, where Luther was at the height of his popularity. As yet, Hamburg possessed no printers, and with the work in prospect which Tyndale had laid out for himself, it would not suit his convenience to reside there, though the removal to Wittenberg was probably hastened by desires to confer with Luther. What passed between the two is not recoverable, and only a few glimpses of Tyndale at his work can now be enjoyed. Wicliffe's imperfect version, the phraseology of which was to a degree obsolete, could render little if any assistance, while grammars and lexicons were scarce and difficult of access. Consequently, the translator had chiefly to depend upon his own skill and the mechanical aid of an amanuensis; a half crazy, "foolish rhymer," one friar Roye, whose civility and attention were best preserved by judiciously keeping his pockets lightly furnished.

It was not thought well to issue the books from so suspected a place as Wittenberg, though it became the reformer to render as good an account as possible of the funds which he received from sympathising friends in All Hallows, London. Having to take into account these considerations, Tyndale decided to go to press at Cologne, where he fondly supposed his secret was safe, till he found himself watched by John Cochlæus, a man known among his admirers as "the scourge of Luther." Making the chief printers drunk at a banquet, Cochlæus not only possessed himself of details respecting the printing of the English New Testament, but also took immediate measures for frustrating the publication, besides communicating news of the threatening danger to Henry VIII. and Wolsey. In this disaster the translator experienced more than a mere interruption. It was a crisis sufficiently beset with danger to render necessary a precipitate flight with such of the printed

sheets as could hastily be carried away. At Worms better fortune awaited the adventurers. Undaunted by one mishap, they began their work again, and persevered until they saw it completed. From Worms, therefore, the first copies of the English Testament were imported into England.

In the above humble manner was the New Testament first given to England in a translation worthy of the name; and the grateful people have retained in the authorised version what in the main is the phraseology of Tyndale. Of the famous issue of 1526, in quarto and octavo, only three copies are known to be extant—one at St. Paul's Cathedral, another in the British Museum, the most perfect copy being in the library of the Baptist College, Bristol. The last-named treasure a century ago belonged to Lord Harley, Earl of Oxford; but subsequently passing through the hands of one or two booksellers, the volume was at length purchased by Dr. Giffard for twenty guineas, from whom it descended to the present possessors.

Of the reception awarded to the first instalment of the Word of God in England, only sufficient particulars are known to make us wish for more. Among the English authorities, Wolsey did not particularly busy himself to hinder the work of Tyndale, until he found himself lampooned by "the railing rhymer," or Roye, the translator's amanuensis. This injudicious procedure of a weak man touched Wolsey in a tender part, and he forthwith instructed agents to discover the locality of the reformer and his clerk, and even to buy up the libellous pamphlets of the latter. Tunstal also, perhaps, remembered the young scholar whom he had coldly countenanced some years before, for he denounced the Testament at Paul's Cross as "naughtily translated." Even Henry himself was no better pleased, but neither monarch nor prelate could stay the importation. In spite of legal orders and penalties, the merchants scattered the copies, while the people perused the sacred pages with a delight which modern readers cannot even imagine. The triumph was apparently complete, but the reward of the translator, as he clearly foresaw, was in prospective, a crown of martyrdom. "Tyndale received no copy-money for that glorious work of his, which no amount of purchase-money could ever adequately have rewarded," says Mr. Demaus, "and had no doubt to guarantee the printer against any contingent loss."

The importation of the Word of God into a country which manifested symptoms of being already half-awake to the doctrines of the Reformation, produced much consternation among such people as prelates and diocesan chancellors. The books were condemned, seized, and burned; but still they came. The happiest idea of all, and which occurred to the ingenious Tunstal, has been the occasion of much pleasantry. It will bear telling once more in the old chronicler's own words:

"Here it is to be remembered that at this present time William Tyndale had nearly translated and imprinted the New Testament in English, and the Bishop of London, not pleased with the translation thereof, debted with himself how he might compass and devise to destroy that false and erroneous translation, as he said; and so it happened that one Augustine Packington, a merchant and mercer of London, and of a great honesty, the same time was in Antwerp, where the bishop then was, and this Packington was a man that highly favoured Tyndale, but to the bishop utterly showed himself to the

contrary. The bishop, desirous to have his purpose brought to pass, discoursed of the New Testaments, and how gladly he would buy them. Packington, then hearing what he wished for, said unto the bishop, 'My lord, if it be your pleasure, I can in this matter do more, I dare say, than most of the merchants of England that are here; for I know the Dutchmen and strangers that have bought them of Tyndale, and have them here to sell; so that if it be your pleasure to pay for them (for otherwise I cannot come by them, but I must disburse money for them), I will then assure you to have every book that is imprinted and is here unsold.' The bishop, thinking he had God by the toe, when indeed he had, as often he thought, the devil by the fist, said, 'Gentle Mr. Packington, do your diligence and get them, and with all my heart I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you, for the books are erroneous and nought, and I intend surely to destroy them all, and to burn them at Paul's Cross.' Augustine Packington came to William Tyndale, and said, 'William, I know thou art a poor man, and hast a heap of New Testaments and books by thee, for the which thou hast both endangered thy friends and beggared thyself, and I have now gotten thee a merchant which, with ready money, shall despatch thee of all that thou hast, if you think it so profitable for yourself.' 'Who is the merchant?' said Tyndale. 'The Bishop of London,' said Packington. 'Oh, that is because he will burn them,' said Tyndale. 'Yea, marry,' quoth Packington. 'I am the gladder,' said Tyndale, 'for these two benefits shall come thereof—I shall get money to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world will cry out against the burning of God's Word, and the overplus of the money that shall remain to me shall make me more studious to correct the said New Testament, and so newly to imprint the same once again, and I trust the second will much better like you, than ever did the first;' and so forward went the bargain; the bishop had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money."

With so good a customer the work prospered well; and it became evident to many in England that the reformers were the subjects of liberal patronage. Sir Thomas More asked one Constantine—a man accused of heresy—who it was that helped them. "I will tell you truly," said the prisoner, "it is the Bishop of London."

But, vast as was the boon conferred on England by the issue of the New Testament, Tyndale's labour did not end with that work, his aim being no less than to complete the translation of the whole Bible. Accordingly, the Pentateuch appeared in 1530, the glosses of which dealt some hard hits at antichrist, and at the prevailing corruptions of the age. In addition to these great efforts several pamphlets appeared, which exercised no mean influence on the Reformation: *e.g.*, "The Practice of Prelates," and "The Obedience of a Christian Man," the last, being, in the opinion of Henry VIII., a work worthy of the perusal of all kings. Of the general influence exercised by the translator in his distant home, we have the following testimony from Mr. Demaus: "The impulse which he communicated was propagated by others: in the writings of such men as Latimer, the thoughts and words of Tyndale can perpetually be traced; and thus the distant exile continued through life to be the prophet and instructor of that country which he was never again to see; and was one of the prime originators and directors of that mighty movement in England which he was not himself spared to witness. For to the end he worked without reward, and like the Jewish Patriarch, only saw in distant vision that promised land which he was not to be allowed to enter."

Indeed, the influence of Tyndale in his continental home became so

marked that the English clergy trembled in their rage, and in the person of their sagacious representative, Bishop Tunstal, of London, they pointed out to Sir Thomas More the high service he might undertake by defending the Church. This onerous task the chancellor took in hand, and especially directed the force of his genius against Tyndale. No less than a thousand pages of More's writings relate to the controversy between the Roman and the reformed Churches, the chancellor's language often savouring more of Billingsgate than of the scholar. Sir Thomas is commonly represented as an enlightened patriot, gentle in his bearing, and cultured in mind; but while allowing this, let us remember that when religious enthusiasm mastered his better nature, they fared hardly who fell into his hands. Viewing one side of his character, we behold a man worthy of emulation and admiration; looking on the other side, we see a fierce partizan of the papal church, severe to vindictiveness, persecuting the professors of a purer faith than his own unto fire and death. As regards Tyndale, he repaid More with his own coin by speaking of the chancellor's writings as "painted poetry, babbling eloquence, and juggling arguments of subtle sophistry; . . . . Covetousness having blinded the eyes of that gleering fox."

Into Tyndale's life, during 1531, we have an insight in the correspondence which passed between Stephen Vaughan and Cromwell, Vaughan having been an agent of the English government in Germany. Cromwell, who could appreciate the rare abilities of a man like Tyndale, seems to have supposed that some advantage would accrue to the State, could the reformer be induced to return to his native land; but the great minister's action in the matter was taken without sufficient warrant from his royal master. By reason of his long absence from England, Tyndale failed in properly comprehending the situation of religious parties; and, accordingly in his "Practice of Prelates," he made the mistake of representing the divorce of Henry and Catherine as merely another trick of the papacy; whereas this very incident seriously affected the dearest hopes of the reformers. Vaughan, however, regarded the Reformation with some favour, and arranged for more than one interview with Tyndale outside the city of Antwerp; for the English refugee wisely observed the precaution of keeping the locality of his lodging secret. Vaughan soon perceived that the stranger was enthusiastic in the duty of giving to his countrymen the Word of God; but all attempts to prevail on him to return to England were fruitless, though as an exile he could speak of the weariness, hunger, thirst, and other privations which he had tasted. While the friendly Vaughan and the reformer were thus conferring, Henry VIII. was growing incensed at the unfair light in which his divorce was represented in "The Practice of Prelates." Apparently taken sharply to task, Cromwell penned a reprimand to Vaughan, condemning Tyndale's opinions and works, so that no more was heard about his re-settlement in England.

In the meantime, let us allow our old friend Foxe to acquaint us with the translator's manner of life in Antwerp:—

"He was a man very frugal and spare of body, a great student, an earnest labourer in the setting forth of the Scriptures of God. He reserved to himself two days in the week, which he named his pastime—Monday and Saturday. On Monday he visited all such poor men and women as were fled out of England,

by reason of persecution, into Antwerp; and these, once well understanding their good exercises and qualities, he did very liberally comfort and relieve, and in like manner provided for the sick and diseased persons. On the Saturday he walked round about the town, seeking every corner and hole where he suspected any poor person to dwell, and when he found any to be well occupied and yet overburdened with children, or else were aged and weak, these also he plentifully relieved. And thus he spent his two days of pastime, as he called them. And, truly, his alms were very large, and so they might well be, for his exhibition that he had yearly of the English merchants at Antwerp, when living there, was considerable; and that, for the most part, he bestowed upon the poor. The rest of the days of the week he gave wholly to his book, wherein he most deligently travailed. When the Sunday came, then went he to some one merchant's chamber or other, whither came many other merchants, and unto them would he read some particle of Scripture, the which proceeded so fruitfully, sweetly, and gently from him, much like to the writing of John the Evangelist, that it was a heavenly comfort and joy to the audience to hear him read the Scriptures; likewise, after dinner, he spent an hour in the same manner. He was a man without any spot or blemish of rancour or malice, full of mercy and compassion, so that, no man living was able to reprove him of any sin or crime; although his righteousness and justification depended not thereupon before God, but only upon the blood of Christ, and his faith upon the same."

This pleasant manner of life in the Dutch city was destined to receive a sad interruption, and to come to an untimely end. But much yet remained to be done. Having perfected his knowledge of Hebrew, Tyndale still laboured at the Old Testament, the book of Jonah following the Pentateuch in course of publication. Then, in 1531, appeared a revised or second edition of the New Testament, with glosses or running comments in the margin, *e.g.*, Romans xv. 1 has this note: "He is strong who can bear another man's weakness." Just before this revised text could appear, one George Joy, a reformer with more zeal than principle, issued, in the same city, what he called a corrected edition of the English Testament, but which was merely a surreptitious appropriation of Tyndale's labours with a few errors of the press corrected, and some passages relating to the resurrection altered into what the editor supposed to be plainer English. Tyndale's Testament containing his final corrections came out in 1535, when the translator was languishing in prison.

Tyndale's stay in Antwerp, during the latter days of his life, was perhaps as enjoyable to himself as any portion of his chequered career. It is true that in the main the city was devoted to popery, but then the British merchants, among whom Tyndale resided, retained some important immunities and privileges which of course the exile shared. Comfortably lodged in the apartments of Poyntz, a well-to-do English trader, he also familiarly mixed with the other English residents of the city, dining or supping with them, as we are informed by the martyrologist. He was doubtless aware that danger was mixed with his lot, but by observing ordinary caution, it seemed possible to elude lurking enemies. In many respects Tyndale was to be accounted prosperous. As we have seen, he enjoyed a competence, and his frugality gave him a handsome surplus to bestow upon the poor. Then the cause he had at heart appeared to be progressing in England; for, while the arrogance of the clergy precipitated the rupture with Rome, it must have afforded

no small comfort to the exiled translator to know that personally he had had not a little to do with enlightening the people of his native land, by means of the many large editions of the New Testament which found a sale in the mother country.

But, while the outward aspect of affairs presented a cheering aspect, the eyes of an implacable enemy were watching the unsuspecting ingenuous student. Exact particulars of the conspiracy to entrap Tyndale and encompass his destruction cannot be recovered, though it is satisfactory to find that neither Henry nor Cromwell had any share in the infamous business. The fiendish scheme, skilfully concocted and deliberately carried out, would seem to have originated with the clique of vindictive churchmen, to which Stokesly and Gardiner belonged, though we should act unfairly by specifying particular names. The immediate agent of Tyndale's troubles is known to have been an English ecclesiastic, Phillips by name, who acted the part of a Judas, by artfully ingratiating himself into the translator's confidence, and then conspiring with Pierre Dufief, the procureur at Brussels, to arrest him. The martyr's capture was effected in the street as Tyndale and Phillips were leaving the house of Poyntz to dine together. Poyntz had expressed to his friend his suspicions of the lurking Englishman; but so adroitly did Phillips act the hypocrite by affecting zeal for the Reformation and love for the Bible, that he found himself courted and trusted, while Tyndale disregarded all warnings. Once in safe custody, the translator was confined in the castle of Vilvorde, and the hardships of his prison life will be best described in his own words. The letter is supposed to have been addressed to the governor of the castle:—

"I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me; therefore I entreat your lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here during the winter, you will request the procureur to be kind enough to send me from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings: my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he also has warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But, above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return, may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always that it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit I pray may ever direct your heart."

"The picture presented in this letter," observes Mr. Demaus, "of the illustrious martyr, sitting cold and dark and solitary in the damp cells of Vilvorde, during the long cheerless nights of winter, and earnestly soliciting the favour of light, and warm clothing, and above all, books to solace him, must surely have reminded the reader of the great apostle of the Gentiles sending for his 'cloke, and his books, but especially the

parchments,' to defend him against the damp and the tedium of his gloomy Mamertine dungeon; and it appeals irresistibly to the sympathies of every man who is not utterly destitute of human feelings."

In the inhospitable cells of Vilvorde the great reformer lay about sixteen months, employing part of the time in defending himself, by replying to the charges against him laid before the judges. The English merchants were naturally much offended at the indignity done them; but though Poyntz made great efforts to save Tyndale by means of the powers in England, he achieved nothing by his pains beyond a dangerous imprisonment; and he would probaby have shared the fate of the friend he desired to serve had he not opportunely escaped. As for Tyndale himself, no hope cheered his solitude but that of the martyr's crown of eternal life. His work was done; and when his enemies had effected their triumph by consuming his body, he entered into rest on Friday, October the 6th, 1536.

We congratulate Mr. Demaus on having produced the most perfect Life of Tyndale which has yet appeared. The materials for a really perfect biography of the illustrious translator of our New Testament have unfortunately for the most part perished; but our author has gathered whatever information is available, with an industry worthy of his readers' hearty commendation. The result is a volume which we hail as a welcome addition to the literature of the Reformation era.

"Fresh Watercresses."

WHO does not know that cry? Of all London cries and shrieks, who does not prefer this announcement?* Muffins and crumpets are suggestive of dyspepsia and grievous indigestion, but fresh watercresses never do any harm, and seldom fail to do much good. Besides, this wholesome article of consumption leads the mind to the sweet rural spot, where the cool rippling brook "winds about and in and out," and warbles—

> "I chatter, chatter as I go
> To join the brimming river,
> For men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on for ever."

And such a pleasing picture of the imagination, as too often it is only an imagination, is no mean satisfaction on a hot day in a densely crowded part of the metropolis to those who rarely see a brook, and would scarce know one if they saw it. Wherever the watercress hawked about in our city may have grown—and some of it comes from very questionable places indeed—pleasant associations naturally suggest themselves which

* When it was our lot to live in a *quiet* street in London where the street cries were incessant, we dreaded most of all the unearthly yell of an ancient dealer in "worter crecceses," as also the shriek of a female seller of "warter creasees," but we never once heard of cresses, which we suppose are sold in more aristocratic neighbourhoods. Our observations led us to believe in the great poverty of these peripatetic greengrocers.—EDITOR.

it would be a pity to dissociate from this cheap but refreshing commodity. And then, what would be our "tea fights" without this piquant weed? Tea-meetings without watercresses are shorn of an attraction second only to plum-cake. And those who look upon that chief joy of the poor with profound contempt, and suspiciously regard its colour and its mottled appearance, and dread its effects as if they made up a sad calamity, can entertain no such objections to the equally palatable and far more wholesome watercress. We vote for watercresses then, and hope the day will be far distant when the tables, all snowy white, surrounding which the eager tea-drinkers wait their turn to be served, shall cease to bear those dark green leaves which give zest to the languid appetite. We have read somewhere that

> "It was an ancient saying and belief,
> That those who oft partook of cresses green,
> Straightway became of public men the chief,
> Of purpose firm, and resolute of mien."

We ought by this time to have been overstocked with statesmen, if the old rhyme had contained a grain of reason.

The large number of persons who gain their livelihood by selling watercress would surprise most of our readers—as, indeed, much that relates to the very humble poor of the metropolis would, if made known, astonish the world. When Mr. Spurgeon saw some poor men collect, in the streets of Rome, the cigar-ends that had been thrown into the gutters, he wondered that there could be a business so unheard of;* but there are many in our own metropolis who are glad of the paltry pittance which the sale of such collected refuse may bring. Indeed, it is surprising, and the further investigation is pursued into the habits of the indigent who crowd our London courts and lodging-houses, the more our surprise is increased, how numberless are the contrivances to gain an honest penny, and how ingenious most of those contrivances are. We have no means of ascertaining the number of those who hawk watercresses in London; but at Farringdon Market, the principal mart for this commodity, you may see hundreds of them early in the morning; and it is not difficult to gather together a large room full at a special tea-meeting. As might be expected, they buy cheaply the commonest kind, leaving the fine, smaller cress, not yet bronzed, for the shopkeepers. Of course, the sellers visit other markets, but at Covent-Garden they do not find the article which they can best sell at the low prices suited to the circumstances of the poor.

"The usual time to go to the market is between five and six in the morning, and from that to seven," said one informant; "myself I am generally down at the market by five. I was there this morning at five, and bitter cold it was, I give you my word. We poor old people feel it dreadful. Years ago I did not mind cold, but now I feel it cruel bad, to be sure. Sometimes when I am turning up my things, I don't hardly know whether I've got 'em in my hands or not—can't even pick off a dead leaf. But that's nothing to the poor little things without

* We did not wonder to see the poor pick up cigar onds, but to see the produce of their collections to be so abundant as to fill large baskets, which stood for sale near the Theatre of Marcellus.—EDITOR.

shoes. Why, bless ye, I've seen 'em stand and cry, two or three together, with the cold. Ah, my heart has ached for 'em over and over again. I said to 'em, I wonder why your mother sends you out, that I have; and they said they were obligated to try and get a penny for breakfast."

The great majority of these dealers are women: and these are either very old or very young. The former resort to this occupation, not because of any large profit which may be made upon their sales, but because it is a light occupation which may be followed for a season when everything else fails. The young women and girls, many of whom are Irish, regard this as an ordinary branch of costering; when other articles of consumption are in season, they are to be found hawking them in the streets, or they turn their attention, when shell-fish is not wanted, to flowers and roots. Poor crippled children are often to be seen sitting at the street corners or in the street markets for the labouring and indigent classes, selling their half-penny bunches of watercresses. And rare bunches they are for the money. The surprise is that so much can, with any profit, be sold for so small a sum; and, indeed, the profits are not large. "Follow one of the poor creatures on their round," says an evangelist, to whose interest on their behalf they owe not a little, "reckon that one-half, or even two-thirds, of their takings are profit; and, then, what have they earned, how far do they walk? how many times do they cry their wares before they take threepence?" "From my own personal knowledge," this gentleman adds, "I know some do not earn sixpence a day the week through, and for this they must be very early in the market, travel the streets some hours during the morning and the afternoon, and when they have sold out (which is not always the case) perhaps go home to a sick husband, and spend, as only a poor loving wife knows how to spend, the few half-pence profit, to the best advantage." Those who are almost entirely dependent upon their sales of this weed must have a poor existence of it. They live on the verge of starvation, and might, but for the working-in of other things and occasional windfalls, be compelled to turn into the workhouse. But the dread of that institution of our Poor-laws—dreaded far more than the prison—makes many a struggling woman brave, and many a sturdy man in deep poverty a criminal against his better intention. Hunger may pinch sore, and cold afflict acutely, but the last crust will be shared between the old woman and her "gudeman," rather than the Union shall separate those who have fought the battle of life together so many years. Of course, you think them wrong and foolish: the picture of cleanliness and nattiness, which the workhouse authorities evolve out of materials so unpromising, fairly pleases the ratepayer's eye, and at least those thus befriended are not allowed to starve. Still, allowance must be made for the natural affections of the poorest and most degraded; while the memories of better times long past, the consciousness that the sad present may not be irrevocable, and an instinctive dread of utter helplessness and complete control (merciful or not), are sufficient to account for their deep seated and, we think, wholesome dislike of the workhouse. The missionary who can at any critical moment save them from going into the house of bondage earns their undying gratitude. "We were once respectable," it is objected

"the old man was well related, and his master thought well of him; when he was a porter he earned good wages, and afterwards, when he was old and feeble, his jobs always gave satisfaction; why should we go *there*——I'll do anything first." And the aged consort will deny herself and endure bitter privation, and take cheerfully the parish allowance, rather than be compelled to seek refuge where no hope of better days can enter. Very wrong, perhaps, and a sad return for our ungrudging payment of poor-rates; but so it is, and will, doubtless, ever be.

In most of the mission-rooms of London, the watercress buyers are represented, and our ragged-schools are not as yet deprived of the young lads and girls who are sent out in the afternoon with their tin tray of cresses. Mr. Orsman has in his congregation a fishmonger, who has also turned his attention to watercresses. To his pastor, he once made this droll confession: "My old chums in Billingsgate, where I gets my fish, all turn their back on me, 'cos I won't treat them to beer;"—for, becoming a regular attendant upon the services in Golden-lane, he had ceased his attendance upon Mr. Boniface, the publican. "I sells watercresses. Watercresses never gets stale, sir, 'cos you put them into th washtub, and it'll all grow, sir." But why did you leave the fish-trad he was pertinently asked. "Well," was the frank reply, "I left the fi trade 'cos it's so uncertain, you must tell lies to get on, sir, with fish- can't help it. Some people says, 'Why don't you come on Sunday, Cresses (which is my name with them,) you'd do more trade then?' 'No,' says I, 'I trades with heaven on Sunday, and I larns a bit about my soul then.' And then I tells 'em that cresses will keep—why, bless yer, I've had 'em a fortnight." This confession provoked a credulous laugh on the part of the listener, and compelled the man to give the much-needed explanation that such cresses had been kept carefully in water. "All you've got to do is to wash 'em and trim 'em up. I also sell roots, sir—a werry good trade—not in the City, sir, but a little way out. Gentlemen give most, sir; they don't say, 'Well, put this little one in for nothing.' That's the worst of the ladies, they do bait yer so, and then they wants a hextra one for nothing." He was asked whether he sold plants without roots. "No, sir," was the immediate reply, "used to do, but that's wrong—that ain't loving yer neighbour likes yerself. Some on 'em puts a lot of mould and moss round a branch and then calls it a plant. I doesn't do that—not now, sir."

Much to our surprise we heard, the other day, of a mission to watercress sellers, and having procured information relative to this unique work, we purpose calling our reader's attention to it. The mission was, until recently, planted in Harp Alley, which has been pulled down for Metropolitan improvements. Harp Alley was close by Farringdon Market, and here a "Gospel Mission" was conducted under the voluntary superintendence of Mr. J. A. Groom. The work has been transferred to Laystall Street, Mount Pleasant—a name always indicative to us of an unpleasant court to which you have to descend and not to mount. Mr. Groom's experience among the watercress dealers is that there are very few people who endure greater hardships, or who are more persevering in their efforts honestly to acquire a livelihood. But their

extreme poverty renders it necessary that those who have at heart their interests should give them a helping hand. This is done in various ways, self-help being not the less insisted upon. The story he has to tell of their wretchedness is very sad. One feeble old man, who manages with difficulty to let the world know what he has on sale, hawks watercresses. "Never have I seen more than three or four pennyworth of cress in his basket at one time; weak and aged he cannot walk far, so that his opportunity for sale is small, and many people seeing his small stock, won't buy, thinking, perhaps, they are not fresh." He does not earn on an average threepence a day; his wife is sickly, and cannot help him, and their parish relief scarcely covers the rent. At times, he is evidently brought very low. He has been known to go home with only threepence in his possession; his wife being compelled to wash his shirt, pawn it, and, with the money, to buy more cress that he might again start in his search for bread. Of course there is a limit to pawning coats, and shirts, and furniture; and then he is dependent upon whatever help those who know him may spare from their limited stores of necessaries. "I could give," says Mr. Groom, "even more harrowing cases than this, of poor cripples, little children, poor broken down creatures, who can scarce walk about and cry their ware, whose suffering, as the cold weather draws on, is fearful to witness in its secret struggle at home, almost without fire, food, or clothing, and yet none to help or sympathise with them." We must give one case, for the truthfulness of which he vouches. A miserable looking woman lived in a wretched little room in Plum Tree Court, and we are assured that no greater scene of misery could be afforded in any of the poverty-stricken haunts of the metropolis. "Words would fail me to express the state her sick husband was in; truly, he was but skin and bone, ill of consumption, brought on through want and starvation. He lay dying, his bones really came through his skin, dying inch by inch of hunger; no one had been to see him, no one to give him food. Never, in all the cases of wretchedness I have seen, has it been my lot to witness one such as this. Two little children were also there, in an almost naked state, neglected and left, while the poor woman went out selling a few flowers and watercresses, trying thus to keep her husband and children alive." The husband was removed to an infirmary, where he soon after died, and the widow still pursues her ill-paid calling.

Such revelations as these make the heart sick, and the frequency of such cases constitutes one of the gravest social problems of the age. What is to be done to grapple with the poverty of our large cities we know not—but this may safely be said, that the present is not the time to relax our efforts for the social and religious elevation of the honest poor. However great may be the abuse of charity, and however difficult it may be for evangelists to avoid accidentally encouraging pauperism, we are disposed still to think that missionary agency is about the best for the relief of the deserving and miserable. We have therefore advocated in these pages the establishment of soup kitchens, and sick visiting and relief societies. Mr. Groom works in this way. His methods are similar to those adopted by many others—viz., the preaching of the gospel, a clothing club, penny savings bank, sick

visiting and relief, and occasional tea and other meetings. The tea meetings have been a great success, if we may judge from the reports that have been published. The mean attire of those who accepted the invitation, last August, seems to have excited much commiseration. "If you look around," wrote one reporter, "your pity will be stirred to something like shame by the sight of their poor clothing. Now and then a strong lad, active and willing, or his countenance belies him, will hesitate at the doorway, daunted by the consciousness of his wretched appearance. The women 'with only the ghosts of garments on,' are still more terrible to see. Pale and anxious faces, look which way you will, are sad enough, God knows; but sadder, far sadder, is the shrinking sense of degradation which the poor ill-clad creatures would fain conceal, but cannot. No; it is something more than the want of bread here. Fresh air and light, decency of life, humanity to man from man, 'paternal government' if you will; at all events, some legislative cognizance; and a little, just a little, hope." It is this hope, and that not a little hope, which the gospel of Jesus Christ presents to these poor creatures, and it is with gladness we find that they are not unwilling to hear of it, and to receive its blessings.

The London City Missionary among the Subjects of Misfortune.

PART I. BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

NO wise man desires what is evil for its own sake, but when evil is made corrective, or when it teaches some necessary lesson, only the weak or the short-sighted will fail to acknowledge the favour of Him who, from the seeming calamities of time, "still educes good." If this great London, with its thousand and one attractions, may be compared to a broad landscape, fair and chaste, commanding the admiration and envy of distant beholders, it has undergrowths possessing no beauty. The wealth and intellectual culture, which to superficial observers make up a vast expanse of green, with varied pretty tints, is merely a gay canopy covering an appalling mass of poverty and suffering. In one direction are met those who accept hard fare and wretchedness as their natural state, and in another those who strive to patch up penury until it wears quite a genteel front. There is also another class, of whom it will be interesting to learn something, those whom our missionaries come upon in obscure garrets and cellars; unfortunates, who having succumbed to poverty, have fallen from a station of affluence, or even from an aristocratic position, to be associates of the vulgar in the purlieus of want. The missionary whose life-work consists in ministering to the needy of all grades is no stranger to such phenomena, and not seldom he is a very friend in need sent by heaven to the children of misfortune.

One Sabbath evening, during the summer of 1860, a certain missionary was conducting an open-air meeting in the broad space of Lincoln's

Inn Fields. Only a few minutes prior to the commencement of this service, there emerged from one of the miserable garrets abounding in the neighbourhood, an extremely aged and very forlorn-looking man, whose unsteady gait beneath the burden of ninety years showed he was on the edge of the grave, while in his features, picturing as they did intense abject misery, he more resembled one whose right senses had flown with his strength, than a sane individual. Overwhelmed with melancholy, he had just formed a dark resolution. The world was becoming at last too much for one whose poverty was aggravated by infirmity, and now that the grave had closed over the remains of the partner of a long, long pilgrimage, he would escape from intolerable loneliness and bitter misery, by the short though painful road of self-murder, and where could be found a more convenient spot for completing the design than Lincoln's Inn Fields in the quiet of the Sabbath evening. Going determinedly onward with his desperate undertaking in hand, the old man happens to raise his eyes, when in the distance is descried a crowd, which a man appears to be earnestly addressing. There will be no harm he thinks in drawing near to discover what it is about, so inquisitive is the soul under the gloomiest circumstances. As the intending suicide approaches the speaker, he hears him read the chapter relating to the Philippian gaoler, and the words, "Do thyself no harm," entering the soul of the aged listener as a message from heaven, they are the arrow which opens a way for gospel truth. He returned to his solitary garret, instead of completing his wicked resolve; but having discovered new sources of strength and joy, the lately sterile solitude became a very paradise, gay with opportunities of good. Forsaken now by the flatterers of prosperity, the impoverished merchant found a trusty friend in the city missionary, who now constantly visited him, until his happy spirit winged its flight to a better inheritance, and to whom he told his strange not to say romantic story.

The old gentleman had been born in the East of England, and in humble life, and on coming to London to push his fortune, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, he sought employment as a journeyman tailor. Inheriting a fair amount of business tact and shrewdness, and being of frugal and industrious habits, the workman made rapid progress, and soon found himself in a position to begin business on his own account. The tide of prosperity continued to favour him until he ranked as master of a large west-end establishment, and still increasing in wealth until he amassed £100,000, he kept his town house and country mansion. But, at this conjuncture, he presented a sad example of infatuation, and of the evil inseparable from hastening to be rich. Had he cultivated contentment, while possessing more than enough, he would have remained in affluence; but the fatal pitfall into which so many have stumbled here presenting itself, he fell into the snare. He rashly speculated in Spanish bonds, and in one venture lost nearly the whole of his fortune. The man who so lately had been able to afford himself every luxury of life was now utterly ruined, and he had to relinquish the appendages of wealth for the shelter of a miserable attic, whither he and his aged wife now removed, the same being the house whence he issued on the memorable evening of being attracted by the missionary's message. In the annals of the Mission, perhaps, the

gospel never achieved a more pleasing triumph than in this instance. The good hope now enjoyed by this once sin-hardened and miserable subject more than compensated for lost possessions, and the man of ninety years derived peculiar satisfaction from attending the services in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he first learned that a human soul was worth more than £100,000. He now took his frugal dinner more thankfully than when faring sumptuously, for mean temporal provision with large eternal prospects were preferred to former abundance. The old man had no means of support, but his extreme age and striking history awakening public sympathy, various friends supplied what little was needed; and, for this manifestation of regard, the recipient returned such gratitude as can only be shown by a Christian gentleman.

Extreme poverty leads to despair, and from despair to suicide is but one short step. On many occasions the missionary has just appeared at the critical moment to prevent disaster or crime.

Some of the worst parts of Bethnal Green, especially a district such as borders on the precincts of Shoreditch church, are no less physically unhealthy than they are moral eyesores. There every form of disease riots in unchecked ascendancy, aggravated by circumstances which might be controlled by the sanitary commissioner. In these neighbourhoods during an epidemic the inhabitants fell by myriads; and the experience of the Christian visitor includes much that is heartrending; for there the wretched and the unfortunate crowd the tenements, necessity, not choice, bringing them together.

One day, in the course of visitation, a missionary of the East-end of the town met with an adventure, which would probably have startled a gentleman less accustomed to the novelties of poverty. It is the practice of the City Mission itinerants to begin exploring a house at the upper story, and work downwards, so that should any disturbance arise, they, by descending, get nearer the street. In the present instance, the visitor knocked at a kitchen door—"a damp and loathsome place"—whence, after standing some time, a female voice faintly responded, "Who's there?" "A friend." The door is then opened by a woman, who, emaciated and dejected, presents a shocking spectacle. What are her circumstances? In that bare room called a home, a room which has proved less hospitable to her than does a prison to the felon, there is not a particle of food, and such is the woman's destitution of clothes, that she cannot appear in the street, not even to crawl to the workhouse door to seek relief. The appearance of the missionary, for the first time in such a home, is a blessing which can scarcely be over-calculated as regards the poor creatures, the inhabitants. The woman opens her heart to *him*; and will not even disguise her intention—suicide—and that by a great crime she intended to escape present misery. She could tell of happier days, when, respectable and respected, she regularly attended the sabbath school. But, falling low, she had eventually allied herself with a man who sang songs in public, and who, even then, while she whom he had undertaken to protect was literally pining to death, was probably bawling a gleeful ditty at some street corner with the air of a merry fellow.

All may rest assured that, if they will search for them, Bethnal Green will supply some rare curiosities in the department of poverty. In the case of the missionary, these things rise to the surface in regular course,

till he is scarcely surprised at meeting with what is merely singular. In an attic, the small windows of which peered over the murky housetops, and where the roof's construction interfered with a person standing upright in the room, was once found a being, who may be accounted a subject of misfortune, since an hallucination confined him to the apartment for months together, his seclusion arising from peculiarity of temperament and not from inability. This man and his wife led a remarkable existence, the woman searching the streets for old shoes and leather, which, after due cobbling and manufacture, were disposed of to such as chose to become purchasers. In the confined attic, amid large heaps of his peculiar merchandise, the man was enthroned, unwashed and unshaved, till any but the missionary would have pronounced him a phenomenon in insanity. Though this man could see no attractions in the outer world, the world itself grew so visibly interested in his grotesque appearance whenever favoured with a sight of him, that after one appearance at the prayer-meeting, it was not deemed advisable to press his further attendance. The brightest side of such a story is, that these people are never too singular to be saved; but, were it not for Christian visitors who delight in bringing to Christ those who have no other friend, they would remain in ignorance of things pertaining to their best interests. The most heathenish districts, and, humanly speaking, the farthest removed from hope of reclamation, have been proved not impervious to gospel influence. An old woman is found living in a Shoreditch court—a close, dirty, fever-breeding place—who had lived there during seventy years without having received any religious instruction. Ignorant of the gospel, she had not troubled herself about its claims, till, accepting the message of the missionary, she became a Christian herself and strove to Christianise others. Such works should be stimulated by a sympathising public; especially when this Christian invasion of the moral deserts of London needs a sum of moral courage and of physical endurance, which it becomes all beholders to admire and honour. It is well sometimes to ask, at what personal sacrifice do the visitors penetrate these hideous localities, where landlords, while growing rich, are content to leave their tenants to battle, as best they can, with disease and death? The crazy stairs, leading to dirt-encrusted landings, and foul, pestiferous rooms, are frequently only partially supplied with hand-rails and balusters; and through the very steps you would jeopardise a leg, were it not for a friendly piece of oil-cloth, or a barrel stave, on which you tread. In these places, the decencies of our nature cannot be observed; and the poor creatures who are compelled to inhabit them rush to gin-drinking as a desperate compromise; but, like a madman who would dash his scalded hand into a bowl of molten lead, they find the cure worse than the pain. What is too often the self-sacrifice of missionaries may be seen in their reports. One will inform his committee that his children have been prostrated by contagion carried home; another that his wife has died, or that all his offspring have been laid in the grave!

While the London City Mission is pre-eminently an agency for benefiting souls, it should be borne in mind that, though the Society does not profess to provide temporal relief, and, as a rule, discourages its agents in extending their operations to mere bodily wants

the temporal good constantly accruing to those coming under its influence is very remarkable. The grateful effects of the working of the mission are constantly observable, and it has repeatedly been proved impossible for Christianity to extend her reign over the captives of sin and misfortune without socially raising them; and, in many instances, the missionaries have opportunely appeared, at the very crisis of a downward course, to snatch a sufferer from death by starvation.

On a piercingly cold morning, as one of the agents was going through a house in a court of Whitechapel, seemingly left by the authorities in the charge of typhus, small-pox, and their attendant terrors, he noticed, in an exposed place beneath the stairs, a huddled-up heap of rags, which his experienced eye detected to be a human being. From the indifference of this, as yet, still living creature, to repeated efforts made to rouse him, the missionary thought that life, which had held its own against pain and disaster, was at length succumbing to the frost. This, however, was a mistake. The sleeper arose, and appeared as a young man, who, notwithstanding the severity of the season, wore only a few rags to cover his emaciated body. The house afforded shelter to six families; and a woman, who rented an apartment, had noticed this outcast, and learning that he possessed neither lodging nor means of procuring any, she told him he could sleep under the stairs, and accordingly that was his only accommodation during three months. Reduced by lack of nourishment and frost-bitten feet, the man appeared well nigh bent double; and, besides other afflictions, his body swarmed with vermin. Now, this sum of misery originated neither in vice nor in waste, but sprang from what was in itself a virtue—a shrinking from burdening others with his own calamity. The man told the missionary that his rearing had been creditable and even genteel, while he had passed the usual time of apprenticeship to a Clerkenwell watch-jeweller—and he could prove himself a good hand at that delicate profession. Being of an independent turn of mind, he, on the cancelling of his indentures, went into a separate lodging, where, though overtaken by illness and coming to want, he still refused to inform his parents of his necessity. Unable to work, he sold his clothes and other articles, so that on regaining strength, a shabby wardrobe prevented his returning to the work-room among better dressed companions. In addition to other evils, his landlady—a hard, unfeeling woman: perceiving her lodger's inability to pay the weekly due, resolved on ridding herself of an encumbrance by sending him on a fool's errand, and quietly locking the door on his back.

Poor fellow; he was, doubtless, an artless simpleton, honest himself, and placing too implicit a confidence in others. In a confidential manner, he mentioned to the landlady the fact that a well-to-do uncle of his resided somewhere in London; he did not know the locality, but on finding the address he could obtain temporary assistance. Either suspecting the story to be a fabrication, or concluding that the unfortunate watchmaker would never discover his uncle, this worthless woman resolved on making the man's anxiety a means of ejecting him from her premises. She therefore gladdened him with declaring she had discovered the needed address to be in High-street, Whitechapel; and thither the hoaxed lodger went, with light heart and good hopes, to tell his troubles to a true

friend. The journey only resulted in the discovery that the woman had invented an infamous plan of relieving herself of a burden, by turning the burden itself into the street. Alone in Whitechapel, without a home, the man might still have sought refuge in his father's house, but each step downward in the social scale increased his intense nervous dread of confessing his forlorn condition to near kindred. At this crisis, he made the acquaintance of the old stall-keeper,—the same who proffered the boon of a sleeping place under the stairs. There the missionary crossed the wanderer's path, when, resembling a man of thrice his years, he stood shivering in the frosty air, crouchingly resting on a stick to support his enfeebled frame.

Here, then, was a fellow-creature within a few weeks of death, unless assistance were forthcoming. Is it not gratifying to know that in these instances of emergency the needed help is invariably given? The missionary begged a suit of clothes, and then accompanying the man to a bath he saw him washed and clothed and placed in a temporary lodging, and the subject of this solicitude appeared overwhelmed with grateful surprise at the agency which had seized him while hastening to the gates of death, and in a few hours transformed him into a clean, warmly-clothed and comparatively happy being, supplied with the necessaries of life. The next step was to wait on the parents of the rescued one, who listened with tearful eyes and bleeding hearts to the strange relation. Having lost sight of their son in a mysterious manner, they would have rejoiced in rendering succour had they known of his misfortunes. The work of this case was now finished by fetching and presenting the long lost son to his friends. It happened to be the season just preceding Christmas, when people were beginning to make ready the feast in honour of Him who came to bless his people, whether prosperous or unfortunate. "Oh, sir," said the young man, as he walked homewards, "Oh, sir, I did not think I should have seen my father and mother this Christmas. Had it not been for you I am sure I should have *died*." Then ensued a joyous family gathering, and when, after a short stay in an hospital, for the cure of his feet, injured by the frost, the late vagrant once more resumed business among old associations and at former wages; he, indeed, realised the goodness of God who had put it into the hearts of His people to originate an agency so benign in its working as the London City Mission.

A case even more remarkable than the above consisted in the reclamation of one who fell into vicious courses from the position of an ordained minister of the gospel. As a result of the missionaries' long and forcible pleading, the renegade relinquished drink and evinced true penitence.

From the last instance, it would be impossible to estimate the good effects likely to arise. Equally satisfactory, if less striking, are the more unpretending triumphs of the Mission. One day, one of its agents tapped at an attic door, in a street inhabited by the squalid and the profane, and, within, found a reduced gentleman's family, whose means now afforded them no better shelter. The father, a well educated person, served as a commissioned officer in the army, and, as it occurs in many similar instances, neither vice nor improvidence was the occasion of present trouble. The mother and daughter, whose

bearing was that of ladies, possessed only one shawl between them, and gratefully accepted a ticket for bread and coals. This old soldier, after retiring from the army on compensation allowance, met with misfortune, and, parting with the last of his property, he depended on precarious earnings and even charity. But, as a weeper with those who weep, the visitor now takes a seat among these down-cast children of penury, kneeling with them in prayer when they are seemingly abandoned by other friends. Intensely do such persons appreciate this gracious ministry. "Unsought and unsolicited, you found us out," cries the father; "spiritually exhorted us daily and unceasingly to fly to God, our best friend and succour in trouble, and in deep grinding and pinching poverty. Through you, many of our wants have been relieved at this inclement season. You have visited us as a friend and counsellor without fee or reward."

Thus the missionary is often made the means of communicating temporal good, as well as of instructing souls in righteousness. He becomes familiarised with uncommon histories, until the strangest cease to appear remarkable; for, expecting to encounter them, they become merely a part of the daily routine. In the garret of a large house, in a court near Holborn—a tenement which in former days probably sheltered a family of distinction—was once found a person, who, being a fitting subject for this chapter, was also a refreshing example of the power of vital Christianity. This man, a plumber and glazier, had long since been laid aside, or reduced by gout in the limbs from a skilful workman to a mere cripple. Yet, forlorn as is his condition, you have only to examine the grounds of his thankfulness, to read a lesson or two worth knowing. First, the landlord, moved by his pitiable state of bitter poverty, allowed the free use of the room occupied. His income from the parish is two shillings a week, and we learn how this sum has to be expended. Fivepence buys twenty-four sheep's trotters, washing cost threepence half-penny, and the remainder went for bread and potatoes. For weeks and months this coarse fare was thankfully partaken of by one prostrated by weakness and pain. If murmuring were reasonable, it would surely be so under these circumstances; but, instead of complaining, the invalid is "humble, pious, grateful, and contented." "Don't you ever take tea and coffee?" "Oh, no, sir," he answers, "then there must be milk and sugar, and I cannot have *them*." "Do you never murmur?" "I do, sir, when my pain makes me so ill that I get sick of my trotters; but I immediately check myself." He might have entered the workhouse; but he objected to this, chiefly on account of a favourite pastor by whose ministry he profited on the Sabbath. Notwithstanding this beautiful testimony to the supporting power of Christianity under an Egyptian night of trial, unbelief, like a cowardly enemy, approached, and sought to take away from this poor man the pearl of pearls by insinuating doubt. An infidel entered the attic, and suggested difficulties sufficiently tormenting to the unlettered listener, until the missionary became the means of re-establishing the ascendancy of faith.

It is a grateful work to encourage the fainting and sympathise with the afflicted; but the history of the London City Mission further

shows that when people lose goods and position, and all that makes the world go pleasantly, a friend in the person of the visiting missionary, finding them out, has, besides teaching them the best of all knowledge, helped them to take the first step upward. In illustration of this, take the history of a family who, residing at the West-end, were very substantially benefited by the missionary. The father having been very clever with his brush, secured a good position as an artist. On one occasion, which was the turning crisis of his career, he designed certain pictures for an exhibition of art in Westminster Hall; but not winning the prize coveted, the disappointment slightly affected his reason, and from a comparatively happy condition he lapsed into a misanthrope, and was, thenceforward, more burden than help to his family. When knowing him in happier days, the missionary usually met this gentleman on the friendliest of terms; but, under sadder circumstances, he was never encountered but to be assailed with coarse and violent abuse. Not discouraged by this untoward reception, the vistor took especial notice of the eldest son of the family, in whom was discovered a strong genius for music. This boy was characterised by a thoughtful reserve, so that he more resembled a matured student than an uneducated youth. Becoming deeply interested in this young fellow's welfare, the missionary, by the assistance of an influential lady, apprenticed him at a large pianoforte manufactory, where unusual proficiency procured him the payment of wages almost as soon as admitted. Other friends, attracted by the talents of the youth, subscribed enough to purchase a pianoforte; but the morose parent, who, in disgust at the absence of popular appreciation, had cut a number of his own pictures into shreds, threatened to convert into firewood any instrument brought into his rooms, and, consequently, it was placed in the house of the missionary. By daily visiting for practice, the young man continued to progress in musical art, and also in knowledge pertaining to the soul; finally, he became the chief stay of the family, and of a mother surrounded by afflicting circumstances. It does not belong to man to limit the blessings which may result from an interposition like the above. The missionary, as an agent of good, doubtless exerted an influence which will influence future generations.

In some instances the missionaries find themselves in positions where prompt relief is the only alternative, aud, frequeutly, but for these almoners, disastrous results would ensue. A gentleman in a western district, who devoted his time to the reclamation of fallen females, was called on by a woman who explained that at a house specified, in a neighbouring street, a singular spectacle might be witnessed. She had given shelter to two young girls, whose appearance and bearing told their genteel extraction; and, through their having no home, she still protected them, otherwise they would have starved. These young creatures having sold their clothes were terribly conscious of their abject condition, as was shown by their frequently kneeling together to call aloud on God for relief and direction. Possessing the instinct of a true woman, and moved to pity, their protector implored the missionary to interfere ere the enemy, by enticing them to vice, cut off retreat from a vicious course. The gentleman went as requested and, finding the girls as described, listened to their story.

They had been reared by a God-fearing and tender mother, now long since committed to the grave; and mother and daughters in their happiest days were comfortably provided for by the husband and father, who flourished as a picture dealer, and their home was a tasty suburban villa. The girls were carefully and liberally educated, having received all attentions such as parental solicitude can suggest, or money procure. Then came days darkened by misfortune. The mother died, and in an evil day their father married another wife—a mere girl, who, besides despising her husband and slighting her step-daughters, committed other follies and extravagances according to the bent of her evil passions. Then, as it often happens in social history, decline of business followed on home disorder; and, unhappy with the wife whom he married for the sake of her personal attractions, the old man sought to drown care in the drunkard's cup. The girls, formerly so well loved, were now roughly treated, or even ill-used, and appointed to menial labour. Ruin, complete and irretrievable, followed these disasters. The worthless wife eventually ran off with a paramour when money failed; but, still possessing his daughters, the stricken husband would have been supported by them, had employment been procurable; but where can delicately nurtured women find work in the hour of pressing necessity? Employment failed, as it has failed in thousands of other similar instances equally heart-rending; and, while one article after another of wearing apparel, or of household furniture, was disposed of for food, the sire sank into hopeless imbecility amid the ruinous calamity his own folly had ensured. The walls of a lunatic asylum now secluded him from the world, and his daughters were left alone and unprotected in the great and wicked city. Under such dark circumstances, probably, no better friend could have strayed across the wanderers' path than the sympathising missionary, whose stock of worldly knowledge is not contemptible because he is mainly concerned about spiritual affairs; and, you cannot brighten his path by anything more tempting than an opportunity of snatching innocent maidenhood from the blight of vice, disease, and misery. Heaven heard the cry of the worse than orphaned girls, and sent relief and direction. The missionaries often possess able friends with whom to advise in the persons of their superintendents; and, in this emergency, one of these gentlemen gave the sisters an outfit previously to their installation into respectable situations. The youngest found a Christian lady for a mistress, who acted towards her almost like a second mother; while the elder sister was likewise introduced to a comfortable home. Thus God, doubtless, heard a mother's prayers, and, as it would seem, made the City Missionary the medium of his interposition.

Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evangelist.*

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

[SECOND PAPER.]

INSPIRED by the noble purpose to win souls, Duncan Matheson, on his return from the Crimea, entered upon a course of evangelistic labours which were owned and blessed by the Lord to a remarkable degree. "In himself," says his biographer, "he combined the strongest good sense and the rarest eccentricity; a purpose of life most spiritual wrought with abounding flesh and blood; most disinterested love strangely yoked to overwhelming self-assertion; deepest toned gravity and the broadest humour; the most laborious earnestness and the most jubilant light-heartedness; the loftiest ends and the lowliest means. Now he is preaching a sermon full of apostolic majesty and grace, and anon you find him ringing a handbell, like a common crier, through the streets of a country village, and inviting the inhabitants to a revival meeting. At one hour he is issuing his 'Herald of Mercy,' with all the dignity of a royal proclamation, the next hour he is seen competing with a twopenny showman in a fair for the ears of the rabble."

"There he stands, a man of the people, yet towering above them; the enemy of all that is unrighteous and unreal; the friend of all that is genuine and true; the unequivocal witness of Jesus Christ; the soul's advocate at the world's bar; the stern cross-examiner of hypocrites; a man standing at the parting of the ways, and, without respect of persons, saying to every passer-by, 'This road leads to heaven, and that to hell.' He was in truth the herald of the Invisible, running on before and shouting lustily, 'The King is coming! The Judge is at the door! Prepare to meet thy God!'"

This is no exaggerated picture of the devout and earnest evangelist. His Christian manhood was not weakened by the artificialities of conventional pietism: he was a real man and despised affectation. Would that the religion of all professors were as real, but how many are there who repress their spiritual emotions for fear of laying themselves open to the charge of cant, while others affect in their conversation and prayers a degree of sanctity to which they have not attained! Both extremes are avoided in a nicely-balanced character. To young Christians we say, be natural without betraying the desire: be real without attempting to impress others with the fact. "Consider the lilies:" they live and bloom and spend their life with their fragrance, without any seeming effort. After all, nothing is so eloquent in its impressiveness as truthful nature. There is that in the human soul which protests against shams, especially in matters pertaining to religion.

Nothing is more winsome than the presentation to the world of an

* We take this opportunity still further to recommend the Life of Duncan Matheson, by Rev. J. Macpherson. Morgan, Chase, and Scott. It teems with interesting incidents.

example of Christian fidelity. At the first inquirers' meeting, held by Duncan Matheson, at Insch, an old man came to him and said, "I've come that ye may search me well. Oh, dinna scruple to try me, as it would be a fearfu' thing to be deceived for eternity. Noo, sir, begin." "John," said the evangelist, "do you love the Lord Jesus?" I dinna doot that," was the reply, "but I would like mair." In the presence of a true man, like Duncan Matheson, we instinctively sit in judgment upon ourselves and either acquit or condemn; condemning, we either reverence the character and long for assimilation, or resort to persecution to quiet an uneasy conscience. These opposite effects are illustrated in the life of our Lord. While the greatest sinners were awed into penitential reverence, the hollow Pharisees were provoked into maddened opposition.

In 1857, Duncan Matheson entered upon full evangelistic labours, preaching every day, and editing the "Herald of Mercy," a monthly journal, designed to spread the knowledge of salvation to those who were beyond the reach of the preacher's voice. A twofold success crowned the enterprise, it reached a circulation of 32,000 per month, and was the means of many conversions. The revival of 1859 was making itself felt in Ireland and America, and soon extended to Scotland, where Matheson was stirring up the people to pray, and preaching he Word. Pulpits were open to him, and all sections of the church recognised his apostolic character and zeal. The results were truly marvellous. Writing of the work in Aberdeen, he says, "The Lord is doing great things. I believe almost every time one speaks, souls are brought to Christ. Another striking thing is this, that few have found Christ themselves, but they have been instrumental in the awakening of others." Possibly, the zeal of many who were in the midst of these heart-stirring scenes, outstripped their discretion, and, in the excitement which prevailed, many were accredited as converted while they were only alarmed. This is no new phase in the Lord's work, but it is to be deplored, for it brings even a genuine revival into disrepute, and is used as an argument by lax professors to justify them in standing aloof. This conduct is equalled only by the folly of the farmer who, noticing the rank luxuriance of baneful weeds, refuses to reap the crop of golden grain ready for the sickle. While we deprecate the animal excitement generally attending a revival, we prefer it before the rigid proprieties of a dead formalism. Unwearied in the cause of God, Duncan pressed forward bearing the glad tidings of salvation, until "his circuit embraced the whole country from John o' Groats to the English border." The meetings held were of thrilling interest, and recall the times of Wesley and Whitefield. Profane swearers, scoffing infidels, and degraded drunkards were amongst the early converts, and began to live for God and eternity. A grey-haired mother, whose only daughter was led to the Lord, after a course of folly and sin, uttered this touching greeting, as she clasped her long lost wanderer to her heart. "O my Annie! my Annie! my ain lost Annie, I never thocht I wad hae seen you mair. But the gude God has been better to me than a' my fears. Are we ever gaun to pairt again, Annie?" "Never, mither, never, was the hearty response! Jesus has saved me himsil', an' he has promised to keep me, an' he will never brak his word. We'll

never pairt, mither; na, by his grace, never, never!" The mother's conversion took place soon after her daughter's, and both rejoiced together in the peace and hope of the gospel.

"Of the many witnesses to the grace and truth of Christ at the Huntly meetings," says the biographer, "were ministers of every name, learned professors, eloquent divines, lawyers, physicians, lords, landowners, merchants, officers, and many others down to the fisherman and butcher who said, 'I canna write my ain name, but it has been written by the finger of anither—written in blood in the Lamb's book of life.' On one occasion, a revival service was announced in an obscure village, and at the appointed hour only a few ragged children presented themselves to form an audience. Undaunted, Matheson said to his coworker, 'Haud on, Mr. Williamson, for a wee bit as well as ye can, and I'll fetch out the folk wi' the help o' God;' and, straightway, he went to every house, crying 'Come awa' out, come awa' out; the gospel has come to the town.' Enlisting the services of the children he met, he said, 'Rin, laddie, rin; and tell yer mither to come awa' to the square and hear the preaching.'" We are not surprised to learn that a good meeting was the result, and that souls were saved. This incident illustrates the tact as well as the energy of the devoted man of God. To reach success he did not mind trampling upon the proprieties of conventional religion. The end justified the novelty of the means provided. They were not sinful. In no sphere of service is success more contingent upon freedom than in that occupied by the evangelist. The stereotyped rules of missionary societies circumscribe the usefulness of the agents. The recognition of individual responsibility to God is a far better guarantee of fidelity than obedience to the dicta of a body of directors. Churches resign their true function when they hand over the work of evangelisation to a central authority. Not that we would ignore the necessity of societies as modern society is constituted, or disparage their usefulness; we shall be glad, however, when the necessity for their existence has passed away, by the recognition of the claims of Christ to personal service on the part of every member of the church militant. When Christians work in their respective spheres as "unto the Lord and not unto men," offices will be soon to let, stupendous schemes abandoned, and a long array of hirelings compelled to seek a less pretentious avocation. The want of the world is men not machinery, consecration to Christ not conformity to conventionalism. "Are Mammon and machinery the means of converting human souls, as of spinning cotton? Can all the cash and contrivance of Birmingham and the Bank of England united bring ethereal fire into a human soul, quicken it out of earthly darkness into heavenly wisdom? Soul is kindled only by soul. To teach religion, the first thing needful, and also the last and the only thing, is finding a man who has religion. All else follows from this."* The seer of Chelsea could desire no better illustration of his theory than the "Life and Labours of Duncan Matheson."

"Nature and grace conspired to make Duncan Matheson a prince of market-preachers. His handsome, well-knit form impressed the sons

* Carlyle, "Past and Present," p. 62.

of the soil with a sense of his great strength; his frank, straightforward manner commanded their respect; his ready wit captivated a people whose genuine humour is proverbial; his voice, rising above the din, summoned them as with a trumpet to listen; his manifest superiority to all fear made him a hero in their eyes; and the grace of the Holy Ghost with the truth as it in Christ Jesus, did the rest. In this rough, self-denying work he was nobly assisted by several ministers of the gospel and other right-hearted servants of Jesus Christ.

"Sometimes when a hearing could not be obtained, and further prosecution of the work seemed an utter waste of energy and time, Duncan would start up and begin thus—'I will tell you a thing that happened when I was in the Crimea.' Immediately there is a respectful silence; the audience seem as if spell-bound while the preacher proceeds to tell his story, which is only an introduction to the gospel.

"In a certain town a gentleman well-known in the place came up to him as he was preaching in the market, and mockingly said, 'Well, what is the word of the Lord to-day?' Our preacher turned with a piercing glance of his eye, and promptly replied, 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!' Shortly afterwards that same scoffer lay at the point of death in a room right over the corner where he had assailed the servant of God. He had been suddenly seized with what he believed were the pains of death; and in his alarm he cried, 'I am dying—run, run for Mr.———; get a Bible—quick, quick!' But ere human aid was procured, or the Bible brought from the shelf where it lay neglected, the accomplished scoffer had passed to his final account. This incident, with others of a similar character, tended to lessen the hostility at first shown to preaching in the market, and to pave the way for a respectful hearing of the gospel.

"In another town the preachers were one day furiously assailed and subjected to much personal indignity and violence by a mob, led on by the paid agents of tavern-keepers, whose profits were diminished by the effective preaching of the gospel. For hours the preachers maintained their position in the outskirts of the market; towards the close of the day, led on by Matheson, they pushed their way into the centre of the fair. Here they were set on by the entire rascality, hired and unhired, of the town; but a shower happening at that crisis, the stentorian voice of our evangelist was heard high above the clamour shouting, 'Off hats, men, and let us thank our Father in heaven, who sendeth rain on the just and unjust, for this refreshing shower, instead of fire and brimstone to consume us.' The effect of this appeal was striking. Every voice was hushed, and every head uncovered, and one who was present describes the prayer of the evangelist as overwhelmingly touching and solemn. The battle was now turned to the gate, and the preachers carried all before them.

"On another occasion the showman of a penny theatre, finding that his sarcastic merriment did not shame the preachers into silence, challenged them to come up to his platform, and see if they could speak there. The challenge, contrary to the expectations of the showman, was accepted and our evangelist, accompanied by Mr. Hector Macpherson, took possession of the stage, to the astonishment of the whole market. Mr. Matheson began; the showman was put to silence, and went away,

leaving the evangelists in possession of his platform, from which they addressed an immense crowd with remarkable effect."

"His meetings within doors were conducted in the usual way. His addresses were characterised by great fulness and variety. He could speak to the edifying of saints. With jubilant tones and a cheery pilgrim-like air he often preached from the text, 'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.' (Num. x. 29.) With swelling emotions, and in sentences full of the music of his own joy, he loved to describe the happiness of that people whose God is the Lord. 'Yes,' he was wont to say, 'they are happy *when they look back* and remember the time when Jesus met and drew them to himself in wondrous love. Happy *when they look forward* and see the pillar-cloud guiding them by a right way. Happy *when they look down* and reflect that they might have been weeping and wailing in the outer darkness instead of singing, "He took me from a fearful pit, and from the miry clay." And happy *when they look up* and think of the exceeding and eternal weight of glory that awaits them. Happy, indeed, is that people whose God is the Lord.'

"But his speech was mainly directed to men in their sins. Some as they advance in their ministry preach less to sinners and more to saints. The reverse was true of him. 'They say Duncan Matheson is nae growin'; he is aye preachin' death and judgment,' were his own words: 'but,' he added in self-defence, 'these are arrows I have often shot, and I have found them effectual; why change them?' 'The children of God,' said he quaintly, 'will waggle through ae way or anither; but sinners are in danger every moment, and so I keep at them.' 'Lord, stamp eternity upon my eye-balls,' was his frequent prayer. As the light of eternity was ever growing more clear and piercing in his soul, his heart bled with an increasing compassion for the perishing. He was careful in discriminating between the saved and the lost, between saint and sinner. He would no more have assumed that all his hearers were true Christians than that all the pebbles on the sea-shore are diamonds, or all the birds in the hedgerows nightingales.

"'The almost-saved had their sad history and too probable end set forth in the description of a noble ship crossing the wide ocean, surviving many a storm, and then becoming a complete and hopeless wreck at the harbour mouth. 'Near the kingdom,' he used to say, 'is not in it. You may perish with your hand on the latch of heaven's gate.'

"To the careless, he often said, 'There is a question which none in heaven can answer, and none in hell: can you? It is, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'"

In 1856, while lying upon his sick and lonely bed in the Crimea, Duncan prayed earnestly that his term of service might be lengthened ten years; the prayer was answered, and the closing year of the decade was marked by increased zeal and success. He spent himself in labouring "For God and eternity;" the motto he placed upon his old printing press at the outset of his career proving the guiding principle of his life. When arrested and laid low by the disease which ultimately proved fatal, "his talk was constantly of Jesus, and souls, and eternity. Fancying that he was addressing the students of the New College,

Edinburgh, he cried out in his sleep, 'Young men, young men, down with books, and up with Christ! Souls are perishing! Souls are perishing! Up and aim at saving sinners!'" When somewhat improved in health he sought restoration at the Hydropathic Institution, near Bath; from which place he wrote, "I am like an old hulk disabled, no easy thing for a restless Bedouin like me. I am in a new school. . . . I long for the loved work of bringing souls to Jesus. I long to be on the battle-field. I long to sing over the slain of the Lord, and shout victory because he has done it . . . . I feel for the people. They are dying, perishing, going to destruction." He proceeded to Jersey, thence to Normandy, and afterwards returned to his native Scotland; still praying for souls and talking of Christ when his strength was unequal to the task of preaching. His "desire to depart and be with Christ" was, for the time, counterbalanced by the master passion of his soul to labour in the gospel, and he proceeded to Carlsbad, in Bohemia, for the advantage of the medicinal waters, and here he found "means of distributing 600 copies of the Word of God." Returning home, to await the inevitable termination of his disease, he busied himself with preparing several months' numbers of the "Herald of Mercy," which appeared after his death like a voice from the other world. To his old and tried friend, Hector Macpherson, whose emotion at parting was too strong for even the soldier's firmness, he said, "Do not weep for me: I have only to die once that I may live for ever." During his last night on earth he said, "Light all the lights, and let not the be a charnel house. Be not sorrowful at my burial. Praise God as carry me to my grave, and, when you lay me down, sing:—

There is rest for the weary.'"

As the autumn sun was setting in his golden glory, the ransomed spirit of the noble evangelist quitted its earthly tabernacle, worn out in a sublime service, for he lived "for God and eternity."

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past;
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in Thy Saviour's joy."

The National Religion.

WHILE it remains the will and good pleasure of the majority of our representatives in Parliament that the people of England shall support a staff of clerical stipendiaries to instruct the population in religion, it is the duty of every Englishman to see how the work is performed. As prudent men, we ought to look after our servants, and inform ourselves as to whether we are getting our money's worth; and, in a matter so important as the cure of souls, we are bound to watch the process, and see that the work is well and thoroughly done. Moreover, as the clerical service not only does the public religion for us, but saves us from being a godless nation by representing the religious sentiment, we are, or ought to be, anxious as to what the religion is in which we, as part of the nation, have a share. We have long boasted that we are a Protestant people, and our laws stringently restrict the throne to a Protestant succession; it will be wise on our part to examine specimens of the doctrine which is publicly taught in the national name by the officials of the Prostestant Church of England, as by law established. It is to some of us an intolerable burden to be compelled to support teachers with whose doctrines we do not agree, and to be made parties to national instruction from which we differ, but the oppression is even more heavily felt when that teaching ceases to be consistent with common decency, and is opposed to the lowest degree of enlightenment. May it please our legislators, if they will have an established sect, not to go the length of making Fetishism, or devil worship, the favoured system; they have not come to that yet, but very much of the religious teaching which they now patronise is nearly as abominable. If we must be made nationally religious by an act of unjust favouritism, do not let the elect faith be more absurd or detestable than need be. There is decency in everything; there are proprieties even in tyranny. To add insult to injury is wanton; it is bad enough to force a national clergy upon us, but there is no need that these should be the teachers of an exploded superstition, and the priests of a loathsome idolatry. The high-handed oppression which compels us against our will to aid, as members of this nation, in supporting a church against which we protest, becomes insupportable when that church is the facsimile of another, which burned our forefathers, shut out the light of heaven from the people, and laboured to make this realm a mere appanage of the Pope of Rome. Every honest man's heart ought to sympathise with our grievance, when we see taught in our name as the national religion a creed which we would sooner die than accept, by a party whose devotion is, to us, idolatry, and whose faith we regard as superstition. If the erroneous teaching to which we allude were that of an ordinary religious body, it would be our duty to oppose it, but when it is set forth as the exposition of the national religion, and is paid for as the provender of national godliness, the duty grows into an imperative necessity, and burning indignation adds fuel to holy zeal.

Let all Nonconformists and, we will add, all Protestants take the trouble of reading a few of the Ritualistic publications which are now covering the land. Let them hear a few of the discourses which are

ordinarily delivered by the Popish party in the Church of England, and if they are not indignant, their principles must sit loose upon them. To save them time, we will give a couple of specimens, selected without difficulty out of piles of similar productions.

The Rev. J. E. Vernon, M.A., Vicar of Bicknoller, Taunton, has published No. 1 of Catholic sermons for children, and from this instructive discourse we cull the following passage :—

"Children, you *have* been near to Jesus, you have been held in his arms, you have been blessed by him, you have been washed clean from sin in his precious blood. This was when you were christened or baptised. In the font what looked like water really was blood, the blood of Jesus; you seemed to be touched and held in the arms of an earthly priest, you really were held in the arms of Jesus, just as truly and really as the children of whom S. Mark tells us.

"Don't think it too hard to believe all this, dear children; you and I, who belong to the Church of Jesus, must 'walk by faith, not by sight,' we must believe something more trustworthy than our eyes, and that is, God's word.

"Now I will say no more about that time when you were brought to Jesus in holy baptism; because I want to speak to you about the way by which you can still very often come close to Jesus and see him and speak to him. You can do this whenever there is Holy Communion. Whenever there is Holy Communion, Jesus himself is present on the altar just as really as he was present on earth when the little children were brought to him. You can only *see* a little bread and wine; but that bread and wine really *is* the body and blood of Jesus. So when you see the bread and wine, you see Jesus, and can speak to him. Let me try to make this a little plainer. Suppose you saw your father working in the field, he might be a good way off, and his face turned away, so that you could not really see any part of your father, but only his clothes. Still, if any one asked you, you would say, 'I see father;' because you would know that he was in those clothes which alone your eye could see. And so in the Holy Communion, although you could only see bread and wine, you would know your Lord is there, because of your faith in his word."

When Nicodemus mistook the mataphors of our Saviour for literal statements, he was very naturally staggered at them, but not so the Rev. J. E. Vernon, M. A. When we joyfully sing

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains,"

we always suppose ourselves to be singing with rational men and not with idiots, who will take a figure to be a literal statement. We are, therefore, amazed to find a gentleman with M.A. to his name committing so gross a blunder. Our joy in the atoning sacrifice leads us to speak of "the precious blood," meaning thereby the expiation of the Redeemer's substitutionary death; but here is a man who believes in literal washing in blood, and believes, moreover, that the water which the sexton pours from a jug or a tin can into a stone receptacle in a church is actually blood. If this fiction were fact, the bloody rites of Dahomey would no more need justification than this sanguinary horror; but as it is a falsehood, as monstrous as ever fell from human lips, we feel it hard that it should be taught by one of the state's clerical employés as a part of the religion of the nation. We should be ashamed

to meet a respectable cannibal if he had read this "Catholic sermon," for he would naturally ask us whether baptising children in blood was not about as bad as eating roast man. We could, readily enough, explain to him the hallowed figure and symbol of the divine atonement, but for those who talked of real blood in the font we could only blush, and could suggest no apology but insanity.

The pretty bit about "father's clothes" is meant to be very telling, but not very conclusive, for father's old hat or smock-frock might be thrown on the hedge, and father in his shirt sleeves might be out of sight in the ditch. This is baby-talk with a vengeance. If the vicar had said, "Dear children, your good old grandmother who died and went to heaven is still very near you, you can see her and speak to her, for as often as your mother puts a piece of bread and butter on a plate, your grandmother is really present inside the bread and butter," he would have uttered a statement equally scriptural, and needing no more faith. When the reverend gentleman urges little children to worship Jesus in the Holy Sacrament, and to pay frequent visits to him in that shape, we would not for a moment restrict his liberty of speech; but in the name of all that is right and just, we protest against his propagating such idolatrous nonsense in the name of Protestant England, and on behalf of a nation of which we form a part. Comments on the passage quoted would only diminish the impression made by its own naked hideousness, and therefore we leave it to find space for another.

Our friend, Mr. Gace, of Great Barling, Essex, who appears to divide his time between the fattening of cattle and the writing of catechisms, now favours us with a complete view of the Holy Eucharist, in catechetical form. In this manual he is very guarded in his expressions and careful in his definitions, and evidently feels that critics who live beyond the bounds of Great Barling will have an eye upon his Reverence, if not upon his ox and his horse. We will, without further remark, give selections from the teaching which the State gives to Great Barling and the people at large, with the benign design of saving our country from being "utterly godless." The italics are our own, except in question 158.

"158. Does the Eucharist obtain pardon for *all* sins?

Yes; even for the *most heinous;* whereas the Jewish sacrifices were limited in their atoning efficacy.

159. Is the Eucharist the sacrifice of Christ crucified on the Cross?

Yes; a representation receives in popular language the same name as is applied to what it represents; if then the elements are the Flesh and Blood of Christ, then are they the Sacrifice of Christ crucified on the Cross.

170. What is meant by praying 'in the Name of Christ'?

We only pray properly and strictly in the Name of Christ when we offer our prayers to God in and by the Eucharist; and *it does not appear that in the first days of Christianity, common prayer was ever unaccompanied with the Eucharist, a form of devotion distinguishing Christians from other men.*

211. Does the Sacrifice have respect to the dead in Christ?

Yes, the Sacrifice is offered for the *whole* Church to God; and prayers are made to Him, in presence of the Offering, to be made propitious to the departed as well as to those on earth.

369. Is private confession to a priest necessary?

Not absolutely; it is discretionary, as it may serve the better for edification. But in the case of a disquieted conscience, the morally infirm, and the

perplexed, it should be resorted to; special sins require special confession, but *ordinary religious duties suffice to remove the stains of sins of infirmity.*

410. Who are to be accounted unworthy communicants?

Infidels, Jews, heretics, *schismatics (dissenters)*, apostates. The lapsed; the possessed; excommunicate; unbaptised; infants; Catechumens, *penitents;* hearers; disbelievers, or deniers of any doctrine of the Church; the disobedient; sacrilegious; perjured; hypocrites; profane; indifferent; impenitent; ungrateful; implacable; unmerciful; cruel; intemperate; unchaste; vicious; revengeful; slanderers; covetous; grasping; malicious and spiteful; notorious evillivers; *those who follow heretical or schismatical leaders; strangers from other parishes, guilty thereby of sacrilege;* and all habitual sinners, until they have repented them of their wicked errors and deeds, and have become reconciled to the Church according to her requirements."

In the last reply Dissenters are, with the usual charity of Tractarian Episcopalians, sent off in pretty company, into the abode of those possessed with devils, the perjured, and the profane. The Pope compelled the Jews in Rome to support the church in which they were every week insulted, and the present laws of England treat Dissenters in a precisely similar manner. We must pay our tithes to support a sect, which is made the representative of the whole people as to religion, and then, as our reward, we are classed by that very sect with demoniacs. and perjurers. If there must be an established church, we again entreat our legislature to let it be one which will not degrade th national name by teaching a grovelling superstition, or treat a larg porportion of our fellow-citizens with gratuitous insolence.

It may be here suggested to us that it would be unfair to censure all the State-clergy, when so many of them are earnest preachers of the gospel. We are glad enough to admit the fact, but this betters the case in a very small degree. Are we to pay one set of men to lie, and another set to contradict them, and is this mingle-mangle to be forced on us as the national religion? Besides, even if we were all willing to support the evangelical clergy by forced payments (which we are not), this would not lessen the grievance of having to find fodder for the offspring of the foul beast of Rome.

Is there no sense of justice left among Churchmen? Can they not see how grievous it is to us to have doctrines which we abhor fathered upon us? How would they like to be made to pay tithes to support Mormonism? Yet many of us regard Anglican Popery with an equal dislike. If this form of Popery would support its own priests and pay its own way, the sin of it would lie with its willing supporters alone; but now we are made partakers of its crimes, they are the acts and doings of the nation, and are part and parcel of the nation's religion. With all her faults we love our country still, and we are by no means a class of people who delight in anarchy, but if year after year, and generation after generation, we are made to feel the iron of injustice entering into our very soul, in a matter dearer to us than life itself, it will be little wonder if among us there should arise many who will welcome the most thorough political changes, in the hope that relief will come in that direction. Other nations are casting off the fetters of state churchism; is England to become the last stronghold of that cruellest form of despotism? Is it to be taken as settled that under a king, *lords,* and commons, religious equality is impossible? It

remains then for the oppressed to consider whether right is not more precious than pomp, and liberty more valuable than coronets. No difficulty exists with the monarch, for the Queen (whom may God preserve) raised no demur to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and doubtless would be equally acquiescent should the English Church follow its sister. But let the evil lie where it may, a constitution, which is not founded in universal justice, may be cried up by those who profit by its partialities, but the seeds of decay are in it. A flagrant wrong may work the fall of a government as completely as the invasion of a foreign foe. God send our people, and especially our rulers, the will and firm resolve to deal out impartial justice to all; then will the bitter wrongs of Nonconformists be wiped out for ever.

The Year of Grace, 1872.

WE are greatly pleased to learn that our article in last month's *Sword and Trowel*, with the above heading, has proved very stimulating to earnest minds; and we feel it nothing less than matter of duty to add a sequel to it. Space compels us to be brief, but we desire to be emphatic. Often, we are in haste to utter our discouragements, and to pour out our complaints, let us be as eager to proclaim our mercies and tell of the lovingkindness of the Lord. After prayer had been offered as recounted in the last number, the Pastor was obliged to seek a little rest, and on his return, to his exceeding joy he saw what the Lord had wrought. On the first Sabbath of January, 1872, no less than 118 names stood on the list of new members to be received. This was an addition of almost unexampled number, equal to many an entire church. The joy was great indeed, and the establishment of faith was great also. Verily there is a God that heareth prayer. The Pastor is happy to know that many more converts are on the way. He has been unable to see all who have come forward since the first of the month, but already a considerable number have made a good confession of their faith. Earnestly do we trust that fervent petitions will still arise to heaven incessantly, and that "greater things than these will yet be wrought among us."

Reviews.

WE commence our review work with the children's books, being more and more astonished by the number, variety, and beauty of the works now-a-days provided for the juveniles. Surely nothing more can be desired in this department, and yet we do not doubt that each succeeding year will see some further improvement.

The Tiny Library: Hot Coals, and other Stories. Partridge & Co.

TINY, certainly, but most excellent. The Story of the "Apple War" is new to us, but deserves to be known in every school. It seems that the boys of a Quaker School, in Rochester, were frequently assailed and hooted by the lads of the town. The young members of the Society of Friends were no doubt mortified, but did not in any manner retaliate by word or deed. At last they gained a complete victory by a single battle, for on being most fiercely assailed they replied by a kindly volley of rosy apples, which speedily turned their foes to friends.

Hymns and Poems for very Little Children. By the Hon. M. E. L. Religious Tract Society.

THE coloured pictures of this little book are very bright and attractive, and will charm little Polly's heart. The verses are average rhymes, but there is a legal twang about some of them. Children are no more to be saved by works than are grown up sinners. We should not like our children to believe that the way of salvation is by "doing duty faithfully." We fear that far too much of this error taints many Sabbath school addresses, and, therefore, we are the more exact in pointing it out.

Buster and Baby Jim, a capital story. *Grumbling Tommy and Contented Harry*, two of the best little tales in the English language, should be read by all young people. Both books are from "the Children's Friend," and are prettily got up. We would speak in the most glowing terms if we thought such publications needed pushing, but they will be sure to recommend themselves. They are published by *Partridge and Co.* for one shilling each.

From Tent to Palace; or, the Story of Joseph. By BENJAMIN CLARKE. Sunday School Union.

INTO the "Story of Joseph" the author has interwoven a very large amount of information as to Egyptian manners and customs, and so has made his book eminently instructive. The style is rather heavy for the young, but intelligent children will be attracted by the intrinsic interest of the writer's matter. The work is most elegantly bound, and splendidly illustrated.

Kings of Israel and Judah; their History Explained to Children: being a continuation of "Lines Left Out." By the Author of "Peep of Day," etc. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

IT is review enough if we say that this work is by the author of "Peep of Day." No writer has been more successful in adapting language to the capacity of children.

The Child's Companion. Religious Tract Society.

THIS magazine was our companion when a child, and we always retain a warm side towards it. It holds a high place among the many penny juvenile magazines. The volume makes an attractive and cheap present.

Kind Words for Young People. Henry Hall, 56, Old Bailey.

WHILE so much polluting literature is defiling young minds, we would smile upon every attempt to interest and instruct them. This appears to be a very successful magazine, its engravings are many, and its style highly entertaining. Its range of subjects is very wide, but the interests of religion and morality are never forgotten.

The Children's Hour Annual. Sixth Series. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

ANOTHER of those gorgeous annuals which realise the most dazzling dreams of the young. We can commend everything except the engravings, which are many of them executed in that ugly scratchy style with which "Good Words" perverts the public taste. Some of the abominations in "Good Words" and the "Sunday Magazine" would disgrace the tea paper of a common chandler's shop, and yet they have their admirers. The "Children's Hour" as a whole deserves every praise, and we wish it a wide circulation.

[We have a host of juvenile books yet remaining, but cannot afford more space this month; they will come in due time.]

The Shaker (published monthly). Somebody has sent us copies of this very strange production, which teems with denunciations of matrimony and glorifications of Mother Ann. We might have forwarded the papers on to Bedlam, but the poor creatures there can produce better things themselves. "Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled," but in these days of *anti* this and *anti* that, we do not marvel that there is even a sect which is anti-marriage. If all men and women were converted to this unnatural gospel, it is clear that the age of intelligent beings would soon be over upon earth, and the beasts would have it all to themselves. Will that be the millennium? If Shakers think so, we rather differ from them.

The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time: a Popular View of the Historical Evidence for the Truth of Christianity. By THOMAS COOPER, Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides." Hodder & Stoughton.

No man has ever left the infidel ranks to become a Christian, whose sincerity has been so wholly beyond all doubt as Thomas Cooper's. He has gained no earthly reward for his labours in defence of the gospel; but has endured and suffered for Christ's sake more than he would care for others to know. His is a great mind incapable of self-seeking. His manner is stern, too stern; but his arguments are crushing. We should like to see him meet Bradlaugh; he would pound him with reasonings till Iconoclast would himself be broken. The present volume is in his best manner, and deserves to be scattered as men fling seed into the furrows, by handfuls. With God's blessing it will reclaim the sceptical and confirm the wavering.

Meditations on the Miracles of Christ. By the Very Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., Dean of Chester. Religious Tract Society.

WE imagine it to be impossible for DR. HOWSON to write uninterestingly, or unprofitably. CONYBEARE AND HOWSON on "The Life and Epistles of Paul" is an immortal work, and deservedly secures for its authors the confidence of the public as to any other productions from the same source. The present work will not diminish that confidence.

Words of Help for Everyday Life. By the Rev. WILLIAM STATHAM, of Hull. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A LITTLE Sixpenny book, written in a racy style, alluring the reader on from page to page. It is one of Cassell's gem series, and is a gem. It is not altogether a theological book, but takes a wide range, and touches many topics.

Student's Hebrew Lexicon. By BENJAMIN DAVIES, PH.D., LL.D. Asher & Co., 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

A BOOK every way worthy of the Editor's well-known Oriental scholarship. We have spent some hours in making a careful examination of the work, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the most compendious and complete Hebrew Manual we know. Gesenius is, and must ever remain, a giant in all questions affecting the ancient sacred tongues. But we have found Furst's small hand-book more useful for every-day consultation in class, and for those acquainted with German it is still, for a small, cheap Lexicon, unsurpassed. The book under review has taken out the pith and excellencies of Furst and Gesenius, and with fresh additions from the learned Doctor's own ripened knowledge, it is the best Lexicon for a moderate price which can be procured in the English language. We say this after careful comparison with all that we can discover, in what we believe to be a complete collection of such works. As a philological work it is of superior excellence, and we venture to say that no book of recent issue has contributed more to the general stock of information in the derivation of words and the mutations of human speech. The student will find it clear, concise, and full; easy of reference, accurate, and suggestive to the highest degree.

The Class and the Desk, a manual for Sunday School Teachers. (New Testament series—Epistles) By CHARLES STOKES CAREY. James Sangster & Co.

WHY did not MR. COMPER GRAY go on with his work? We seldom care much for continuations by other hands. The book will no doubt be very useful to teachers, but its commenting portion does not strike us as very valuable. We are glad to see so many works now issued, which honestly aim at teaching teachers to teach better; we desire for this and similar volumes abundant patronage.

"*Our Own Almanack for* 1872." Arranged by WALTER J. MAYERS. J. Paul, 1, Chapterhouse Court.

OUR interleaved copy is most elegant, and the matter is excellent. Mr. Mayers executes literary work most efficiently. His success as a minister at Battersea causes us unfeigned joy. May the College have many such worthy sons.

The Baptist Almanack for 1872. R. BANKS, Ludgate-hill, is a very useful guide to the London Baptist Churches.

Noble Love, and other Poems. By COLIN RAE-BROWN. William Sherrington, 163, Piccadilly.

WE have been fighting shy of this volume, for although we do not find many of the prose works sent for review to be very poetical, we generally find the poetical works prosy enough. With an effort we brought ourselves up to the mark for a dose of poetry. We had only to read a page to find our heart warming before the glow of true poetic fire. Mr. RAE-BROWN is none of your every day rhymers, he has vigour and elegance, and the rich colouring of the true word-painter. He has both the minstrel's heart and harp; his thoughts dance to music and leap because of the life which dwelleth in them. Though we usually sin in the same direction as the sage whom our poet calls "That wordy fellow, Tam Carlyle," and like him "the bardic callin' daur (or dare) revile," yet we make exceptions in such a case as this. By the way, his criticism on CARLYLE is well worth quoting, though it is written in some queer language which looks like English reeling with whisky.

"Noo, I hae tried, and that in vain,
An 'ettled* ower and ower again,
To howk up facts, doonricht and plain,
Frae oot his beuks,
An' I hae cam to this conclusion—
That he's the King o' Phrasecoufusion,
An' Laird o' Mucklewordelusion
An' ither ilks"

A Narrative of the Great Revival Work in South Wales in 1871. By ALEXANDER SHARP, Cupar-Fife. Price twopence. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR old friend, Dr. Sharp, has been present in the midst of a very gracious work in South Wales, conducted principally by the famous Robert Aitken; he has thought fit to issue an account of this revival in a pamphlet, and to promise the profits to our proposed Girl's Orphanage. Apart from the excellent object to be aided, the narrative is calculated to do good, and to arouse in our sleepy churches a desire for a heavenly visitation. The glad tidings of prayer answered, and souls saved, in one place, is an argument with believers everywhere to seek for and expect the like. We thank Mr. Sharp for his kindness. The Girl's Orphanage waits for two things; first, the land, and, secondly, the movement of God's people in that direction which will be indicated by their gifts. There will be a Girl's Orphanage we do not doubt, but we would follow the cloud, and not run before our heavenly Father's hand. If Mr. Sharp's tract realises £20 as he hopes, it will be one of the signs which mark the way; but several twenties, hundreds, and even thousands will be wanted to build the houses and maintain the Institution.

Scholarly men everywhere will be glad to learn that the third volume of *Delitzsch on the Psalms* is just issued *by Messrs. T. and T. Clarke, of Edinburgh.*

This completes the work. It is no a popular exposition for the many but for those acquainted with the original it is one of the best comments extant. We do not speak from a superficial glance, but from having read it Psalm by Psalm while preparing the forthcoming volume of our 'Treasury of David. Messrs. Clarke lay us all under great obligations by issuing such works.

The Bristol Orphan Houses under the Direction of Mr. George Müller. By W. ELFE TAYLOR. Revised and enlarged edition. Morgan & Scott.

THIS wonderful story is here rehearsed by a writer who is wise enough not to overlay it with verbiage, but to let it speak for itself. Our heart has been invigorated by re-perusing the narrative. Well do the common people call it "The Bristol Miracle;" but too many forget that it is only one of ten thousand wonders which are wrought by the Lord in response to the believing prayer of his people. Two thousand and fifty orphans are fed, clothed, and housed, through the instrumentality of that simple-hearted, but noble man, George Müller. May he long be spared, and go from strength to strength.

* We have no idea what these words mean, but that renders the passage none the less significant, for we never pretended to be able to make out some of Carlyle's sentences, and it would not be meet that any description of that philosopher and historian should be very clear; if it were, it would not be like the man.

Christ in the Tabernacle. By Frank H. White. Partridge and Co.

This is another work by one of our Collegians. It is in all respects a beautiful book, but we must leave it till next month. Meanwhile our readers had better buy it at once.

The Note-Book, a Collection of Anecdotes and Illustrations for the use of Teachers. Sunday School Union.

Not a very goodlooking book so far as the printer is concerned, but both cheap and useful. There are now so many varieties of books of illustration embracing things new and old, especially however the old, that we fear the thing is in danger of being overdone. Our "Feathers for Arrows," being almost entirely original, serves as a quarry for collectors, and they use it pretty freely. Of this we do not in the least complain, when, as in this case, the names of the author and the work are given, but readers might just as well buy the quarry and excavate for themselves. The present note book is a small affair, and none the worse for that; it contains some very good things and is well adapted for the use of teachers and lay-preachers. The following story is new to us. "During the recent war in America a poor woman, whose husband had been drafted into the Confederate army, was left in want with four little children dependent upon her. Among these was one child whose simple trust in a heavenly Father's care seemed never to fail. All through the time the little voice was always ready with words of infantile comfort. As 'the barrel of meal wasted,' the mother's heart would fail, but the child noticed that the store was no sooner exhausted than it was replenished again. One day he sat and thought over this until a thought seemed to flash through his mind, and he exclaimed, '*Mother, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel.*'"

A Cloud of Witnesses for the Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ; or, the Last Speeches and Testimonies of those who have Suffered for the Truth in Scotland, since the year 1680. Johnstone and Hunter.

A new and noble edition of this ancient Scottish Martyrology, brought out as a companion volume to the "Scots' Worthies." No work can better foster the stern adherence to orthodoxy, which has been so long characteristic of our Northern brethren; its extensive circulation is peculiarly desirable in these days of latitudinarianism. It is well that our children's children should know how cruelties abounded in Scotland in those days—

> "When Babel's bastard had command,
> And monstrous tyrants ruled the land."

Alas for us who dwell south of the Tweed, the black prelacy still lords it over us, and as swiftly as it can is sweeping the whole population down to the gulf of Popery. The Protestantism of England will never be safe while a demi-semi-reformed church remains in the ascendancy.

Mother's Friend. Hodder & Stoughton.

This is the volume for the year, and makes a very useful book. One of the scraps is remarkably good: "There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time with regularity; yet she should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the world may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent and keep within her house; yet she should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—always answering when spoken to; yet she should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word."

The General Baptist Magazine for 1871. Edited by John Clifford, M.A., LL.B. Marlborough and Co.

Our General Baptist friends were wise in their generation when they obtained the able services of Mr. Clifford. He has made their magazine worthy of them. We like it much, and are always interested by its monthly message. The yearly volume deserves a little more lively binding; the speckling of the edges, and the close fit of the cover, give it a deadly-lively look, reminding us of an old volume of the "Gospel Trumpet," or "Zoar's Bread-basket." This is the publisher's or the printer's matter, and should be altered: where the editor is concerned everything bespeaks a masterly hand.

The Guide to English Literature, with an account of the principal English writers and their works, arranged in simple language, in the form of question and answer. Third Edition. Simpkin and Marshall.

A VERY useful class-book. The information which it contains will be infinitely more useful to a boy than all the filthy rubbish of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, or the senseless art of making nonsense hexameters. We strongly advise all schoolmasters to consider the propriety of using this manual in their upper and middle classes. The book is dear for its size, but we dare say it may be bought upon better terms in quantities, though of this we have no information. It is published at two-and-sixpence.

The Soul's Desires Breathed to God in the Words of Scripture. BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

ANOTHER of Mr. Moon's most admirable compilations. If we must have forms of prayer, scriptural ones are assuredly the very best. The little volume is most beautifully got up. Will our young friends find texts to prove the following answer given by Mr. Moon to the question, "In what places mentioned in the Bible has prayer been offered up? By a river side, by a sick bed, on the seashore, on a house-top, on a battle-field, on a mountain, in an upper room, in a dungeon, in a palace, in a field, in a temple, in a garden, in a ship, in a fish's belly, in a wilderness, on a cross, at a place of public execution.

The Martyr Church, a Narrative of the Introduction, Progress and Triumph of Christianity in Madagascar. By Rev. WM. ELLIS. New Edition. John Snow and Co.

WE are much pleased to see that this work has reached a new edition. The sale is a proof that the missionary spirit has not deserted the British Churches. The narrative itself is a proof that the gospel has not lost its ancient power, and will greatly tend to confirm the people of God, in their once universal faith in the final and general triumph of the cross. Certain theories, suggested by long discouragement and bolstered-up by misapplied texts, have been gradually gaining ground in the church, and have miserably undermined the faith and excused the niggardliness of many professors. Our firm conviction is that "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The Preacher's Lantern. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE never could understand the title of this serial. Are our preachers so much in the dark as to need a lantern? Or is this intended to be a protest against the large quantities of gas used by modern divines? There does not appear to us to be much in the name. One of the Editors, Mr. Longwill, has entered into his final rest; the other is our vivacious and cyclopædian friend Paxton Hood. He cannot write a de article, and a magazine under his supe intendence is useless as an opia Nevertheless, we cannot say that t Preacher's Lantern is a very gre favourite with us; we like it less tha any other of Mr. Hood's productions; it is just a shade too ambitious, and where the hand of the editor does not appear, the matter fails to impress us with a sense of its value. We prophesy sustained and increased interest now that Mr. Hood alone assumes the editorial seat.

The Cathedral's Shadow. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke and Co.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM is always an entertaining writer, and her aims are high and good. Our lady reader tells us that the story is aimed against the Popish Church, and is sufficiently full of incident to have been easily expanded into a three volume novel. We think one volume quite sufficient, but then we always growl over all religious sensational novels.

The Seven Golden Candlesticks. By H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

A NOBLE volume, beautifully illustrated, chiefly dealing with the history and present condition of the seven churches of Asia. The writer has visited the various sites, and has not only collected information, but made sketches upon the spot.

The Seals Opened, or the Apocalypse explained. By Enoch Pond, D.D. Johnstone, Hunter, & Co., Edinburgh.

Works upon unfulfilled prophecy are not much to our taste. We are doing a good work, and cannot come down to them either with the trowel or the sword. Suffice it to say that, so far as the Seals are here opened, they have often been opened before; and the principal recommendation of the book is, that it contains nothing new. As it adopts the figurative, rather than the literal, interpretation of the most controverted parts of the Apocalypse, as the Second Advent, the First Resurrection and the Millennium, it may be safely perused both by those who dread the Prophetic-Mania and those who are afflicted by it.

The Early History of the Independent Church at Rothwell, in Northamptonshire. By Norman Glass. Taylor and Son, Northampton; E. Marlborough and Co., Warwick Lane, London.

The principal design of this volume is to record the labours of Mr. Richard Davies, one of the earliest ministers of the Independent Church at Rothwell, who is justly said to have been one of the greatest evangelists in England prior to the time of Whitefield and Wesley. He was evidently a man of sound doctrine and apostolic zeal, and was honored with great usefulness, not at Rothwell merely, but in all the regions round about. He encouraged many others, after a short trial of their gifts, to preach the same glad tidings in the neighbouring towns and villages, which laid the foundation of several churches which have continued to this day. He had his reward in the opposition of his brethren, who were thrown into the shade by his extraordinary activity and zeal, as well as in the loving hearts of multitudes who had been brought from darkness to light through his instrumentality. He was one of a thousand; and we value highly all such evidences of what may be done for his own and succeeding generations, by one faithful and fearless minister of Christ's gospel.

Memoranda.

God is very graciously working among the congregation at the Tabernacle, and sending times of refreshing; but the prayers of friends everywhere are earnestly entreated that the work may continue, and may leaven other churches.

The hand of the Jesuist is clearly to be seen in the mode in which our lecture on Rome has been assailed. Those respectable journals whose reporters were present gave a fair *resumé*, but a large number of newspaper writers are Papists, and to these the cue was given to represent the lecture as a burlesque. Half an eye will enable the reader to detect the cloven foot. It is a startling fact that so large a proportion of the agents of the press are Roman Catholics.

Christmas at the Orphanage passed off grandly. Kind friends heaped high the festive board. Everything that could delight and amuse the juvenile mind was prepared in abundance, and everything went merry as a marriage-bell. Thanks, dear friends, to you all from the President, and three times three cheers from all the laddies.

We have just received the following cheering letter from one of the first orphans who has gone to a situation; it most pleasingly shows his sincere gratitude. God bless the boy.

Dear Sir,—As I think it my duty to do so, I have enclosed a Post-office Order for Ten Shillings as a slight gift for the Orphanage, and shall give more when it is in my power. I thank you and all the gentlemen connected with the Orphanage for your *kind* care over us all, and I hope God will spare your life for a long time to do such good as you have hitherto done. I also thank you for getting me into such a good situation as I am in, and I hope all the boys who are in situations, and all who have yet to get into them, will get on and prove an honour and a credit to the institution.

I remain, Yours lovingly,
E. E. E.

Most gratefully do we acknowledge the bountiful hand of God in the abundant supplies sent in for our work during this month. May the donors receive a rich return into their own bosoms.

We hope in a very short time to commence the new chapel in the Wandsworth Road. Our friends at the Tabernacle have,

during our absence, started a subscription to present us with the means to buy the freehold land, and we believe they have almost, if not quite, effected their purpose. Thus does love show itself between pastor and people, by mutual help in the service of God.

At the Annual Meeting of the London Baptist Association, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon was elected, by ballot, to be Vice-president of the Association for the year 1872. At the meeting the most loving sympathy was expressed for our very dear friend, Dr. Brock, who intends to retire next Michaelmas from the pastorate of Bloomsbury chapel. We believe our friend is rightly directed, and we feel sure that in some suburban sphere, free from the intense pressure of London life, he will renew his youth, and for years do eminent service for the Master, with the great talents and personal influence with which the Lord has entrusted him.

It gives us great joy to observe that our brother and student, Mr. Anderson, of Warkworth, is about to become the pastor of the Baptist church in Reading, formerly presided over by Mr. John Aldis. May the richest prosperity rest upon him.

Most cheering letters have arrived from several of our students who are now pastors in the United States, and we thank them for keeping us posted up as to their movements. Mr. Timothy Harley is abundantly honoured in St. John's, New Brunswick; we observe that he has been Moderator of the Baptist Assembly of that region.

Friends wishing to aid the spread of the gospel in Rome may entrust us with funds for Mr. Wall, the earnest, faithful, and useful missionary of Christ, who with his coadjutor, Mr. Cote, welcomed us in that city. No two men in the world are doing more honourable service for their Lord.

We have much pleasure in recording the good work that is going on at Ulverston in Lancashire, in connection with the establishment of a Baptist Church in that town. Mr. Lardner was sent there from the Pastors' College in March of last year. He arrived on the evening of the day in which the inhabitants had been greatly terrified by the shock of an earthquake. He preached in a public hall with much acceptance from the first, which continued steadily to increase. Instances of real usefulness occurred, insomuch that in June, about three months after the commencement of his ministry, a church was formed consisting of twenty-eight members. It now consists of thirty-eight, and many others are expecting to be soon united with them. Recognition services, in connection with Mr. Lardner's acceptance of the pastorate, were held on the 31st of December and the 2nd of January. On the former of these occasions the services were conducted by Mr. Rogers from the Tabernacle College. On the other occasion, after a numerously attended tea-meeting, Mr. T. Taylor, of Tottlebank, presided, Mr. D. T. Dalton read and prayed; Mr. Haddleston made a statement on behalf of the church, Mr. Lardner gave an account of his conversion and call to the ministry; Mr. Taylor presented the ordination prayer; the charge to the minister was given by Mr. Rogers, and to the church by Mr. G. Howels, of Coniston. Congratulatory addresses were given by Mr. J. W. Clark, Independent minister, and Mr. W. Froughton, of the Free Church, in the same town. Great efforts have been made towards the erection of a chapel. For this purpose about £1,200 will be required. Ground in a very suitable position has been secured, and nearly £700 have been already obtained. Of this, Mr. Spurgeon gives £100, N. Caine, Esq., of Broughton, £100; much sympathy has been shown in Ulverston itself by its liberality, and it is essentially hoped that many who shall read this statement will manifest their sympathy in the same manner.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. J. Tansley, as pastor of the Baptist Church, Melton Mowbray, were held on Sunday and Monday, the 7th and 8th January. On Sunday, two sermons were preached in the Baptist chapel by Mr. J. Ward, Wesleyan minister. On Monday, services were held in the Wesleyan chapel. In the afternoon, Mr. G. Rogers, Theological Tutor, Metropolitan Tabernacle College, delivered the address to the pastor; and in the evening, Mr. D. Gracey, Classical Tutor, Metropolitan Tabernacle College, delivered the address to the church. The following ministers also took part in the services: — Mr. E. Stevenson, Loughborough; Mr. W. Sutton, Oakham; Mr. J. L. Whitley, Mr. G. T. Ennals, Mr. J. Bateman, Leicester; Mr. H. W. Taylor, Markgate-street; Mr. J. Colville, Market Harborough; Mr. J. Ward, Mr. J. Bunting, and Mr. J. Randal, Melton Mowbray. A public tea was provided, at which, 250 were present. Strenuous efforts are being made by the members of the church and congregation to erect a new chapel. The friends at Melton would be glad to receive contributions from any who desire the prosperity of the Lord's work in their vicinity.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—January 4th, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 19th, 1871, to January 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
J. C.	0	2	0
N.	0	10	0
A few Christian friends in Edinburgh, who are benefited by Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	11	6
Mr. Hugh McLaren	1	0	0
G. M. R.	0	5	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	2	6
E. G.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Kieser	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Gratitude	0	5	0
Rev. H. A. James	0	10	0
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	10	0
Mr. Croker	0	5	6
Miss Walker	0	5	1
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
A Friend	100	0	0
V. W. Sunderland	2	0	0
E. Mc P.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	0	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0
Miss Leigh	0	5	0
Iota	0	1	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
Mr. W. Brewer	5	5	0
Rev. D. Maco	0	13	0
C. S. F.	0	5	0
Two sermon readers	0	5	0
Misses Heath	5	0	0
A Friend, Ulverston	0	2	6
Mr. E. Salmon	0	2	6
Mrs. Tunbridge	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Ward, Slawston	0	10	0
John Ploughman's old horse shoes	0	11	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
A friend, per Miss Darkin	1	1	0
W. K. Towcester	10	0	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	15	0
Mr J. McEllumry	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. T. Webster	2	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. J. Tod	1	0	0
John Ploughman	6	5	0
A. T. H.	0	13	0
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
O. P. Q.	40	0	0
Sermon reader, Oldham	0	5	0
Noah's carpenter	1	0	0
Mrs. Wrentmore	200	0	0
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett, per Rev. D. Maco	2	10	0
Mr. John Early	0	10	0
Mr. Chew	2	10	0
A friend, Egham	0	13	0
A help	3	0	0
Mr. Hicks	1	0	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
A thankoffering, per Mr. Hutchisson	1	0	0
Rev. T. King	5	0	0
Miss Goldston	0	17	0
Mr. James Fergusson	1	0	0
Mr. Townshend	0	10	0
Mrs. Leggo	1	0	0
Mr. J. Jones, per Rev. D. Cork	1	10	0
Mr. R. Dalton	1	1	0
A thankoffering, J. L.	1	0	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Mr. A. Angus Croll	50	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. W. Haines	1	6	0
Mr. E. Townsend	1	1	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Miss Vivian	0	12	0
M. A.	0	10	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Miss E. Fosbury	1	19	4
Miss Guest	0	12	3
Βαπτισμα	6	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Dec. 24	20	11	1
" " " 31	41	16	7
" " Jan. 7	28	0	9
" " " 14	34	1	5
	£611	12	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 19th, 1871, to January 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Matthews	0	5	0
Mrs. Summers	0	10	0
J. C.	0	2	0
T. C.	0	10	0
N.	0	10	0
A Christian Lady, Edinburgh	0	5	0
A Sister in Jesus	0	10	0
G. M. R.	0	5	0
Ebenezer	2	2	0
Mrs. Bryan	1	0	0
W. G.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bragg	1	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
C. P. W.	0	6	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	2	6
Mr. W. Kieser	0	2	6
Mr. C. Verdan	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Port Wymes, Islay	0	2	7
A few friends at Cathys Yard, near Cardiff	0	3	9
A Friend, Cardiff	0	5	0
E. P.	0	10	0
Mr. James Bain	0	9	11
J. B.	0	5	0
Bible-class at Old Kilpatrick, per Rev. James Lamb	0	12	0
A Friend to Orphans	0	14	10
A Little Boy	0	0	2
A Constant Reader	0	5	0
C. E., T. K., and M. C.	0	11	0
Two Friends, Northampton	0	5	9
Gratitude	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader, Brechin	0	2	6
Friends at Dunoon, per Mr. James Agnew	0	10	0
Rev. H. A. James	0	10	0
Mr. Willoughby	0	1	0
Mrs. Haig	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
John and Baxter Booth	0	2	0
Miss Baily, (per Mr. Page)	0	5	0
Castle Street Sunday School (ditto)	0	5	0
H. G.	5	0	0
S. V.	0	5	0
In College Box	0	2	6
Mr. E. Salmon	0	2	6
For Reading Sermons	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Nosworthy	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coe	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Ward, Slawston ...	0	10	0
Kirkcaldy	0	3	0
Bible-class in Kensington	1	2	0
Mr T. R. Steventon	0	10	0
A. R. H.	0	2	6
H. S. A.	0	10	0
A Friend on receiving her Communion Card	0	10	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barker	2	0	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
A thankoffering	1	19	0
A Friend	100	0	0
E. Mel'.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	0	0
Mr. S. Catling	0	10	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0
Swansea	0	10	0
Elton	0	9	11
Mr. Thomas Hunter	100	0	0
Mr. W. Pedley	1	1	0
J. C.	2	14	8
Mr. S. Baines, per Mr. Ennals	1	0	0
Mr. R. Bozinton	0	10	0
Mrs. Vynne	3	6	0
Mr. T. D. Price	0	10	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	15	0	0
Miss Fells	0	7	6
Mrs. Pike	1	1	0
Mrs. Bowley	1	15	0
Mrs. Herbert	0	10	0
A. M.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Kerridge	0	7	6
Mrs. M. Walker	0	10	0
A Friend at St. Albans, per Mr. Dunnington	5	0	0
Mr. R. Vinson	1	0	0
Mrs. J. K.	1	0	0
C. J., per Miss Walker	0	10	0
Miss E. G.	0	10	0
Rev. C. Welton	0	2	6
Rev. D. Mace	0	14	6
Alfred Prince	0	5	0
Miss Sarah Wilson	0	10	8
Mrs. Lewis	0	5	0
Edwin Clarke	0	1	0
Willie Whale	0	1	0
The late Lady Burgoyne's Collecting-box	2	12	10
Newhills	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
A Friend	0	13	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. John Hosie	0	5	0
J. and E. Sangster for mercies received	0	10	6
Mr. J. Troup	0	2	6
J. B.	5	0	0
Mr. J. McElhinney	0	2	6
Baptist Church, Long Preston... ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Grosse	0	4	0
Mrs. Meadows	5	0	0
Master B. Riddell	0	7	6
Mrs. Snell	1	10	0
B. B. B.	0	10	0
Mr. T. Webster	5	0	0
A. E.—Y.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Lock	0	10	0
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0
Mr. King	0	5	0
To my account in the Lord's Bank ...	0	10	0
Every little helps	0	2	8
Collection at Shacklewell, per Rev. T. W. Cavo	1	0	7
A. T. H.	0	13	0
Mr. John Churchill	10	10	0
Annie	0	10	6
A Clapham 'Bus Driver	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. M. Coe	1	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	12	0
Mrs. Wallbank	0	11	0
O. P. Q.	40	0	0
R. M. H.	0	1	6
A Thankoffering, M. W....	0	10	0
Peace Offering	0	2	6
Christmas Tree at Foxton, per Mr. Carryer	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader, per Mrs. Dods ...	1	1	0
Friends, per Mrs. Dods	1	0	0
Sunday School Darvil, per Mr. W. Paterson	0	5	0
Noah's Carpenter	1	0	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Stewart	1	0	0
Works...	0	2	6
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mrs. Herbert	1	0	0
Mr. A. Beadle	0	2	6
Mrs. Whittemore	0	5	0
First week's increase of Salary... ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Wrentmore	200	0	0
Miss Gillard	0	16	0
Miss Gillard	0	12	0
Mrs. Lanchester	0	16	7
M. A.	0	10	0
Mrs. Flood	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smith	0	5	3
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	2	10	0
Mr. Chew	2	10	0
Help	1	0	0
Mr. Hicks	0	10	0
Mrs. Morgan, per Miss Alice Lee ...	0	10	0
Friends, per Miss Alice Lee	1	14	0
Two Servants, Camberwell	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, Loughton	0	5	0
A Few Friends, per Mr. Ewan... ...	0	15	0
Hughie and Cecil	5	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Rev. T. J. Bristow	0	5	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Levi Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Blake	1	1	0
Mrs. Cruickshank's Bible-class ...	0	15	0
T. H.	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott	0	10	0
Friends, per Rev. W. Macdonald ...	0	8	8
R. A.	50	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
A. E. P. W. per Mr. Hobson	1	0	0
Mrs. Gilder	0	6	6
Mrs. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Boot	0	7	6
B. S. Sale of 25 Thaler Noto	3	11	11
Master Samuel Goldston	0	11	0
Mrs. Williams	5	10	0
Master W. Hitchings	0	5	0
Mrs. Robertshaw...	0	12	0
Miss Hitchings	0	10	0
Miss C. Oliver	1	2	6
Mrs. Bircher	0	12	0
Brentford Town Hall Sunday School...	1	9	11
Trinity Chapel Sunday School, Girls...	0	3	9
" " " " Boys...	0	4	1
Mrs. Willmott	1	6	5
Mrs. Rutherford	0	6	5
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	15	7
Collected by Catherine Jesson :—			
Mr. Rupert Carryer 0 10 0			
Mr. J. E. Pickard 0 10 0			
Mrs. C. B. Robinson ... 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Stouyon 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hill, Melton Mowbray 0 10 0			
Mrs. Thompson 0 5 0			
Misses Bennett 0 5 0			
Mrs. Conyers-Smith 0 5 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Eames	0	3	0
Mrs. Wardle	0	2	6
Mr. Barrow	0	2	6
Miss Cooper	0	2	6
Mr. Raynes	0	2	6
Mrs. Evans	0	2	6
Mrs. Townsend	0	2	6
Mrs. Weston	0	1	0
Mrs. C. Jesson	1	0	0
Sale of Books	0	8	0
Mrs. Rust	0	10	0
		£6	2 0

Collecting Boxes and Books:—

Mr. R. Mills	0	11	3
Master Newark	0	5	3
Master White	0	3	9
Miss Emily Clark	1	3	6
Miss Dunn	0	4	0
Master Hillman	0	2	3
Mrs. Davis	0	9	10
Miss Raybould...	0	6	0
Mrs. Ashton	0	6	5
Mr. F. H. Ford	0	8	5
Mrs. Wainwright	2	14	0
Miss Vining	0	18	0
Mrs. Gisbey	0	3	7
Miss Roan	0	10	8
Master J. Hubbard	0	5	8
Master Buckmaster	0	7	6
Miss Atwood	0	8	6
Master Higgs	2	15	9
Mrs. Gissing	0	6	3
Mrs. Judge	0	4	0
Mrs. Croker	0	4	10
Miss Foote	0	18	2
Master F. Sanderson ...	0	3	10
Mrs. Kerridge	0	5	2
Miss Gooding	0	10	6
Mrs. Saunders...	1	3	9
Mrs. Mitchell	0	3	1
Mrs. Waghorn...	0	7	10
Miss Deseroix	0	9	8
Master J. W. Clark	0	2	4
Miss Gobby	0	6	0
Master A. W. Clover... ...	0	2	3
Mrs. Quinnell	0	5	7
Miss Law	1	11	5
Mrs. Everet	0	8	11
Miss H. Smith...	0	0	7
Miss Crowder	0	6	0
Miss Airey	0	3	3
Mrs. Auger	0	7	7
Mrs. Gwillim	1	12	6
Mr. Green, junr.	0	11	4
Master R. Stracy	0	3	6
Master R. Adams	0	1	0
Miss Fairey	0	7	1
Mrs. Towersey	0	10	10
Miss M. Jones	0	3	5
Master J. Hubbard	0	5	8
Master C. S. Morgan ...	0	6	3
Master Willier...	0	3	3
Charlie, Willie, and Fred Blackshaw	1	11	9
Master F. Watkins	0	1	0
Master J. Romang	0	6	6
Master Pankhurst	0	6	2
Mrs. Mayne	0	7	0
Miss Perritt	1	5	6
Mr. Pearce	1	4	0
Miss Evans	0	1	8
Miss E. Croker	0	5	6
Master A. Kliegl	0	0	10
Master A. Adams	0	1	0
Master Bruce	0	2	6
Mrs. Romang	1	11	0
Mr. Lang	0	12	10
Miss Pearcy	0	3	4
Miss Maria Gooding... ...	0	10	6
Miss Waters	0	14	0
Mr. H. Smith	1	3	2

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
Miss West	0	8	0
Master Hanson	0	12	9
Miss Parker	0	16	0
Miss S. Sutcliffe	0	4	0
Miss E. Fryer	2	2	6
Miss Goodchild	0	4	9
Miss Lequeux...	0	14	6
Mrs. Cornell	0	6	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	12	1
Miss Buckmaster	0	9	3
Miss Richardson	0	7	9
Miss E. Padbury	0	10	8
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Mrs. Took	0	18	0
Mrs. M. A. Wells	0	5	0
Miss Wagstaff	0	2	0
Miss S. Muir	1	1	1
Miss Hughes	0	18	0
Miss Hughes	0	12	0
Mrs. Ratcliffe	0	2	6
Miss Alice Harding	0	2	0
Miss Gobey	0	8	6
Miss Narraway	0	15	0
Miss Chapman	0	6	0
Miss H. E. Phillips	1	6	0
Miss E. Brook	0	11	0
Mrs. King	0	9	1
Mr. Harden	1	3	1
Miss Nisbet	0	18	0
Mrs. Drayson	1	5	1
Mr. J. Berry	0	9	1
Mr. Romang	3	2	0
Mrs. Cropley	0	5	9
Mrs. Crofts	0	13	0
Miss Charlesworth	0	6	0
Master Phillips	2	0	6
Master Phillips	0	3	1
Mrs. Boggis	0	7	3
Miss Fitzgerald	1	3	0
Miss McAlley	0	17	0
Miss E. Budge	0	7	0
Mrs. Knight	1	2	0
Mr. C. Howes	0	6	7
Miss Narraway	0	10	0
Mr. Luff	1	4	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	10	6
Mr. Young	1	0	0
Mrs. Tiddy	2	15	0
Miss Butcher	0	14	0
Miss Bouser	1	1	3
Mrs. Hudson	1	1	0
Miss A. Phillips	1	5	1
Miss Marsh	4	0	0
Miss Payne	0	15	6
Miss Chislett	0	1	6
Miss J. Beard	0	1	6
Master Thos. Ash	0	1	4
Miss Rose Timms	0	2	0
Miss L. Belshaw	0	2	0
Miss Whittier...	0	6	0
Mrs. Attew	0	5	0
Miss Hibbert	0	6	0
Miss J. A. Langton	0	6	0
Master W. Walker	0	3	0
Mr. Allum	0	9	0
Miss Chilvers	1	2	0
Miss E. Sutcliffe	0	5	6
Mr. White	0	5	0
Mrs. Auger	0	2	0
Mrs. Duncombe	0	10	0
Master R. Murrell	10	0	3
Mrs. Mackrell	1	6	6
Mr. Morris	4	2	8
Mr. G. Ely	0	8	6
Mrs. Hinton	1	15	6
Miss Airey	0	4	2
Master Pollock	0	1	4
Mr. Pluck	0	4	0
Master C. H. Scott	0	4	0
Mrs. Hertzell	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Lloyd	0	11	0
Miss Dunn	0	6	2
Mrs. Culver	0	16	6
Mrs. Fisher	0	10	0
Mrs. Gobby	0	10	0
Mr. Saunders	1	5	0
Miss Hallett	0	9	6
Mrs. Underwood	0	12	0
Mrs. Elmore	0	5	0
Master Robinson	0	3	3
Mrs. Hose	1	2	0
Mr. Wm. Perkins	0	9	7
Miss Smith	0	6	0
Miss Jephs	1	19	0
Mrs. White	0	17	0
Mrs. Alfred Smith	2	0	0
Mr. Round	0	9	0
Miss Powell	1	0	0
Master Platt	0	6	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0
Mr. Keen	0	5	0
Mr. Lavender	0	5	0
			0 15 0
Mr. J. Goslin			1 1 0
Mr. Fidge			2 2 0
Mr. George Shuttleworth			1 1 0
Mr. Joseph Shuttleworth			1 1 0
Mr. E. Longhurst			1 0 0
Rev. I. Jacob			1 1 0
Mr. J. Gunnell			1 1 0
Boy's Collecting Cards, per List ...			26 0 3
			£355 8 2

Orphan Boys' Quarterly Collecting Cards, per Mr. Charlesworth :—Abbey J., 10s 3d; Alexander, 4s 3d; Amey Henry, 8s; Bailey C. 2s; Bailey R. 4s; Baker J., 4s 6d; Ball C., 1s 2d; Blakelock, 1s; Bligh T. G., 2s 6d; Bourne F., 1s. 6d; Bramble H., 1s 7d; Bray E., 2s; Brick E., 1s 8d; Brown A. and J., 3s 1d; Brownlie, 2s. 5d; Buckley A., 1s 6d; Campbell, 5s 4d; Charlewood F., 4s 10d; Cockerton T., 3s 3d; Coleman, 9s 6d; Collins H., 5s 4d; Corke L., 2s 6d; Court R., 1s 6d; Cox C., 2s 6d; Dalby, 3s; Daniels E., 5s 4d; Dann W., 2s 6d; Davis A., 2s 7d; Davis J. K., 3s; Dawson T., 2s; Day H., 1s 9d; Dean G., 5s; Digby C., 4s; Dixon, T., 5s 4d; Dixon, 4s; Dunn J. W., 5s 1d; Edmund B., 4s; Ehlers, 3s; Ellis H. C., 1s; Fairchild F., 3d; Fanner W., 5s; Farley, 3s 4d; Flemming G., 5s 4d; Furness E., 2s 6d; Furby A., 6s 6d; Gatten J., 2s 9d; Gill, 2s 6d; Glassborrow J., 6s; Green G., 3s 6d; Hanks J., 4s; Harper, 5s; Harris A., 4s 1d; Hart F., 3s; Heath A., 2s; Hedges W., 5s; Herrieff T., 3s 7d; Hitchcox S., 3s 6d; Hobbs, 5s 4d; Hodge J., 4s; Horley B. G., 5s 4d; Jacobs, 5s; James, 5s 4d; Jones A. C., 3s; Kentfield, 4s 6d; Lacer, 4s 6d; Lee E. A., 11s 8d; Lesser W., 3s 9d; Martin, F., 8s 1d; May, 2s 8d; May G., 2s 7d; Nicole E., 4s 7d; O'Kill W., 5s; Osborne O. E., 5s 4d; Osman J., two cards, 9s 10d; Parker G., 5s; Parry L., 5s 4d; Parsons J., 1s 3d; Passingham J., 7s 6d; Pearson, 2s 1d; Plant C., 7s 6d; Plant E., 4s 6d; Randall W., 4s; Ratcliff, 2s 10d; Reed J., 2s; Record R., 5s 4d; Richardson, 2s 6d; Roberts J., 2s 6d; Rogers, 2s; Saunders, 7d; Schneider F. W., 6s 6d; Semark H. B., 12s 6d Sewell, 2s; Sharpe A., 4s; Simmons J., 4s 1d; Simmons C. H., 5s 4d; Simpson J., 3s 6d; Skeats, 10s; Smith Henry, 5s 4d; Smith Harry, 3s 3d; Smith, 2s 6d; Snook J., 5s; Stratford, 5s 4d; Tatum, 3s; Thornton W., 8s; Tiddy E. G., 3s 4d; Townsend C., 4s; Walker D., 6s 6d; Wallbank W., 4s 2d; Walton, 2s 1d; Wells W., 2s; Wheeler W., 4s; White A. J., 4s; White A. W., 5s 4d; White, 3s 6d; Wilkinson, 5s 3d; Wood J. M., 5s 4d; Wood W., 3s 5d; Wooder W., 5s 4d. Young W., 3s 6d. By Sale of Tea Tickets, £1 12s 2d. Total £26 0s 3d.

For Orphanage Christmas Festival:—

	£	s.	d.
W. B. M.	0	2	6
Mr. F. T. Tucker	0	5	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	2	6
A Work-room, Masboro'	0	5	0
Rev. J. Beaven	0	5	0
Sunday School, Sittingbourne	0	11	6
E. G.	0	5	0
Boys and Girls at Dursley	0	5	0
Annie, Fred, Nelly, Carrie, and Loo ...	0	12	6
Gratitude	0	5	0
Mrs. Frearson	0	2	6
Willie, Freddy, Gerty, and Lilly ...	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	6
Torquay	0	2	6
Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6
Mr. J. Early...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Woollard	1	5	8
Trottie, Sam, and Gussie	0	12	0
Dei Gratia	0	10	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. Dawbarn	0	2	6
M. B.	0	1	0
O. R. B.	0	7	6
Mrs. Tice, collected by ...	1	1	6
Miss Potter, collected by the Girls of the Stockwell College Training School ...	2	8	3
A Happy Mother	1	0	0
Uncle Brose	0	3	0
Mrs. Tyson	10	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	1	0
Well Wisher	0	0	6
S. E. M.	1	0	0
B. W.	0	10	0
Two Friends, Shrewsbury ...	0	10	0
A Friend and Wellwisher ...	0	10	0
A Poor Man	0	1	0
Left at the Lodge	0	10	0
A. B., Rothwell	0	2	6
E. A.	0	2	6
Miss Ellerd	0	2	6
W. A., Sunderland	15	0	0
G. Wigner	0	10	0
			35 3 8
			£41 19 4

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—130 lbs. Preserved Fruit, per Mr. Taylor; 20 lbs. Tea, ditto; Sack of Flour, T. C. Sandhurst; Ditto, Mr. Nye; Ditto, Mr. Cullen; Ditto, Mr. Norman; 120 Eggs, Miss Janett Ward; Two Pigs, Mr. Thompson; Some Side Lard, Mr. McCleeny; Four Cheeses; Two Boxes Valencias, E. A. C.; Two Jars Blackberry Jam, Mrs. Middleton; A Gammon of Bacon, Mr. Fitch; A Sheep, Mrs. Gosling; Two Casks of Biscuits, Mrs. Palmer; A Sheep, Mr. Peter Cowell and family; Half a Sheep, Mr. Morgan; A Pig, Mr. Whitehead; Forty Pounds of Cake, Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co.; Some Potatoes, Mr. Woodnutt; 8 Currant Cakes, Mrs. Cook; A Cask of Ale, Mr. Thorn.

Clothing:—68 Pairs of Stockings, per Mr. Taylor; 16 Comforters, ditto; 52 doz. paper collars, ditto; 500 Yards of Thin Calico, ditto.; 12 Hats and 12 Caps, ditto; Some String, ditto; 6 Pairs of Stockings, Anon; Box of Articles, Mrs. Hubbard; Four doz. boys' ties and 280 bows, Messrs. Rix and Bridge.

Books:—12 Missionary Annuals, Messrs. J. Snow and Co.; 24 Children's Books, Miss Dransfield; 9 Books, The President.

GENERAL:—62 Boys' Toys, Mr. Taylor; A Rocking Horse, by private subscription; Five Pounds worth of prizes for the Boys; A Rocking Horse, Mrs. Pearce.

For the Christmas Festival:—Toys for the Christmas Tree, Mr. Zimmerman; Several Fancy Baskets for ditto, Mr. L. Ph. Falck; 220 ditto, containing French plums, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison; Some Fancy Boxes for ditto, Mr. Collins; 34 Articles for the Tree, Mrs. Pole; Two Boxes of Figs, Mrs. Muir Lee; 200 Oranges and a Gallon of Nuts, Mr. Vickers; A Box of Oranges, Mr. Priest; Ditto, and a Bushel of Nuts, Rev. J. T. Wigner; Some Apples, &c., Mr. Woodnutt; 20 lbs. Raisins, 20lbs. Currants, a Box of Figs, and some Sweets and Bonbons, Mrs. Arnold; A Hamper of Fruit, Miss Hubbard and friends; Some Sweets, Miss Bransfield; Ditto, Mr. Tyson; Plum Pudding, left at the Lodge; Geese for boys' dinner from Messrs. Vickery, Fellows, Marchant, Lang, Evans, Mursell, Asquith, Hearson, Morris, Auckland, and Berry; 12 Small Christmas trees, Mr. Fryer. Mr. H. Olney and Mr. Rowton, a kind present for the President.

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 75, Oakley Road, London, N., acknowledges with many thanks the following donations:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Moody	6	0	0
R. Pigott, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Swanston	2	2	0
Mr. James Harding	0	10	0
Mrs. Ryan	1	0	0
Per Do.	0	18	6
Mr. A. Leresche	0	10	0
J. U. Naylor, Esq.	1	0	0
Do. for "Barrow Club"	3	3	0
Mr. Cowell	0	10	6
H. M.	0	5	0
G. S., per Mr. Harwood	1	0	0
M. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Carpenter	0	10	0
E. Sulley, Esq.	6	0	0
Miss C. Layton	1	0	0
Mrs. Timæus	0	10	0
Mr. Burt	0	10	6
Miss A. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Cash	2	2	0
Mr. G. W. Wood	0	15	0
Mrs. Carter	1	0	0
Mrs. Burdett	0	10	0
Mrs. Owen	1	0	0
M. G. B.	1	0	0
Mr. J. P. Batterdey	0	8	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	5	0
Mrs. E. Whyte	2	0	0
Mr. A. C. Priestly	2	0	0
Mr. D. J. Chapman	0	10	0
G. B. Vickress, Esq.	15	0	0
R. C. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Anstie	0	10	0
Mr. G. O. Tito	0	5	0
Mr. W. Keer	2	0	0
J. Wilson, Esq.	10	0	0
Lady Lyndhurst	1	1	0
Friends at Newton	2	0	0
Misses C. E. and A. Watts	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Virtue	2	0	0
Mr. Edwards	1	1	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
A Friend, per Miss P.	5	0	0
Mrs. A. E. Dowley	0	5	0
Mr. B. Armitage	1	0	0
H. Willis, Esq.	2	2	0
Mr. Broughton	0	10	6
The Misses Northcott	0	10	0
Mrs. Bickmore	5	0	0
Mr. H. Vokins	0	10	0
Mr. Bellairs	5	0	0
F. T. Comerford, Junior	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vowles	1	1	0
Mrs. Pitcairn	0	7	6
Mr. J. Gibbs	0	10	0
Miss Crothers	3	0	0
Mrs. Blair	5	0	0
Mr. S. A. Campbell	1	0	0
S. Figgins, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. Vickery	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bragg	1	0	0
T. W.	0	6	0
Mrs. Harris	0	1	0
Mr. R. McFarlane	5	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
O. P. Q.	10	0	0

Parcels from Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Vowles, Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Stroud, G. H. P. J. U. Naylor, Miss Osborne, and Mrs. Oakeshott.

NEW BUILDING FUND.

	£	s.	d.
J. Wilson, Esq.	30	0	0
Mrs. E. Whyte	2	0	0

The Annual Report is now ready, and will be sent post free to any address.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Goodwin	4	4	0
Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	6
Mr. C. Waters	0	10	6
Mr. Hillier	0	10	0
Mrs. Hillier	0	10	0
Mr. Izard	1	0	0
Mr. Davies	1	0	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	6	0
W. R. (quarterly)	7	10	0
Eythorne District, per S. Clarke, Esq. (quarterly)	7	10	0
Donations—			
Mr. G. H. Mason	2	2	0
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin	1	1	0
E. G.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Kieser	0	2	6
Mr. C. Verdon	0	5	0
Gratitude	0	5	0
E. M'P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	0	1	0
A little one	1	0	0
A. E.—Y.	1	0	0
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0
O. P. Q.	10	0	0
Mrs. Randall	0	5	6
W. Higgs, Esq.	3	3	6
	£48	14	0

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH 1, 1872.

The Man with the Book.

AN Editor, who has nothing else to do but to prepare his periodical, may sometimes find himself puzzled what subject to take up next; but when he has a thousand other things upon his hands, as the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel" has, he will now and then be driven to his wits' end. In such a plight we were, up to about four hours ago, for the printer was giving earnest hints that he needed copy, or the Magazine for March would be very late; and yet no subject suggested itself to us. At the very nick of time a friend brought us for review a work entitled "The Man with the Book;"* this we have read in going to and fro to preach, and having wept tears without end over it, we feel we have the very subject we have been looking for. Young people are very properly taught in the Church Catechism to keep their hands from "picking and stealing;" we do not intend to steal, but we mean to pick from this book, and our only difficulty is to know when to stop picking.

John Matthias Weylland has long been connected with the London City Mission, and his labours furnish such conclusive proofs of the usefulness of that society, that its income will be doubled at once if Christians are wise enough to invest the Lord's portion in the best possible manner. Though we hold the opinion that some of the society's rules hamper their missionaries, and are such as ought never to have been ordained or obeyed, yet it achieves a great work, and one for which

* The Man with the Book; or, the Bible among the people. By JOHN MATTHIAS WEYLLAND. William Hunt and Co., Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row.

there is a constantly increasing necessity. Its agents penetrate where ordinary ministries never enter; they do battle foot to foot with evils which the pulpit cannot reach, and they win souls from regions where the gospel would else be unknown. For a remuneration which barely suffices for their maintenance, earnest men are found who devote their lives to wearying toil amongst the lowest of the low, encountering filth, material and moral, braving disease and abuse, and adapting themselves to every form of human character, if by any means they may save some. Year after year visitation goes on, the sick are cared for, the dying are cheered, children are conducted to the Sabbath schools, and their parents to places of worship. Strongholds of the enemy are perseveringly besieged and valiantly stormed, earthly hells are invaded, and the elect of heaven snatched from them, and men and women, degraded by bestial lusts, are elevated into fellowship with the glorified. For such work let the Lord be praised. We bespeak for it the prayers and aid of the church of God. Whether connected with a society or not, men who labour to reclaim the lost are worthy to be supported, not grudgingly, but with loving liberality.

Mr. Weylland has written, at various times, detached papers describing his labours, and it would have been a serious loss to the Christian churches if these had not been rescued from the comparative obscurity of a periodical and collected into a book. He has no need to apologise for his chapters; even without the generous introduction of Lord Shaftesbury, they would have commanded a large and interested circle of readers. In the hope of helping the work into an extended circulation, we are about to cull some of its flowers, believing also that we shall be benefiting our readers, and enlisting sympathy for missionary work among the millions of London.

We select the case of "THE MOGUL" as illustrating the missionary's tact at seizing opportunities, and readiness in turning them to account: —"The Mogul is a dirty little beer-shop, entirely supported by low and depraved persons. The tap-room was built in the yard beside a skittle ground, and was approached through a long passage. Upon entering it one evening the missionary found a crowd of at least forty juvenile thieves, vagrants, and bullies. As the noise was great, the only hope of doing good was an effort to enter into conversation with one or two individuals. This, however, was prevented, as many of them knew the visitor, and hit upon a device to get rid of him. A song was started by one of the men, and the chorus was taken up by the full company, who repeated with deafening effect the words, 'He's a jolly good fellow.' As the song proceeded the repetition became so boisterous that the visitor divined their intention to sing him out. He at once saw the difficulty of his position, as, if they had succeeded, the same practice would have been adopted in other tap-rooms to the hindrance of his usefulness. He, therefore, instead of leaving, took a seat in their midst in a most unconcerned manner. The chorus was kept up until many of the vocalists had bawled themselves hoarse; and as the yelling became feeble the visitor sprang to his feet, and said vehemently, 'And they were good fellows, but the magistrates commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailor to keep them safely: who, having

received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.'

"These words changed the current of feeling. Nearly all in the room had been in prison, and those who had not had a deep sympathy with such. 'Who was they?' 'Where was it?' and 'What a shame!' were the general exclamations.

"After a pause, which produced absolute silence, the speaker continued: 'And at midnight they sang praises unto God.' And then, opening his Bible, he in a solemn, earnest tone, read the narrative of the imprisonment of Paul and Silas. When he came to the words, 'He set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house,' the reader closed the Book, and in a few telling sentences explained the nature of saving faith in Christ, and the result of that faith,—being made 'new creatures.' After this visit the work was easy in that tap-room, and in the family of the landlord."

The publichouse is always a conspicuous object to the Christian warrior. There the standard of the enemy is set up, and defies attack. Few are equal to the work of storming such a bulwark, fewer still would be brave enough to test their powers. Mr. Weylland is a very hero of the drink-forts, he has scaled them with more than British pluck, and snatched trophies from between the Blue Dragon's teeth. He ought to have the Victoria Cross, but he is probably quite content to bear another which is heavier, but far more honourable. If we cannot do away with those open gates of ruin, the beerhouses and gin-palaces, it is no mean thing to have men among us who can enter them, and bear a protest for Christ in the places themselves. It is delightful to see that improvement is possible even in the publichouse itself, and that here and there, like oases in the desert, there are places of public entertainment among the poor where the grosser forms of vice are reproved, and the evils of the system in a measure mitigated.

The instance of "THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE" (not our near neighbour at Newington), is a most notable one:—"Upon entering the bar-parlour of this house, the landlord commenced the following conversation with the missionary, concerning the evidence he had given before a Committee of the House of Commons: 'I have, sir, been reading your evidence in the Blue Book, and while I agree with much that you said, I think that you were mistaken in two particulars. First, when you said that there are more persons in the public-houses of Marylebone upon the evening of the Lord's day, than there are in all the churches and chapels of that parish. Secondly, your advice for further restrictions upon our Sunday sale, coupled with your opinion, that a great number of our houses could be entirely closed upon the Lord's day with benefit to the public and without loss to the publican.'

"I am not surprised at your view of my evidence, but the sharp criticism of the trade has convinced me that I spoke the truth temperately. As regards the appalling statement as to the number of persons who frequent your houses upon the Lord's-day evening, you must have observed that I was sharply examined upon that point, and confirmed it with much detail; when I had finished, the Chief Inspector of Police and other important persons were examined upon the matter, and confirmed my statement; after which the Committee reported it to

Parliament as unquestionably true. It is then a terrible fact, certainly true of all the poor neighbourhoods of London. As regards the closing on Sundays, and its effect upon the trade, I merely gave an opinion; but that opinion was arrived at after conversation with several hundred members of your trade. As you know, forty-seven publicans in this parish signed a petition, praying Parliament to close you upon the whole of Sunday. Few men have a larger acquaintance with the trade than myself, and I am convinced that a strong feeling against Sabbath labour, and other evils of this business, is growing up among you. For instance, several of your neighbours now close their houses upon the whole of the Lord's-day, others close their tap-rooms, and many refrain from lighting the glaring lamps outside. This shows a desire to use the great moral power you possess for the good of the people. And then as regards the loss resulting from Sunday closing, I am convinced that the saying of the Book is true,—'That in keeping His commandments there is great reward.' I am, however, content to reason the point with you from a trade point of view. It is a fact that all who close bear the loss lightly, if loss there be. One house at Shoreditch has been established more than a hundred years, though, for all that time, the following 'rules' have been printed over the bar:—

'1. No person served a second time.
'2. No person served if in the least intoxicated.
'3. No swearing or improper language allowed.
'4. Smoking not permitted.
'5. When you enter a place of business, transact your business, and go about your business.

'CLOSED ON SUNDAY.'

The landlord told me that after the experience of a century they had no wish to alter the rule. Twenty-six other Sunday-closing publicans, with whom I conversed, told me that the loss is really small. They lend bottles of various sizes to their customers upon the payment of a small deposit, which increases the Saturday's returns; and as they save one-seventh of wear and tear and gas, the cost of obtaining a Sabbath of rest is to many small indeed. But, be this as it may, the old question remains, put by Him who alone knew the value of the world He made and of the soul He created,—for all souls are His: 'What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' You, and many of my friends in the trade, give a practical answer to this question by suppressing drunkenness, though much to your money loss (for I never saw a person the worse for liquor in your house); extend that answer by observing the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

"A few weeks after this conversation, the missionary entered the house again, in company with a clergyman from the Isle of Wight. The landlord asked them into the bar-parlour, and called his wife. He then produced a board, and said, 'Since our last conversation, sir, I have considered the cost, and have had this board painted, and intend to put it outside next Monday morning. It will no doubt increase my trade difficulties, but with God's help I shall hope still to get on.' The writing upon the board was: 'NOTICE. On and after Sunday next, this house will be closed during the whole of the Lord's day.' They were commended for the good resolution, and the clergyman at parting

observed, 'You said wisely, that you hoped with God's help to succeed: that help can only be obtained in answer to prayer. Would it not therefore be well for us to seek the required blessing?' Upon this the landlady rose and locked the door, and while the barmaid was supplying the customers, her employers were kneeling with the missionary, while the clergyman engaged in prayer.

"The board was placed outside the house, and caused quite a sensation in the neighbourhood and much jesting in the bar. The resolution was, however, kept; and, after a year's Sunday closing, the landlord expressed his determination to continue in the right way, as he had found it possible to conduct the business upon Christian principles."

Mr. Weylland, had he been a diner-out of the Theodore Hook style, would have rivalled the gentlemen of that useless fraternity at repartee. He is, as a Yankee would say, "cute and smart." Those very godly stupids who cannot see a joke, or bear a rough word, would act like landsmen on a rough sea if they were sent among the constituents of our worthy friend. "Give it up?" "Yes, and glad enough to do so," would be the end of their mission work. Think of meeting at the commencement of one's visitation with a customer of the kind described in the annexed extract; how many of us would be equal to the occasion? —"At the entrance of the court a group of about fifteen roughs were talking together. Tracts were offered to each. One of them, a man of heavy frame and unprepossessing countenance, arising from the circumstance that it was deeply scarred, and had the bridge of the nose broken, approached the missionary. With a smile more awe-inspiring than ordinary frowns, he inquired, 'Are you the chap what's coming to all our rooms to make us religious?' To so direct a question only one reply could be given, which was hopefully in the affirmative. 'Then,' he continued, that dreadful smile deepening into an expression of malice, as he raised his huge fist, 'then don't come to my room; which is good advice, cos I does three things at once when I'm up. I'm known in the ring as a hard hitter, and I fixed the ring stakes for lots of battles —and this is what I does: I deposits my fist on the top of the nose, which leaves a mark, and shuts up both peepers for a week or two.' 'Well, but members of the prize ring are honourable in this,' was the prompt reply: 'they never strike men who cannot box.' The man seemed pleased with the compliment, but his companions gave an incredulous look, as much as to say, 'We, alas! know better.'

Familiarity with the work, intense earnestness, and simple reliance upon the direction of the Holy Spirit, enable men to answer with power the assaults of those who oppose themselves. It is still given to true hearts in the self-same hour what they shall speak. Shrewdness is the natural qualification, but the guidance of the Holy Spirit is the higher power, and this fails not those who yield themselves implicitly to it. Calm waiting upon God is an essential state of mind for finding the right handling of a matter; unpractised hands are in too great a hurry and shoot their arrows wide of the mark. Mr. Weylland's coolness reminds us of the proverbial hard hitting of Quakers, who take time to deliberate, and therefore strike from the shoulder with great effect. The habit of waiting till *by-and-by* comes is a very wise one. We remember an American story which is to the point:—

"A judge on a journey fell in company with a Quaker. 'Sir,' said the judge, 'how is it that you Quakers always have fat horses, and money in your pocket?'

"*Quaker.*—'By-and-by I will tell thee.'

"Shortly after, they arrived at a tavern. The judge called for a glass of bitters, and urged the Quaker to drink; but he refused, saying, 'I have no need.' He then called for four quarts of oats for his horse, and the Quaker six for his.

"*Quaker.*—'Now I will tell thee. We drink no spirits at any tavern. How much didst thou pay for the bitters thou hast been drinking?'

"*Judge.*—'Sixpence.'

"*Q.*—'My oats cost ninepence; and what good are the bitters to thee?'

"*J.*—'They procure me an appetite.'

"*Q.*—'Abstinence gives me an appetite. Thus thee sees that we spend no more than thou, and our horses are fat. But I have not done with thee yet. I see silver buckles on thy shoes. How much did they cost?'

"*J.*—'Nine dollars.'

"*Q.*—'How long hast thou had them?'

"*J.*—'Eight years.'

"*Q.*—'Do they answer any better than my strings?'

"*J.*—'No.'

"*Q.*—'The nine dollars would feed thy horses, and make them as fat as mine. Here, thou seest how we can have money in our pockets, for instead of having silver on our shoes, we wear leather strings.'"

Clever as this was, we think the City Missionary shines quite as brightly, if not more so, in the following story of "THE MERLIN'S CAVE." "There was a special inducement to visit this house out of its regular order, as placards announced that the 'gorilla, or man-monkey, had not made its escape, but could be seen by customers using the bar.' Upon entering one Sunday evening the missionary was surprised to find the place crowded with the lowest order of drunkards, chiefly from Seven Dials. Their object was to see the stuffed skin of the monster, and they, for so respectable a house, formed a ragged, dirty, and debased company. The landlord, who was unfavourable to Christian visitation, stopped a conversation of deep interest by inviting the visitor to look at the gorilla. 'We don't usually show it on Sundays,' he observes, 'but as you have come in we will oblige you and gratify the people.' And he then drew the curtain aside. All pressed forward to look at the monster; and the missionary, leaning upon the bar, gazed at it for some moments.

"'How he is staring at it!' observed one of the men.

"'Yes, I am,' was the reply, 'as I was making up a conundrum for the landlord; and I hope he will answer it to our general satisfaction. 'When is a man uglier than that gorilla?'

"After a little thought, he replied, 'A man never can be uglier than that, so I will give it up.'

"'Yes he can,' replied the visitor, with energy: 'when he is drunk. Yes: a drunkard is the picture of a beast and the monster of a man. Dressed in rags, and with livid face and blood-shot eyes, and filthy

breath,—he sinks below a brute like that, which answered the end of its being. A drunkard debases his intellect and becomes a mere animal,—a wife-beater and child-starver,—a pest to his neighbours, and a disgrace to his family and country. A drunkard has the curse of the Almighty over him, which no brute has; for being filthy and abominable,—a child of the devil,—He, the Great God, has said that such shall not inherit His Kingdom.' The landlord stood aghast at the warmth of this declamatory speech; and the drunkards seemed rooted to the spot. Tracts were then handed round, a passage of Scripture being repeated with each."

One thing is noteworthy throughout the whole of this deeply interesting record—namely, the majesty and power of the Bible. The man was valiant, but the sword of the Spirit won the day. Nothing tells on men like Scripture. It is its own evidence; there is no need to mention its author, for such divinity flashes in each sentence, that men feel it to be the very word of God, sharper than any two-edged sword. Brandish this weapon in the den of thieves and harlots, bare it in the infidel lecture-hall, wave it before the Popish shavelings, and in every place it will clear its own way, and make short work of all enemies. Hypocrisy it unmasks, and garnished sin it strips naked to its shame. The following scene of the missionary with the female astrologer is a fine study, and no other instance will be needed to illustrate our meaning:—"One evening a group of girls had assembled around the door of a base woman who pretended to astrological powers. The missionary who was passing gave tracts, and explained to them the sin and folly of consulting a wicked woman about the future, which was only known to the Almighty. While he was speaking the 'strology woman' came up, and the girls in their confusion scampered away. To his surprise she asked him into her consulting room, and in a bland, deceptive tone remonstrated with him for interfering with her affairs. 'I will,' said the visitor, 'answer you out of the Holy Bible, that you may know that it is the Great *God*, and not myself, speaking to you.' And then he opened it and read, 'When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.'

"'Them girls,' she continued, 'them silly girls like to be befooled, and none of 'em 'ardly believes the cards when I cuts 'em, and what I says about their stars and nativities; but it amuses them, and does 'em no harm.'

"The pages of the book were turned over, and the words read, 'Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another.' But she added in a softer tone of voice, 'Astrology is true, as it says in the Bible of the stars, that "they are given for signs," and that "he gives wisdom to understand secrets;" and that is why the professor has a Prayer-book, and I has one here, that they may feel that it comes of religion; and it does lots of good, and makes 'em steady and religious like, and it's no sort of harm.'

"The leaves of the Book were again turned over, and the Scripture read: 'O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right

way of the Lord?' As the book was closed a frown gathered upon her face, and springing from her chair she with awful imprecations ordered the reader out, telling him 'that he was a deceiver, as lots of people in the court knew that the Bible was a lying book.'"

We take leave of this volume, feeling ourselves to be under deep obligations to its writer, wishing for his book a circulation to be counted by tens of thousands, for himself all the blessings which a gracious God has appointed for faithful servants, and men wise to win souls, and for the society to which he belongs increased support and success.

Gold Rims.

IT is astonishing how far mere polish will go with certain hearers. Let a man affect fine language and pompous manners, and there are professed Christians who will delight in him. Though there may be no spiritual food in his sermons, nor even a single original idea, he will be preferred by some to the most instructive preacher, whose style appears to be less refined. We have no reason to believe that Caligula's horse liked his oats any the better for their being gilded, but with certain persons the gilt is everything. Manly Christians look more to the meat than the garnishing, but the present feeble generation runs mad after flowers and finery. Paul discarded excellency of speech, and enticing words of man's wisdom; but among the moderns these carry the highest price in the market. Combine scraps of Tennyson, obscure and suspicious, metaphysical jargon from the Germans, a spice of heresy from Maurice or Voysey, and a pinch of hair-splitting criticism, and you will have prepared a bait which will entrap hundreds of the would-be intellectuals, who, having little or no brain, give themselves credit for a double measure of it. Wrap up the half of nothing in poetical phrases and philosophical affectations, and you shall be cried up as a man of culture; but if you preach the old-fashioned, unadulterated gospel, with plainness of speech, refinement will turn up her nose at you, even though the Lord should convert hundreds of sinners by your ministry, and build up his people in their most holy faith. Somewhere or other we came across the story of an old lady who persisted in wearing a pair of spectacles which were of no earthly use to her, for she always looked over them, and not through them. She preferred them far beyond another most serviceable pair, and why? *Because they had gold rims.* There are old women of both sexes who attach themselves to a weak-minded man of veneer, and cannot appreciate a solid gospel preacher of vigorous intellect and extended usefulness. The gold rims go a very long way with fastidious simpletons. Taplash with his scented pocket handkerchief and faultless cambric cravat is their choice; his flowing utterances and well turned periods are their admiration; and they like him and his rhetoric none the less, but perhaps all the more, because there is nothing in either. Reader, be not thou enchanted with childish things, but feed on sound doctrine, which is both milk for babes and meat for men.—C. H. S.

Looking for One Thing and Finding Another.

A DISCOURSE. BY. C. H. SPURGEON.

"And the asses of Kish Saul's father were lost. And Kish said to Saul his son, Take now one of the servants with thee, and arise, go seek the asses."—1 Samuel ix. 3.

"And as for thine asses that were lost three days ago, set not thy mind on them; for they are found. And on whom is all the desire of Israel? Is it not on thee, and on all thy father's house."—1 Samuel ix. 20.

SAUL went out to seek his father's asses, he failed in the search, but he found a crown. He met with the prophet Samuel, who anointed him king over God's people, Israel, and this was far better than finding the obstinate colts. Let us consider this singular incident, perhaps, though it treats of asses, it may yield us some royal thoughts.

Our first remark shall be—OBSERVE HOW THE HAND OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE CAUSES LITTLE THINGS TO LEAD ON TO GREAT MATTERS. This man Saul must be placed in the way of the prophet Samuel. How shall a meeting be brought about? Poor beasts of burden shall be the intermediate means. The asses go astray, and Saul's father bids him take a servant and go to seek them. In the course of their wanderings, the animals might have gone north, south, east, or west; for who shall account for the wild will of run-away asses? But so it happened, as men say, that they strayed, or were thought to have strayed, in such a direction that, by-and-by, Saul found himself near to Ramah, where Samuel, the prophet, was ready to anoint him. On how small an incident the greatest results may hinge! The pivots of history are microscopic. Hence, it is most important for us to learn that the smallest trifles are as much arranged by the God of providence as the most startling events. He who counts the stars has also numbered the hairs of our heads. Our lives and deaths are predestinated, but so also are our downsitting and our uprising. Had we but sufficiently powerful perceptive faculties, we should see God's hand as clearly in each stone of our pathway as in the revolutions of the earth. In watching our own lives we may plainly see that on many occasions the merest grain has turned the scale. Whereas there seemed to be but a hair's-breadth between one course of action and another, yet that hair's-breadth has sufficed to direct the current of our life. "He," says Flavel, "who will observe providences shall never be long without a providence to observe." Providence may be seen as the finger of God, not merely in those events which shake nations and are duly emblazoned on the page of history, but in little incidents of common life, ay, in the motion of a grain of dust, the trembling of a dew-drop, the flight of a swallow, or the leaping of a fish.

"He that scrutiniseth trifles hath a store of pleasure to his hand.
If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say, This is God's doing;
Is it not also his doing when an aphis creepeth on a rosebud?
If an avalanche roll from its Alp, ye tremble at the will of Providence.
Is not that will concerned when the sere leaves fall from the poplar?
A thing is great or little only to a mortal's thinking."

But that is not the consideration to which we now invite you. Our drift is this—as Saul went out to find asses, but found a crown; so, IN THE MATTER OF GRACE, MANY A MAN HAS RECEIVED WHAT HE LOOKED NOT FOR. That is a remarkable text in Isaiah—"I am found of them that sought me not." Sometimes the sovereign grace of God is pleased to light on persons who had no thought about it, who were to all appearance quite unprepared for it, nay, even opposed to its divine operations. These persons have stumbled on the treasure hid in the field when they were only thinking of their plough, they have met Jesus at the well when they only purposed to fill their waterpots, they have heard glad tidings of the Saviour when they were only caring for their flocks.

On ground unfurrowed the rain of heaven has fallen; grace has come unasked. We have emblems of this in the Scriptures, in the miracles which were wrought by our Lord and his apostles. There was a young man dead, carried out to be buried, and around his bier were his weeping mother and relatives. Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, was entering in at the gate of the city, but we do not read that any of the mourners sought a miracle at his hands. They had not the faith to expect that he would raise the dead. The young man, being dead himself, was far beyond the possibility of like seeking help for himself from the miracle-working hand of Jesus. But Jesus interposed, and commanded the bearers to stand still: they did so, and then, unsought and unasked, Jesus said, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise," and he arose, to be delivered to his mother. Many a young man has been in like plight; he has been dead in trespasses and sins, Christ's interposition has not been sought by him: he has not trembled at his lost position; he has not even understood it, being utterly dead and therefore insensible of his ruined state. The Redeemer has sovereignly interposed, the Holy Spirit has poured light into the darkened conscience, the man has received grace, and has lived a new and spiritual life, a life for which he had never sought.

Of a like character was the miracle of casting out devils from the two demoniacs among the Gergesenes, in which case the unhappy men were moved by the evil spirits to adjure the Saviour to let them alone. Such also were the miracles of restoring the man with the withered hand, the feeding of the multitudes, and the healing of the ear of Malchus. Here swift-footed mercy outran the cry of misery.

Take another case from apostolic times. A poor beggar, extremely lame, hobbled one morning up to the Beautiful gate of the Temple, and there took his daily place, and began his incessant cry for a little charitable aid for a poor paralysed man. Peter and John came up to the temple to pray. He looked upon them doubtless, but it never entered into his heart to ask them to heal him. He asked alms. Drop a few Roman pennies into his palm, and he would be contented with the gift. But Peter and John gave to him what he had not sought for. They bade him, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk, and up he leaped, delivered from his infirmity, without having expected such a deliverance.

These emblems can be interpreted by kindred facts of grace. Christ has often met with individuals and saved them, when they have not been

seeking him. Matthew was not seeking Jesus when the Lord bade him leave the table at which he was receiving custom, and follow him. The case of Zaccheus was similar: he came in the way of Christ's preaching, but his motive was purely one of curiosity—he wished to see Jesus, who he was. He was curious to know what kind of a man was this who had set all Judea on a stir? Who was this that made Herod tremble, was reputed to have raised the dead, and was known to have healed all manner of diseases? Zaccheus, the rich publican, is a lover of sights, and he must see Jesus. But there is the difficulty—he is too short; he cannot look over the heads of the crowd. Yonder is a sycamore tree, and he will for once imitate the boys and climb. Mark how carefully he conceals himself among the thick branches, for he would not have his rich neighbours discover him in such a position. But Christ's eye detected the little man, and standing beneath that tree, unasked, unsought, unexpected, Jesus said, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house," and so soon as he had come down these words were spoken—"This day is salvation come to thy house." Deeds of grace have been wrought in this Tabernacle after the same fashion. Men and women have come hither out of curiosity, a curiosity created by some unfounded story, or malicious slander of prejudiced minds; and yet Jesus Christ has called them, and they have become both *his* disciples and *our* warm-hearted friends. Some of the most unlikely recruits have been our most valuable soldiers. They began with aversion, and ended with enthusiasm. They came to scoff, but remained to pray. These seats could tell many an incident of the "romance of grace," more wonderful than the marvels of fiction.

Nay, brethren, such is the surprising grace of God, that he has not only been pleased to save men who did not expect it, but he has even condescended to interpose for the salvation of men who were fighting with his grace and violently opposing his cause. Read yon story which will never lose its charm, of which the hero is one Saul of Tarsus. What a singular subject for converting grace! He had resolved to hound the saints to death. He would exterminate them if he could. His blood boiled against the followers of Jesus; he could not speak of them calmly; he was mad with rage. Hear him rave at them! What? Would these men oppose the traditions of the fathers and of the Pharisees? If they are allowed to multiply, there will be no respect paid to our holy men or their weighty sentences! He will persecute them out of existence not in Jerusalem alone but in Damascus. Yet, in a few days, this hater of the gospel was touched by the gospel's power, and never did Christendom gain a braver champion. Nothing could damp his fervour or quench his zeal; persecuted, beaten with rods, ship-wrecked thrice—nothing could stop him from serving his Lord. What a complete reversing of the engine, and yet it was going at express speed! When he was most at enmity then was his turning-point. As though some strong hand had suddenly seized by the bridle a horse that had broken loose, and was about to leap down a precipice, and had thrown it back on its haunches, and delivered it at the last moment from the destruction on which it was impetuously rushing; so Christ interposed and saved the rebel of Tarsus from being his own destroyer.

Another case rises before us most vividly, it is that of the jailor. He did not look like seeking the gospel and being converted. He received Paul and Silas and made their feet fast in the stocks,—a piece of superfluous brutality; they could not have escaped from the inner prison, and it was needless to lay them by the heels. No doubt he wished to please his masters, and felt a contempt for the apostles. The jailors in those days had usually been soldiers, and camp life amongst the Romans was rough indeed; his nature evidently furnished very flinty soil for the gospel to grow in. But, an earthquake comes; the prison shakes; it is a mysterious earthquake, for the prison doors are lifted from their hinges and the prisoners' fetters are unbound; the jailor trembles, and, to make short work of the story, he believes in Jesus, he is baptised with all his house, he invites the Apostles to his table, entertains them, and becomes one of the first members of the Church of God at Philippi. What cannot the gospel do when it comes in its power? And where may it not come? May it not, at this moment, visit another prison, and save another jailor, though his thoughts are far otherwise.

We have ourselves met with similar cases. Many old stories are current which we do not doubt are true. There is one of a man who never would attend a place of worship until he was induced to go to hear the singing. He would listen to the tunes, he said, but he would have "none of your canting preaching"—he would put his fingers in his ears. He takes that wicked precaution, and effectually blocks up ear-gate for awhile, but the gate is stormed by a little adversary, for a fly settles on his nose; he must brush it off, and, as he takes out his finger to do so, the preacher says—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The man listens, the Word pierces his soul, and he is converted. I remember quite well, and the subject of the story is most probably present in the congregation, that a very singular conversion was wrought at New Park Street Chapel. A man who had been accustomed to go to a gin-palace to fetch in gin for his Sunday evening's drinking, saw a crowd round the door of the Chapel, he looked in, and forced his way to the top of the gallery stairs. Just then I looked in the direction in which he stood, I do not know why I did so, but I remarked that there might be a man in the gallery who had come in there with no very good motive, for even then he had a gin-bottle in his pocket. The singularity of the expression struck the man, and being startled because the preacher so exactly described him; he listened attentively to the warnings which followed; the word reached his heart; the grace of God met with him; he became converted, and he is walking humbly in the fear of God. These cases are not at all uncommon. They were not unusual in the days of Whitefield and Wesley. They tell us in their Journals of persons who came with stones in their pockets to throw at the Methodists, but whose enmity was slain by a stone from the sling of the Son of David. Others came to create disturbances, but a disturbance was created in their hearts which could never be quelled till they came to Jesus Christ and found peace in him. The history of the Church of God is studded with the remarkable conversions of persons who did not wish to be converted, were not looking for grace, and were even opposed to it, and yet by the interposing

arm of eternal mercy were struck down, and transformed into earnest and devoted followers of the Lamb.

That fact being established, we may now range our thoughts around the question, WHAT SHALL WE SAY ABOUT IT?

What shall we say about these acts of sovereign preventing grace? Why, first, we will say, *behold the freeness of the grace of God.* It is like the dew that cometh on the earth, which stayeth not for man, neither waiteth for the sons of men. It is like the sunbeam shining into the hovel, and finding its way through grimy window panes, more calculated to shut it out than to admit it. It is like the wind which whistles among the cordage, whether the mariners desire it or no. God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, he will have compassion on whom he will have compassion: not because of any goodness in the sinner, or because of any preparedness in the creature, but simply because he wills it, he visits men with salvation. He is so able to work salvation that he waits not for any contributary arm; but when the creature is most dead, and most corrupt, then cometh in the quickening grace of God, and getteth to itself all the glory of salvation. If every convert were brought in through the usual means of grace, we should come to regard conversion as a necessary result from certain fixed causes, and attribute some mystic virtue to the outward means; but when God is pleased to distribute the blessing entirely apart from these, then he shows that he can do without means as well as with means, that nothing is too mighty a work for him, that his arm is not shortened at all, so that he needs to use an instrument to make up the length of it; neither has he lost any strength, so as to be forced to appeal to us to make up the deficiency. If it were God's will he could by a word convert a nation. If so he chose, he is such a master of human hearts that as readily as the corn waves in the breath of the summer's wind, so could he make all hearts bow before the mysterious impulses of his Holy Spirit. Why he doth it not we know not, it is among his secrets; but when he works in a marked and decided way beyond all expectation, he doth but give us a proof of how he is able to work as he wills amongst the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of this lower world. Oh! the richness, the freeness, the power of the grace of God! The richness of it, that it comes to those who sought it not! The freeness of it, that it waits not for preparation on man's part! The power of it, that it makes the unwilling willing when the appointed hour has come! Brethren, let us join together heartily in adoring this grace of God, which reigns through righteousness unto eternal life in as many as it pleaseth the Lord our God to call.

What shall we say further about this? We will gather this consoling inference from it: *if the Lord is thus found of those that seek him not, how much more surely will he be found of those who seek him.* If he has been known to give sight to those who did not ask it, how much more will he bestow it upon those who cry, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." If he saved Saul who hated him, much more will he listen to him that crieth, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If he called careless, curious Zaccheus, much more will he speak to you, my anxious, earnest hearer, who are saying, "Oh, that he would speak to me!" If a man opens his door and voluntarily calls to a passing beggar and

says, "Here, poor man, here is relief for you," why, then, the man who begs importunately will not be sent away—will he? He who is so liberal that he will dispense his liberality unasked, surely he will never turn away one who pleads with tears, and sighs, and groans. If I were in the case of the seeker, I should be mightily encouraged by the subject before us. I should say, "Does he thus call those who were not hungering and thirsting, and does he bring them into the gospel feast? Then when I, a poor hungry thirsty sinner, come wringing my hands and saying, 'Oh, that he would give me to drink of the water of life. Oh, that he would let me feed on the blessings of his grace!' Surely he will receive me." Be cheered, ye humble penitents, the Lord's heart is too large to permit him to send you away empty. Be encouraged at this moment to breathe the silent prayer—"O God! the Lord and giver of grace, give thy grace to me who seek it now." Why, dear heart, you have grace already, or you would not seek it; for grace must first come to you to make you seek grace. Be thankful, for salvation has come to your house. Dead men do not long for life. In the marble limbs of the corpse there are no strugglings after life, no pangs of desire for health. God has looked on thee in love; look thou to Jesus and live.

What shall we say about this doctrine? There is one other thing we will say about it—*from this time forward we will never despair of anybody.* If the Lord Jesus Christ called Saul of Tarsus when he was foaming at the mouth with wrath, there are none among the wicked who are beyond the reach of hopeful prayer. Your boy breaks your heart, dear mother. You have wept over him many tears. He is far away now, and the last you heard of him wounded your soul, and unbelief said, "Do not pray for him again." Ah! that is the devil's counsel; he is no good messenger who bids a mother cease praying for her child, while that child is out of hell; have faith in the divine power, and pray for your boy yet. Who knows what the Lord may make of him? There is one living in your parish, a swearer, and everything that is bad. You did once think of asking him to come and hear the gospel, but you said, "It is of no use; he will be sure to turn it into ridicule." How do you know? It is the very boast of grace that it shines into the unlikeliest hearts. God's electing love has in many cases selected great fools, and great sinners: at least, I know God's people think themselves such. I have said, never despair of your child, and I will put it to you again—if you have friends who are infidel, or persecuting, or profane, yet, as long as you live and they live, it is your business to labour for their conversion, and to weep and pray for them. Oh! brethren, if the lives of some of us before conversion had been known, good men might have denied the possibility of our salvation. If all the secrets of our hearts had been written, some would have said, "This is a hopeless case." But, mercy saved *us*, and therefore it can save anybody. Never say of any place, "It is such a den of iniquity, I can do no good there." Never say, "That workshop is so profane, I could not speak of religion there." Oh! you do not know—you do not know! With God at your back, if it were possible to save the damned in hell, you might go and preach there and win trophies for Christ. Never think any too bad or too vile, but labour on still, for God can work wonders in every case.

We will close, when we have noticed with great brevity, *what we ought not to say about these things.*

We have told you what we should say about these remarkable conversions,—we should behold the freeness and sovereignty of the grace of God; we should be encouraged to seek it for ourselves, and we should hope for the conversion of others, But now, what ought we not to say? One thing we ought not to say is this:—"Then I shall sit still, and perhaps the grace of God will come to me; I shall not seek, nor pray, nor desire, for if I am quite unconcerned, grace may yet visit me." Now, my dear hearer, if you make such an excuse as that for your spiritual indolence, you will find the covering too thin to conceal your nakedness. You know better. A man suddenly stumbles upon wealth, by a windfall or a speculation. Do you therefore say—"I shall not keep the shop open, I shall leave business, I shall not go to work again, for Robinson has found a thousand pounds; I shall stay at home, and perhaps, I shall do the same?" No, you know that all the examples in the world of sudden wealth only go to prove the rule that he who would gain riches must find them in the appointed way. So all the examples of these remarkable interpositions of God only go to prove the rule that he who would have mercy must seek it. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found" is the fixed rule, and though God comes to some who seek him not, yet the rule still holds good. Do you not know that all the while you remain impenitent your soul is under condemnation? Some men have run this awful risk, and yet have escaped; is that any reason why you should? I have heard of a man who took poison, but so rapid was the action of a surgeon in the neighbourhood, that by means of the stomach pump the man's life was preserved: is that a reason why you should swallow poison too? Because providence has preserved some while they were running on in sin, is that a reason why you should continue to rebel against God? I have heard a story of an English sailor in a foreign port; when the foreigners were manning the yards and performing their manœuvres in honour of a royal personage, our countryman, in order to show what an Englishman could do, climbed to the top of the mast and stood there on his head. On a sudden the ship lurched and he fell, but by a happy providence he caught at a rope as he fell, and descended safely to the deck. "There," said he, "you fellows, see if you could tumble down like that." Are you surprised that no one accepted the challenge? Who but a fool would have thought it worth his while to imitate the example? Because here and there a man who runs solemn risks is by the interposition of divine grace saved from the consequences of his folly, is that a reason why you should run those hazards yourselves? God does thus interpose; nobody can doubt it, but still his sovereign rule is—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found," and his gospel cries daily—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Trust the merits of Jesus Christ and you shall be saved, for our gospel is not—"Sit still and wait for divine interpositions," but "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

Moreover, we should never say, "*Why use means for saving others; God can do his own work.*" Brethren, a man is always in a vicious state of heart when he speaks so. He knows he talks nonsense, and he only

does so as an excuse for his indolence, and to quiet his conscience. We are to labour to win souls, for men are brought to God by instrumentality. Where God has appeared to save without any means, if you could have the whole matter before you, you would find that means were used. For instance, take Saul's conversion. You will ask, "What means were used in his case?" We do not know, but possibly the dying martyr Stephen, when he prayed for his enemies, may have been the secondary cause of the young man's call by grace. At any rate, he was included in Stephen's intercession, and that prayer went up to God for Saul, and was prevalent with heaven. And then, look again, after Saul had been arrested from above—Ananias must come in to open his eyes, so that even in that case there was the instrumentality of prayer before, and the instrumentality of instruction afterwards. So it may be with many a one who has been suddenly converted. There was a mother, perhaps, in heaven who had prayed for the man forty years before, for prayer will keep, and be fragrant many a year. And let me say that if neither father nor mother ever prayed for that conversion, perhaps a grandfather did, for prayer has power for hundreds of years; and a great-grandfather's prayers may be the instrumentality of the conversion of his great grandchildren. There is no end to the efficacy of prayer. Good Dr. Rippon used often in the pulpit to pour out his soul in prayer that God would bless the church of which he was the pastor, and the members at the Tabernacle have been the inheritors of the blessings brought down by his intercession. Pray on, then. Your prayers may not be answered for the next five centuries; those prayers of yours may be lying by till Christ comes, but they will avail in some way. So that you see when we think there is no instrumentality, there really is an instrumentality, if we could but see it. These remarkable cases must never be used as a reason why we are not to do all that we can to bring sinners to Christ. God's work in such instances, instead of discouraging us should stimulate action on our part. Because God works, are we to be still? Nay, but because God works let us be workers together with him, that through us, directly and indirectly, his purposes may be fulfilled. Suppose, now, it were known that the events of a certain battle would depend entirely on the skill of the general. The two armies are equally balanced, and everything must depend upon the tact of the commander; would the soldiers therefore conclude that they needed not to load, or fire, or draw a sword, because everything depended on the commander? No, but the commander works and his soldiery work together with him. So is it with us. Everything depends on God, but we are his instruments. We are his servants, and because he is at our back, let us go forward with courage and zeal. The results are certain, God being our helper.

I charge you, my brethren and sisters, to take heart from the fact that God works great wonders. Go to your classes, or wherever else you may be labouring, singing cheerfully the song of hope, and offering the prayer of full assurance. When we feel that we must have souls saved, souls will be saved. For my part, I cannot be happy unless sinners are led to Jesus. We must have it, the Holy Ghost will not let us rest without it; we shall have it, and God shall have the praise.—Amen.

The Bible in the School.*

"I STAND here as counsel for posterity." In this assumed capacity Mr. Edward Miall contended, in the year 1858, for the non-interference with education on the part of government, and that all education should be religious. The Congregational Board was based upon these principles, and might have held its own had its management fallen into the right hands, and had the churches throughout the country proved true to their convictions in this matter.

There was much less of presumption in Mr. Miall's declaration than would appear now, although he has thrown up his brief. He had reasoned himself up to the position he then took, and appealed to principles which he declared to be "*indefeasible.*" Doubtless he was right; and he has only shifted his ground from the pressure of a temporary expediency. Nonconformists failed to make good their position, for their schools in numberless instances languished for want of proper support, and their teachers lost heart for want of sympathy and union.

The Congregational Board, having courted and obtained government aid, is now an integral part of the national system. With few exceptions the men who were the foremost leaders in the crusade against national and secular education, have accepted the former, and now contend for the latter. Given a national system, it must of necessity be secular, or the conflicting sects will make it suit their own ends. There can be no compromise between national and secular, on the one hand, and voluntary and religious, on the other. This was admitted by the delegates to the Educational Conference at Manchester, a week or two since.

Now, I should like to propose a few questions for earnest consideration, and which may induce a spirit of caution, and temper the zeal of some of our leading Nonconformists who are clamorous for the exclusion of the Bible.

1. If the Nonconformists, as a body, accept a national system and reject the Bible from all state-aided schools, will not the children of ordinary parents grow up in utter ignorance of religion? And is not this the infliction of a grievous wrong? Why should they be taught the histories of all other nations and be kept in ignorance of the history of the Jewish, the most wonderful nation in the world? How can we justify the teaching of the geography of all other countries, and the exclusion of the narrow strip which skirts the western shores of the Mediterranean Sea? Why should it be possible for a teacher to give an oral lesson on the Darwinian theory of the descent of man, and not allow his

* We insert this paper because we believe that it states the opinion of many dissenters. We ourselves feel the question to be a very difficult one, and do not yet see our way. We do not agree with the Manchester decision, but are unable to see any practical escape from it as things now are. One thing, however, we do regret, and that is that the Nonconformists should have quitted their old safe standing-place for another, which is, to say the least, extremely questionable. Education cannot be dissevered from religion, and therefore does not come under the province of government. This was the true principle, and having left it we are at sea. Yet it would be hard to say how we could help being washed from our rock.—ED.

scholars to read even the Mosaic account of the creation? Is it rational to concede the liberty to the teacher of instructing the children in every cosmogony excepting the only inspired one contained in the book of Genesis? Are they, so far as the day-school teaching is concerned, to grow up in ignorance of the sublime facts which make up the gospel record? Is every query proposed by young enquirers as to the destiny of the race to be silenced, because, forsooth, the answers are contained in the Bible? Are they to learn nothing of the claims of God, as expressed at Sinai, demonstrating the guilt of the race, and the provision of God in the sacrifice of Cavalry, by which alone those claims are met?

2. How can we compensate our scholars for the loss of the highest of all moralities, the morality of the Bible? If education consists as much in moral culture as in didactic teaching, where is the wisdom of excluding the only divinely authoritative factor? Educate the young in all the philosophies, ancient and modern, the classic lore of Greece and Rome, the antiquities of Egypt and Assyria, and the rise and fall of modern empires, if you will; you only reach the intellect. Inculcate the moralities demanded by an imperfect civilization, and which rest only upon human authority, and you have no guarantee that they will work a moral revolution. Given a bias towards evil in the child, from the fact of the depravity of its nature, an advanced education is only a more potent agent in promoting the development. The crimes of history, at which the world stands aghast, have been committed by men of the highest intellectual attainments. Withdraw from a child the only divine rule of life, and the result will be most lamentable.

3. Will not the proscription of the Bible from the school weaken the artless faith of children in its divine origin and authority? Is it impossible to draw the line with such clearness that an ordinary child may detect the difference between the politico-ecclesiastical expediency which excludes the Bible, and the conviction that it is not God's voice to the conscience? A child of ordinary capacity will argue its unimportance from the prohibition to read it at school, and he will find no difficulty in drawing the inference that the prohibition should be made absolute, and that it should never be read at all. An education purely secular is the handmaiden of a Godless scepticism.

4. Is the exclusion of the Bible practicable? If it is not formally read in the school, how can a Christian teacher be prevented quoting it, either directly or indirectly, or from allowing it to mould his teaching? A man who has studied his Bible, and so imbibed its spirit that it has become the most potent element in his Christian character, cannot disguise the fact. He will make it felt in any sphere he may occupy, and especially in teaching. No restrictions can absolutely prevent a teacher from employing, in some form or other, his own Biblical knowledge, and so employing it as to impress others with his own peculiar views. The exclusion of the Bible can only be made absolute by ignoring its very existence, and by preventing any reference to it by incidental allusion or dim hint. Moreover, prayer must be strictly prohibited, lest the teacher should embody in it any scriptural promise.

5. Will not Christian men refuse to teach under such restraint, regarding it as an unjust infringement of personal liberty, and an unwarrantable interference with the conscientious discharge of Christian

obligation? No true Christian would accept an appointment under which he is commanded to ignore his rights as a man, or prove false to his duty as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. We have justly complained of the proscription of the Bible by the tyranny of priestly influence or ignorant superstition. But the principle is the same, whether the Bible is excluded from the people of a country, as fatal to Papal domination, or from the children of a village school, as inimical to sectarian supremacy. Let the Government yield to the clamour of persistent partisans, and banish the Bible from State schools, and they will practically eject every godly teacher to whom a clear conscience is of more importance than the emoluments of office. Let them assign the education of the young to irreligious men, and the next generation will become infidel.

I am aware it is proposed to establish religious schools, but I ask, in all sincerity,—

1. Is it not unreasonable to attempt to supplement the secular teaching of the day-school by religious teaching of an evening, when the strength and patience of the children are exhausted? Is religious instruction so attractive that children will forego the pleasure of play to attend an evening school? Is it right to interfere with the time devoted to the preparation of home lessons, or to withdraw children entirely from the home circle? Is it prudent to detain children in the vitiated atmosphere of a school for a greater number of hours than their general education requires? Would it be possible to secure the attendance of children at a voluntary religious service, when compulsion is necessary in many instances to secure their attendance at the day-school? Moreover, is it possible to secure a sufficient number of competent voluntary teachers, and at such an hour of the evening when children might reasonably be expected to attend? The whole scheme is fraught with insuperable difficulties, and must, I think, be abandoned.

2. Is the Sunday-school equal to the task of imparting religious education to the whole of the juvenile population? In the first place, our churches have not the rooms in which the children could be taught, and they have not at command a sufficient staff of competent teachers to instruct them. But granting an effort on the part of the church to meet the necessities of the new condition of things, would not the time at command prove altogether inadequate? If the children read the Bible in the day-school, the knowledge thus acquired prepares their mind for the religious teaching of the Sunday-school. If the whole devolves upon the Sunday-school teacher, the limited time which he has at command will reduce the religious teaching of the nation to an almost inappreciable quantity.

Too much must not be expected from the parents, for large numbers are sadly deficient in Biblical knowledge, and many of them have neither time, inclination, nor ability to instruct their children. The home library is most meagre in many instances, the prices of good books being beyond the means of the parents.

Nor must the minister be supposed equal to the task of instructing children from the pulpit. Few preachers have the tact to interest and instruct children in their ordinary sermons, and our places of worship,

moreover, are not adequate to the accommodation of a large accession of children.

It seems to me, therefore, that we are forced back to the position of 1843, when the Congregational Board was formed to secure a sound education, involving religious culture without State interference and control. In the present temper of religious parties, mutual concessions being impossible, the Bible must be excluded from State-aided schools, but let Christian men of all denominations originate and maintain, in a high state of efficiency, popular schools in which the Bible shall be read and taught in its integrity, and thus avert the disastrous consequences to the thought and life of the nation, which must inevitably result from a system which ignores divine revelation.

BIBLICUS.

The London City Missionary among the Subjects of Misfortune.

PART II. BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

BUT, perhaps, the most pitiable subjects of misfortune are the girls attracted to London by itinerant villains, whom the law does not show sufficient vigilance in tracking for condign punishment. Numbers of unfortunates are persuaded to emigrate to England, and are thus enticed into courses of crime after being respectably nurtured in Continental homes. This uninviting subject should not be hushed up and hidden from public notice, in deference to our too nice notions of delicacy; for the enormity of the sin demands a strong remedy, and morality must be advanced by promoting detestation of vice. The story of one whom a missionary assisted in regaining a social standing will illustrate our meaning. The girl was a native of a pleasant village in Belgium: and, while living happily with her parents, there one day appeared at the cottage door a fellow, in the garb of a gentleman, whose smooth speech was calculated to deceive the unsuspecting. He represented that his business in the vicinity was to search out young ladies of education, whom he required to fill stations as governesses in distinguished English families. The parents perceived the impropriety of their daughter's leaving home with a stranger; but, conquered by the "gentleman's" blandness, they finally consented. The young lady herself suspected nothing wrong; but, doubtless, rather congratulated herself on the fortune which so opportunely gave her the means of providing an independent income. Alas! on arriving in London, the prospect lost its gay tints, and the horrible truth that she had been entrapped for a vile purpose appeared in its hideous reality; and, as concealment could serve him no longer, the decoyer, a regular trader in this department of infamy, threatened to murder his victim if she exposed him. "To my shame," she confessed, "I have lived a sinful course of life since then; but, at last, I succeeded in running away." This girl was subsequently

married, and taken to a home worthy of the name; but there are such histories constantly occurring in London, the sequel to which is darkness and death. What punishment is too severe for the unmanly cowards, who for miserable gold can adopt the profession of entrapping unsuspecting maidens? The ruffianly hero of the above story, on having his path crossed by the missionary to whom the victim told her experience, was filled with fear and rage at the dread of detection, conveyed in the threat of being handed over to the police, and he declared he would murder the woman if he ever met her again. Young girls of foreign parentage, of blighted life and happiness, and whose histories nearly correspond to the above relation, abound in London. Is it not intolerable that society, in the nineteenth century, should be disgraced with such abominable characters as these decoyers? Should they not be hunted from their lairs without mercy, and, when captured, visited with heavy and certain retribution? These miscreants cannot bear detection in any form, for having lost all manly instinct, they are abject cowards; and only a slight recognition and exposure by one who knows them and their ways, will cause them to slink into the shade, or to seek safety in ignominious flight.

Thus, the phases of suffering with which the missionary has to deal are extremely diversified. Many cases of depravity are too shocking to be detailed; and, in these, innocent unsuspecting ones are too often the victims. Does not the sum of misery arising from iniquity call on the church to lend her aid in repressing crime and in reclaiming the fallen?

Of all objects whom a kind heart would desire to serve, probably a helpless girl sunk by misfortune to the despair of poverty, and about to take the fatal first step to ruin, is chief. Such abound in London; and not being able to resist the allurements of vice, when vice clothes and feeds them, they are lost to virtue; and when next encountered in the hospital, or in the penitentiary, the missionary can only seek their reclamation from vice.

One evening, while crossing Vauxhall-bridge, a gentleman was accosted by a girl, who, unaware of his profession, related her troublous history. Out of place, and having spent her all, she was in bitter want; and the proposal she made to avoid "pacing the streets all night," showed to what a desperate resolution she had arrived. Bidding her follow him home, the friend as he proved supplied her immediate wants, and gave her sufficient money for a lodging, and on the following morning accompanied her home. There a scene occurred which is happily rare even among the lowest of the population. The father would not admit his daughter on account of the expense she would incur. The mother wept; but nothing could be elicited from the sire, than that the girl might "go and hang herself." Thus, in taking her to a refuge, from which she soon after was removed into a situation, the missionary became a better friend to one in need than even her own father!

Possibly, some who read them, will judge that these examples, one following the other in sad succession, have a monotonous ring out of harmony with literary taste. The object, however, being to illustrate the working of the missionary in an important department of his

work, yet another case is ventured wherein the reclaiming agent stepped up just at the right moment to prevent a crime.

One spring morning, the gentleman alluded to, observed a girl approaching the Regent's Canal, and her excitable manner aroused fear and suspicion. Being recognised she retired, and on being questioned she declared herself there for no particular intention; but, immediately afterwards, she confessed that her determination had been to commit suicide; the reason being that without friends, shelter, or money, she was regarded as belonging to a degraded class, though of unsullied virtue. Subsequently, she actually threw herself into the water, and, after suffering a week's imprisonment for the offence, she came under the missionary's influence, who saw her received into an asylum.

The depths of misery and of degradation into which persons, who once flourished in the world, are found to fall, present some of the saddest phenomena of human life. In the by-ways of London, stragglers of all classes are detected, and when by misfortune they lose their footing, the social vortex engulfs them, and they sink unpitied and unnoticed by the crowd who have something more engaging to attend to than the alleviation of other people's troubles. Now, in a hidden garret, or loathsome cellar of some uninviting court or lane, is found a subject of misfortune who once commanded an establishment and willing servants. Anon, in the recess of a forbidding looking lodging-house, where the very air is putrid, and where you must not venture without afterwards observing the precaution of burning the clothes worn during the inspection, may be found those who, educated for learned professions, have lost social standing through false steps, unaccountable reverses, or unconquered sins! Among all these, among the reduced as well as those who embrace poverty as theirs by inheritance, the missionary passes on, delivering to all in common the same healing message of grace.

In this itineranсy of mercy, poverty like the following is more frequently met with than is desirable. The scene is a Southwark district, the house being situated in a miserable court, where the windows bedimmed by the accumulated dirt of years, exclude the light which would afford a yet more unwelcome sight of a more repulsive interior. The stairs being dark and narrow, the first inconvenience encountered is a collision with a beam, which allows none but the initiated to pass unmolested. At length a chamber door is reached, and knocking softly a voice in screeching tones replies, "Come in; I know ye." The visitor is too well seasoned to these pestiferous retreats of the great city to be shocked at trifles, or easily repelled, but the sight now revealed, and the abominable effluvia arising from it, produce some sickening and creeping sensations. The contents of the apartment are utterly disgusting. In one corner a heap of the excrement of dogs awaits transition to a neighbouring tannery; and close by is a collection of bones ready for the mill. Besides these, there are pots, kettles, plates, and other minutiæ, a description of which is spared the reader. There is other furniture, however; for beneath the bed are gathered onions, fuel, and other miscellaneous ware. The weather being cold, there is a small fire in the grate, and feebly crouching over the warmth, smoking his pipe, is an old man whose history properly belongs to this chapter

of the annals of misfortune. Aged and infirm, he no longer moves downstairs; but a son and daughter conduct the collecting business and share the home described. The old fellow retains no capacity for aught beyond putting on a rag or two, and creeping from the bed to the fire; and thence back to bed. But, he has a story to tell, piquant enough to whet the curiosity of a social explorer of sufficient daring to invade the precincts of filth and disease to carry away the relation. Long ago, and far away in the country, he served a clergyman in the capacity of gardener during twenty years, and, being now eighty-five, he has married and buried three wives and the greater number of twenty children. Does he ever pray to God, kindly enquires the missionary. "Oh yes, I always prays to him when I feels sorrowful." Does any one ever come to see him? "No, sir, nobody ever reads to me but you." Are not such cases those which will repay our help and sympathy? A family of three, each welcoming instruction, is open to Christian influence; for the son and daughter, as well as their sire, hear the gospel faithfully proclaimed, and we are not without reasonable hope that their hearing will not be in vain.

But, to pass onward; for the subjects of misfortune stand, sit, and lie thickly around, and there is only time and space for stopping one minute here and another there, to listen to their strange stories. Follow the missionary as he turns up a close repelling court of five feet wide and sixty long, on the southern side of the river. The door knocked at opens on a landing, and an interior no more inviting than the last-mentioned; and the family within, eleven in number, is sunk in forlorn, bitter, hopeless poverty, while from the place they call home emanates a stench "most disgusting and intolerable." There are children underfed and scantily clothed. In one direction lies an old man prostrated by disease; and in another corner reclines a woman who has just given birth to one more heir to this appalling misery. The woman's husband is a blind beggar, who contrives to exist by exhibiting a placard in public and soliciting alms. On being addressed he is communicative; and it is no fault of his if the story he tells does not teach a worthy moral lesson to such as have escaped the sands on which the speaker's poor life-barque has stranded. Sitting there in the solitude of blindness, he calls to mind days, when, nurtured and trained for a liberal profession by anxious parents, the world stretched far and wide around him, like a gay expanse of pleasant things. Poor fellow: his stumbling-block was bad company, and the evils arising from the vicious examples of worthless confidants. Influenced by these associates, one fatal day he enlisted in the army, and in that service met with the accident which deprived him of sight. But, he has long since bitterly repented of these youthful follies; and now listen to his subsequent experience: "The police, you see, sir, drive me about, so that I am weary of my life. I seldom get a shilling a day; and sometimes I stand all day in the rain and don't get a penny. I always carry my character in my hand, and my dismissal, so that if anyone doubts what I say, I may show them." Were he able to see, he could read; and he is the only member of the household who has attained to that distinction. Then, it is affecting to hear him speak of the comforts attending married life as compared with single blessedness; and his remarks carry some

compliments, which quickly reach the appreciative ears of the lying-in woman of the corner. "Yes, sir," she cries eagerly; "my husband is a very good man; he does not like swearing and that sort." Who would not wish an increase to the number of those agents of mercy, who can ignite a spark of comfort or of hope in such abodes as these! These foul retreats are not completely barren ground; for a harvest is surely garnered when from their precincts subjects are gathered for the missionary's meeting.

It is scarcely probable that those who know the sweetness and value of true sympathy in times of sorrow and trial, will under-estimate the blessing these visitors must prove to hundreds of families, who, though neither vicious nor profane, have yet lost ground in the social struggle, and have therefore been deserted by their summer friends. "*You* are always welcome," said one to the missionary; and the wife of a man who, after having lost the savings of a life-time, was now slowly approaching the border-land of death, remarked, "It is only God's people we want now. All the others have left us." Is not the gospel the only cure for the evil of human selfishness?

In one sense, the working classes of London, considered as a body, rank in the social arena as subjects of misfortune. Strictly speaking, the labourer or artisan, like the rest of us, is answerable for his own actions; but, like others, he too is a creature of circumstances; and it not only becomes the affluent to ask themselves, how far they have contributed to the evils he endures, but also to determine what they have done for the amelioration of his condition. What is the life-long condition of many a working man in London? The answer to this question might be found in one house and in one room, selected at random from hundreds of others in any such neighbourhood as Leather-lane. In these days, railways and improvements have invaded the localities of the poor, till driven from abodes where they were sufficiently crowded before, they necessarily migrate into other quarters, where for the privilege of adding to their own and others inconveniences they pay an increased rent. Enter the specimen house above-mentioned, a description of which being very general would suffice for the bulk of its neighbours. The room called "home" is dirty and bare, the stock of furniture not exceeding in value the amount of the weekly rent-charge. The family consists of young and old, the one bed being appropriated by an elderly couple and the smaller children. The other occupants perhaps include a married pair, and two or three single lodgers of both sexes, who contentedly lie about the floor like animals. It may be very well to turn in disgust from such a spectacle, because the people are victims of drink and improvidence. They have scarcely enjoyed any opportunity of following a different course of life, never having possessed a home worthy of ranking higher than a nightly shelter; and surrounded and depressed by evil influences, they can only by a greater effort than most care to exert maintain a respectable position. There is not only no comfort at home, the places where thousands of men and women warren by night are just about as repulsive as imagination can conceive; and, while man remains what he is, such homes will not successfully compete with the attractions of the gin-palace and the joviality of the tap-room. Warmth, congenial company and stimulants, all conspire to allure the

working-man from the confusion and discomfort of his miserable lodging. Then, his wife is by no means a total abstainer; but, after passing through such an education as her training has been, how can she, poor creature, be expected to act the heroine; for heroine indeed she *would* be if, in a squalid room in a disease-stricken neighbourhood, she presented an example of tidiness and prudence. Poor woman; she has many trials peculiar to her station; and these have perfected her in the exercise of many petty arts. On Saturday evenings she makes a point of following her partner from his work to the tavern, so that a due share of the weekly salary may be secured while it remains intact. Observe with what feminine dexterity she pursues her task till triumph crowns her endeavour by the withholding hand yielding the grudged half sovereign. She deserves sympathy; for, worn and slatternly, she endeavours after a manner to make the most of things; and would laugh in her sleeve were you to demonstrate what is fairly true, that a little knowledge of domestic economy would be equivalent to an increase of five shillings a week in her means. She is also a regular patron of Mr. Pawnbroker, whose establishment, flourishing at the head of the court, is a necessary adjunct to the carved and gilded gin-palace opposite. Between her and Mr. Pawnbroker, and especially between her and Mr. Pawnbroker's assistant, there exists a long established understanding; for though they may come to high words over a difference of threepence, more or less, the quarrel is forgotten to-morrow like "the falling out of faithful friends." The woman herself really believes she could not continue paying twenty shillings in the pound, unless she maintained her alliance with the proprietor of the pledging institution. Her best gown, if she possess one; her husband's best coat, should he aspire to that luxury; or even her flat irons and wedding ring, are as regularly taken in charge by the licensed proprietor of the three balls as Monday's sun rises. Taverns and pawn-shops are two master curses, combining to depress the industrial populace of London. The workman's earnings are too often squandered in drink; but no small portion also enters that musty looking green-baize door, through the dirty oval panes of which the gas feebly glimmers to make the obliging announcement, "Money Lent." The pawn-shop thrives in poor neighbourhoods by becoming a regular tax on improvident families; for by this system, more notably than by any other, will short-sighted ignorance allow itself to be shorn. A man or woman who commands the coveted possession of "best clothes" will originally purchase them at an exorbitant rate of the tally-man, and subsequently pays a handsome weekly premium to the pawnbroker for the privilege of wearing them on Sundays. The certain tendency of this mode of living is to sink the subjects of it gradually lower in the social scale, and weekly borrowing becomes a necessity until a still lower depth is reached in the loan-office, where, as we learn from a prospectus card in the window, loans are advanced from "five to five hundred pounds." Such are the meshes within which poor people hopelessly entangle themselves, and from which Christianity and education would ensure them liberty. One woman was found disposed to periodical fits on account of the worry attending her weekly payments. Nevertheless, there exists a wide-spread love of independence among these classes. What must that poor creature's self-respect have been, who in

dread of burial by the parish, showed a missionary the foresight he had exercised by providing "*A last great coat*," *i.e.*, a coffin.

The condition of the poor of London being what it is, this chapter is written in the hope that persons of abundance may open their hearts, and do something, by strengthening the City Mission and kindred agencies in their work of raising their less-favoured fellows. As before observed, vice and improvidence are not so invariably the cause of social privation as many are apt to imagine. The trials of numberless families are traceable to causes over which they could have exercised no control, and bravely do they bear up against the tide of adversity. The honest and honourable sufferers, however, often belong to a class who have known better days, and who, in breathing the impure atmosphere of confined courts and lanes, experience a sore affliction. The hearts of the City Mission visitors often bleed at the sight of poverty they could not relieve, even were it their business to minister to temporal wants. When they come in the way of those who resemble a certain clean and thrifty mother who was found serving out potatoes and salt for her children's dinner, while the father was seeking work, they are tempted to wish, either that they were rich, or that wealth were entrusted to them for distribution.

While mentioning the various characters whom the missionary encounters, actors must not altogether be omitted. Actors are popularly supposed to be merry people, easy living, and lighthearted; and the following story will illustrate the Christian visitor's influence among them. A missionary in Westminster called on an actor and his wife, whose profession had taken them through the provinces. On speaking to them about the realities of a future state and the necessity of preparation, the husband, who at ordinary times was of a giddy disposition, significantly shook his head, and remarked gravely, "Ah, *that* frequently bothers me!" "What bothers you?" was enquired. The man answered by pointing to a bedstead in the room, and adding, "When I lie there, after working myself tired, I frequently cannot sleep for hours together: it is that long word EVERLASTING!" This interesting playwright was fairly educated, having been intended for the medical art; but, on losing his parents, he married an actress and adopted her profession. Forsaking the path of life for which he was partially trained, he never reached any higher grade than that of a clown, and, until the date of meeting with a friend in the missionary, he lived a loose kind of existence. But now, "everlasting" took deep root; and, the truth reaching their hearts, he and his wife relinquished a calling which conscience forbade their continuing, and engaged in the less lucrative and more humble employment of writing window-tickets. These actors were striking examples of the transforming power of religion. The late clown in his spare hours became a zealous conductor of a Bible-class.

Romance is always more or less attached to the lives of those who from affluence have fallen to a position which associates them with the low and the degraded. Suddenly to come upon one whose mien and conversation discover a polite education, or even an aristocratic rearing; and to find him inhabiting a dirty room in the rookery of a squalid locality, is certain to whet curiosity. How far from uncommon such

instances are, the annals of the City Mission have proved, and still they rise to the surface. Some years ago, a missionary in the north-east of the town, entered the lodging of one who seemed instinctively to shrink from observation. The visitor, however, was gently pressing in attentions, and read from the first Epistle of Timothy. During the reading, the gentleman—for such he was—interrupted: "I was not aware that there was such beautiful language in what people call the Bible." How should he know? He had not opened the sacred volume for thirty years. "You will come to my little meeting," remarked the evangelist. "Sir, I don't like," he answered; "my old companions will laugh at me,"—adding, on second thought—"I certainly will pay you a visit." After blessing his new friend in no feigned manner, he was observed to be in tears. Indeed, all was breaking and giving way beneath him; and, just as he realised that earthly things are founded on sand, he also discovered the unyielding Rock. The new light had come; but with it came also an obstinate struggle with the Old Adam. "I did not see you at my meeting," remarked the missionary on a future occasion. "Well, sir, I *do* hope you will excuse me for not coming in; but I went and listened outside and heard the whole of your exhortation, and was endeavouring all I could to suppress my feelings, and so pop in; but I could not overcome them; and I have been again and again; but I have never summoned up courage to join you." Who of us may throw a stone at these weak natures? The speaker was of gentle birth and classical education. His inheritance consisted of an ample fortune, and his proper station in life was that of an independent gentleman. From all this, however, he fell, and would have descended lower in the social scale, had not the downward course been arrested by the agency of the London City Mission. Christianity came to the man in extremity; and if it did not restore a lost fortune and forfeited social influence, it made him heir to what he now prized even better—the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Many strange stories are brought from the workhouses; workhouses not being neglected by the Missionary Committee. Nevertheless, space will not allow of an extension of this chapter in the direction named. A missionary once testified that some of the happiest moments of his life were spent in Shoreditch workhouse. Entering spiritedly into the work of visitation, what really were toils became pleasures; and the paupers hailed his appearance with joyful expressions. "Oh, sir, I am glad you have come to read and pray with us: are you quite well, sir?" and, "I am glad you have come to talk to us about Jesus Christ," are samples of the greetings met with, in the wards apportioned to those who, in countless instances, are real subjects of misfortune.

But, of all the adventures of the missionaries among these classes, none should interest us more than those cases wherein they have been made the means of averting crime or disaster, to which the subjects were hastening through the depression of poverty. One example more is given in illustration. A young woman, falling out with her mother and friends, resolves on supporting herself in a separate lodging. This for a season she was enabled to carry out; but times growing hard and work scarce, she was compelled to relinquish her apartment; and one night she was found about the streets, wandering in homeless wretchedness. It being the summer season, she knocks at the door of a sister's

house soon after sun-rise; but the only hospitality manifested here is the assurance that the intruder must find another home. Meanwhile, a horrible resolution is forming in her mind. After the ensuing night, she declares none shall have cause to complain of her troubling them. A missionary hearing of this case, and judging suicide to be contemplated, had lost no time in appearing on the scene; but his most persuasive words could not prevail on the woman of the house to allow a destitute sister one night's lodging. Heart-sick at this heartlessness, he turns to the outcast herself, who through a flood of tears is crying out that she has not a friend left on earth; "you are mistaken; for I have come to advise you. Come with me to the workhouse." This proved to be a turning point in her career; and her subsequent history showed how "the darkest hour of night may precede the dawn of day."

The missionary to the seamen in the London Docks relates some interesting experience; and did space allow, some instances might be given to further illustrate this chapter of the subjects of misfortune. With large numbers the visitor is a favourite; but not unfrequently he encounters coarse treatment and ribald abuse. He was busily employed in giving words of parting advice to the passengers of the ill-fated "London," just before that fine vessel was engulfed in the Bay of Biscay. Though the work is often apparently thankless, the missionary finds many things to encourage perseverance; and one of his curious cases shall be the last example of this section. A lad was discovered in the docks—a young West Indian slave—whose notions about the inferiority of the coloured races strangely evinced how ignorance can darken the judgment even to ruin. The lad's late master was a wealthy man of the world, and, pursuing pleasure and the bent of an evil nature, he ruined his constitution, and sank into an early grave. This man invariably assured his coloured dependents that they resembled dogs, and in death they would fare no better than cattle. On losing this amiable employer the young slave was robbed of what little capital he possessed; but, taking to a sailor's life, he met the missionary as described. Once during a service at sea he heard what to him was incredible doctrine, viz., that blacks and whites, as sinners in common, were included in one grand provision, though, when questioned as to whether he believed the truth, he said, "I don't know; I fear not." In such examples the gospel frequently exercises its most remarkable power, and in true life-progress they overtake many who, from their infant days, have lived among the privileges of a Christian country.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXXVII.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician, to Jeduthun. *It was meet that another leader of the psalmody should take his turn. No harp should be silent in the courts of the Lord's house.* A Psalm of Asaph. *Asaph was a man of exercised mind, and often touched the minor key; he was thoughtful, contemplative, believing, but withal there was a dash of sadness about him, and this imparted a tonic flavour to his songs. To follow him with understanding, it is needful to have done business on the great waters, and weathered many an Atlantic gale.*

DIVISIONS.—*If we follow the poetical arrangement, and divide at the Selahs, we shall find the troubled man of God pleading in verses* 1—3, *and then we shall hear him lamenting and arguing within himself,* 4—9. *From verses* 10—15 *his meditations run Godward, and in the close he seems as in a vision to behold the wonders of the Red Sea and the wilderness. At this point, as if lost in an ecstacy, he hurriedly closes the Psalm with an abruptness, the effect of which is quite startling. The Spirit of God knows when to cease speaking, which is more than those do who, for the sake of making a methodical conclusion, prolong their words even to weariness. Perhaps this Psalm was meant to be a prelude to the next, and, if so, its sudden close is accounted for. The hymn now before us is for experienced saints only, but to them it will be of rare value as a transcript of their own inner conflicts.*

EXPOSITION.

I CRIED unto God with my voice, *even* unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

2 In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night, and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted.

3 I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Selah.

1. "*I cried unto God with my voice.*" This Psalm has much sadness in it, but we may be sure it will end well, for it begins with prayer, and prayer never has an ill issue. Asaph did not run to man but to the Lord, and to him he went, not with studied, stately, stilted words, but with a cry, the natural, unaffected, unfeigned expression of pain. He used his voice also, for though vocal utterance is not necessary to the life of prayer, it often seems forced upon us by the energy of our desires. Sometimes the soul feels compelled to use the voice, for thus it finds a freer vent for its agony. It is a comfort to hear the alarm-bell ringing when the house is invaded by thieves. "*Even unto God with my voice.*" He returned to his pleading. If once sufficed not, he cried again. He needed an answer, he expected one, he was eager to have it soon, therefore he cried again and again, and with his voice too, for the sound helped his earnestness. "*And he gave ear unto me.*" Importunity prevailed. The gate opened to the steady knock. It shall be so with us in our hour of trial, the God of grace will hear us in due season.

2. "*In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord.*" All day long his distress drove him to his God, so that when night came he continued still in the same search. God had hidden his face from his servant, therefore the first care of the troubled saint was to seek his Lord again. This was going to the root of the matter and removing the main impediment first. Diseases and tribulations are easily enough endured when God is found of us, but without him they crush us to the earth. "*My sore ran in the night, and ceased not.*" As by day so by

night his trouble was on him and his prayer continued. Some of us know what it is, both physically and spiritually, to be compelled to use these words: no respite has been afforded us by the silence of the night, our bed has been a rack to us, our body has been in torment, and our spirit in anguish. It appears that this sentence is wrongly translated, and should be, "my hand was stretched out all night;" this shews that his prayer ceased not, but with uplifted hand he continued to seek succour of his God. "*My soul refused to be comforted.*" He refused some comforts as too weak for his case, others as untrue, others as unhallowed; but chiefly because of distraction, he declined even those grounds of consolation which ought to have been effectual with him. As a sick man turns away even from the most nourishing food, so did he. It is impossible to comfort those who refuse to be comforted. You may bring them to the waters of the promise, but who shall make them drink if they will not do so? Many a daughter of despondency has pushed aside the cup of gladness, and many a son of sorrow has hugged his chains. There are times when we are suspicious of good news, and are not to be persuaded into peace, though the happy truth should be as plain before us as the King's highway.

3. "*I remembered God, and was troubled.*" He who is the wellspring of delight to faith became an object of dread to the psalmist's distracted heart. The justice, holiness, power, and truth of God have all a dark side, and indeed all the attributes may be made to look black upon us if our eye be evil; even the brightness of divine love blinds us, and fills us with a horrible suspicion that we have neither part nor lot in it. He is wretched indeed whose memories of The Ever Blessed prove distressing to him; yet the best of men know the depth of this abyss. "*I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed.*" He mused and mused but only sank the deeper. His inward disquietudes did not fall asleep as soon as they were expressed, but rather they returned upon him, and leaped over him like raging billows of an angry sea. It was not his body alone which smarted, but his noblest nature writhed in pain, his life itself seemed crushed into the earth. It is in such a case that death is coveted as a relief, for life becomes an intolerable burden. With no spirit left in us to sustain our infirmity, our case becomes forlorn; like a man in a tangle of briars who is stripped of his clothes, every hook of the thorns becomes a lancet, and we bleed with ten thousand wounds. Alas, my God, the writer of this exposition well knows what thy servant Asaph meant, for his soul is familiar with the way of grief. Deep glens and lonely caves of soul depressions, my spirit knows full well your awful glooms! "*Selah.*" Let the song go softly; this is no merry dance for the swift feet of the daughters of music, pause ye awhile, and let sorrow take breath between her sighs.

4 Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak.

5 I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.

6 I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search.

7 Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more?

8 Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth *his* promise fail for evermore?

9 Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Selah.

4. "*Thou holdest mine eyes waking.*" The fears which thy strokes excite in me forbid my eyelids to fall, my eyes continue to watch as sentinels forbidden to rest. Sleep is a great comforter, but it forsakes the sorrowful, and then

their sorrow deepens and eats into the soul. If God holds the eyes waking, what anodyne shall give us rest? How much we owe to him who giveth his beloved sleep! "*I am so troubled that I cannot speak.*" Great griefs are dumb. Deep streams brawl not among the pebbles like the shallow brooklets which live on passing showers. Words fail the man whose heart fails him. He had cried to God but he could not speak to man, what a mercy it is that if we can do the first, we need not despair though the second should be quite out of our power. Sleepless and speechless Asaph was reduced to great extremities, and yet he rallied, and even so shall we.

5. "*I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.*" If no good was in the present, memory ransacked the past to find consolation. She fain would borrow a light from the altars of yesterday to light the gloom of to-day. It is our duty to search for comfort, and not in sullen indolence yield to despair; in quiet contemplation topics may occur to us which will prove the means of raising our spirits, and there is scarcely any theme more likely to prove consolatory than that which deals with the days of yore, the years of the olden time, when the Lord's faithfulness was tried and proved by hosts of his people. Yet it seems that even this consideration created depression rather than delight in the good man's soul, for he contrasted his own mournful condition with all that was bright in the venerable experiences of ancient saints, and so complained the more. Ah, sad calamity of a jaundiced mind to see nothing as it should be seen, but everything as through a veil of mist.

6. "*I call to remembrance my song in the night.*" At other times his spirit had a song for the darkest hour, but now he could only recall the strain as a departed memory. Where is the harp which once thrilled sympathetically to the touch of these joyful fingers? My tongue, hast thou forgotten to praise? Hast thou no skill except in mournful ditties? Ah me, how sadly fallen am I! How lamentable that I who like the nightingale could charm the night, am now fit comrade for the hooting owl. "*I commune with mine own heart.*" He did not cease from introspection, for he was resolved to find the bottom of his sorrow, and trace it to its fountain head. He made sure work of it by talking not with his mind only, but with his inmost heart; it was heart work with him. He was no idler, no melancholy trifler; he was up and at it, resolutely resolved that he would not tamely die of despair, but would fight for his hope to the last moment of life. "*And my spirit made diligent search.*" He ransacked his experience, his memory, his intellect, his whole nature, his entire self, either to find comfort or to discover the reason why it was denied him. That man will not die by the hand of the enemy who has enough force of soul remaining to struggle in this fashion.

7. "*Will the Lord cast off for ever?*" This was one of the matters he enquired into. He painfully knew that the Lord might leave his people for a season, but his fear was that the time might be prolonged and have no close; eagerly, therefore, he asked, will the Lord utterly and finally reject those who are his own, and suffer them to be the objects of his contemptuous reprobation, his everlasting cast-offs? This he was persuaded could not be. No instance in the years of ancient times led him to fear that such could be the case. "*And will he be favourable no more?*" Favourable he had been; would that goodwill never again show itself? Was the sun set never to rise again? Would spring never follow the long and dreary winter? The questions are suggested by fear, but they are also the cure of fear. It is a blessed thing to have grace enough to look such questions in the face, for their answer is self-evident and eminently fitted to cheer the heart.

8. "*Is his mercy clean gone for ever?*" If he has no love for his elect, has he not still his mercy left? Has that dried up? Has he no pity for the sorrowful? "*Doth his promise fail for evermore?*" His word is pledged to those who plead with him; is that become of none effect? Shall it be said that from one generation to another the Lord's word has fallen to the ground; whereas aforetime he kept his covenant to all generations of them that fear him? It is

a wise thing thus to put unbelief through the catechism. Each one of the questions is a dart aimed at the very heart of despair. Thus have we also in our days of darkness done battle for life itself.

9. "*Hath God forgotten to be gracious?*" Has El, the Mighty One, become great in everything but grace? Does he know how to afflict, but not how to uphold? Can he forget anything? Above all, can he forget to exercise that attribute which lies nearest to his essence, for he is love? "*Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?*" Are the pipes of goodness choked up so that love can no more flow through them? Do the bowels of Jehovah no longer yearn towards his own beloved children? Thus with cord after cord unbelief is smitten and driven out of the soul; it raises questions and we will meet it with questions: it makes us think and act ridiculously, and we will heap scorn upon it. The argument of this passage assumes very much the form of a *reductio ad absurdum*. Strip it naked, and mistrust is a monstrous piece of folly. "*Selah.*" Here rest awhile, for the battle of questions needs a lull.

10 And I said, This *is* my infirmity: *but I will remember* the years of the right hand of the most High.

11 I will remember the works of the LORD: surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

12 I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings.

13 Thy way, O God, *is* in the sanctuary: who *is so* great a God as *our* God?

14 Thou *art* the God that doest wonders: thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

15 Thou hast with *thine* arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph. Selah.

10. "*And I said, This is my infirmity.*" He has won the day, he talks reasonably now, and surveys the field with a cooler mind. He confesses that unbelief is an infirmity, a weakness, a folly, a sin. He may also be understood to mean, "this is my appointed sorrow," I will bear it without complaint. When we perceive that our affliction is meted out by the Lord, and is the ordained portion of our cup, we become reconciled to it, and no longer rebel against the inevitable. Why should we not be content if it be the Lord's will? What he arranges it is not for us to cavil at. "*But I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High.*" Here a good deal is supplied by our translators, and they make the sense to be that the psalmist would console himself by remembering the goodness of God to himself and others of his people in times gone by: but the original seems to consist only of the words, "the years of the right hand of the most High," and to express the idea that his long continued affliction, reaching through several years, was allotted to him by the Sovereign Lord of all. 'Tis well when a consideration of the divine goodness and greatness silences all complaining, and creates a childlike acquiescence.

11. "*I will remember the works of the Lord.*" Fly back my soul, away from present turmoils, to the grandeurs of history, the sublime deeds of Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts; for he is the same and is ready even now to defend his servants as in days of yore. "*Surely I will remember thy wonders of old.*" Whatever else may glide into oblivion, the marvellous works of the Lord in the ancient days must not be suffered to be forgotten. Memory is a fit handmaid for faith. When faith has its seven years of famine, memory like Joseph in Egypt opens her granaries.

12. "*I will meditate also of all thy work.*" Sweet work to enter into Jehovah's work of grace, and there to lie down and ruminate, every thought being

absorbed in the one precious subject. "*And talk of thy doings.*" It is well that the overflow of the mouth should indicate the good matter which fills the heart. Meditation makes rich talking; it is to be lamented that so much of the conversation of professors is utterly barren, because they take no time for contemplation. A meditative man should be a talker, otherwise he is a mental miser, a mill which grinds corn only for the miller. The subject of our meditation should be choice, and then our talk will be edifying; if we meditate on folly and affect to speak wisdom, our double-mindedness will soon be known unto all men. Holy talk following upon meditation has a consoling power in it for ourselves as well as for those who listen, hence its value in the connection in which we find it in this passage.

13. "*Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary,*" or *in holiness.* In the holy place we understand our God, and rest assured that all his ways are just and right. When we cannot trace his way, because it is "in the sea," it is a rich consolation that we can trust it, for it is in holiness. We must have fellowship with holiness if we would understand "the ways of God to man." He who would be wise must worship. The pure in heart shall see God, and pure worship is the way to the philosophy of providence. "*Who is so great a God as our God.*" In him the good and the great are blended. He surpasses in both. None can for a moment be compared with the mighty One of Israel.

14. "*Thou art the God that doest wonders.*" Thou alone art Almighty. The false gods are surrounded with the pretence of wonders, but thou really workest them. It is thy peculiar prerogative to work marvels: it is no new or strange thing with thee, it is according to thy wont and use. Herein is renewed reason for holy confidence. It would be a great wonder if we did not trust the wonder-working God. "*Thou hast declared thy strength among the people.*" Not only Israel, but Egypt, Bashan, Edom, Philistia, and all the nations have seen Jehovah's power. It was no secret in the olden time and to this day it is published abroad. God's providence and grace are both full of displays of his power; he is in the latter peculiarly conspicuous as "mighty to save." Who will not be strong in faith when there is so strong an arm to lean upon? Shall our trust be doubtful when his power is beyond all question? My soul see to it that these considerations banish thy mistrust.

15. "*Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph.*" All Israel, the two tribes of Joseph as well as those which sprang from the other sons of Jacob, were brought out of Egypt by a display of divine power, which is here ascribed not to the hand but to the arm of the Lord, because it was the fulness of his might. Ancient believers were in the constant habit of referring to the wonders of the Red Sea, and we also can unite with them, taking care to add the song of the Lamb to that of Moses, the servant of God. The comfort derivable from such a meditation is obvious and abundant, for he who brought up his people from the house of bondage will continue to redeem and deliver till we come into the promised rest. "*Selah.*" Here we have another pause preparatory to a final burst of song.

16 The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

17 The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

18 The voice of thy thunder *was* in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.

19 Thy way *is* in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

20 Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

16. "*The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid.*" As if conscious of its Maker's presence, the sea was ready to flee from before his face. The conception is highly poetical, the psalmist has the scene before his mind's eye, and describes it gloriously. The water saw its God, but man refuses to discern him; it was afraid, but proud sinners are rebellious and fear not the Lord. "*The depths also were troubled.*" To their heart the floods were made afraid. Quiet caves of the sea, far down in the abyss, were moved with affright; and the lowest channels were left bare, as the water rushed away from its place, in terror of the God of Israel.

17. "*The clouds poured out water.*" Obedient to the Lord, the lower region of the atmosphere yielded its aid to overthrow the Egyptian host. The cloudy chariots of heaven hurried forward to discharge their floods. "*The skies sent out a sound.*" From the loftier aerial regions thundered the dread artillery of the Lord of Hosts. Peal on peal the skies sounded over the heads of the routed enemies, confusing their minds and adding to their horror. "*Thine arrows also went abroad.*" Lightnings flew like bolts from the bow of God. Swiftly, hither and thither, went the red tongues of flame, on helm and shield they gleamed; anon with blue bale-fires revealing the innermost caverns of the hungry sea which waited to swallow up the pride of Mizraim. Behold, how all the creatures wait upon their God, and show themselves strong to overthrow his enemies.

18. "*The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven,*" or "*in the whirlwind.*" Rushing on with terrific swiftness and bearing all before it, the storm was as a chariot driven furiously, and a voice was heard (even thy voice O Lord!), out of the fiery car, even as when a mighty man in battle urges forward his charger, and shouts to it aloud. All heaven resounded with the voice of the Lord. "*The lightnings lightened the world.*" The entire globe shone in the blaze of Jehovah's lightnings. No need for other light amid the battle of that terrible night, every wave gleamed in the fire-flashes, and the shore was lit up with the blaze. How pale were men's faces in that hour, when all around the fire leaped from sea to shore, from crag to hill, from mountain to star, till the whole universe was illuminated in honour of Jehovah's triumph. "*The earth trembled and shook.*" It quaked and quaked again. Sympathetic with the sea, the solid shore forgot its quiescence and heaved in dread. How dreadful art thou, O God, when thou comest forth in thy majesty to humble thine arrogant adversaries.

19. "*Thy way is in the sea.*" Far down in secret channels of the deep is thy roadway; when thou wilt thou canst make a sea a highway for thy glorious march. "*And thy path in the great waters.*" There, where the billows surge and swell, thou still dost walk; Lord of each crested wave. "*And thy footsteps are not known.*" None can follow thy tracks by foot or eye. Thou art alone in thy glory, and thy ways are hidden from mortal ken. Thy purposes thou wilt accomplish, but the means are often concealed, yea, they need no concealing, they are in themselves too vast and mysterious for human understanding. Glory be to thee, O Jehovah.

20. "*Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.*" What a transition from tempest to peace, from wrath to love. Quietly as a flock Israel was guided on, by human agency which veiled the excessive glory of the divine presence. The smiter of Egypt was the shepherd of Israel. He drove his foes before him, but went before his people. Heaven and earth fought on his side against the sons of Ham, but they were equally subservient to the interests of the sons of Jacob. Therefore, with devout joy and full of consolation, we close this Psalm; the song of one who forgot how to speak and yet learned to sing far more sweetly than his fellows.

From "THE TREASURY OF DAVID, VOL. III.," *now in the press.*

Scripture Arithmetic.

(From the Moravian Almanack.)

NUMERATION.

Matt. xviii. 10... Despise not ONE of these LITTLE ones.
„ „ 14... It is not the will of your Father that ONE of these little ones should perish.
Rom. xiv. 12 ... Every ONE shall give account to God.
2 Tim. ii. 19. ... Let every ONE depart from iniquity.
Dan. vii. 10 ..... THOUSAND THOUSANDS ministered.
Rev. v. 11..... And 10,000 times 10,000 stood before Him.
Heb. xii. 22 ..... An INNUMERABLE company of angels.
Rev. vii. 9..... A GREAT MULTITUDE which NO MAN could NUMBER, of all nations, &c.

ADDITION.

Psalm xl. 5 ..... Thy thoughts to usward, O God.
„ cxxxix 17, 18 How great the SUM of them.
Luke xii. 31 ..... Seek the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be ADDED UNTO you.
Acts ii. 47 ..... The Lord ADDED to the Church daily.
„ v. 14 ..... Believers were the more ADDED to the Lord.
2 Pet. i. 5—7 ... ADD to your faith, virtue, &c.

SUBTRACTION.

Matt. xviii. 8. ... If thy hand or foot offend, CUT IT OFF and CAST IT FROM thee.
Luke ix. 23 ..... If any will come after me, let him DENY HIMSELF.
Eph. iv. 22, 25, 31 PUT OFF the old man, PUTTING AWAY lying.
Col. i. 8. 9 ..... PUT OFF all these, anger, wrath, malice.
Rom. xiii. 12 ... Let us CAST OFF the works of darkness.

MULTIPLICATION.

Job xlii. 10 ..... The Lord gave Job TWICE AS MUCH as before.
Mark x. 29, 30... There is no man that hath forsaken house, &c., for my sake, but he shall receive a HUNDREDFOLD.
Psalm xviii. 35... By Thy meekness, Thou hast MULTIPLIED me. [marg.]
Neh. ix. 19, 27... MANIFOLD mercies.
1 Pet. iv. 10..... MANIFOLD grace of God.
Eph. iii. 10 ..... MANIFOLD wisdom of God.
Matt. xviii. 22... Forgive thy brother until SEVENTY times SEVEN.
Acts ix. 31 ..... The Churches walking in the fear of God were MULTIPLIED.
2 Cor. ix. 10 ... He that ministereth seed to the sower, MULTIPLY your seed sown, and INCREASE the fruits of your righteousness.
2 Pet. i. 2 .. ...
Jude 2 .....} Grace, mercy, peace, and love be MULTIPLIED.

DIVISION.

Isaiah liii. 12 ... Therefore will I DIVIDE Him a portion, and He shall DIVIDE the spoil with the strong.
1 Cor. xii. 11 ... The Spirit DIVIDING to every one severally as He will.
2 Tim. ii. 15 ... Rightly DIVIDING the Word of Truth.
Heb. iv. 12 ..... The Word of God DIVIDING asunder soul and spirit, &c.
Rom. xii. 13..... DISTRIBUTING to the necessity of saints.
1 Tim. vi. 18 ... Ready to DISTRIBUTE.

FRACTIONS.

Proper.

Rom. xii. 4, 5 ... We being MANY are one body in Christ, and every one MEMBERS one of another.
1 Cor. xii. 12—27 Ye are the body of Christ, and MEMBERS in particular.

Improper.

1 Cor. i. 10 ..... I beseech you that there be NO SCHISMS among you.
„ 12, 13 ... One saith I am of PAUL, another I am of APOLLOS, I am of CEPHAS, I am of CHRIST. Is Christ divided?
1 Cor. vi. 18..... I hear there be SCHISMS among you.

PROFIT AND LOSS, AND EXCHANGE.

Mark viii. 35—37 Whosoever will SAVE his life shall LOSE it.
Whosoever shall LOSE IT for my sake shall SAVE IT.
What shall it PROFIT a man, if he GAIN the whole world and LOSE his soul?
What shall a man give in EXCHANGE for his soul?
2 Cor. vi. 17..... Our light affliction . . . worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.
Phil. iii. 7, 8..... What things were gain I COUNTED LOSS for Christ. Yes, doubtless, and I count all things but LOSS for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.

PROPORTION.

Deut. xxxiii. 25 As thy days so shall thy strength be.
Psalm ciii. 11, 12 As high as the heaven is above the earth, so IS His mercy, &c.
As FAR AS the east is from the west, so FAR has He removed our transgressions from us.
Col. ii. 6 ..... As ye have received Christ Jesus, so walk ye in Him.

PRACTICE.

Matt. vii. 21..... Not every one that saith Lord, Lord shall enter, but he that DOETH the will of my Father.
Matt. xiii. 23 ... He that heareth the Word and UNDERSTANDETH it, which also BEARETH FRUIT.
Gal. v. 22, 23 ... The FRUITS of the Spirit are love, &c.
Titus iii. 8 ..... Careful to maintain good works.
James i. 22..... Be ye DOERS of the Word.
„ 25—27... Pure religion is this, TO VISIT, &c., and to KEEP HIMSELF UNSPOTTED from the world.
James ii. 18 ... I will show my faith BY MY WORKS.

PROGRESSION.

Matt. x. 22..... He that endureth to the end shall be saved.
Rom. ii. 7. ..... PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.
Phil. iii. 14 ..... I PRESS TOWARD the mark.
1 Cor. xv. 58 ... ALWAYS ABOUNDING in the work of the Lord.
Col. ii. 19 ..... Holding the Head from which the body INCREASETH WITH THE INCREASE OF GOD.
1 Thes. iv. 1 ... As ye have received how ye ought to walk, so ABOUND MORE AND MORE.
Heb. vi. 1 ..... Let us GO ON UNTO PERFECTION.

CUBIC MEASURE.

Job xi. 8, 9..... Canst thou find out the Almighty? He is
High as heaven, DEEPER than hell, LARGER than earth, BROADER than the sea.

Eph. iii. 18 ..... The BREADTH and LENGTH and DEPTH and HEIGHT of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

EVOLUTION.

Roots to be Extracted.

Deut. xxix. 18... Lest there be any ROOT that beareth gall.

Heb. xii. 15 ... Looking diligently lest any ROOT of bitterness springing up trouble you.

INVOLUTION.

Eph. iii. 17..... ROOTED in love.

Rev. xxi. 16 ... I am the ROOT of David.

Col. ii. 7 ..... ROOTED in Christ.

Involving to highest power.

Eph. iv. 15 ..... GROW UP INTO CHRIST in all things.

Rom. vi. 5 ..... If we be PLANTED TOGETHER in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in that of His RESURRECTION.

1 Cor. xv. 43 ... Sown in dishonour, RAISED IN GLORY.
Sown in weakness, RAISED IN POWER.

Eph. ii. 6..... Quickened in Christ, and RAISED UP TOGETHER, and MADE TO SIT TOGETHER in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY G. ROGERS.

SO many expositions have been given of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and the allusions to it in Christian writers are so innumerable, that it might naturally be supposed that nothing new could be said respecting it, and much less that it could be placed in an entirely new light. Much prejudice, therefore, may have to be encountered in making such an effort; while, on the other hand, the sight of an old friend in a new attire may exhibit some well-known features in a clearer aspect, even though the general appearance should be substantially the same. It is usual to look upon the "Pilgrim's Progress" as descriptive of a variety of characters on pilgrimage to the heavenly land: having one figure most prominent in the scene, and others introduced as they come under his own personal observation, as they cross his path, or accompany him, or meet him on their return. The method of interpretation here proposed is to regard the whole narrative as illustrative of the experience of one Christian pilgrim, and that, for the most part, if not entirely, of Bunyan himself: and other characters introduced as personifications of his own principles and feelings, both of nature and of grace. How far this can be effected we have now to consider. We do not expect that it will commend itself at once to the judgment of our readers, but the most incredulous will not object, we trust, to the attempt being made.

In vindication of such an attempt, the following suggestions are offered:—

1. The title of "The Pilgrim's Progress" applies to one rather than to many.
2. The author's own account of the book is not opposed to this view:

> "And thus it was: I writing of the way
> And race of saints, in this our gospel day,
> Fell suddenly into an allegory
> About their journey and the way to glory."

The one journey of the race of saints is then said to be illustrated in one man.

> "This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
> The man that seeks the everlasting prize:
> It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes
> What he leaves undone; also, what he does:
> It also shows you how he runs, and runs,
> Till he unto the gate of glory comes."

3. The allegory is better sustained by looking upon the characters brought into intercourse with the one Pilgrim as personifications of principles and feelings. When viewed as real persons, the book becomes a real narrative of many individuals, rather than an allegorical description of one.

4. Uniformity of interpretation is better preserved. Some characters have usually been regarded as the experience of others, and some as the Pilgrim's own. "Giant Despair," for instance, and his wife, "Diffidence," are acknowledged to be personifications of his own internal feelings. Of "Formalist" and "Hypocrisy," Dr. Cheever remarks: "Bunyan is here painting from real life: indeed, in every part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' he had but to look back through the perspective of the way he had himself been travelling, and its characters started into life, thronging the path with such number and vividness, that the difficulty was not to find portraits, but to make choice of his materials. He had also only to look into his own soul, with the wonderful clearness and accuracy with which he remembered every part of his experience, and there he found in his own past self, before he became a Christian, the portraiture of many a character introduced in his pages." He soon afterwards observes: "In describing these characters Bunyan was just cutting out two of the pictures of his own unconverted state, to insert them into this heavenly mosaic of his 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Here we have a double view of the same characters, one descriptive of Bunyan's own experience, and another of the experiences of others; one a gallery of portraits of different individuals, and another of portraits of himself in different attitudes and forms. This destroys uniformity, both of execution and design. It certainly does make a Mosaic of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but this is just what we think it is not.

5. The order in which the several characters are introduced corresponds with the history of the experience of one individual. "Obstinate" and "Pliable," "Mr. Worldly-wise-man," "Evangelist," "Sloth" and "Presumption," "Faithful" and "Hopeful," all come upon the scene at the very period at which they would be found in the experience of every Christian.

6. Christian experience is more fully and faithfully delineated by the new method of interpretation. It is not confounded with that of others. Every thing is brought home to itself; and its vast variety of sensations are distinctly and prominently disclosed. We are not led to condemn others but ourselves, not to be guided by grace in others but in ourselves. Not one-half the book merely, but the whole, belongs to each individual Christian. Upon the usual theory, both the good and evil tendencies are attributed to others. "Obstinate" and "Pliable," for instance, are represented as though the chief Pilgrim had no such tendencies in himself, and "Faithful" and "Hopeful" as though he had no such faith or hope of his own.

7. The author speaks of the interpretation of his book as not lying upon the the surface, but as requiring much consideration for its discovery.

> "Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee,
> See if thou canst interpret it to me.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> As for thee
> Do thou the substance of my matter see.
> Put by the curtains, look within my vail,
> Turn up my metaphors and do not fail,
> There if thou seest them such things to find
> As will be helpful to an honest mind."

Some more hidden meaning seems to be implied in these words than that which is usually adopted.

8. "The Pilgrim's Progress" corresponds with "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," by the same author, better upon the new method of interpretation than the old. Nearly all the same principles and passions related in the one, are pictorially represented in the other.

9. It harmonises, in this respect, with the less popular, but no less remarkable, production by the same author,—"The Holy War." They are both illustrative of the same Christian experience—the one as a pilgrimage and the other as a warfare. The companions by the way in the one, are the inhabitants of Mansoul in the other.

10. By the new method of interpretation, the contrast between the first and second part of "Pilgrim's Progress" is better preserved. The first is the pilgrimage of one, and the second of many. "Some time since," says Bunyan, "to tell you my dream that I had of Christian, the Pilgrim, and of his dangerous journey towards the Celestial country, was pleasant to me and profitable to you." Here the former narrative is spoken of as the journey of one pilgrim, in distinction from what is immediately afterwards said to be the pilgrimage of many. On the second journey the same "Interpreter" appears, the same porter "Watchful" at the gate of the "House Beautiful;" the same "Prudence," Piety," and "Charity" in the house; the same three robbers that set upon "Little-Faith" in the same place, and "Giant Despair" and his wife, "Diffidence" still in "Doubting Castle." If these were persons, and not moral principles, how came they to be upon the same spot, and not one way or other, on pilgrimage for themselves?

These considerations, it may be hoped, will justify the endeavour to present the whole narrative under a new aspect. Some allusions there may be indirectly to others, but such only as are needful to the biography of the inner life of one man. "Evangelist," for instance, may be "Holy Mr. Giffard," though it might as well be the Gospel itself; but "Talkative" is the Pilgrim's own disposition to talk more than he really feels, which forms a part of every Christian's experience at some period of his career, and especially if he be a preacher of the Word. "The dream is one." It is the pilgrimage of one pilgrim and of one only, from this life to that which is to come. This is the principle for which we here contend.

(*To be continued.*)

Good News from Far.

AT a time when we are being assailed with more than ordinary virulence by certain papers of the baser sort, we have been greatly gratified by receiving the following letter accompanied with donations to aid us in the Lord's work. We seldom publish any of the many touching letters of fraternal love which we receive, but we cannot refrain upon this occasion, even though we should be charged with egotism for it. Our Indian brethren are earnestly thanked. Our gratitude is deep and fervent. They little know what balm their generous sympathy is to our spirit. In the midst of cares, labours, and crosses, these are choice consolations. May the Lord plenteously reward all who have done us this great kindness.

"ALLAHABAD, INDIA,
"*January 27th*, 1872.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The enclosed list of contributions from India, in aid of "The Pastor's College," and "The Stockwell Orphanage," will show you that your noble efforts to spread the gospel, and to provide for the poor, are in some measure appreciated by

Christian friends who are far away from the scene of your labours,—and, who, though they have not seen you, yet love you, and esteem you highly for your work's sake.

"During the hot season of last year I was obliged, by illness, to withdraw from my work for a while, and seek rest and renewed health in the cold and bracing climate of Mussooru, one of our Indian hill sanitariums. The change proved beneficial, and by God's mercy my health has been restored, and I am again at my post in my Master's service.

"I met at Mussooru several dear Christian friends, in whose society I was not a little refreshed and comforted in spirit. All these friends are more or less acquainted with your sermons, and the perusal of them had been profitable to all, and the means of conversion to some.

"In one of the first services I attended at the little Union Chapel in Mussooru, I heard a stirring sermon of yours read to the congregation by a pious military officer, who seemed to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the discourse. He has for many years been an active Christian, and while I was at Mussooru he was led to see the truth regarding baptism, and I had the pleasure of immersing him in the name of the Lord, in a mountain stream. He has, I think, himself written to you about his baptism.*

"It may be as well that you should know, that though you have never been to India, yet you have often to do duty here by proxy. In stations where no minister or missionary is settled, your published sermons are often read for public, as well as for private, instruction.

"Among the pious friends I met at Mussooru was Major-General Colin Troup, C.B., of the Indian army, who attributes to your sermons in a large measure, his conversion to God. He sends to your publisher in London for large supplies of the sermons, which he diligently distributes among soldiers and officers of the army. In conversation with him, I found that both he and others in India would be glad of an opportunity to show their gratitude to you and their interest in your work. This suggested to me the idea of circulating a paper for contributions from friends in aid of your College and Orphanage.

"This was done by General Troup and myself, and the result I have now the pleasure of sending to you in the enclosed drafts on the Baptist Missionary Society's Treasurer.

"I only wish the amount could have been much more, but such as it is, you will, dear brother, kindly accept, as a small token of regard for you, and of interest in your work from friends in a far country. As it is likely that these contributions will be acknowledged in your excellent periodical "The Sword and the Trowel," I would feel thankful if you could give directions to send me a few copies of that number of "The Sword and the Trowel" for distribution among some of the contributors.

"And now, dear brother, my humble prayer is, that God, even our Father, who has raised you up to serve Him, and has so signally used you for the promotion of His kingdom, may still support, strengthen, and establish you in all your endeavours to glorify His holy name through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

"With kindest Christian regards, I remain ever yours in the love of Christ,

"THOMAS EVANS, *Missionary*."

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* We received the letter with deep joy, but could barely decipher it, as the ink had gone through the paper.

For College—	£	s.	d.
Major-General Colin Troup, C.B. ...	2	10	0
Thomas Evans, Missionary	1	0	0
Captain H. G. Puckle	1	0	0
W. McLeary, Esq.	0	10	0
H. McLeary, Esq.	0	10	0
Dr. Sherlock	0	10	0
M. Witti baker, Esq.	0	8	0
Colonel Cunningham	5	0	0
C. T. Runnell, Esq., C.E....	0	10	0
Rev G. G. Gillan	0	10	0
Captain E. H. Thackery	0	10	0
T. Bailey, Esq.	1	0	0
Colonel G. B. Roberts	1	0	0
Major P. A. Van Homrigh	1	0	0
G. F. Trimnell, Esq.	1	2	0
T. Garlan, Esq.	0	10	0
E. Foy, Esq.	0	4	0
Captain T. H. Chalon	0	8	0
Captain T. N. Theobalds	1	0	0
George A. Reynolds, Esq.	0	1	0
W. Warbrick, Esq.	0	5	0
Corporal Allen	0	2	0
Soldiers of Her Majesty's 53th Regt.:—			
T. J.	0	2	0
C. J.	0	2	0
Sergeant W. Hackett	0	2	0
Private R. George	0	2	0
,, J. Melton	0	1	0
,, J. Smith	0	1	0
Corporal T. Foster	0	1	0
Private A. W. Johnston	0	1	0
,, J. Goldfinch	0	2	0
,, S. Wallace	0	1	0
,, W. Cooper	0	1	0
,, W. Jackson	0	1	0
,, J. B. McMinnies...	0	1	0
,, R. Saunders	0	0	6
,, D. Pritchard	0	1	0
,, A. Glen	0	2	0
,, G. Wells	0	3	0
P. C. Chowderi, Native Christian ...	0	2	0
	£20	16	6

For Stockwell Orphanage—	£	s.	d.
Major General Colin Troup, C.B. ...	2	10	0
Thomas Evans, Missionary	1	0	0
Captain H. G. Puckle	1	0	0
W. McLeary, Esq.	0	10	0
H. McLeary, Esq.	0	10	0
Dr. Sherlock	0	10	0
M. Wittinbaker, Esq.	0	8	0
Colonel Cunningham	5	0	0
C. T. Rundell, Esq., C.E.	0	10	0
Rev. G. G. Gillan, chaplain, Ch. Scotland	0	10	0
Captain E. H. Thackery	0	10	0
T. Bailey, Esq.	1	0	0
Colonel G. B. Roberts	1	0	0
Major P. A. Van Homrigh	1	0	0
G. F. Trimnell, Esq.	1	2	0
T. Garlan, Esq.	0	10	0
E. Foy, Esq.	0	4	0
Captain T. H. Chalon	0	8	0
George A. Reynolds, Esq.	0	1	0
W. Warbrick, Esq.	0	5	0
Corporal Allen	0	2	0
Soldiers of Her Majesty's 55th Regt. :—			
Private G. Reeves	0	2	0
,, S. Saunders	0	1	0
,, J. Melton	0	1	0
,, J. Smith	0	1	0
Private T. Foster	0	1	0
,, J. W. Johnston	0	1	0
,, J. Goldfinch	0	2	0
,, S. Wallace	0	1	0
,, W. Cooper	0	1	0
,, W. Jackson	0	1	0
,, W. Copp	0	1	0
,, J. McMinnies	0	1	0
,, R. Saunders	0	0	6
,, D. Pritchard	0	1	0
P. C. Chowderi, Native Christian... ...	0	2	0
Captain J. F. Morton, 55th Regiment ...	1	0	0
Major H. Burke	1	0	0
Colonel Keer	1	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Captain C. C. Scott Moncrieff	1	0	0
Amicus	0	10	0
W. E. Parry, Esq.	1	0	0
Lieutenant N. McLeod	1	0	0
Major Vanrennan	1	0	0
Dr. Lazarus	1	0	0
Henry Ball, Esq.	0	4	0
Robert Hine, Esq.	1	0	0
J. W. Williamson, Esq.	0	4	0
B. D. Hayes, Esq.	0	10	0
	£30	15	6

Reviews.

The Moravian Almanack for 1872. J. Bithrey, 36, Castle Street, Holborn.

A very interesting fourpenny worth, from which a general view of the condition of the Moravian church may be taken at a glance. Those who like to know what is doing in the churches should procure this manual. We have extracted from it the piece entitled "Spiritual Arithmetic."

Systematic Theology. By CHARLES HODGE, D.D., Princeton, New Jersey. Thomas Nelson and Sons, London and Edinburgh.

WE have had "Outlines of Theology" by the son, and are now to be favoured with a complete System of Theology by the father. The former has done us good service and we confidently look for enlarged profit from the latter. Such professors of theology as Dr. Hodge are valuable, because they are rare. It is truly reviving to see the old theology rising in its wonted majesty, and clothed with its own verdure and fruitfulness, into prominence in modern times. "Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever." Such a work is peculiarly seasonable on both sides the Atlantic, and we hail its publication in this country as a token for good. The introduction is particularly valuable for its defence of systematic theology against the many attempts to bring it into disrepute, and to substitute a more unrestrained method of interpretation in its place. There is no new theory of the German or English school that is not carefully analyzed and weighed in the balances and found wanting. Men of "advanced thinking," as they style themselves, are met on their own ground: and are compelled to feel that the highest genius and scholarship of the present age is not all on their side. The outcry against creeds and confessions comes with an ill grace from those who profess to be governed by scientific principles and by a literary taste. To affirm of any human production that it contained many great and instructive truths which it would be impossible to systematise without weakening each separate truth, and frustrating the design of the whole, would be a serious reflection upon the author's wisdom and skill. How much more to affirm this of the word of God! Systematic theology is to the Bible what science is to nature. To suppose that all the other works of God are orderly and systematic, and the greater the work the more perfect the system; and that the greatest of all his works, in which all his perfections are transcendently

displayed, should have no plan or system, is altogether absurd. If faith in the Scriptures is to be positive, if consistent with itself, if operative, if abiding, it must have a fixed and well-defined creed. No one can say that the Bible is his creed, unless he can express it in words of his own. The infidel only is without a theological creed derived from the sacred Scriptures. Since we must have a system of truth, if our religion is in the Bible, the more perfect and enlarged that system is, the better. A good model of such a system we have in the work before us.

A Commentary on the Gospel according to John: Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical. By J. P. Lange, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

The more we read Lange the more highly we appreciate him. We could not now do without him. These two volumes complete the gospels, and the whole nine volumes are such a present as a good deacon should at once give to his pastor. If every church saw that its pastor had all Lange's works, it would be making a cheap and profitable investment. If you want good sermons, supply your pastors with good books.

History of the Kingdom of God under the Old Testament. Translated from the German of E. W. Hengstenberg, of Berlin. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

Should any be disposed to enquire, Can any good thing come out of Berlin? our reply, with this book before us, would be, come and see. It is not the only good thing in theology that has come from Berlin, nor from the same author; but there is so much that is not good that comes to us from Germany, that we hail with pleasing surprise that which is really so. We are always delighted to see an antidote to German theology in Germany itself, and are not without hope that the German mind will in due time correct its own errors, and become established in the truth. The author of the work before us has laboured long and well in the right direction. It is the last of his productions, and well sustains his former reputation. It consists of an introductory treatise and a critical and explanatory view of the gradual development of the kingdom of God in the historical events and ceremonial institutions of the Old Testament, to be completed in two volumes. The introduction is worthy of special notice as a defence of the generally received opinions against the many modern theories with which both the inspiration and common sense interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures have been assailed. It is not, however, for its controversial allusions, but for its direct Scripture teaching, that the introduction and the whole book itself will be most highly prized. Messrs. Clark have our thanks, as they will doubtless have those of many others, for adding this to their "Foreign Theological Library."

An Almanack for 1872. By Joseph Whitaker. Whitaker, Warwick-lane.

This shilling almanack, containing 320 pages, packed with valuable information, is as good as last year's issue: we do not think we could give it higher praise, for last year it seemed to us to be perfect.

The Little Gleaner. Vol. XVIII. Houlston and Wright.

A gracious periodical, very suitable for children's Sabbath reading. The printer ought to do his work better, for there are lines which are utterly unreadable, or else are in the Welsh language. A moderate share of blunders may be tolerated, but masses of pie should not be too plentiful.

Life on Desolate Islands; or, real Robinson Crusoes. Religious Tract Society.

Despite our admiration of dear old Robinson Crusoe, we have grave fears that the book has done a world of mischief among happy families. Many a boy has longed and pined for the sea, and even ran away from home to get on board a ship. One of the best cures is a real sea voyage, and a trial of actual sailor work; the next best is to let boys read truthful narratives of shipwrecks, so that they may see what real Robinsons are. This first-class story-book washes off the rose-colour, and shows the matter of desolate islands in the looking-glass of truth. Master Jack had better read it before he tries hard biscuit, salt junk, and rope's end.

Notes of the Scripture Lessons for 1871. Sunday School Union.

Well worth preserving. All first-class teachers will retain the notes for future reference; they might be very serviceable also to ordinary readers.

Scripture Stories in Verse; with Sacred Songs and Miscellaneous Pieces. By John Edmond, D.D., Highbury. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

Dr. Edmond has with great modesty renounced all claim to a place among the bards, but we think most readers will think him out of place in the lowest room and bid him "come up higher." There is more than mere rhyme and jingled verbiage here; thought and imagery have intertwisted their threads, and produced many verses whose texture will bear the strain of criticism. We do not doubt that many will read with pleasure what the good Doctor felt so much joy in writing. If a man cannot sparkle and flash as a diamond of the first water, he may be content to be a gem of "ray serene."

Without the Camp: an earnest Appeal to all who Love the Lord Jesus. One Penny. W. Macintosh.

A most needful and seasonable appeal. The tone is deeply earnest, the matter solemnly urgent. The tractate deserves universal reading, and is calculated to render the church of God most valuable service, if God the Holy Spirit shall apply it to the hearts of all readers.

Todd's Student's Manual. With Preface by Tom T. Briggs. Post free from T. T. Briggs, Ulverstone; or Tweedie and Co., 337, Strand.

We are glad to see another edition of this capital manual, and especially to see such a good one, which certainly deserves to be called "The Standard Edition." We wish Mr. Briggs a rapid sale.

The Wanderings of Master Peter in Search of Knowledge. Translated and compiled by Mrs. Campbell Overend. Oliphant and Co.

Tales of the Life of Peter the Great and Menzikoff, calculated to win an attentive and admiring reading from all boys who are fortunate enough to obtain the volume.

The Bible Class and Youths' Magazine. Vol. XI. Sunday School Union.

We cannot very enthusiastically praise this magazine. Its engravings might be improved with advantage. It is a good deal behind several magazines issued by private firms.

The Poetry of the Hebrew Pentateuch. By Rev. M. Margoliouth, M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., Samuel Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster Row.

An able and scholarly dissertation on Hebrew Poetry. Without going quite so far as the writer in his description of of the language of the Old Testament, we still agree with him in the main as to the beauties and capabilities of that ancient tongue. Much of the popular estimate of the Jews' speech has been gathered from their foes, and notably from Voltaire, but no one who has had any dealings with the sons of Israel, has had any reason to question their mental vigour. Their native speech is as rich as their purses, and no land would be impoverished by the exchange. Not Greece herself, no nor England which adds to her wealth of language every year, could lightly challenge the utterance of the people of the Lord. It is a pity that scholars cannot agree as to the English letters to describe the Hebrew characters. As it is, every one has his own rule, and the confusion is terrible. We do not deem the writer happy in his selection; quite the reverse.

We are glad to see the honesty of such passages as the following. The author says: "It is a fact, well worthy of the most serious consideration on the part of the clergy, that the laity are beginning to view with impatience the lamentable ignorance of the sacred tongue amongst the priesthood of the Church of England. The evil is, that there is no reasonable prospect of a speedy improvement upon the present state of things. Scarcely half-a-dozen of our bishops can, with a good grace, insist upon a Hebrew examination from candidates for Holy Orders." If *we* had said as much we should have been called uncharitable. If the Establishment begins to fail in scholarship, the last shred of reason for her existence vanishes.

The Biblical Museum: a Collection of notes, Explanatory, Homiletic and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. By James Comper Gray. Vol. II. Luke and John.

Without endorsing all the theology of this work we feel bound to speak of it in glowing terms. We commended the first volume, and we are equally hearty in praising the second. Sabbath-school teachers should each and all possess it, if they have little money, and can only purchase few books, they should make sure of the volumes of the Biblical Museum. The work deserves a better name.

Bible Music. By Francis Jacox, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The author informs us that the texts with which he heads each chapter "are taken less as standpoints than as starting points; less as something to make a stand upon, than as something to get away from." Verily he has consistently executed his design, and the result is a book of the vagrant order, tramping over the country and leading us, in gipsy fashion, along green lanes and breezy commons in a most uncomfortable fashion; and, like similar rovers, he collects but little of what is his own, and a good deal of what is other people's. But the fare, if mingled, has a fresh, *piquante* flavour, which makes it very acceptable to the reader.

Christ and his Seed; central to all things; being a Series of Expository Discourses in Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. By John Pulsford. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Not so much thoughts as day dreams: some of them beautiful and profitable, others misty and erroneous. The author belongs to no school of theology, and we sincerely hope no school will ever gather at his feet. His heart we doubt not is pious and devout, but we feel equally sure that his head is in the clouds. What say our readers to this notion? "*There is no believer on earth, perhaps, indeed there is no saint in Paradise, who can foresee precisely what his condition will be on the great day of redemption.*" We have heard doubts of the final perseverance of saints on earth, but it is new to hear doubts concerning those in Paradise. Mr. Pulsford to our mind handles the word of God in anything but simplicity, especially when expounding the words, "He hath chosen us in him," he goes on to say, "As God hath chosen no man's person, he has not chosen you rather than others." If God has chosen *us*, but not our persons, language is henceforth useless, except to bewilder us. Indeed, this seems to be one of the uses of words in which the author is very much at home: sometimes we do not know what upon the earth he means, and at other times we are clear that his meaning is but well-dressed nonsense. There is in the work very much that is exceedingly good, much that in our judgment is utterly fallacious, and more still which savours of the Mystics rather than of the Evangelists. If the smoke around our author had only been a trifle more dense, he might have darkened into a Swedenborg; as it is, considering the manifest tendency of his genius towards the obscure, we rejoice that he retains so much of the true light. As there are "precious things put forth by the moon," we hope that "the palpable obscure" may, in this case, yield fruit after its kind.

The Causes of the Decay of the Power of Divine truth in the Churches, commonly known as the "Standard Connection" considered in the Light of the Gospel. By one of themselves. G. J. Stevenson. Price fourpence.

Differing as we may from the "Standard Connection," we have always had a high respect for such men as Gadsby and Philpot, and have never felt any of that rancorous spirit which some have evinced towards them. We are sorry that there should be so much ground for the rebukes of the writer of this pamphlet, but we are glad that there is to be found in the connection a man, who can in so excellent a spirit administer admonition. We conceive that this fraternal address will act as a gauge for the spiritual condition of the churches concerned; if they accept the warning, it will evidence that a root of vitality remains, but if they grow angry with the rebuke, it will prove that they needed it, even more than the writer believes.

Strange Footsteps. By Revs. C. and H. Kendall. Bembrose and Sons, 21, Paternoster Row.

A very interesting set of papers on God's providence. The incidents are numerous and instructive, but rather clumsily strung together; and being printed on sugar paper, or something equally coarse and disagreeable to the touch, and to the eye, the result is to produce the impression of poverty and want of taste, alike in thought and editing, which is only partially deserved.

The Dead in Christ; or, the Baptists in Bunhill Fields. By Samuel Couling. Baptist Tract Society, 3, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

One of the most interesting pamphlets ever issued at the low price of twopence. It ought to be purchased by thousands by our denomination. Other friends will also find it well worth their reading. We take this opportunity of saying that the Baptist Tract Society becomes growingly worthy of the esteem and support of all baptised believers. It is well managed; and issues tracts, most of which are up to the average of such literature, and some of which are very superior productions. We fear that many of its issues are permitted to linger in the first edition; and yet if Baptists were faithful to their convictions, and earnest in spreading the light which they profess to value, these very tracts might be wisely circulated in hundreds of thousands.

Lectures on the Epistle of James. By the Rev. R. Johnstone, LL.B. William Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

A very useful, scholarly, and readable, book. We agree in the main with the writer's interpretation and views. No student can fail to find this work of use in a critical and exegetical study of the Epistle, while the general Christian reader will discover much to amply repay a careful perusal. We put it on our shelf of living books, to bear fruit in days to come.

Home Religion. By the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Another of Cassell's gem series, worthy of its predecessors. The name of the estimable author is a guarantee for its excellence.

Memoranda.

During the past month we have had the privilege of preaching in three new substantial places of worship, which have been erected, through the labours of our students, in the metropolis. At *Chalk Farm* it delighted us to see the excellent chapel in which Mr. Edgley is gathering together an important and earnest church. We fear that he greatly needs help to lighten the load of debt, but the friends are not depressed by the burden. At *Enfield*, near the Ordnance Factory, we found Mr. Doel with a neat and substantial new House of Prayer, in which we preached the first sermon. In the factory a large number of artisans are employed, and these we trust will become the living stones to build up a spiritual house. Here our friend, Mr. Knight is generously lending the help of his hand and his purse, but extra aid is wanted, for a considerable debt remains. At *Burdett Road, Bow Road*, we opened on Thursday, February 22nd, the vast structure in which the congregation of Mr. Archibald Brown will in future assemble. It is probably the second chapel in London for size, and is a noble monument to the triumph of the gospel when faithfully proclaimed. We are unable to give particulars, as the opening services are a little behind our day for going to press; but our heart is full of gratitude for the goodness of the Lord in causing such noble results to be achieved in connection with brethren trained in our College. Mr. Brown is a man of amazing power and of consecrated spirit. God bless him.

We acknowledge with very much gratitude the renewed kindness of those dear friends at the Tabernacle who again presented to our College the sum of £100, as a new year's token of their love to us and interest in our work. These are the love tokens which knit us to our people.

We begin to hope that the Girls' Orphanage will soon become a fact. We believe that the dear sister who commenced the Boys' Orphanage is ready with help. A gentleman has offered to build the first house, which means £500, and one whom

we may only indicate as "A person" will aid with £3,000 in due time. If it be the Lord's will for us to go on, the ground will be obtainable and more funds will come in. Our friend, Dr. Sharp, of Cupar, very generously corrects a mistake which we inadvertently made last month. We thought *the profit* of his interesting tract was to go to the Girls' Orphanage, but he intends to give *the whole proceeds*. This is better than our hopes. Thanks to the worthy Doctor.

We have almost completed the third volume of "The Treasury of David." The Christian Church encourages us in the work, for the second edition of Vol. I. is exhausted, and of Vol. II. another edition is preparing. May our labour in this department not be in vain. We conscientiously believe that the third volume is in no degree inferior to the other two.

As a very large number of friends from a distance desire occasionally to attend the Tabernacle, but do not like to encounter the crowds at the doors, the deacons have resolved to issue early admission tickets, which will admit the holder before the general public, during the month of issue. They will be purchasable at the price of one shilling, and can be had by letter, enclosing twelve penny stamps, and one halfpenny stamp for postage, of Mr. C. Blackshaw, Tabernacle, Newington Butts.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Lauderdale, of Great Grimsby, has received another very gratifying testimonial of the attachment of his friends in that place. Such signs of union between pastor and people are not only pleasant, but significant of a spirit conducive to success.

Mr. W. Dransfield, a venerated elder of the Tabernacle, fell asleep in Jesus on Thursday, February 15th, in a good old age. He was one of the holiest and happiest Christians it was ever our privilege to know. Next month we hope to present our readers with some of the choice sayings which fell from his dying lips.

The Orphanage at Stockwell being now almost filled, and the applications on the list being numerous, friends are requested not to apply for the admission of more cases for the present; or, if they choose to do so, they must kindly understand that it is almost a forlorn hope.

A delightful service of song was held at the Tabernacle on February 20th. Mr. Lahee's admirable Cantata, entitled "The Blessing of the Children," was sweetly sung by a Sol-fa Choir, under the most efficient leadership of Mr. Proudman. It was an evening of devout enjoyment. The Orphanage was much helped by the evening's contributions.

We observe that Mr. John Foreman died February 8th, aged 80 years. He will be lamented by a large circle of Christian friends.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, January 25th, fourteen; February 1st, eighteen: by Mr. D Honour, February 15th, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1872, to February 19th, 1872.

Presentation Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Mr C. H. Price...	1	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
The Late Mr. Dransfield ...	5	0	0
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Ambrose	2	15	0
Mr. Arnold	1	12	6
Mr. H. Bey	1	6	0
Mrs. Holmes	1	1	0
Mrs. Tunstall	1	0	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	1	1	0
Mr. T. George	0	3	6
Mr. G. J. Russell	1	1	0
Mr. Bennett	1	5	8
Mr. A. T. Nisbet	1	0	0
Mr. T. Davie	0	2	6
Mr. W. Howell...	0	6	0
Mr. Treliving	0	8	0
L. A. H....	1	1	0
Mr. H. White, Senr.	1	3	6
Mr. Chester	0	7	6
Mr. Bland	0	5	6
Mr. Belstead	0	8	0
Mr. Seward	0	10	0
Mr. Scutchings...	0	15	0
Mr. J. Vince	0	19	6
Mr. Izard	2	0	0
Mrs. Allum	1	9	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hubbard	1	0	0
Mrs. J. P. Coe	2	2	0
A Young Widow	0	10	0
Miss Sarah Emily Cockrell ...	3	0	0
Miss Helen Tucker	0	17	0
Miss M. E. Amery	1	1	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	7	6
Mr. Ward	0	10	0
Mr. A. Foote	0	13	0
Mr. J. Brynn	0	7	6
Mrs Davis	1	2	6
Mr. Bowker	0	10	0
Mr. Pope	1	0	0
Mr. Driver	0	4	0
Mr. Russell	1	12	6
Mr. Oxley	2	8	0
Mr. C. Verdan	0	10	0
Mr. C. Moore	0	3	6
Mr. Pettiter	1	1	0
Mr. G. Steel	1	0	0
Mr. Hellier	3	0	0
Mr. Glennie	2	2	0
Mr. Croker's Class	4	0	0
Mr. Croker	1	0	0
Miss Chivers	1	10	6
Mr. Fryer	2	10	0
Mr. E. H. Lines	0	10	0
Mr. Romang	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Romang	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Romang	0	5	0
Mrs. White	1	0	0
Mr. McGuffie	1	0	0
A Friend	0	6	0
Master H. K. Olney	2	2	0
Mr. Ross	3	10	0
Master Harry Olney	1	1	0
Miss Collett	0	5	4
Mr. Hobson	7	12	6
Mr. C. Taylor	1	1	0
Mrs. Johnson	1	1	0
Miss Simpson	1	2	0
Miss Figg	1	0	0
Miss Croker	0	14	0
Mrs. Fern	0	13	0
H. A. P.	1	0	0
Mr. Sayers	1	12	0
Miss A. Marsh	1	10	0
Mr. J. L. Keys	2	14	6
C. J. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	1	0
Miss Kate White	1	1	0
A Friend	1	6	3
Mr. Perkins	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	0	12	6
Miss Bonsor	1	0	0
C. B.	1	8	9
Mr. Doyle	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Sullivan			0 4 0
A Thankoffering			2 0 0
A Friend, Scotland			20 0 0
Mr. Bowker's Class			20 0 0
Proceeds of Bible-Class Tea Meeeting, Mr. Bowker			1 12 6

	£	s.	d.
J. H. W.	3	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
J. M. G.	0	10	0
A Sermon Reader	2	10	0
For Christ's sake	5	0	0
Maryport	0	20	0
Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Hughes	0	10	0
B. S. B.	2	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	0
Mrs. L.	0	10	0
Mr. Dougharty	2	2	0
Rev. W. H. Burton	2	0	0
Mr. H. Thompson	10	0	0
S. W. L.	5	0	0
H. O.	3	0	0
A sincere Friend	4	0	0
A Wellwisher	1	13	4
Mr. Foster	0	10	6
Mrs. Hughes	1	1	0
Mrs. Holroyd, per Rev. E. Blewett	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Johnstone	1	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
Collected at Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	3	14	0
Friends in India, as per list	20	16	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Jan. 21.	27	8	2
" " " " 28.	20	11	1
" " " Feb. 4.	32	2	3
" " " " 11.	36	7	0
	£354	12	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, to February 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's weekly printed Sermons	5	0	0
Miss S. Hadland	1	1	0
Miss E. Hadland	0	10	6
A Friend, per Lillah	1	1	0
Mr. Farley	5	0	0
Mrs. Croker	1	0	0
A Friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Miss Bates	0	5	0
The late John Green, per Mrs. Deacon	0	12	10
Mrs. Ranford	0	10	0
J. H. B.	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Snook	0	2	6
S. C. C.	1	1	0
Mrs. Adamson	0	2	6
J. H. W.	2	0	0
A Strict Baptist	2	10	0
W. L.	0	1	0
Eythorne and Ashley Sunday School	1	12	0
Miss L. Torquay	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ogilvie	1	0	0
Mr. Andrew Wilson, Toronto	2	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Two Friends at Cambridge	2	0	0
Mr. Saunders	0	5	0
Mr. R. Smith	0	5	0
Two Sermon Readers, per Mr. Merritt	0	6	0
A Mother, in memory of ——	1	0	0
J. M. G.	0	10	0
A Sermon Reader	2	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
A Sailor	0	5	0
Berkswell	0	4	6
Mrs. Legge	0	18	0
A Friend, per Mr. A. Sharp	5	0	0
In memory of Sidney	0	5	0
Shilling Stamps	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	1	0
A Friend	0	5	0
B. S. B.	3	0	0
J. L. L.	0	6	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	0
A. H. L. R.	0	5	0
Rev. W. Tyler	2	2	0
Mr. Daintree	1	1	0
Mr. W. Norton	0	10	0
Mr. J. Darby	1	0	0
Mrs. Simmons	0	10	6
Mr. Kiloh	0	10	6
Mr. Matthews	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Court	0	5	0
A Friend	0	11	0
Mr. Masterman	0	10	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A Widow	0	3	0
Mr. C. Ball	1	16	6
Mr. C. Ball, Junr.	1	0	0
A Christian Widow	0	2	6
Matthew xxv. 40	1	16	0
A Well Wisher	1	13	4
Mr. H. Wallington	0	5	0
Box, per A and P.	1	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. S. Gammon	0	5	0
A. A.	0	5	0
A Friend, Rusham Road Chapel, Manchester	1	0	0
N. W.	5	5	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
A Thankoffering, C. L.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Vinsen	5	0	0
R. N. P.	2	0	0
A Friend, D. D.	0	5	0
Three Fellow Servants	0	7	6
Mr. W. Thompson, per Rev. E. Blewett	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. H. Holroyd, per Rev. E. Blewett	1	0	0
Mr. Tucker	0	10	0
Mr. Houston	0	10	0
H. C. H.	0	5	0
A Widow's Mite	0	2	0
Mr. J. Donaldson	10	0	0
W. A. M.	0	3	6
Mr. Moore, per Mr. Sharpe	0	10	0
R. M....	0	2	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Friends, per Mrs. Morgan	3	3	0
Mrs. J. Johnstone	2	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Sammy C.	0	1	0
A Mother	0	5	0
Shrewsbury	0	1	0
Mr. G. Jones	2	0	0
Rev. W. Fuller	0	11	4
Cornwall Road Brixton Sunday School, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	4	7
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
Miss Cooksley	0	9	0
Master Isaacs	0	3	5
Mrs. Whitehead	1	13	0
Mrs. Peskett	0	5	1
Mrs. Davis	1	3	0
Miss Maynard	1	0	0
Mrs. Abbott...	0	17	0
Miss Woodington	1	0	0
Friends in India, as per list	30	15	6
Mr. W. Bantoft	10	10	8
Per Mr. Charlesworth	2	13	7
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per "F. R. T."			
Mr. William Olney 0 5 0			
Rev. F. Tucker 0 5 0			
Mr. Adrian 0 5 0			
Mr. Brown 0 5 0			
Mr. H. Brown 0 5 0			
Mr. Bremner 0 5 0			
Mr. Tyson 0 5 0			
Mr. Probin 0 5 0			
Mrs. Probin 0 5 0			
Mr. Yorley 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Higgins 0 5 0			
Mrs. Taylor 0 5 0			
Miss Taylor 0 5 0			
"In Remembrance" 0 5 0			
D. B. 0 5 0			
	3	15	0
Mrs. Hill	5	0	0
J. A.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Wood	1	0	0
Mrs. Lillycrop	1	1	0
	£187	7	3

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—120 Eggs, Miss Jannet Ward; 1 Ton of Potatoes, a Friend; a Pig, Mr. Priest; 2 Tins of Colman's Mustard, a Friend.

Clothing:—18 Shirts, Sarah; 3 ditto, Miss Ward; 12 ditto, from Stoke Newington; a small Parcel, Postmark, Forfar; ditto, ditto, Aberdeen; ditto per Parcels' Delivery; 1 dozen pairs Boys' Braces, Mrs. Weatherhead; 7 Dials, Mr. Padgett.

For Sale Room:—A small Parcel from a Friend, Finchley

For the Library and Museum:—6 vols. Child's Companions, from Stoke Newington; 21 Articles, Rev. R. Smith, Camerons, West Africa.

Donations, per Mr. Charlesworth:—Per M. A. Hubbard, 18s. 7d.; Mr. Brake's Assistants, £1; Mr. Fuller, 10s.; R. Latimer, 5s. Total £2 13s. 7d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Wade	0	5	0
E. L.	0	10	0
Rom. vi. 7, 8	2	0	0
Maryport	0	2	6
A Wellwisher	1	13	4
E. P	5	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	0	0
P. W. A.	5	0	0
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	8	0	0
	£19	10	10

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 75, Oakley Road, Islington, thankfully acknowledges the following Donations:—

GENERAL FUND.

Hon. Lady Philips, £2; Gen. Sir P. Montgomerie, 10s.; Mrs. Swanston, £2; A Friend, 10s.; A Lady, £5; Miss F. Pulley, 6s.; Per Mrs. Stark, 15s.; Harry, £1 9s. 10d.; C. M. Cockle, 5s.; A Friend, per D. J. C., 5s.; Mr. J. Smith, 5s.; B. B., £5; Per M. A. Garratt, 5s.; Mr. Tucker, £1; Miss Challiner, 10s.; Mr. T. Burton, £2; Mr. C. Hadfield, £2; Friends, per W. H. H., £10; A Friend, £5; Two Sisters, 2s.; Mr. J. Carter, 10s.; Miss Harrison (Maternity) 5s; Miss E. L. Brown, 5s.; M. A., 5s.; Mr. Bellringer, 5s.; Mr. Sales, 5s.; Mr. Bamford, 10s.; Mr. E. Harrison, £1; E. B. 5s.; Mr. T. Barnes, £1 11s. 6d; The Misses Northcott, 5s; Mr. W. Hawley, £1; Mr. Laing, 2s.; "Study Box," 10s.; Mr. Glenny, 5s.; J. A., 5s.; Mrs. Ranking, £1; R. P., Perth, £3; C. M. Isaac, 5s.; H. Bamber, 5s.; Mrs. D., for Maternity Fund, 10s.; Mr. C. Dent, £10; Miss Dehnar, £1; H. O., £3.

NEW BUILDING FUND.

Mrs. W. G. G., £100; Ed. Sulley, Esq., £25; Mrs. Clark, £5; Miss Y., £1 10s.; Miss H. G., per A. S., £5; Miss C. Bassett, £5; B. B., £10; Miss Harrison, £5; Mrs. Doggett, £5; Friends, per W. H. H., £10; J. Carter, £1; Mrs. Boyes and Friend, 7s. 6d.; M. Tutton, £5; R. P., Perth, £5; Mrs. C. Wintour, £5; Mr. C. M. Cockle, 4s. 11d; Mrs. Timæus, £2; Mrs. Burdet, £1; Miss Letchworth, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Dodson, £2 10s.; Miss Burls, £1; Mrs. Keer, £1; A Friend, £1.

The Annual Report is Now Ready.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL 1, 1872.

Advice Gratis.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

UPON one or two matters we shall this month give our readers our advice gratis, and at least we shall feel sure that it is worth the fee charged for it, if not more. When a man has been more than twenty-one years in the ministry he may be considered to be of age, and upon some points it may not be foolish to "*ask him.*" We shall be quite willing in future numbers to give such answers as we can to any queries of sufficient importance for general edification. Though by no means skilled in the law, we have some experience in matters concerning the gospel; and will in this paper and succeeding ones give replies to cetain queries which have reached us. Should any tender consciences feel aggrieved by receiving that for which they have not paid, they can forward the usual six shillings and eight pence to the Stockwell Orphanage.

I. Old Puritan asks, "What have you been saying about short sermons being the hardest to preach? What is the length to which you go yourself?

We only quoted Dr. Chalmer's opinion that the shorter the discourse the more time it required in preparation; but we endorse it fully, and think we can prove it. When a man has nothing to say, it generally takes him a long time to get to the end of it; like a man who is going nowhere he finds he has not reached his point, and thinks he may as well keep on. When the gutters of a town run with water, one would

not be surprised if the current continued for a week; but when the conduit floods them with wine, even a king's bounty cannot afford many minutes of it. Excellence enforces brevity: you cannot have a diamond as large as a pyramid, nor a pearl of the size of a Swiss lake. In some measure with a conscientious preacher the converse of the proposition is also inevitable, and brevity enforces excellence. If the minister is allowed only forty minutes for expounding a great truth he feels that he must not multiply words; but must compress much meaning into every sentence. If only a few pounds of provision can be carried by the members of an Arctic expedition, they are wise enough to secure the essence of meat, and not an ounce of mere bone or garnishing is tolerated. Give a man abundance of stowage in a vessel, and he will not spend time in close packing; but drive him hard in the matter of space, and it is quite wonderful how much he will contrive to get into it. A truss of hay brought upon a wagon to Whitechapel is one thing, but a truss compressed by hydraulics for ocean transit is quite another. Condensation requires labour: you cannot get an Australian sheep transformed into a pot of Liebig's essence without careful cookery; neither can you distil a garden of roses into a drop of the precious otto without laborious art. The same holds good with thought, you cannot deliver it from the incumbrance and alloy of verbiage unless time and mental effort are given to the task. Of course a man can talk nonsense during the briefest period allotted to him, and it is to be feared that a great many do; but, at any rate, they cannot lay to their souls the flattering unction that the quantity made up for the quality; and the likelihood is that they will discover the nakedness of the land and endeavour to improve.

In general, a great sermon is a great evil. Length is the enemy of strength. The delivery of a discourse is like the boiling of an egg; it is remarkably easy to overdo it, and so to spoil it. You may physic a man till you make him ill, and preach to him till you make him wicked. From satisfaction to satiety there is but a single step; a wise preacher never wishes his hearer to pass it. Enough is as good as a feast, and better than too much.

Having learned by long experience that we exactly fill the 12 pages which our publishers allow for a penny sermon, when we speak for 40 or 45 minutes, we have come to adopt that period as our stint, and we usually find it neither too short nor too long. In occasional services, when we address persons who have no other opportunity of hearing us, we take more latitude, but our regulation allowance is three quarters of an hour. A man who speaks well for that length of time has told his people quite enough, and from him who preaches badly they have in that time heard too much. Most divines can deliver all their best thoughts upon a text in forty minutes, and as it is a pity to bring forth "afterwards that which is worse," they had better bring the feast to an end. To men of prodigious jaw it may seem a hardship to be confined to time, but a broad charity will judge it to be better that one man should suffer than that a whole congregation should be tormented.

The speaker's time should be measured out by wisdom. If he is destitute of discretion, and forgets the circumstances of his auditors, he

will annoy them more than a little. In one house the pudding is burning, in another the child is needing its mother, in a third a servant is due in the family; the extra quarter of an hour's prosiness puts all out of order. A country hearer once said to his pastor, "when you go on beyond half-past four, in the afternoon service, do you know what I always think about?" "No," said the orator. "Well, then, I tell you plainly, it is not about what you are preaching, but about my cows. They want milking, and you ought to have consideration for them, and not keep them waiting. How would you like it if you were a cow?" This last remarkable enquiry suggested a good deal of reflection in the mind of the divine to whom it was proposed, and perhaps it may have a similar beneficial effect upon others who ought to confess their long preachings as among the chief of their shortcomings.

II. A Deacon wants to know whether a church ought not to hear several preachers before it selects one for a pastor?

Certainly, certainly, if the object be to divide it into a great many factions, and generate the feeling "I am of A, and I am of B, and I am of C." Many churches have been utterly wrecked while they were selecting a pilot. They had so large a choice that, like a lady in a linendraper's shop, they could not tell which to select; they grew critical; became in fact spiritual connoisseurs, and at last fell foul of one another. Beginning with prayer for God's guidance, many churches end in quarrelling for their own whims. Each new preacher will be sure to charm some, and on the other hand he will be objected to by others. The admiring company if their man be not elected, and the objectors if he should be, become too often the nucleus of discontent.

We would counsel those in office to be very much in prayer for divine guidance, and at the same time the whole church should pray much for grace to manifest discretion and forbearance. If a man be judged fit to preach as a candidate for the pulpit on other grounds, let a personal visitation be made to his present sphere of labour, that his ordinary preaching may be heard, and that the congregation may not be misled by hearing a few well-prepared discourses, which are not fair specimens of what they will have afterwards to listen to. Let it also be ascertained whether it would be fair to the man's present church to offer him any prospect of removal, for robbers of churches who steal the shepherd are not more honest than those who steal the sheep. If the preacher under consideration be unattached, the church of which he is a member should be consulted through its pastor, or his character should be quietly ascertained by reference to his former associations. Thus unworthy or inefficient men will not be put before the hearers. All being satisfactory, one man should be fairly heard, with the hope that he may be the man whom God has sent. If there be divided judgments, it will be usually the best to let that fact decide the matter without more ado than need be. One or two quarrelsome or odd people may not be so considered as to make them virtually the sole voice of the community, but as nearly as possible unanimity should be obtained, or out of respect for unity the brother should not be brought forward any further. Then

another attempt should be cautiously and prayerfully made, the former preacher being as much as possible left out of all further consideration, and the next man heard by himself, and not as a rival candidate. Sooner or later, the man on whom the Lord's anointing rests will be sure to come to a people who have learned both to pray and wait; but when a factious few are aggrieved because their choice is not law, and therefore will not candidly hear another, the matter assumes a sad appearance, and the state of the church is serious. Each should consult the good of all; each should be prepared to waive personal predilections for the benefit of the whole, and for Christian fellowship sake.

Again we say, never, never have two brethren before the church at once, if it can be avoided. It is the strongest possible provocation to schism, and, while human nature is what it is, evil will more or less ensue.

Let everything be done above-board. Managing churches is deacon-craft, and that is just one stage worse than priestcraft. Personal friendships must not operate, or else we had better have patronage open and avowed at once; a man pushed upon one of our churches will wish ere long that he had refused the calamitous preferment. The least suspicion of anything which will not bear daylight naturally excites the indignation of our people; therefore, let there be no guile, no planning, no deviation from the open and right course. Under God's blessing, the church will come at a wise decision, if the very wise men in her midst are not too wise.

Wait, but not too long. Choose, but do not look for perfection. Every divine cannot be a Luther. Some of our most useful pastors have grown up among a people who had grace to bear with them when they were immature. You may go further and fare worse. Persons who pick a basket of fruit over and over to find an unblemished apple are more than ordinarily in danger of lighting at last upon one which is rotten at the core. We may also remember the story of the schoolboy who wanted a stick from the wood, but would not cut either this or that, because he expected to meet with a yet better one; the result being that coming to the end of the trees he was obliged to take any one that he could, and went off with a very inferior stick indeed, in no way comparable with scores which he had already passed.

Every member of a church without a pastor should feel that the community is undergoing a serious ordeal, which without great grace will prove highly injurious to it; and, therefore, each one should be doubly prayerful and watchful. We would say to all brethren in such a condition, beware of becoming connoisseurs of preaching, and fault-finders with discourses. Nothing can compensate you if you degrade yourself to this. Hear devoutly; let the critical faculty remain in abeyance. Judge only whether the brother preaches the truth, is of the right spirit, is adapted to the people, aims at winning souls, possesses an unction from on high, and labours to glorify his Master. If these things be in him and abound he will not be barren or unfruitful.

Last of all, ask the Great Head of the Church to send you an under-shepherd, and expect Him to do so. Faith will then be on the watch to find him, discernment will be awakened, and wisdom will be displayed.

The Story of an Eventful Life.*

NO persons acquainted with Thomas Cooper will expect him to make any professions of pseudo-modesty in presenting the world with the record of his life and life-work. "I have written the book chiefly to please myself," he says, with such genuine *nonchalance*, that we scarcely can hope his pleasure will be enhanced by the assurance that he will also please his readers.

Thomas Cooper's early years were spent in real hardship. His father, who followed the business of a dyer at Exeter, was removed by death in 1809, when the future lecturer was only four years of age. His widowed mother then returned to Gainsborough, her native town, bravely to battle with adverse circumstances while rearing her child without assistance from parish rates. Mrs. Cooper was just such a woman as dutiful children never cease fondly to remember. Her son's earliest recollections are of falling into a river to be well-nigh drowned therein; of a grievous attack of small-pox; of drawing childish pictures on the hearth, amid the steam and bustle of the dyeing and ironing room; and perhaps, dearest of all, of his mother's self-denial in refusing the golden premium of an itinerating sweep, who would have in roduced our able reasoner to an occupation far less attractive than the path of life he has subsequently traversed.

Many pleasant things are related of our author's childhood—things such as will be sure to interest his many friends. He retains vivid memories of some awful winters during the old war time, when the pressure of taxation obliged many persons to hide their goods if they would reserve a bed to lie upon. He remembers the bullock which the townspeople roasted on the Gainsborough river during the great frost of 1813-14—a frost scarcely less terrible than the thaw which followed. The icy fetters binding the river were snapped as in a moment, and with a crash which shook the town; huge blocks of ice shattered the shipping, and great floods succeeded. With other children Thomas sang loyal songs on the squire's lawn in celebration of the Peace, and thereby won half-a-crown. Those were indeed stirring times; and when, long years after, that same Thomas Cooper saw the remains of Wellington carried to the tomb, it seemed as though by that funeral the uniting link were snapped between the Georgian and Victorian ages.

In the meantime, Mrs. Cooper experienced difficulty in providing the moderate requirements of her household. The schooling of her son being over, he became an unwilling burden on her hands—a great idle fellow in the eyes of certain busy-tongued neighbours. The truth was, however, that Thomas was anxious to be a help and a comfort. His tearful petition against being turned into a sweep had proved successful. Would he not do for the sea? He essayed even to try sailoring; but left the ship in terror on the first opportunity. Nothing better

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* I. The Life of Thomas Cooper. Written by Himself. Crown 8vo. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

II. The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time. By Thomas Cooper. 12mo. Hodder and Stoughton.)

than shoemaking now offered itself, and, accordingly, into the shoemaking art the boy must be initiated.

Though his adopted trade never greatly benefited the young artizan, he yet found this period to be, on the whole, no unpleasant time. It is remarkable that many men of learning and influence have sat on a stool to handle an awl, so that none who have done so need be ashamed of their company. The master, under whom the future lecturer passed an irregular apprenticeship, evinced a passion for poetry, and enjoyments such as were intellectual. Thus the two as they worked in their garret, conversed about favourite authors, and became a means of mutual self-improvement. This relationship, however, was of brief duration. The shoemaker's unequal temper obliged a separation, and Thomas Cooper afterwards worked for a widow who trafficked in shoes. He flourished for some time on ten shillings a week, studying such books as came within reach; and by divers means succeeded in procuring many of the greatest works in the English language.

Nevertheless, those days of mental growth had heavy drawbacks. They were fraught with danger. The young man had known a season of mourning on account of sin—a time of earnest prayer, his rearing having been among the Wesleyans. Then the period of declension came, as so frequently occurs under like circumstances. A companion was taken into confidence, who, notwithstanding his humble origin and associations, possessed a quick intelligence, and the two now spent their Sabbaths in literary and philosophical pursuits, until public worship became sufficiently distasteful to be entirely relinquished. This is not the first time that intellect to the intellect-worshipper has threatened to become a fatal life-breaker. Yet, in the case of Thomas Cooper, such a catastrophe was for the present averted when better friends crossed his way. One good adviser was a well-read Nonconformist, sound in doctrine, and uncompromising in practice; another was the presiding genius of the town book-club—a good-natured old tradeswoman, through whose favour Thomas would steal home of an evening with many unsoiled literary treasures fresh from the metropolis, *e. g.* Sir Walter Scott's latest story, or the last number of the "London Magazine."

The years between 1824-8 are to be considered the time of Thomas Cooper's student life. Though his experience may have been unique, it was also of a kind to encourage and reassure any plodder who would realise to their profit, that "knowledge is power."

We must not picture our hero as a young man enthroned in a shoemaking room, labouring intensely hard both at manual and mental labour. It is true the townspeople looked on with wonder and even with chagrin. Their singular neighbour they soon discovered "talked fine;" and, consequently, they regarded him as a pedantic upstart, for pronouncing English according to the standard of Walker, to the ignoring of the good old dialect of Lincolnshire. Still, a few cottage sneers and a little village chaffing should never repress our thirst for knowledge. They never so influenced Thomas Cooper. He erred in a contrary direction. He rose at four in the morning to study classic languages and to go through other educational discipline, in cold weather keeping

up a rocking motion to promote a quicker blood circulation and bodily warmth. One branch of learning after another was in turn attacked and exquisite were the sweets of conquest. But, in the long run, no time is saved by subjecting the human system to a pressure too heavy for flesh and blood to endure; *e. g.*

"I have taken care not to bedim the brightness of the picture contained in the last chapter. And it would have been untruthful if I had; for its brightness was never dimmed to me. But no one of any experience in life can have read the chapter without suspecting that the strain upon the powers of mind and body described in it could not always be kept up, and that under such circumstances there must have been failure sometimes. And so it was. I not unfrequently swooned away and fell along the floor, when I tried to take my cup of oatmeal gruel at the end of my day's labour. Next morning, of course, I was not able to rise at an early hour; and then, very likely, the next day's study had to be stinted. I needed better food than we could afford to buy, and often had to contend with the sense of faintness while I still plodded on with my double task of mind and body. But it was not till the summer of 1827, when I was about three months over two and twenty, that I felt my bodily strength, and with it my power of mind, were really giving way. I had now 'Hamlet,' entirely and perfectly by heart, and thought of beginning to commit 'Lear' to memory, but dare not; and I felt also compelled to halt at the end of the fourth book of 'Paradise Lost.' More reluctantly I had to give up my Hebrew writing and the book of Hebrew sentences. I must take them up again when I felt stronger. And the Algebra, *that* must also be laid by for the present. If I relieved myself of some of my labour it would enable me soon to rally. So I calculated and so Daddy Briggs said it would be—for he would often call and talk with his old pupil, and wonder at what I was doing, and talk admiringly and fondly about it."

Thus one task-book after another necessarily had to be laid aside; and soon a sore sickness cast its dull shadow around this literary aspirant. They were days of pain and anxiety; for he who, in a reckless pursuit after knowledge, had not spared time even for the public worship of his Maker now lay low at the very gates of death. He rose from his sick-bed, however, and, to the satisfaction of numerous townspeople, who supposed him to be a notable scholar—and he was no mean one—he established a school in Gainsborough, and, before very long, found himself marshalling some hundred pupils.

A change favourable to the growth of piety now occurred, and religious zeal, characteristic of other days, appeared to be rekindling and to burn vehemently.

The schoolmaster, already enthusiastic in his work of teaching, associated himself with the Methodists, and probably none of Wesley's followers ever pursued their leader's phantom of earthly perfection with greater impetuosity. At length Cooper imagined that he possessed the heavenly treasure. Then he discovered how he had been fondly deceived by a self-raised spiritual mirage!

"How long I maintained the profession of it I cannot say with exactness. It was for but part of a year, perhaps not more than half a year. But I remember well that I was in a religious state that I have never reached since. For some months I never struck a boy in my school. I felt that I would not strike, and told the children I should strike no more. And the children used to look at me so wistfully when I spoke to them tenderly and lovingly, if they had done any wrong! I instituted prayer four times a-day, with singing, in my school; and I have had many testimonies, in after-life, to the good impressions made

on the minds of some of the children. If, throughout eternity in heaven, I be as happy as I often was for whole days during that short period of my religious life, it will be heaven indeed. Often, for several days together, I felt close to the Almighty—felt I was His own, and His entirely. I felt no wandering of the will—no inclination to yield to sin. And when temptation came, my whole soul wrestled for victory till the temptation fled. This was exhausting to the body as well as to the soul. The perpetual tension of the string of the will seemed, at last, to be more than I could sustain. One day, when I was faint and weak in frame, I lost my temper, under great provocation, from a disobedient boy in the school, and suddenly seized the cane and struck him. The whole school seemed horror-stricken. The poor children gazed, as if on a fallen angel, with such looks of commiseration on my poor self, as I cannot describe. I wished I was in a corner to weep, for I was choking with tears and felt heart-broken."

The manner of Thomas Cooper's alienation and subsequent withdrawal from the Wesleyan Society pained him at the time, and led to some disastrous days in his religious history. The origin of this separation is directly traceable to the misdoings of selfish and injudicious local superintendents, who, when they act in the capacity of petty bishops, are capable of effecting great mischief, unless endowed with tact and sobermindedness. Our author reviews this portion of his life with dissatisfaction, and, while admitting that he himself may have uttered hasty words, he is none the less convinced that others acted vindictively. The unpleasantness in which he became involved occasioned an abrupt discontinuance of the local preaching in which the tutor had hitherto been engaged. It also led to his severance from the Connexion and to his removal to Lincoln, there to establish another school. The most noteworthy thing about this residence in the cathedral town was a "mad enthusiasm" for music. After instituting a choral society in the city, he undertook the office of Secretary to serve the cause of harmony day and night, with but little profit himself. "But a check to my enthusiasm came," he says, " . . . . . What no one had thought of trying to do till I did it—and what all acknowledged I had done so well—was deemed, at first, *in whispers*, an assumption of authority, and, at last, and *aloud*, and to my face, a most shameful tyranny. I was opposed—I was thwarted—I was called to account—I was advised to resign, I was threatened with dethronement; and so, eventually, I *abdicated*, and left the Lincoln Choral Society, which had been my idol and my passion, to conduct itself."

After this, Thomas Cooper became associated with the newspaper press, the "Stamford Mercury" being the journal that employed him. In this department he soon achieved considerable success; but in reviewing those days he thinks that the temptations and hardening influences to which newspaper writers are exposed, detract somewhat from the advantages they enjoy. Hence, were Thomas Cooper to run through life again, he would probably rather avoid using his pen for political broadsides, since the profession almost obliges one to be a company-keeper; to be feared or shunned; to be flattered and courted, or opposed and abused. He began with a salary of £20 a year, but soon rose to £300 a year, until disagreeing with his employer, he in a moment of rashness resigned the employment, and coming to London, endured many of the rough shifts known to the literary adventurer. The future

biographer of Sir E. B. Lytton will be indebted to this part of our story for a few touches. Be it remembered that in Thomas Cooper's young days, the now sprightly Tory *litterateur* could avow his partiality for "A Republican Government!" The two had met in the county town, having been brought together during election contests. The late correspondent of the "Mercury" was now at low water mark. He had wandered about London fruitlessly through many days. He had seen editors and persons of influence until he was weary, if not sick, at heart. Then a good idea struck him. He would carry a manuscript to the already renowned author. Perhaps he would deign to scribble half a dozen words in one corner, and condescendingly hand it to his publishers:—

"I thought I might very fairly expect a little introductory help, in London, from the literary baronet, and liberal M.P., whom I had humbly striven to serve in Lincoln. So I took the manuscript of my unfinished romance, and called upon him at his house in Hertford Street, Mayfair. He received me, smoking, with a thousand smiles; and assured me he would show the manuscript to his publishers. I called at his door, once or twice, during the seven weeks that elapsed before I saw him again; and then wrote to tell him that I would wait upon him on such a day. He came, hastily, into the room where I waited, put the manuscript into my hand, and said, 'I regret to say that, although Messrs. Saunders and Otley consider it a work of merit, they have so many other things in hand, that they cannot receive it at present. Good morning, Mr. Cooper!' and he bowed and disappeared through folding doors into another room in an nstant. His servant opened the door behind me, as I stood staring, and showed me the way into the street."

During a few months' residence in London at this time, the seeds were first sown of that religious declension, which, notwithstanding that it has been marvellously overruled for good, still forms the least satisfactory period of Thomas Cooper's life. It was then he also met with men of the "progressive" school in theology, and, moreover, first encountered the crazy Robert Owen.

But London was not to be his destination. Circumstances soon effected a removal to Leicester, where an engagement opened in connection with another "Mercury." At Leicester, Thomas Cooper renewed his acquaintance with a former Gainsborough friend, the Baptist editor and bookseller, J. F. Winks, whose friendship was highly valued. Winks was a man of pious uprightness, and to have adopted his advice would have saved many bitter regrets in after days. The "Leicester Mercury" did not clear very handsome profits, and the pay of its staff was correspondingly small. Besides, the young reporter, sufficiently impetuous by nature, became appalled at the abject poverty and misery of the stockingers, and thus associated himself with the chartist movement by supplying articles to one of its organs. The "Mercury," probably, became appalled in turn; for its democratic servant received notice of dismissal. In connection with this we have another glimpse of "Baptist Reporter" Winks.

"'Never mind, Tom,' said my old friend Winks, when I told him that I had received notice to leave the 'Mercury' in a month's time; 'don't you leave Leicester. There will be something for you to do soon.' 'Don't leave Leicester!' said a group of chartists, whom I had met in the street, who had heard of my dismissal." 'Stay and conduct our paper; George

Brown wants to give it up.' And in a day or two a deputation from the chartist committee came to offer me thirty shillings a week if I would stay in Leicester to conduct their little paper. My friend Winks shook his head at it. 'Have nothing to do with them Tom,' said he; 'you cannot depend on 'em. You'll not get the thirty shillings a week they have promised you.'"

Into any details of the excitement and political agitation which followed we cannot enter. Such things belong to the history of England rather than to the pages of a religious periodical. The chartism of 1842 was doubtless a wild fantasy, but not without certain redeeming features. Wordsworth even confessed that the popular demands were reasonable, only the people went the wrong way to work to secure what they wanted. Be that as it may, the wide-spread suffering of manufacturing towns stirred up the emotions of Thomas Cooper's heart, and excited his passions. He now stood forth, with the utmost unselfishness, to advocate what he believed to be the cause of the oppressed. While in his flaming zeal he defended measures which a matured judgment discovers to have been injudicious, he deserves no small honour for his courage and philanthropy. How divergent become the life-paths of early associates. That "dear old friend," J. F. Winks, was quietly editing his "Baptist Reporter," and some other periodicals: Thomas Cooper was a not over temperate leader of the Chartists. Could the politician have exercised a little of the cool reserve, characteristic of the Baptist printer, it would have saved him a two years' incarceration in Stafford gaol!

Yes, it is true; Cooper's chartism led him into prison; and fiction-writers, in their most successful efforts, seldom surpass in power our author's graphic description of those dreary months. The prison authorities seemed bent on killing the ex-chartist leader by means of a damp cell and unwholesome food. The dignitaries of Stafford gaol, however, little imagined with what kind of a man they were dealing. Writing materials were clandestinely conveyed into the gaol, a petition to the Commons was prepared and handed to the governor, while a letter apprising him of the fact was despatched by post to T. S. Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury. The commotion which followed this spirited action considerably startled persons in high places at Stafford. What was of more consequence, the prisoner won better treatment, besides something more satisfying for dinner than the net of potatoes and pinch of salt which hitherto had been his fare. The literary work of these prison days was the "Purgatory of Suicides."

On his release from captivity, Thomas Cooper again resorted to London in search of literary employment; and they who would become acquainted with the many polite rebuffs he encountered at the hands of aristocratic publishers, must themselves consult the autobiography. As it has ever been, so will it continue; unknown writers, however able, are jostled to the wall in the arena of letters. This is the case even though, as in the present instance, they be able to procure introductions to such men as B. Disraeli, Carlyle, and Douglas Jerrold. The last proved a true friend to the necessitous Thomas Cooper.

On all this, and on much beside we must not linger, though the details as narrated in the autobiographer's engaging style are as entertaining as

a highly wrought story. We almost instinctively turn to the religious bearings of the history, to its pregnant instruction and timely warning. As was quite natural, the whirl of chartist excitement, which for so long constituted a part of the man's existence, was not free from injurious effects. At first, indeed, the political orator prefaced and closed his meetings with prayer, also intermingling a proportion of Christianity with his speeches. Soon, however, one by one, sacred truths were surrendered, until the lecturer became a stout disciple of Strauss. Let any who are tempted to stray into the same dreary wilderness of unbelief, heed Thomas Cooper's words—heed them as the testimony of a powerful reasoner who has competently examined the claims of the gospel, and also the bases of its would-be substitutes:

"I had crowds to listen to me in the winter of 1848-9. And I might have done great good if I had continued simply to teach history and to deal with the stirring politics of the time. But I had now become a thorough adherent of Strauss. I believed his 'Mythical System' to be the true interpretation of what was called Gospel History. So, in my evil zeal for what I conceived to be Truth, I delivered eight lectures on successive Sunday evenings on the teachings of the 'Leben Jesu.' I soon repeated them in the Hall of Science, City Road—for I began in October, 1848, to lecture alternately, at that place, and at John Street. There is no part of my teaching as a public lecturer that I regret so deeply as this. It would rejoice my heart, indeed, if I could obliterate those lectures from the Realm of Fact. But it cannot be. We must bear the guilt and take the consequences of all our acts which are contrary to the will of Him who made us, and who has a right to our service."

Subsequent to this, and till the commencement of 1856, the labours of Thomas Cooper extended to authorship and lectures. For the most part these were harmless enough in themselves, their faults being of a negative kind, God and Christianity being studiously ignored. Still, the lecturer's nature remained sensitive. Conscience not being completely seared, he found little peace in his line of action. Then, at length conscience was thoroughly awakened, and the trembling disciple of Strauss was struck dumb as by a miracle. On Sunday evening, January the 13th, 1856, a surprisingly novel spectacle was witnessed by a crowd of deists and atheists assembled at the Hall of Science above-mentioned:—

"When I should have descanted, according to the printed programme, on 'Sweden and the Swedes,' I could not utter one word. The people told me afterwards that I looked as pale as a ghost, and they wondered what was the matter with me. I could hardly tell myself; but, at length, the heart got vent by words, and I told them I could not lecture on Sweden, but must relieve conscience—for I could repress conviction no longer. I told them my great feeling of error was that while I had perpetually been insisting on the observance of a moral life, in all my public teachings for some years, I had neglected to teach the right foundation of morals—the existence of the Divine Moral Governor, and the fact that we should have to give up our account to Him, and receive His sentence in a future state. I used many more words in telling the people this; and they sat, at first, in breathless silence, listening to me with all their eyes and ears. A few reckless spirits, by degrees, began to whisper to each other, and then to laugh and sneer; and one got up and declared I was

insane. A storm followed,—some defending me, and insisting that I should be heard; and others insisting on speaking themselves, and denouncing me as a 'renegade,' a 'turncoat,' an 'apostate,' a 'traitor,' and I know not what. But, as I happened to have fought and won more battles than any or all of these tiny combatants put together, I stood still till I won perfect silence and order once more; and then I told them, as some of them deemed me insane, we would try that issue. I then gave them one month for preparation, and challenged them to meet me in that hall on the 10th and 17th of February—with all the sceptics they could muster in the metropolis—to discuss, first, the Argument for the Being of God; secondly, the Argument for a Future State."

Nevertheless, Thomas Cooper was never a professed Infidel lecturer. He never dealt in those revoltingly coarse attacks on Christianity, associated with certain names, and which render certain gentlemen of the atheistical school questionable subjects for civilised society. A Socinian Thomas Cooper certainly was, and a favourer of Pantheism; but never an Atheist. We are glad to possess his thoughts in reference to the darkest passage in his history, "Thus I thought and spoke and wrote;" he says, "but not all the thinking and speaking and writing could destroy the latent wish that rapt communion with God were again mine. I might call it 'asceticism,' and give it other hard names; but the remembrance of it would return, in spite of all the corruption of the heart, and the wandering of the mind, to which I had yielded."

There was a longing, indeed, but longings, however ardent, cannot restore the soul which has wandered far astray in error. "I am very incredulous respecting sudden conversions from the habitual scepticism of years," our author himself confesses. The process of returning to the faith was a dreadful ordeal. Doubts and remorse sprung up on all hands to torment and terrify. It is quite affecting to learn how tenderly Charles Kingsley and Dr. Jobson took the stricken penitent by the hand to lead him back to the fold wherein they themselves enjoyed peace, and from which their friend had strayed. The one lent him books and gave judicious counsel; the other tried to chase away the horrid nightmare which weighed on his soul. The ex-chartist imagined that darkness would envelope him as a judgment from heaven, and that never more should he see the light of God's countenance. "No, no," cried Dr. Jobson, "I don't believe it; God will bring you to the light yet, and fill your soul with it." Then a regiment of doubts marshalled themselves in battle array, until the subject of them imagined he 'should be at last overwhelmed with darkness and confusion of mind." 'No, no," said Charles Kingsley; "When you feel you are in the deepest and gloomiest doubt, pray the prayer of desperation; cry out, 'Guide my mind by a way that I know not into thy truth." At length peace came, as it ever comes to every earnest seeker; and before completely possessed of it Thomas Cooper engaged to go to that same Hall of Science, where he had promulgated error, to undo, so far as was possible, the mischief of former days. "The absurd wranglings and ignorance of some disputants," he says, "were very wearisome, and the fierceness and intolerance of others were still more distressing. I sometimes went home at eleven o'clock at night from these discussions, so completely worn down and enfevered that I thought I would give up my task, but I no sooner got on my knees than I felt I dared not."

In due time, that "dear old friend," J. F. Winks, the Baptist editor, bookseller, and preacher, enjoyed the rare privilege of welcoming the companion of his youth into the denomination to which he himself belonged.

Subsequently, Thomas Cooper resolved on itinerating over the British empire to preach on Sundays, and to lecture in the week on the Evidences of Christianity. He went forward with this work without breaking down, until he had given between three and four thousand discourses. On one occasion he "delivered a series of eight lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, to the students of Mr. Spurgeon's college. I never enjoyed my work more in my life;" he says, "and I believe the enjoyment of the students was as great as my own. I wish I could more often be employed in a similar way. Telling the 'Evidences' to a crowd of young men who will have to preach Christ to thousands, is like doing several years' work in an hour."

Years have passed since the lecturer inhabited a house of his own. Though in his 67th year he labours on and hopes to die in harness. Should life and strength be prolonged, he purposes sending forth a volume of lectures, and a companion poem to the "Purgatory of Suicides"—"The Paradise of Martyrs."

In the meantime, we recommend young men especially to look into this graphically written autobiography. Perhaps unbelief never received a fairer trial than it did at the hands of Thomas Cooper; so that his testimony to its inability to yield either comfort or satisfaction is valuable and effective. The experience of such a man teems with weighty lessons. He has lived to prove that human life without Christ is emptiness and vanity; that high culture and mere moral rectitude are tinselled shams when substituted for those sacred truths which to us are as necessary as the air we breathe. Thomas Cooper's elegant volume will make a becoming present to a son away from home amid life's temptations. It will be a valuable addition to the town book-club, to the shelves of the literary institution, or to the library of the city house of business. We know of no work of its kind, issued during the present season, more likely to be read, and when read more likely to teach a salutary lesson than "The Life of Thomas Cooper. Written by himself."

The Gospel in France.

THE moral and religious condition of France must surely call forth the deep sympathy and commiseration of earnest Christians in England. With its population of about 37,000,000, the great mass of whom are steeped in scepticism and superstition, a country whose language is learnt by nearly all of us at school, a land lying within an hour and half voyage from Dover—surely here is a sphere for missionary labour, extremely *accessible* and all *important;* yet it is comparatively much *neglected.* I write under the impressions made by contact with the people, for I have, in company with my wife, traversed it, the last five or six years from

north to south, and east to west, and mixed with all classes. In the streets, in their humble dwellings, in barracks, on the shore of the sea, in omnibuses, ships, hotels, railway-stations, and every available spot we have sought to make known the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and, we can say with confidence, that on most occasions we have met with a better reception that we should have found in so-called Christian England.

Perhaps, then, the impressions of one who has made repeated tours in France, with the view of spreading the gospel, may not be unacceptable to your readers.

Some unpleasant features of character have been manifested in connection with this sad and purposeless war, and especially in Paris, during the reign of the Commune, for the rottenness of the imperial *régime*, and the want of cohesion in society have been very manifest; but on our journeys we have met with hearts bowed down in sorrow, who have found these sad times to be a school of discipline and humiliation; many have confessed that their people needed these reverses, for they had forsaken God, and that the one great remedy for all the existing evils was in their return to Him. "We are so light," they continued to say; and truly their fickleness and love of pleasure are but too evident; but there are amongst them earnest souls, who see that some gross defects must have been at the bottom of their reverses, and they are prepared to hear of a better way than a change of government, which has been so long the Frenchman's panancea for every evil. Never was there a time when the people were so prepared to listen to the gospel. There is a thirst for Divine knowledge, and even the most unpromising classes will listen to it with interest. For instance, in November last, by the favour of the naval and military authorities, we were permitted to visit the Communist prisoners in the forts and on the islands and pontoons in the Bay of Biscay. Taken *en masse* in the streets of Paris, there was naturally every variety of character to be found amongst them; —respectable men, grey with age, and of a most intelligent mien; good looking and robust workmen; poor and careless looking fellows, and the forward gamins of Paris. We were not a little astonished to find ourselves face to face with the men whose deeds had terrified all Europe, nor were they less astonished at our coming to see them, and the object of our visit. As my wife was master of the language, and had been accustomed to hold meetings for the blouses of Paris, she had to address them. In several of the groups two or three retired, grumbling "she comes to evangelise us;" but the mass were all attention; and, as she spoke to them with much feeling, and even with tears, telling them that though prisoners, and in such painful circumstances, they might, through the knowledge of the Saviour, obtain a present pardon, and a present liberty, and a peace passing all understanding; their rapt attention, and the tears of many, showed how well suited was the old gospel to the most desperate condition of poor fallen humanity. This went on in about nine different groups, and the packets of books we afterwards distributed were seized with avidity. I am glad to be able to add that, by the representations we made through friends, to the government at Paris, several were released shortly after. Again, a Christian minister, from England, was visiting with his wife the

district of the troublesome white blouses in the vicinity of Paris, shortly after the second siege; while distributing tracts in the streets he was accosted by some working-men, "We won't have the religion of the priests, yet we want some religion, why do you not come and teach us yours?" This appeal went right home to the heart; he retired to his home in Suffolk, and, having sought direction from on high, decided that this appeal could not be resisted; there was greater need in Paris than in England; he resigned his charge, and is now evangelising with much acceptance amongst those apparently unpromising blouses who have hitherto given such trouble to the authorities. Mr. and Mrs. McAll have already commenced several meetings, and though single handed, and undertaking the responsibilities of the work with insufficient means, they go on trustingly and are much encouraged to hope for success.

Generally speaking, the French are ignorant of gospel truth; the priests keep them in ignorance, and the people too often confound the Roman Catholic system with Christianity, hence many are driven to infidelity; but when the truth of Christ is preached, backed up by a holy Christian life, it finds its converts in France as elsewhere. Indeed, there are some lovely trophies of the grace of Christ amongst the French, precious indications of what that grace can effect. We have not met with more untiring, self-denying consecration to Christ anywhere than we have there, so that we labour in hope.

I cannot help referring to an instrumentality now in operation in France, which we find to be one of the most promising for furthering the gospel. I mean that of "BIBLE WOMEN." This work was set on foot rather more than three years back, and we have now twelve of these dear women working their way from house to house, from street to street, in some cases from village to village, in various districts of the country; and their journals forwarded to us monthly rejoice our hearts. I would gladly send you extracts from these journals, but my present notice will perhaps occupy enough of your space.* I may add that several of these Bible-women are members of Baptist churches; we are glad to avail ourselves of the services of any holy Christian woman fitted for so extraordinary a work, for extraordinary it is in a country like France. Many of the poor soldiers who fell dead or wounded on the field of battle, victims of the late war, had been supplied by the Bible-women with portions of Scripture and New Testaments; and, in several cases, poor fellows were found with their little treasure in their bosoms, and even held in their icy fingers. The living word had doubtless spoken to them, in their last conscious moments, of Jesus and eternal life.

Capel Court, 6th March, 1872. GEORGE PEARSE.

* We have always space for communications of this sort. It is one of the main objects of our magazine to give publicity to labours for the Lord of every sort, and in every land.

Recollections of the Rev. Rowland Hill.

BY AN OLD MEMBER OF SURREY CHAPEL.

THERE are some persons whom, if we once see, we never forget. There is something peculiar in their physical structure, their countenance, their manners, their conversation, or in all these combined, which attracts the attention, and leaves an impression on the mind which cannot be obliterated. Several such men I have seen in my time, not the least remarkable of whom was the great William Wilberforce; great, not in stature, but in the exalted standard of his excellence, and in the largeness and benevolence of his mind, which embraced the interests of the whole human race. I never saw him but once, and that was in company with another great and remarkable character, in whom was united a noble, disinterested, and generous soul, with a tall, well-formed, and massive body; a man who seemed to count all things but loss for the attainment of the temporal and spiritual good of his fellow men, and who dared to fight for it against all enemies. This was Rowland Hill, the founder of Surrey Chapel, and the first Sunday School Society in London—the firm and unflinching advocate of popular education when it was resolutely opposed by members of his own class, and the promoter of every scheme that was calculated to elevate the moral and spiritual condition of the poor.

It has now become fashionable to patronise the labouring classes, to hold up the working man as a prodigy of good sense and intelligence, and to recommend plans for his further improvement; but Rowland Hill carried out into practice what is now talked about by would-be patriots, when to do so was to insure a plentiful reward of ridicule and opposition from those in high places. Like most good and earnest Christian workers in advance of their times, he was lampooned and roughly handled by the leading journals of the day, but in the noble and benevolent course he had marked out for himself, he marched forward with a martial front and a firm undeviating step, content to be smitten that others might be healed, and to endure reproach and scorn, that the poor, the ignorant, and the lost, might be blest and saved. It is not, however, my object to draw the character, but to give some personal recollections of this excellent man.

The first time I had the honour of being in his company was at a committee meeting of the Southwark Sunday School Society, of which he was president. He was then considerably advanced in years, and the "strong man" had begun to "bow." His step was slow and infirm, but his body erect; his grey hair was brushed back from his forehead exhibiting a noble countenance, so bland and benevolent that all the kindly feelings of the heart were instantly attracted towards him. We rose to receive him as he entered, which courtesy he acknowledged by a pleasant smile and the facetious exclamation, "here's a resurrection!" His enquiries into the state and discipline of the schools were searching and minute, and his remarks full of wisdom, though at the same time, full of that quiet humour which made his conversation not only profitable but amusing. He contrasted the then present times

with those when Sunday Schools did not exist, and expressed his earnest hope that ere long the religious instruction of children would form part of the operation of every Christian church. "We should get at them," said he, "as soon as we can; the devil begins early enough; if possible, let us steal a march upon him." Reference having been made to his early itinerant labours, he remarked, "God was pleased to smile upon those poor efforts. But, I could not do now as I did then. Time has taken me by the hand. I have known what it is to preach one and twenty sermons for one and twenty meals." During the evening an enquiry was made respecting a teacher who had been under considerable obligations to Mr. Hill, and had once rendered us good service, but whose zeal had considerably abated, when he said, "'Steadfast and immovable, *always* abounding in the work of the Lord;' let that be our motto. I thought that man would have continued to be a great assistance to us, but I am disappointed." And then, with an inimitably droll expression of the countenance, he added, "If any one has got him at the bottom of his pocket, I wish he would pull him out."

Towards the close of the business, Mr. Hill announced the receipt of a donation from a nobleman, who, at his solicitation, had attended an annual meeting of the teachers. "I am glad," said the treasurer, "he has become acquainted with our operations, for I believe he is a good man, and a man of great influence." "Well," replied the president, with one of his comical looks, "I think he is more enlightened upon the subject now than he was, for I have explained to him not only the manner in which you operate, but also the way you are, in your turn, sometimes operated upon. At the meeting he said to me, 'Are these your teachers?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I believe so, with, perhaps, a few exceptions.' 'I suppose,' he remarked again, 'they make a pretty good thing of it. They seem respectably dressed.' 'I expect,' said I, 'they are pretty well satisfied. I hear no complaints.' 'If it is a fair question,' continued his lordship, 'what do they receive for their services?' 'As to that,' I replied, 'it is very little of this world's goods that they get, unless it is now and then a flea, or another insect not quite so nimble in its movements.'"

If anyone had been present that evening, who had imbibed the notion that religion makes people melancholy, I think the error would have been laughed out of him. It was certainly one of the happiest, and, I may say, most profitable hours I had ever enjoyed.

Although Mr. Hill was a great wit, and exceedingly amusing in conversation, he was a very different man in the pulpit. There he seemed conscious of standing on holy ground, and his words were solemn, weighty, and impressive. It is true that he sometimes used expressions that created a smile. How could it be otherwise, with a mind constituted as was his? But as to those vulgar and absurd utterances, which many were so fond of putting into his mouth, they rest upon no foundation of truth whatever. It was his complaint, and it was the heaviest charge I ever heard him bring against his countrymen, that people would not allow him to be a gentleman. I had the privilege of sitting under his ministry for more than twelve years, and can truthfully affirm that, I never heard him utter a sentence unbecoming an ambassador of Christ, or the sanctity of the pulpit. Still, I am not certain whether these

foolish reports did not, in the end, do more good than real mischief. Numbers were induced by them to come from distant localities to hear the eccentric minister, and not a few were savingly impressed with the power of the truth.

One sabbath morning, as I was about to proceed to my accustomed place of worship, a female friend waited upon me, in company with two farming men from a distance. She told me they had a great desire to hear Mr. Hill, and requested that I would take them with me and get them seated in a favourable position. I willingly undertook this commission, and, as we proceeded on our way, the two men asked me many questions about "Sir Rowland," as they called him, and informed me of many things they had heard respecting him. "They do tell me," observed one, "that he should say, religion were loike a round of beef; it be coot and coome agin." "Well," I replied, "he often makes use of very homely expressions, but I do not remember ever having heard him make that remark." Strangely enough, that very morning we were favoured with something near of kin to it. I took the men into my pew and for some time they seemed to take the greatest interest in everything that was going on; but when the venerable preacher ascended the pulpit, every other object ceased to attract their attention. "There he be," said one to the other, "There he be." "Ees," replied his companion, "how happy he do look." His subject was, "the Gospel of our salvation," and as he proceeded with his discourse my two friends began to be evidently excited. The fulness and freeness of that salvation—a topic always delightful to his soul—was set forth in burning words, and their excitement increased. "It is free," he exclaimed, "free as the air you breathe. And it is as full as it is free. There is enough for all. I never heard a man say to his neighbour, 'Don't you breathe so much air; if you do, there will not be enough for me to breathe.' No, there is sufficient for every one, and all are invited to come to the gospel feast. 'In my Father's house is bread enough and to spare.' It is cut and come again." At this the delighted countrymen rose to their feet and stretched themselves forward as if unable any longer to control their feelings. I became alarmed lest their emotions should find vent in some audible exclamation, so I gently touched the one next to me and smilingly motioned him to resume his seat. To my great relief he immediately complied, and the other following his example, after he had given a few violent nods of satisfaction, I was enabled once more to breathe freely.

After the service they warmly thanked me for the little kindness rendered them, and spoke of the pleasure they should afford their neighbours when they returned home and reported how they had seen and heard "Sir Rowland Hill."

I have sometimes listened to conversations between Mr. Hill and one or two of his friends, in which the remarkable energy which characterised his more youthful ministrations was referred to. From these discourses it appeared that he had been accustomed to stamp violently with his foot, thump his Bible, and even stretch himself over his desk and strike the front of the pulpit. On one occasion a friend, who had travelled with him in Scotland, said to him, "I shall never forget that sermon you preached in the old church at K———. It was an excellent

discourse." "Yes," replied the veteran, with a kind of frown, "I remember the devil told me that before I left the pulpit." "At any rate," said the friend, "it was followed by the divine blessing. There was a great awakening among the people." "That is the grand thing," he replied, "it is a poor sermon however noisy or eloquent, that merely tickles the ear without touching the heart." "You thundered away at a fine rate that morning. I will venture to say that the pulpit cushion had not received such a castigation for many years, for it was a very inanimate minister who statedly preached there. In a few minutes you raised such a cloud of dust as nearly hid you from my view. Some, who could not gain admittance, told me they heard you very well in the churchyard." "Ah," replied Mr. Hill, thoughtfully, "things have altered since then. The bull-dog has got old and cannot bark quite so loud. It is a great mercy that he can bark at all."

His ready wit was often called into exercise at committee meetings and public assemblies, and generally proved successful in setting matters right when they had got a little out of gear. Some amusing illustrations of this have come under my notice. I give the following, not because it is the best that might be selected, but because I happened to be concerned in the transaction.

At Easter, Mr. Hill was accustomed to invite the children of the neighbouring schools to assemble in Surrey Chapel, to receive an address. The boys on the Monday and the girls on Tuesday. Strangers were not expected to be present. Still, many would generally make their way in with the children, for the doors were not strictly guarded, and females, who were ignorant of the regulations, would not unfrequently appear among the boys. Mr. Hill loved to see his little regiments, as he styled them, muster, and would come two or there times into the chapel for that purpose. On these occasions, nothing seemed to disturb his equanimity more than to discover a bonnet among the bare heads of the boys, and he would never rest until it had disappeared. On coming one day to the front of the pulpit, for the purpose of making his usual inspection, he was annoyed by the appearance of a whole row of females who had mounted a seat near the front entrance. As I was standing close behind him, he turned to me and said, "There are several young women who have got into the chapel. Go and send them away." This was an awkward commission for a young man. But what was to be done? An officer must not disobey the orders of his commander-in-chief. I therefore tried my best to dislodge the unwelcome visitors. As politely as possible I told them of their breach of the rules, and requested them to withdraw. But, I might just as well have spared myself the trouble. Not an inch would they move, and when our general came again to reconnoitre, he found the position still in the hands of the enemy. He now determined to take the matter into his own hands, and in a voice that produced an immediate silence among the children, he exclaimed, "I fear there is some mistake. Yes, it must be so," he continued, shading his face from the light with his hand, as if to make himself quite certain of the fact, "If I am not greatly in error there are some young men who have come into the chapel with women's bonnets on." All eyes were instantly turned towards the place to which his were directed, when a shout of laughter

was raised by the whole youthful congregation, numbering at that time about 2,000, which continued until the fair intruders, not being proof against such artillery, one by one, lowered their colours and retired.

The benevolence of Mr. Hill and his ingenuity in getting at the people's pockets made his presence very desirable at public meetings. I was on the committee of an auxiliary Tract Society, which had made several unsuccessful attempts to extend its operations. We had sermons and annual gatherings announced in the usual way, but never could obtain a good attendance. At length it was resolved to hold a public meeting at Mr. Upton's chapel, and to invite Mr. Hill to take the chair.

As our principal aim was to make the society known, and to increase the number of quarterly purchasers of tracts, it was announced that there would be no collection. Whether this intimation had any effect in inducing people to attend I will not venture to say. It is certain the chapel was crowded. The interest was well sustained throughout; the speakers, ever and anon, making facetious remarks upon the novelty and "privilege" of attending a meeting at which there was to be no appeal for money. But, when the president arose to make his concluding remarks, he quite upset all our arrangements. "What is this I hear?" said he, assuming an inimitable countenance, in which was blended a frown of pretended displeasure, with a half smile of playful humour, "that there is to be no collection? So, then, you are going to disappoint these good people and send them away without affording them the opportunity of showing their zeal for the cause of God and their love for precious souls! I say," he continued, throwing down two sovereigns upon the table, "that there *shall* be a collection, and if no one else will contribute to it, I will." The effect was most amusing. There was a general movement among the crowded assembly, and the cry of "Plates, plates," resounded from every part of the chapel. But, unfortunately, the plates were locked up—such a turn to our proceedings not being contemplated—and the key was not on the premises. No time could be lost, so I ran across the road to a chandler's shop and borrowed half-a-dozen dinner plates, which admirably answered our purpose. In the end a larger amount was obtained than ever we had collected before.

This, I believe, was the last public meeting at which he presided, away from his own chapel. His growing infirmities compelled him to decline all such engagements. To the very end of his course, however, he continued an occasional attendance at our committees in the vestry. The last time he cheered us with his presence, I had the honour of assisting him across the chapel yard to the parsonage. He was very feeble, and, as he placed his arm in mine, he exclaimed, "Oh, the poor old man!" and then added, "That is right. Let me lay hold of your strength."

Dear old friend! I could feel by the weight I had to bear, and which I sustained with so much pleasure, how fast the outward man was decaying, but I could see by the upward glance of his eyes, and the heavenly serenity of his countenance, that he was leaning on an Arm stronger than mine, and laying hold of strength that was omnipotent and unfailing.

It was not a great while after this that the long-standing and comely tabernacle was taken down. As the tidings spread among the praying congregations, louder and louder grew the expressions of sorrow. All denominations of Christians seemed to be united, for a while, in the bonds of a common grief, for all equally felt that "a great man had fallen in Israel." As I beheld the ponderous coffin lowered into the tomb that had been built beneath the pulpit he had so long and faithfully occupied, I felt greatly oppressed, and inwardly cried, "My father! my father!" for I had long loved him with a filial tenderness. A solemn procession was afterwards formed of the weeping congregation, which slowly moved round the open sepulchre, and as I took a last farewell of that which contained all that was left on earth of my beloved pastor, an aged fellow-labourer behind me whispered in my ear, —"Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Remarks on Beecher's Life of Christ.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THE author of "Ecce Homo" has endeavoured to write a Life of Christ from the standpoint of a contemporary. Mr. Beecher, on the other hand, has "endeavoured to present scenes that occurred two thousand years ago as they would appear to modern eyes if the events had taken place in our day." It is, perhaps, difficult to say whose task was the easier, or which of the two has achieved the greater success. Both works are characterised by fine touches of genius and poetry, and in a sense one is the complement of the other. We apply to neither the test of a rigid orthodoxy, but while questioning the soundness of many of the conclusions, we welcome the attempt of both writers to crystalise into a consistent whole the disjointed fragments of the evangelic records.

"Writing in full sympathy with the Gospels as authentic historical documents, and with the nature and teachings of the great personage whom they describe," Mr. Beecher has "attentively considered whatever has been said, on every side, in the works of critical objectors," and has sought to depict the Saviour, "in his life, his social relations, his disposition, his deeds, and his doctrines." These sentences indicate the scope of the work to which the author is committed, and of which we have the first instalment in the volume before us. It is not our intention to write a critical review, strictly speaking, but to glean from its ample pages a few choice extracts, which will be acceptable to those of our readers who cannot command the volume, and at the same time indicate, in all fidelity, the points upon which we join issue with the author. We are much mistaken if many of our readers are not induced to enrich their libraries by the addition of a book, which, beyond all his other productions, will secure for Mr. Beecher no obscure niche in the temple of fame.

The chapter on the overture of angels abounds with striking metaphors in Mr. Beecher's best style. "Angels seem as birds when new-come in spring, to have flown hither and thither in songful mood, dipping their white wings into our atmosphere, just touching the earth, or glancing along its surface as sea-birds skim the surface of the sea. And yet birds are far too rude and wings too burdensome to express adequately that feeling of unlaboured angelic motion, which the narrative produces upon the imagination. Their airy and gentle coming would perhaps be better compared to the glow of colours flung by the sun upon morning clouds, that seem to be born just where they appear. Like a beam of light striking through some orifice, they shine upon Zacharias in the Temple.' As the morning light finds the flowers, so found they the mother of Jesus. To the shepherds' eyes they filled the midnight arch like auroral beams of light; but not as silently, for they sang, and more marvellously than "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Mr. Beecher seems to grow dizzy by his lofty poetising, or he would not commit himself, in sober mood, to the proposition that "traits of personal tenderness and generous love will draw the human heart to God." History warrants no such belief; indeed, it flatly contradicts it. The unsullied purity of the character of Jesus revealed human guilt as it never had been revealed before, and its light proving intolerable, men instead of being drawn to God, merged their prejudices in the common cry, "away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him, crucify Him!" Incarnate excellence does not destroy the enmity of the carnal mind.

"As asters, among plants, go all summer long unbeautiful, their flowers hidden within, and burst into bloom at the very end of summer and in late autumn, with the frosts upon their heads, so this aged saint (Simeon) had blossomed at the close of a long life, into this noble ecstasy of joy. In a stormy time, when outward life moves wholly against one's wishes, he is truly great whose soul becomes a sanctuary in which patience dwells with hope. In one hour Simeon received full satisfaction for the yearnings of many years."

"The guide of the Magi was a light kindled in the heavens to instruct and lead those whose eyes were prepared to receive it." In dealing with those who eliminate the miraculous from the historic narrative of the appearance of the star in the east, the author's sarcasm is most refreshing. "The disciples plucked the wheat-heads, and rubbing them in their hands, they ate the grain. But our sceptical believers take from the New Testament its supernatural element,—rub out the wheat and eat the chaff."

In the second chapter, Mr. Beecher deals with metaphysical questions respecting the original nature of Christ. He sets aside the humanitarian view which regards Jesus simply as an extraordinary man; the theory of compromise which represents him as more than human but as less than divine; and the doctrine of the church, since the fourth century, which attributes to Jesus a double nature—a human soul and a divine soul in one body,—and stands to "the simple and more philosophical views of the sacred Scriptures." "We are not to look," he says, "for a glorified, an enthroned Jesus, but for God, manifest *in the flesh*; and, in this view, the very limitations and seeming discrepancies

in a divine life become congruous parts of the whole sublime problem. We are to distinguish between difficulties which are inherent in the nature of the infinite, and those which are but the imperfections of our own philosophy. In the one case, the perplexity lies in the weakness of our reason; in the other, the weakness of our reasoning. The truth of the proper divinity of Christ is the marrow of the sacred Scriptures."

Without qualification the following propositions do not express the truth respecting man as a fallen being:—"Man's nature and God's nature do not differ in kind, but in degree of the same attributes. The identification of the divine and the human nature was one of the grand results of the Incarnation. Manhood is nearer Godhood than we have been wont to believe." It is true that "God said, let us make man in our image." But how little trace of the divine origin is there in fallen humanity? The Fall has obliterated the fair marks of our heavenly original. The splendour of Eden's innocency is eclipsed by the black pall of sin. To accomplish human redemption God has sent forth his Son, "the express image of his person," and "He hath predestinated us to be conformed to the image of his son." But we think our author forgets that all this points to the upbringing of redeemed humanity only, in resurrection, to the standard of God's lofty ideal, and by no means justifies the assertion of the identity of the divine and human now. It is not logical to assume an ultimate limited possibility to be a present universal fact.

"For twelve years of childhood the only syllable of history uttered is, 'and the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.' This, then, was not a divinity coming through the clouds into human life, full-orbed, triumphing with the undiminished strength of a heavenly nature over those conditions which men must bear. It was a divine child, and childhood meant latent power, undeveloped faculty, unripe organs, a being without habits, without character, without experience; a cluster of germs, a branch full of unblossomed buds, a mere seed of manhood. Except his mother's arms, there was no circle of light about his head, fondly as artists have loved to paint it. Nothing could be more unnatural than to suppose that he was a child without childhood, a full and perfect being cleft from the Almighty, as Minerva was fabled to have come from the head of Jupiter. He was the Son of Man—a real boy, as afterwards he was a most manly man. How early he came to himself, and felt within him the motions of his Godhead, none can tell. At twelve he overrode the interpretations of the doctors, and, as one having authority, sat in judgment upon the imperfect religion of his ancestors. This first visit to Jerusalem stands up in his childhood as Mount Tabor rises from the plain—the one solitary point of definite record. It is plain, from his reply to his mother, that he was conscious of the nature that was in him, and that strong impulses urged him to disclose his power. It is, therefore, very significant, and not the least of the signs of divinity, that he ruled his spirit, and dwelt at home in unmurmuring expectation; this is in itself a wonder of divinity, if men were only wise enough to marvel."

In the chapter on "The Voice in the Wilderness," there is some clever writing on the prophetical office and the missions of the prophets. "A prophet was more than one who foretold events. He forefelt and

foretaught high moral truths. He had escaped the thrall of passion in which other men lived; and, without help inherited from old civilizations, by the force of the divine Spirit, acting upon a nature of genius in moral directions, he went a-head of his nation and of his age, denouncing evil, revealing justice, enjoining social purity, and inspiring a noble piety. A prophet was born to his office. The call of God, in all ages, has come to natures already prepared for the office to which they were called. The morning star of a new era, John, is speedily lost in the blaze of him who was and is the 'light of the world.' His was one of those lives which are lost to themselves that they may spring up in others. He came both in grandeur and in beauty, like a summer storm, which, falling in rain, is lost in the soil, and re-appears neither as vapour nor cloud, but is transformed into flowers and fruits. John was Christ's forerunner, as the ploughman goes before the sower. Upon the rough furrows, and not on the shorn lawn, is there hope for the seed."

The meagre records which we possess do not warrant, we think, the assertion that in John's preaching "there was no future, no great spirit land, no heaven above his world." His call to repentance was surely based upon hope as well as fear. "Flee from the wrath to come" was not the whole of his message. The greatest amongst the prophets was certainly not the least evangelical.

Of John's baptism, Mr. Beecher asks, "was it into the Jewish church that he baptised? Was it an initiation into a new sect? Was it Christian baptism?" His answer is negative on each point, and he says, "It was a symbolic act, signifying that one had risen to a higher moral condition. It was declaratory of moral transition." We are not disposed to quarrel with the author's judgment of the baptism of repentance, but when he asserts that "neither John, nor afterwards Jesus, gave to the act any ecclesiastical meaning," we demand his reasons for the assertion. The very formula of Christ's baptism is against the assumption. If baptism is that symbolic act by which a man declares, "I forsake my sins, and rise to a better life," where is the author's consistency in practising infant baptism? The inspired apostles always regarded Christian baptism as symbolic of incorporation with the mystical body of Christ, the church. It does not indicate, merely, the rising to a higher life, but the possession of a divine life in fellowship with the risen Christ. "We are crucified together with Christ; we are risen together with Christ," is the avowal of every believer by the symbolic voice of Christian baptism. The Church is the unity of saved men, and immersion is the divinely appointed sign of incorporation. "A baptism to a higher life would probably be Christ's interpretation of John's baptism for himself. And he submitted to it, as one of the great multitude. The rising from lower to higher moral states, Jesus experienced in common with the multitude." To us it is scarcely conceivable that, by a symbolic act, the Saviour made any advance in his moral state. We are quite contented with the belief that by this overt act he placed himself at the head of his baptised followers. The whole subject is capable of a fuller discussion, but this is beside our purpose in the present paper.

In treating of the temptation of our Lord, Mr. Beecher is bold without

being irreverent. "It is not strange to us, now well instructed in the spirit of Christ's mission, that he did not enter at once upon his work of teaching. Midway between his private life, now ended, and his public ministry, about to begin, there was to be a long and silent discipline. The three narratives of the temptation by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, lift us at once into the region of mystery. That which is important to any proper consideration of the obscure sublimity of this mystery is, that it shall be a temptation of the devil as an actual personal spirit; that it shall be a real temptation, or one that put the faculties of Christ's soul to task, and required a resistance of his whole nature, as other temptations do of human nature. It is on this account that we have regarded the temptation as of two parts or series—the first, a personal and private conflict, running through forty solitary days of fasting in the wilderness; and the second, a ministerial trial, represented by the symbolism of the bread, the temple, and the mountain top. Through that long battle of life, in which every man is engaged, and in every mood of the struggle which men of aspiration and moral sense make toward perfect holiness, there is an inspiration of comfort to be derived from the example of Christ. In places the most strange, and in the desolate way where men dwell with the wild beasts of the passions, if there be but a twilight of faith, we shall find *his* footsteps, and know that he has been there—is there again, living over anew in us his own struggles, and saying, with the authority of a God and the tenderness of a Father: 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'" Our author thinks that by fasting and solitude our divine Lord rose at length to the vision state, and that the three temptations foreshadowed the trials to which he would be exposed through his whole career in the use of divine power. The Satanic challenge, "command that these stones be made bread," Mr. Beecher interprets as "the spirit of this world soliciting Jesus to employ that divine power which now began to effulge in him, for secular and physical, rather than for moral and spiritual, ends. It was, if one might so say, the whole selfish spirit of time and history pleading that Jesus should work upon matter and for the flesh, rather than upon the soul and for the spirit."

Again, "Jesus was next solicited to let the spirit of admiration and praise be the genius of the new movement. 'If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence.' This symbol, as a trial scene, contains not only an appeal to the love of praise in Jesus, but an appeal to the principle of admiration in the multitude."

In the final scene "there was a tremendous temptation to exhibit before men his real place and authority; to appear as great as he really was; to so use his energies that men should admit him to be greater than generals, higher than kings, more glorious than temple or palace. In that mountain vision he saw the line of temptations which would beat in upon the principle of self-esteem, that source and fountain of ambition among men. With men, the difficulty is to rise into eminence. With Jesus, the very reverse was true." It is quite true, as the author admits, that "This view is not exhaustively satisfactory. No view is. Whichever theory one takes in explaining the temptation, he must take it with its painful perplexities."

In discussing the personal appearance of Jesus, Mr. Beecher admits the difficulties of his stand-point. He says. "The utmost care will not wholly prevent our beholding Jesus through the medium of subsequent history. His very name is a love-name, and kindles in tender and grateful natures a kind of poetry of feeling. As at evening, we see the sun through an atmosphere which the sun itself has filled with vapour, and by which its colour and dimensions are changed to the eye, so we see in Jesus the qualities which he has inspired in us. We see him in imagination, not as they saw him who companied with him from the beginning, but under the dazzling reflection of two thousand years of adoration. There is absolutely nothing to determine the personal appearance of Jesus. There is a conventional head of Christ which has come down to us through the schools of art, but it is of no direct historic value. It is not a little remarkable that this typical head is not a Jewish head. The christian artists all attempted to express in our Lord's face a feeling of spiritual elevation and of sympathy, which was wholly unknown to classic Grecian art. Still less is the historic art head of Christ of the Roman type. As Christ spiritually united in himself all nationalities, so in art his head has a certain universality. But, how unsatisfying is all art, even in its noblest achievements, when by the presentation of a human face it undertakes to meet the conceptions which we have of the glory of divinity! The gospels give a portrait, not of attitudes or of features, but of the disposition and of the soul. We must not, then, take with us, in following out the life of Jesus, the conception of a formidable being, terrible in holiness. We must clothe him in our imagination with traits that made little children run to him; that made mothers long to have him touch their babes; that won to him the poor and suffering; that made the rich and influential throw wide open the doors of their houses to him; that brought around him a company of noble women, who travelled with him, attended to his wants, and supplied his necessities from their own wealth; that irresistibly attracted those other women, in whom vice had not yet destroyed all longing for a better life; that excited among the learned a vehement curiosity of disputation, while the unlettered declared that he spake as one having authority."

(To be continued.)

Cromwell's Puritanism.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE honest world that loves truth in spite of prejudice will ever feel deeply indebted to the grim philosopher of Chelsea, for giving it a clearer and fuller insight into the true character of Oliver Cromwell than it had previously obtained. It was an unspeakable boon to give us the Protector's letters, edited with such care, and so well elucidated, that others beside Mr. Carlyle himself might understand and enjoy them.

This was a task highly difficult. Many of the letters had seen the light in various forms, but were so presented to the public as to repel: "too often," says Mr. Carlyle, "it is apparent that the very editor of these poor utterances had, if reading mean understanding, never *read* them. They stand in their old spelling; mispunctuated, misprinted, unelucidated, unintelligible—defaced with the dark incrustations too well known to students of that period." This industrious, painstaking editor, however, saw much light out "of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold;" and how bright that light has been for us who reap the harvest of an author's toilsome and persevering efforts, writers of all kinds and professions, and readers of all sorts, have plainly seen. Perhaps the grimness of Cromwell's religious character—or we should rather say, its grim aspect, for it was not destitute of light and sweetness—had peculiar attractions for so rugged a mind as the editor's; and the unprosaic and vigorous piety of the Protector admirably met the tastes of a writer who has shown by his works how much he can appreciate brave conviction in past days. We are not insensible of Carlyle's theological inadequacies, but there is something in his teaching more noble even than his most ruthless unveiling of immeasurable cant, or his strongest, and as we think unwarrantable condemnations of the present day. And we give a warm welcome to the very cheap edition recently issued of "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," and wish for it a success proportioned to its universally admitted deserts. The work must ever be regarded as an English classic, which no educated man or lad will fail to read.

The letters of Cromwell, Mr. Carlyle has pointed out, are not distinguished by literary art—"No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them." Cromwell had no time for such arts. Perhaps, he had but little disposition for them. "Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality *can* be dispensed with is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step he presses through, towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous." And again, "Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight valour and belief, without words—how noble is it in comparison to the adroitest flow of words without heroic insight."

Glimpses here and there in this wonderful collection of letters are afforded us of the nature of the Protector's piety. Worthy of study are they all. In an age when Puritanic sincerity was as greatly scoffed at and lampooned by witless worldlings, as loyalty to the same fundamental truths is denounced to-day by the pretentious superfine criticism of the "advanced" theologians, Cromwell, with true manly vigour, gave his adhesion to the cause of evangelical religion. He became, as his biographer truly says, "the soul of the Puritan revolt;" hence the popular fancy is correct, and the general vilification of his character easily accounted for. "His words, and still more his *silences*," says Mr. Carlyle, "and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words, will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather

from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver, and of the Affairs he worked in, is much the reverse of that mad jumble of 'hypocrisies,' etc., etc., which at present passes current as such."

The earliest letter extant reveals Cromwell's religious earnestness. At a time when the saintly Laud was hunting down all gospel lecturers and putting an end to all gracious discourses, Oliver wrote from St. Ives beseeching his "very loving friend, Mr. Storie, at the sign of the Dog in the Royal Exchange, London," to see that Dr. Wells, "a man of goodness and industry," probably labouring at St. Ives, should not fail in his lectureship through lack of funds—"for who goeth to warfare at his own cost? I beseech you, therefore, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, put it forward and let the good man have his pay." In this letter the noble writer very faithfully declares:—"Amongst the catalogue of those good works which your fellow-citizens and our countrymen have done, this will not be reckoned for the least, that they have provided for the feeding of souls. Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious."* An argument this every way for the proper sustentation of godly ministers and the augmentation of their incomes—a clear proof that whatever his faults, Oliver had no sympathy with the heresy of those who depreciate the Christian ministry, and count the honest labourer unworthy of his honest hire.

Throughout his life, Cromwell remained true to his early religious convictions. We see in all his letters evidences of his unfaltering faith in the truths of the gospel; and his earnest personal piety is to be observed in his correspondence with the members of his family and with his political associates. He gives us in one letter a very pleasing testimony of his conversion. We may be sure that it was in no spirit of affectation or hypocrisy that he confessed the unsatisfactoriness of his past life. "You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of his mercy! Praise him for me;—pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ." It is not needful for us to interpret this confession as some have done. There is no evidence that the writer had been grossly immoral, or dissolute in any way. A man may feel himself to be the chief of sinners who has lived a fairly moral life; sins against light and knowledge, warning and reproof, conscience and God, are grave enough to justify the lowliest confession. Clerical writers have been only too anxious to damn this man's character before conversion, and to flagellate him for an hypocrisy which they love to ascribe to him.

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* "Reverend Mark Noble says, the above letter is very curious and a convincing proof how far gone Oliver was, at that time, in religious enthusiasm. Yes, my reverend imbecile friend, he is clearly one of those singular Christian enthusiasts who believe that they have a soul to be saved, even as you do, my reverend imbecile friend, that you have a stomach to be satisfied—and who likewise, astonishing to say, actually take some trouble about that. Far gone, indeed, my reverend imbecile friend!"—Carlyle, vol. i., p. 70.

There is so little that is compatible with the Christian life in the savage work of bloodshed, (Dr. Norman Macleod notwithstanding,) that the frequent references to God in Cromwell's letters during the Civil War rather grate upon the sensitive ear. And yet such allusions made by men deeply imbued with the spirit of the Old Testament, believing in the "God of hosts," the "Lord strong and mighty in battle," the Lord as "a man of war," deeply persuaded that their cause was God's, and that they were but instruments in his hands (as, indeed, half an eye can see) were perfectly natural. Not difficult to understand are these brave Puritan warriors. We all know the oft-repeated story of the men of Naseby—the Ironsides, the Invincibles—who "when the roaring shot poured thick and hot" were "stalwart men and true;" who in the death-grapple of physical force made their proud enemies give way inch by inch, and triumphed over the very men who had heretofore flouted and ridiculed in their cups the psalm-singing men of Liberty. It was not a gloomy fanaticism, an unscrupulous purpose, a whining cant, that made these men mighty in the presence of foemen worthy of their steel. These were men of character, of probity and virtue, and stern piety, strong in principle, stout of heart, and unbending in the presence of temptation and wrong. Significant enough was Cromwell's description of these determined foes of oppressions, kingly and cleric: they were men "who made some conscience of what they did." They were proudly conscious of the justness of their cause, and to the God of battles they committed its issue. And Cromwell not only shared this conviction, but represented it with an intensified earnestness. After the battle of Marston Moor, he wrote: "Truly England and the church of God hath had a great favour from the Lord, in this great victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this war began. It had all the evidences of an absolute victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the godly party principally." The enemy was not charged, he goes on to say, but routed; "God made them as stubble to our swords." This he writes to Colonel Valentine Walton, who had lost his son in this battle, as will appear from the following excerpt which is worth reading:—

"Sir,—God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot. It broke his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died. Sir, you know our own trials this way,* but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and look for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you his comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort, that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, 'It was so great above his pain.' This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said, 'one thing lay upon his spirit.' I asked him what that was? He told me it was, that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. * * * * But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the church of God make you to forget your private sorrow."

* Cromwell had only recently lost his son, Oliver, in conflict with the Royalists.

Slanderous tongues were busy in those days as afterwards, and Cromwell heard and treated them with the contempt that slander richly deserves. "We desire," he says, with true lofty dignity, "to refer the many slanders heaped upon us by false tongues to God,—who will, in due time, make it appear to the world that we study the glory of God, and the honour and liberty of the Parliament, for which we unanimously fight, without seeking our own interests." This has in it the ring of Puritanism, which never shrank from any self-denying ordinance, or from any painful self-sacrifice. Cromwell gives ample proofs, by letters and speeches, of his extreme dislike of the civil war. He professed to detest and abhor the accusation that had been made against the Parliamentarians, that they sought to maintain their religious opinions by force. "I profess," he says, "I could never satisfy myself of the justness of this war, but from the authority of the Parliament to maintain itself in its rights; and in this cause I hope to approve myself an honest man and single-hearted." A few months after this was written, Cromwell rose from his seat in the House of Commons, and in the midst of breathless silence uttered these historic words: "It is now a time to speak, or for ever hold the tongue. The important occasion now is no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost dying, condition, which the long continuance of this war hath already brought it to; so that without a more speedy, vigorous and effectual prosecution of the war—casting off all lingering proceedings like those of soldiers-of-fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war—we shall make the kingdom weary of us and hate the name of a Parliament." This speech was delivered in view of the celebrated Self-denying Ordinance, and very briskly indeed did the "great business," as Cromwell invariably called it, proceed after this new epoch in military affairs.

Cromwell sits down quietly after the storming of poor Bristol, and gives to Mr. Speaker a full and detailed account of the work and of its successful issue. He thinks he must be a very atheist who cannot see that "all this is none other than the work of God." Praises were due to the gallant men: "It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory and their country's good. It's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know that faith and prayer obtained this city for you; I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it." There is an unusually grand religious force about these convictions; this rugged Puritanism is heroically expressed.

In the midst of those difficult, intricate Scotch negotiations, Cromwell can find but little time to write to the members of his family; but, when he does this, he manifests deep religious concern for his kith and kin. Writing from the fashionable quarter of Drury-lane—how hard to realise that this low haunt was ever fashionable!—he urges his newly-wedded daughter not to forget the culture of her soul. "Dear heart, press on! let not husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ." On the contrary, he hopes the new relationship will subserve her spiritual interests. "That which is best worthy of love in thy

husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that." His anxiety a little further on, that his son should have as a wife one who had "that assurance of godliness" is not insignificant. The father who made "the offer of a very great proposition" to Oliver, in the shape of his daughter to Oliver's son, whoever he was, seems to be a moral and fair sort of man, but of anything beyond there was no certainty in Cromwell's mind. He had, on these grounds, other preferences.

Quite at home, and exceedingly friendly with those right honourable Puritan noblemen and gentlemen, whose delight was great in sustaining a godly and efficient ministry, Cromwell, behind none in this service to the state, encouraged them not a little, and poured forth his earnest and devout desires to them. To Lord Wharton he thus writes—a thanksgiving letter it is: "When we think of our God, what are we? Oh, his mercy to the whole society of saints,—despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints, yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs, and must be fed. We have daily bread, and shall have it, in spite of all enemies. There's enough in our Father's house, and he dispenseth it. I think through these outward mercies, as we call them, faith, patience, love, hope, are exercised and perfected,—yea, Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us."

Here we have good Puritanic advice,—lessons learnt from such uncommonly good chaplains as Dr. Owen, and Dr. Goodwin—given to the wife of Lieut.-General Fleetwood:—

"Salute your dear wife from me. Bid her beware of a bondage spirit. Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit; the antidote is love. The voice of fear is: 'if I had done this, if I had avoided that, how well it had been with me!' I know this hath been her vain reasoning, poor Biddy!

"Love argueth in this wise: 'what a Christ have I; what a Father in and through him. What a name hath my Father, merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. What a nature hath my Father: he is LOVE: free in it, unchangeable, infinite. What a covenant between him and Christ, for all his seed, for every one, wherein he undertakes all, and the poor soul nothing! The new covenant is grace—to or upon the soul; to which it (the soul) is passive and receptive; I'll do away their sins, I'll write my law, &c.; I'll put it in their hearts,—they shall never depart from me, &c.'

"This commends the love of God: its Christ's dying for men without strength, for men whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us,—what God hath done, what he is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort, in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect grace. Faith as an act yields it not; but only as it carries us into him, who is our perfect rest and peace; in whom we are accounted of, and received by, the Father—even as Christ himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and only here."

Surely, there is here much soundness in theology, and much spiritual perception likewise. Cromwell clearly had not seen the abyss of "advanced thought," now so perceptible alas! But it was something to be contented with such really substantial thought as was given the world by the Puritan chaplains afore-mentioned.

And now, Oliver Cromwell is, significantly enough, "His Highness."

We might almost say "his *Royal* Highness," but that he refuses all kingship, and manifests but little faith in titles. He is a true king, nevertheless, the only fit one that all England could then find. His words are royal, although his speech limps; his thoughts and designs are best of all. A fervently devout king too!—in the great congregation of Parliament, reminding "my lords and gentlemen" of the goodness of God to this nation; appropriating for this purpose the Psalmist's jubilant strains, "Surely salvation is nigh unto them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land." "Thou hast been favourable to thy land:" "Truly I hope," says Cromwell, "this is His land. In some sense it may be given out that it *is* God's land; and he that hath the weakest knowledge, and the worst memory, can easily tell that we are 'a redeemed people' 'from the time' when God was first pleased to to look favourably upon us, 'to redeem us' out of the hands of Popery, in that never-to-be-forgotten Reformation, that most significant and greatest 'mercy' the nation hath felt or tasted." The preaching of the gospel without let or hindrance, he goes on to say, is a distinguishing mercy: "Who would have forethought when we were plunged into the midst of our troubles, that ever the people of God should have had liberty to worship God without fear or enemies." Indeed, it was a triumph, all the greater when contrasted with subsequent events, and repealings, and oppressive acts against conscience, and a general state of what astronomers call "backwardation" which clearly Cromwell could not have foreseen. In this very speech, as in others, we have not only the fundamental creed of Puritanism, or Calvinism, (not hyper however) stated, but somewhat expounded; for the speaker was a skilled theologian, accustomed to all the ins-and-outs of the much-abused Five Points, and a very earnest lover and supporter of a godly and instructive ministry. No one had a keener perception of genius in the pulpit than he. Gathering round him men who *could* preach, and think, and write; scholars, of whose scholarship no preacher need now be ashamed; men mighty in the Scriptures far beyond any who have come after them, as some of us still think, despite the current of the times; Cromwell showed how intelligently and completely he had grasped the doctrines then so ably and profitably expounded.

As Carlyle tells us, in his dying hours Cromwell spoke much of "the Covenants." "Faith in the Covenant," made holy and true by the Mediator of the Covenant, "is my only support." This he left to his wife and children "to feed upon." "All the promises of God are in him; yea, and in him Amen; to the glory of God by us—by *us* in Jesus Christ." Beautiful hope to die with!

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY G. ROGERS.—(*Continued.*)

WE proceed now to show how the new method of interpretation may be applied. In some respects it will of necessity harmonise with that which has been generally adopted, as with regard to the substance of the doctrines maintained, and the character of the emotions intended to be excited; but in other respects it will widely differ from it. No variation, in fact, is needed in the sentiments, but in their symbolic representation and their personal application only. None need fear, therefore, any attempt being made, openly or covertly, to diminish the perspicuity and force of John Bunyan's creed. The design is not so much to give an exposition of matters of doctrine and experience as to present them in a new point of view; and of this to give a mere outline, to be filled up hereafter by such as may have more leisure and ability for the undertaking.

THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

THIS is an appropriate symbol of man's natural condition. It is not Bunyan's native village of Elstow merely, or the town of Bedford, where he ministered, and in which he was imprisoned, but the whole world. It is not spoken of as *a* city, but as *the* city, to intimate that it included all mankind. It is the City of *Destruction*, because though absorbed in its pleasures and pursuits, thoughtless and self-secure, it is doomed to destruction. He who would avoid its impending doom must flee from it as Lot did from Sodom. He must escape for his life, and must not even look behind him, neither stay in all the plain, lest he be consumed. Fear is the first hopeful sign in the salvation of many, even when it is not guilt, but its punishment, that is feared. "Others," says Jude, "save with fear, pulling *them* out of the fire." This was Bunyan's first experience in religion, and this fear may form an essential part of all first religious impressions, though in such different degrees that it may not always be perceptible. It cannot be wrong to fear the divine judgments. It is the effect which all threatenings of punishment are intended to produce. It is appealed to, moreover, as a strong incentive to duty. There is a time in which danger and refuge absorb the whole passions and powers. "Noah, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." This is mentioned as pertaining to his faith. There must be some faith in all fear; and the fear of divine wrath, arising from conscience and the divine word, may derive its chief value from the faith which it implies. Its propriety man-ward is the natural principle of self-preservation; its propriety God-ward is the belief in him that is included in it. Every man is a native of the City of Destruction; is brought up in it; is wholly intent upon its possessions and pleasures, and his first object must be, if he would escape its doom, to flee from it. To remain where he is, and what he is, is certain and eternal destruction.

OPPOSITION FROM WITHOUT.

A FEARFUL apprehension of the awful consequences of sin cannot be long concealed. Efforts may be made to disguise the inward pangs, and a false cheerfulness may be assumed, but the change soon becomes obvious to all. "This," say they, "is nothing else but sorrow of heart." If it should be found to arise from such afflictions as are common to man, as from bodily infirmity, or worldly embarrassment, or the loss of friends, it will awaken general kindness and sympathy; if suspected of having its origin in religious convictions it will excite general opposition and scorn. The ridicule of worldly companions, and the tender entreaties of endeared kindred and friends, some from mere ignorance, and others from direct enmity to that which is known to be good, are often the first trial which serious impressions have to endure, and are needful to test their sincerity and power. They especially, who like Bunyan have acquired notoriety amongst the worldly-minded and profane, will have to submit to this

trial. Some are surrounded by those who watch to see the day of grace dawn, and the day star of conviction to rise in their hearts, "more than they that watch for the morning, I say, more than they that watch for the morning;" and their eyes fail while they wait for their God; and lo, in the hearts of others, surrounded with the most unfavourable circumstances, salvation dawns. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." If without the special anxieties and prayers of others there ariseth light in darkness, much more may it be hoped for when preceded by strong desires in the hearts of others. If God can reap where he has not sown, much more does he expect to reap where he has sown.

EVANGELIST.

Pilgrim seeks refuge from his distress of mind in reading the Bible. Instead of affording him immediate relief, it aggravates his misery, and leads him to cry out with greater vehemence, "What must I do to be saved?" Condemnation on account of sin is more easily seen in the Scriptures than the way of salvation from sin; because mere declarations suffice for the one, and many seeming contrarieties have to be reconciled in the other. Hence the aid which those who have clearly discovered the way of life for themselves may give to anxious enquirers. This is the office of an evangelist. Such a one met with Pilgrim, and after learning the cause of his distress said, "'Do you see yonder wicket-gate?' He said, 'no' Then said the other, 'Do you see yonder shining light?' He said 'I think I do.' Then said Evangelist, 'keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.' Evangelist does not profess to be able to lighten his grief, nor does he lead him to expect that it will be instantly removed. He says to him: Christ is the way. That is the gate through which you must enter. Do you see this? 'No.' Then study the Scriptures until you do. Do you see *that* light? 'I think I do.' Then seek Christ by it, and go directly to him just as you are." Now, Pilgrim begins to see where he must flee *to;* before, he had seen only where he must flee *from*. He has heard the joyful sound, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Evangelist here may be the gospel itself, whether heard or read, following close upon the terrors of the law.

OPPOSITION FROM WITHIN.

As Pilgrim left the City of Destruction for the wicket-gate, first "his wife and children began to cry after him to return;" then "his neighbours came out to see him run; some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return, and two resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the other Pliable." No one supposes that wife, and children, and neighbours are thus to be literally forsaken by one who has determined to go on pilgrimage to a better country, that is a heavenly. It is a pictorial representation of what transpires in his own mind in relation to them. The effect of opposition upon him from without is first described, and then the effect of opposition from within. The latter is shown in the two characters of Obstinacy and Pliable, who, after he had got a good distance, pursued him, and in a little time overtook him. That two of his neighbours should be more determined to hinder his pilgrimage than others, and should go after him for this purpose, would be a trifling incident upon such an occasion; and surely there must have been more than one Obstinate and one Pliable in the City of Destruction; and Obstinate would have been the last to take one step out of the city. Take Obstinate and Pliable to be part of a Christian's own experience, and especially at its commencement, and all becomes forcible and clear. They were his neighbours because natural to him; they came after him as nature follows grace; they assailed him at his first setting out; and soon afterwards took leave of him for ever. There is a certain crisis in first convictions in which a sullen obstinacy may arise, and threaten to defeat the most hopeful appearances. It is the reaction of Self-will which, after yielding for a

season, seeks to return to its former position of defying both reason and revelation. Pliable is a personification of the indecision, or halting between two opinions, which almost invariably characterises the commencement of experimental Christianity. In the return of Obstinacy and Pliable to the City of Destruction, Pilgrim saw what his end would have been if he had permitted Self-will or Indecision to have gained an ascendancy over him. They correspond with Lord Will-be-will, and Mr. Ill-pause, in the allegory of the "Holy War."

THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

This follows here not from discouragements, but from self-confidence. The reason of it may be found in the anticipation of heaven, apart from the consideration of the means by which it is to be obtained. It was too early for Pilgrim to think much of heaven. He had just left the City of Destruction; the cries of his wife and children were still ringing in his ears; a heavy burden was still upon him; he had not yet entered through the strait gate into the narrow way; his hopes were premature, because not yet well-founded; his faith was unsettled; in fact, Pliable was still with him. He had given Pliable to understand that nothing but happiness and glory awaited them. "There," said he, "are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven. There shall be no more crying nor sorrow: for he that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims; creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them." "The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart," said Pliable. "How shall we get to be sharers thereof?" "If we be truly willing to have it," Pilgrim replied, "He (the Lord, the Governor of the country,) will bestow it upon us freely." Nothing, observe, is said of the way to heaven, the sacrifices to be made, the dangers to be braved, the enemies to be overcome, and nothing of the slain Lamb which makes the heaven of the redeemed, but only, "be willing to have it, and it is yours." "Well, my good companion," said Pliable, "glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace." "I cannot go so fast as I would," said Pilgrim, "by reason of this burden that is on my back." Just as they had ended this talk they fell into the Slough of Despond. What a change! Was this the heaven of which thay had been speaking? Instead of crowns of glory, there is a grievous fall; instead of garments shining like the sun, there is wallowing in mire; instead of no more crying nor sorrow, there is sinking in despair. "Is this the happiness," said Pliable, "you have told me all this while of? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me." If Pilgrim had not taken Pliable with him, he would not have fallen into that slough. He would have seen "the good and substantial steps placed there by the direction of the lawgiver." Why should he have fallen into the same slough as Pliable, if the character of Pliable had not been really his own? It is evident that, whereas escape from the City of Destruction had first absorbed all his thoughts, no sooner has he left its gates than by a not unusual reaction of the mind, he is absorbed in anticipation of the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. As escape from misery was the chief motive then, the desire of happiness is the principal motive now. He felt some hesitation, even after the suggestions of an obstinate self-will had been overcome, some inclination while opportunity offered to have returned; and instead of remembering that the burden of guilt was still upon him, and his main object must be to have that removed, he tried to forget his load by enraptured imaginations of the joys of heaven. This plunged him into the Slough of Despond, where he was made to feel again the whole weight of the burden that was upon him. He was looking up to heaven, when he should have been attending to his footsteps on the earth. He needed thus to pass through this slough in order by one desperate effort to get rid of his indecision, and to render it impossible hereafter to return.

(To be continued.)

Parental Duties.

FROM "HEAVENLY LAWS FOR EARTHLY HOMES: BEING A MANUAL OF THE RELATIVE DUTIES." BY EDWARD DENNETT.

PARENTS are bound to train their children for God. "It is also true that they have to prepare them for their relationships in this world, for what may be termed their natural duties. Of course, their best preparation for these is, in every aspect, their conversion to God. But they need an education and instruction to enable them to discharge the duties of the position in life which they may be called upon to occupy; and to provide for this, occasions oftentimes great anxiety and concern.

"1. Parents, in pursuance of this end, have to send their children to school. This may seem to be a trivial matter; but how frequently has the whole character of the future life of a child received its bent from the school to which he was sent. Hence the need of much wisdom in the selection. And it is of the first importance that schools should be chosen that have Christian masters or mistresses. It is lamentable to see how careless parents, and even Christian parents, are in this matter. For the sake of a few educational advantages, or even on the ground of convenience, they will sometimes place their children for years under the care of those who are unbelievers, and so imperil even their souls. No parent who "seeks first the kingdom of God" will fall into this mistake. Another error committed is to allow their children, at school, to read classical works full of impurity and immorality. It is sad to think that, in hundreds of our so-called best schools, more time is spent in teaching children —boys and girls—from ancient and modern writings in other languages, which are calculated to injure them morally for life, than in instruction from the Word of God. Nay, in many, the Word of God is only heard occasionally, and then, as a matter of form, while the best energies of the scholars are devoted to the worthless (in a moral sense) productions to which we have alluded. It is claimed that the Bible must not be used too largely, lest the consciences of men should be injured; but have Christians no conscience as to Horace and Ovid, as to Homer and Sophocles, as to the French and German Books that find most favour with the teachers of these languages? It is time that Christian parents took higher ground in this respect. It may be, moreover, gravely questioned whether parents are not neglecting their duty, excepting where their circumstances make it a necessity, in sending their children to boarding-schools. There are cases in which this is a necessity, and with the proviso that Christians are at the head of them, the evil is mitigated, if not abrogated. But if children can be kept at home, surely they should be kept under parental influence. God has given them into the care and keeping of their parents, and the path should be very plainly indicated before they feel justified in delegating to others the duty which has been entrusted to them.

"As to the education parents should seek for their children—it should be of such a kind as would be suitable to the positions they are likely to occupy, and especially such as would be helpful to them as the servants of God. To keep this aim in view, would be to glorify God in their education. So far from this being the case generally, parents often, on the other hand, allow their children to learn 'accomplishments,' *e. g.*, dancing, and certain kinds of music, which can only be a temptation to them in after life, qualify them for the service of the world, minister to their pride, and which must be laid aside if they are converted. It is no wonder, when we remember this, that so many young people are drawn into the vortex of worldly gaiety to the peril of their everlasting welfare.

"2. Parents have to choose, or to guide in the choice of, situations in life or kinds of employment for their children. Much care and discretion are needed for this duty—care and discretion, directed by the wisdom which God

only can bestow. The tastes and tendencies of children must, no doubt, be consulted; but, with a due amount of prudence, the parent can easily determine the choice of the child. It were very easy to point out the many mistakes which are also made in this matter. Sometimes parents will accept the offer of eligible situations for their children, solely on the ground of the worldly advantages they promise to bestow. Cases are not infrequent of sons, especially, leaving all the influences of Christian homes for spheres in which almost every evil influence is concentrated. Several illustrations of this may be mentioned. A pious and most consistent Christian received the offer of an appointment in the army for his son. It was accepted; but it was no wonder that his son lived and died an unbeliever. A Christian lady received an offer of a situation for her daughter. At the time her daughter was under deep impressions, and the influences round about her were calculated to intensify her convictions. But she was sent to the offered place, and her impressions faded away, like the morning cloud or the early dew. Let all parents, therefore, make, even in this particular, the spiritual concerns of their children the main object. For if they seek the glory of God they may safely leave to him their temporal welfare.

"One very simple rule may very much aid in this question. No child should be allowed to enter upon any calling, or situation, where sinful practices prevail; or even where the temptation to such is very strong. More, indeed, might be said. It were unwise to allow children to enter establishments where the members are left, practically, without any moral supervision or control. Who could calculate the number of young people that are irretrievably ruined annually in some of the large London establishments! This fact, together with the reasons mentioned, should make parents very solicitous as to their children's position and calling in life. The great safe-guard will be found in seeking God's direction and blessing, and in remembering that the everlasting welfare of their children must, in everything, be their chief concern.

"3. Parents have to decide upon the question of books and amusements for their families.

"1. *Books.* In the early stages of life, books play, in many instances, an important part in the formation of the minds of the young. On this account it is very important that they should come into contact with the best books; and to ensure this, much parental wisdom is required. For it is very easy to frustrate the object proposed. If, for example, parents, convinced of the pernicious character of many tales and novels, strictly forbid the reading of all tales, they will but create in the minds of their children an intense desire after them, and tempt them to procure such surreptitiously.

"It happened to the writer once that, when young, he was sitting in the garden in front of the house. A carriage drove past, and a lady threw out a tract. He ran to pick it up. Its title was, "You must not read it." The effect of the prohibition was that he read it as fast as he could. So will it often be with children if you absolutely forbid the reading of novels.

"Parents should, therefore, the rather enter into their children's tastes, and select such tales for them as are made to convey sound lessons and Scriptural truth. In this way the taste will be formed and elevated, and they may be led on to read only such books as will contribute to the great purposes of their education.

"It will be helpful, in this respect, to form the habit, as far as may be, of talking over with them the books they have read, and therein the opportunity is found of pointing out the defects or errors which they contain. Bad books—morally bad books—should never be allowed to fall into their hands. Such abound on every hand and in every form, and hence the need of constant vigilance and care. Bearing this in mind, and guiding them to read those that may both interest and instruct, and be helpful to them in after life, parents may find in books useful auxiliaries in the education of their families.

"2. *Amusements.* Many worldly amusements must be forbidden in every

Christian home. It is of the more consequence that recreations of an innocent character should be permitted. The home should ever be made the most attractive of all places for the young. Where it is not, they are easily tempted and led astray. It would be impossible to lay down rules on this subject. But it may safely be said that no amusement should be allowed which is associated by the world with sin, or which might afterwards lead the child into temptation. Dancing, card-playing, and billiards, would fall under this description. Further specification need not be given, for if the Christian conscience be exercised, as enlightened by the Scriptures, the rule may easily be applied. And there are so many amusements which are perfectly innocent—some of which, indeed, may be made to subserve an educational purpose—that very little difficulty will be experienced.

"It will be at once seen, from this imperfect sketch, how vast is the extent of parental responsibility; and how onerous is the nature of the duties that parents are called upon to discharge. But he who imposes both the one and the other will give all needful strength to fill the position which he has called them to occupy. And how unspeakable the recompense if he should so bless the faithful performance of their duties that, when they stand before the throne, they may be able to say, 'Here are we, and the children whom thou didst place under our care.' The possibility and the prospect of such an issue of their labours should be a constant encouragement in their work, lightening their load, and filling their hearts with joy and praise."

The Sinners of Mullion.

CORNWALL must surely be to high-churchmen the Siberia of counties, and Mullion must be the most desolate place of all that dreadful region. Methodism has taken hold upon the Cornishmen, and they cannot be cajoled into the parish church. Hence the wise priests weep in secret, and at least one priest, who is otherwise, howls in public. The Rev. E. G. Harvey, B.A., has the misfortune to be vicar of Mullion, a rock-bound parish in which there are two excellent well-attended Dissenting chapels. He preaches and postures with commendable perseverance, but he confesses himself to be but *vox in solitudine clamantis*, or, in plain Saxon, "a voice crying in the wilderness;" for the more he prophesies the more vacant does his church become. As any observations made in Mullion parish church would only be heard by the lion and the unicorn in the King's Arms, and Mr. Harvey's family and dependants, that gentleman has been at the pains to print his sermon, and "a word of remonstrance,"* for which we heartily thank him. Though not an inhabitant of Mullion, we have as much enjoyed his reverence's remarks as if we had been bred and born on the spot. We are half inclined to make a pilgrimage to the vicar's parish, to see with our own eyes a people so benighted as to be unanimous in their rejection of the religion with which the State supplies them at their own expense, meanwhile, as our time does not at present permit of such a journey, we will take a bird's-eye view of it, by the help of the vicar's pamphlet.

Mullion enjoys the inestimable privilege of Daily Matins, except in winter, at 9 a.m.; but the vicar, addressing his parishioners, observes, "as there is not one of you that ever comes to this, it is impossible that you should know the nature of it." On one occasion one of the Mullion heretics was caught alive and led to this service, but the creature was quite untameable, and utterly refused to attend a second time. "I asked the reason," says the vicar, "and met with this answer, "I don't know anything about those books that you

* The Message, the Messenger, and those to whom both are sent, a sermon by Rev. E. G. Harvey.

use, and don't want to know;" the schismatic also insinuated something about the collects "not being prayers from the heart." To what further degree of depravity can human nature go? Matins every morning, and nobody there but the parson!

On Sundays, at 11 a.m., there is in Mullion church, besides the Litany, "the celebration of the Holy Eucharist." Concerning this Sunday service the vicar says, "about half-a-dozen persons attend this service, with an average of one communicant, beyond those connected with the officials." This rather small attendance is not due to a want of invitation, for the vicar believes that some few absent themselves from church altogether, rather than hear him so often insist upon the cardinal duty of attending the sacrament.

At Evensong, at 3 p.m., the church is attended by an average of eighteen persons, "our population numbering 700." These eighteen worshippers appear to have rather free and easy notions of divine worship, notions which we agree with Mr. Harvey are "neither decent nor proper." The eighteen faithful sheep, upon the whole, would seem to be rather worse than better than the 682 who have gone astray. Their state-sent pastor says, "The public catechising at this service I was obliged to discontinue, as no children were sent to me for instruction. It is to be regretted that those who come to this service do not attend to it better than they do. Very few attempt to join in it, scarce any kneel to pray, many sit the whole time, and some bring refreshments with them, such as apples and sweetmeats, to consume during the service."

Other sins, both dire and horrible, lie at the door of the Mullion dissenters. They are undoubtedly a stiffnecked generation, and like the deaf adder, they will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so stupidly. Thus does their parish priest rebuke them—"For my own part, though I care not to speak of myself more than is necessary, I offered, some time ago, in addition to the preparation for the public catechising, to devote one afternoon in the week, or any other suitable time, to teach your children the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and further to instruct them in their Christian profession. Three children only, out of the whole parish, were sent to me. And is it possible with all the means of grace you have, with all the forementioned privileges neglected, with all these unperformed duties staring you in the face—is it possible that you can, as I am told you do, raise £20 a year for missions for the conversion of the heathen? O, I pray you, look at home, for true charity *begins* there! I think that in many instances you might take a lesson from the poor benighted heathen, whom you would 'convert.' Look at your church—has anyone of you, during the last five years, contributed one penny to keep it in repair? Look at your churchyard, wherein so many of your dear departed lie, where perhaps you yourselves hope one day to rest in peace; and tell me what heathen, what Jew, Turk, or infidel would be content to leave the burial places of their dead in such a neglected state? 'Neglected!' nay, yours is desecrated—turned into a receptacle for rubbish and refuse, and polluted by the most filthy uses. O speak not any longer as some of you have done, to me, of your superior 'spirituality' while such careless, irreverent, impious practices prevail."

This fine specimen of Christian charity is worthy of careful study. Those who do not attend this priest's performances are worse than the heathen, in his judgment. The State allows him to be sole lord over the parish burial ground, and excludes all other ministers from using it, and yet the man is in a rage with Nonconformists for not keeping in order a churchyard, from the use of which they are excluded. Is this priest insane? Is not all priesthood akin to lunacy? Could a human being reach such a height of folly if he had not been ordained thereunto by a bishop? Forced upon a parish to perform for it spiritual functions which almost every inhabitant repudiates, the vicar, instead of leaving the people alone and eating his tithe-pig in retirement, must needs abuse those to whom his very office is an

insult and an oppression. His insinuations and innendoes are of an order peculiarly irritating, but we very earnestly trust that no Mullionite will ever disgrace himself by using retorts of a like character. A correspondent says, "Although the people of Mullion are compelled to pay for a ministry they do not appreciate, is it to their discredit that they remember the heathen? They have built and kept in efficient repair two nice chapels, where the services are well attended. They raise annually a good sum for a branch Bible Society, and otherwise contribute to the promotion and extension of religious and philanthropic objects. If I were asked to select the Cornish parish which contains, in relation to its population, the largest number of intelligent people, I should turn at once to Mullion. The forefathers of the present inhabitants were so imbued with the principles of civil and religious liberty, and so aggrieved at having to contribute to State parsons, whose lives and professions were unapostolic, that many emigrated to the United States, and founded there some of the most flourishing settlements in the then far West. This spirit is inherited by the people of Mullion now, and Mr. Harvey attacks the sheep of his flock in print because they heed him not. It is said, proverbially, 'it is a foul bird that dirts its own nest.' Yet this is what Mr. Harvey presist in doing. His life, his works, his faith, are alike unrecognised and unappreciated by those over whom the law has ordained him. In his dilapidated church and desecrated churchyard, described by himself as 'turned into a receptacle for rubbish and refuse, and polluted by the most filthy uses,' he ministers to a people who know him not. He shows how those who have the immediate benefit of his Sabbath services, who absent themselves from the Dissenting chapels, his own peculiar people, solace themselves under his sermons with lollipops and apples. What inducement is there, from his own showing, for absentees to come to church?"

The same correspondent assures us that Mullion is by no means a solitary case of a state-paid priest without a people; empty churches are common enough. He very properly says, "Those who know West Cornwall are aware of such facts, and many churches which have cost hundreds of pounds to restore are little better than empty sepulchres on Sabbath days. Money is forthcoming from *outside* the parishes to revive and furbish up the buildings in the churchyards; but thoughtful people exclaim, 'Behold the temple and the priest, but where is the congregation?' I venture to assert that in scores of Cornish parishes not half-a-dozen male adults regularly attend the church. The incumbents may remonstrate and print 'unspoken addresses,' yet empty pews and unoccupied seats impeach the pulpits.

"The parish of Gunwalloe, which adjoins Mullion, has had subscriptions, concerts, bazaars, fêtes, and festivals, by which perhaps a thousand pounds have been raised. This sum lavished on a church in a desolate spot, by the melancholy ocean, for worm and mildew to destroy and deface. One of the latest of these resuscitations is that at Sithney, which parish again is in proximity to Gunwalloe. Would you be surprised to find, Mr. Editor, that the vicar of Sithney, if he does not count school children and a few females, can reckon his preaching audience on his fingers. A populous parish of large acreage tithed to maintain a dominant sect. How long is the system which Ireland repudiated to burden our land? I hear of 'disestablishment' lectures being delivered throughout the country; and come it must. Religion, reason, and common-sense demand it, and a few *spoken* addresses will quicken and illumine its advent."

How long is the sect of the Episcopalians to ride over the heads of our churches? Is the priest with his *one* communicant for ever to be quartered upon us as an ecclesiastical dragoon, and for his insults to be fed with tithes and offerings? If there be justice among our statesmen they cannot allow such wrongs to be perpetual: since there is justice with the Most High he will not suffer them to go unpunished. To the Eternal God the Nonconformists appeal against the tyranny of that Popish church which now lords it over us. O Lord, how long? How long?—C. H. S.

Report of Visitor from the Sunday School Union,

(LAMBETH AUXILIARY).

"SUNDAY AFTERNOON, *November 5th*, 1871.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SCHOOL.

WHEN I visited this school about twelve months since, the day was cold, wet, and foggy; the large school-room, with its low pitched ceiling, the gas burning,* outer windows covered with the dust of ages apparently, presented such a gloomy and cheerless aspect, that my Report almost of necessity had a depressing and fault-finding tone. Happily for myself, and certainly for the school, my visit to day has been a perfect contrast. The day cheerful and bright, the school, notwithstanding the number in attendance, was orderly and attentive, the singing cheerful and pleasant, and all things wore a different aspect. During the opening service there was quiet and decorum. I noticed, also, many more scholars using their own Bibles during the reading of the Scriptures from the platform; at prayer there was silence and serious devotion, possibly this was helped by the late scholars not being allowed to enter during these exercises.

The school soon settled down to work, and in most of the classes good order was kept, and in many there was much deep interest and earnest attention manifested. One feature struck me as peculiar; in several of the upper female classes, the teacher and scholars united in a short prayer previous to commencing the teaching; this may be useful and give a more serious tone to the work, but following so closely upon the prayer engaged in by the whole school, and the adjoining classes otherwise employed, it must have been difficult to conduct with profit.

The classes are numerous, but not large, scarcely any having more than nine or ten scholars, in some but four or five. Would it not add to the comfort, and give facilities for better teaching, if a space of nine or ten inches was left open between each of the classes?†

The elementary classes are taught in a separate room, and consist of very young children, almost all of whom ought to be united in two or three good infant classes, and taught by simultaneous method upon galleries. This is one of the great wants of the school; the other defect is at the opposite end, namely accommodation for the senior scholars, for although there are four good class rooms, all well attended by admirably conducted classes, there is need of at least eight or ten more to make the school thoroughly efficient; many of the classes in the general school-room, especially on the female side, by their age, numbers, and evident earnestness, are not only well deserving of, but would value and turn to good account, the better accommodation. It was, therefore, very gratifying to hear that the project of getting new school-rooms was about to be seriously entertained; and, as all great works are so easily accomplished through God's blessing on the spirit and energy of the Pastor and people of the Tabernacle, it is to be hoped that in a short time this glorious design will be carried out.‡

The condition of the school as a whole is very greatly improved since my last visit, and considering the very large numbers (this afternoon, 1014 scholars and 90 teachers were present, and the average for the quarter being 995 scholars and 83 teachers), it is really surprising that such good order is maintained, and it bespeaks not only great efficiency on the part of the officers, but hearty co-operation on the part of the teachers.

It was pleasant to hear that a great number of the scholars have been

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* This has long been a great evil, but cannot be remedied, as high buildings have shut in the Tabernacle, and taken away much light.

† By so doing we should have less room, and be compelled to send children away.

‡ This is not an easy work just now, and unless some generous friend comes to our aid it cannot be done.

united to the church, and many have become teachers in this and other schools. This good result may be traced in some measure to the spirit of prayer evident in the school, finding its development in the teachers' meeting for prayer every Sunday morning and Thursday evening, in addition to the usual monthly meeting. The scholars also have a united prayer meeting every Sunday at 12 o'clock, besides four special meetings during the month.

A children's service is also held, both on Sunday morning and evening, and also on Wednesday evening; in this way the interest is kept up, and in answer to the many prayers, God has given an abundant shower of blessing.

A large and well-stocked library is well used, but nothing is done in magazine circulation, a means of usefulness that is earnestly recommended to the serious attention of the teachers. By a little organization, and a good, earnest, young man to give his time to the work, 10,000 magazines could easily be circulated, and an amount of good effected and evil prevented that would amply repay all the labour that could be bestowed upon it.

On reviewing this visit, and thinking of the mighty influence for good that this noble school is exerting, one cannot but feel grateful to God, and ask all our brethren in the Union to unite in prayer, that while this is the largest school in London, it may be most eminent for its success, and increasingly a blessing to the district around.

Signed, W. E. Beal, *Visitor.*"

Note.—We insert this Report because our need of rooms for our College and senior classes is very pressing. Our school last Sabbath had more than 1,100 children in it, and we might have as many more as we pleased if we had room for them. Large bodies of young men and women could be trained in classes, but we have no rooms. The College is held underground, in rooms where gas must necessarily be burned all day long. The work of God among us is largely hindered by our want of room, but this we cannot remedy except the means of enlargement be forthcoming. The matter weighs heavily upon our heart.—C. H. S.

Reviews.

Heavenly Lamps for Earthly Homes. By Edward Dennett. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Dennett has a peculiar talent for the production of manuals. He treats his subjects practically and judiciously. His little book deserves a very extended sale. We know of nothing better upon the subject. To call our readers' attention to it, we have inserted an extract in this month's *Sword and Trowel.*

Christ in the Tabernacle with some remarks on the Offerings. By Frank H. White. Illustrated by twelve Chromo-lithographs. Partridge and Co.

This subject ought to be in a fair way of elucidation, for we have in memory quite a library upon it. It is, however, a central object among types, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give it too much study. Mr. White does not profess great scholarship in the Hebrew and its Talmudic lore, but the present treatise shows that he has been taught in the school of Christ and knows how to place truth in a clear and simple light. There is no affectation of depth, no straining of metaphors, no rant of novel interpretation, but there is unction in every chapter, and that is far better. We believe that among Christian people, whose reading is not very extensive, this book will be a great favourite, because it will give them the pith of what they want to know in an easily comprehended form. Those who have larger and fuller works will also by no means despise Mr. Frank White's summary. The coloured pictures are most of them very fair, but we do not believe in that ugly laver, and we have only a dim idea of what is intended by No. 2, where a gentleman in a red dressing-gown and blue cap is the central figure, around whom antediluvian animals are intermingled with Edgington's marquees, and large heaps of ice cream alternate with palm trees of a sort unknown to nature.

Lectures Introductory to the Study of the Minor Prophets. By Wm. Kelly. W. H. Broom, 28, Paternoster-row.

We believe that we turned to this work in an unprejudiced state of mind, for our divergence from the author's peculiarities is balanced by our respect for himself personally. But frankly we do not like the book. It is the production of a superior mind, and of one devoutly desirous to teach the truth, but the writer appears to us to drag into the minor prophets nearly every great question of the day, and to have espoused opinions upon those questions which have nothing to recommend them but their singularity. The initiated, who are conversant with the author's school of thought and mode of utterance, will be able to comprehend what others will fail to grasp, and we suppose that they will be able to account for notions which to us are quite unaccountable as being held by such a man and recorded in such a book. We cull a few of these opinions, leaving the reader to imagine, if he can, how they fall into place in a book on the minor prophets. Mr. Kelly is perfectly persuaded that neither Arminianism nor Calvinism is in the Bible, and that they are both thoroughly wrong, without even the smallest justification." He tells us, "It is my conviction that western influence will ere long be completely annihilated in the east, and that the dominion of our country in India is destined to be shortlived." "Russia is reserved to play a most important part in this great future crisis." "The United States of America will be swamped into a political marsh." The outcry about the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian creed is "all a mistake." A great vice at the present moment is making "salvation" too cheap and too common a word. "Idolatry will surely re-appear, and that not only among the Christianised Gentiles, but among the Jews, little as they suspect such an issue." "I suspect that Greece and Turkey in Europe, with perhaps Asia Minor, will form a sufficiently strong kingdom where the Byzantine kingdom was once known, the Turks proper being probably driven back into their own deserts." On the whole, we are puzzled to know what concern the child of God has in these political events, and how it is that, brethren professing to be spiritual, should import with allowance into their Bibles matters which they account carnal in newspapers.

The Song of the Cross; an Exposition of Psalm XXII. By James Frame. Partridge & Co.

Mr. Frame has found out his true vocation, and we are glad to see him continuing in it. He has the gift of exposition. We are not at one with him in his theology, but we greatly value his comments. This Ecce Homo Psalm has been already attempted by pious pens, greatly to the edification of the Church. If Mr. Frame has not equalled the best of these, he has nevertheless done well, and deserves the biblical student's gratitude.

The Devil's Masterpiece.—Jarrold and Sons.

This pamphlet contains some very good things, strikingly put, but we do not agree with the writer in his views upon the ministry. Therein he savours rather strongly of Plymouth.

A Scripture Manual: Alphabetically and Systematically Arranged. Designed to facilitate the finding of proof texts. By Charles Simmons; with an Introduction by Gardiner Spring. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a worthy rival of "Inglis's Cyclopædia," and, though hardly so useful, it will be of great service to Bible students who want to find proof texts and illustrative passages readily. We are sorry to notice some wretched divinity in the headings. Gardiner Spring's Introduction is meant we suppose to sell the work; but as it does not even fill a single page, and might have been written by any schoolboy, it might with advantage have been left out, for its presence is only a sort of literary puffery.

Fundamentals; or, Bases of Belief. By Thomas Griffith, A.M. Longman, Green, & Co.

A mass of quotations, suggestions, and thoughts following each other in procession, which certainly is not reasoning and logical thinking. The author's theology and philosophy are both rotten, and the "Fundamentals" are not our bases of belief.

The Pharisee and Publican. By Rev. E. T. Carier, Peterborough. W. Pentney, 18, Narrow Bridge Street, Peterborough.

This sermon cannot be blamed for dull propriety. It is vigorous in style up to the full of one's desire. No one who begins to read is likely to lay it down till he reaches the conclusion. We are not acquainted with Mr. Carrier's general ministry, but this particular sermon is one of the most remarkable we have lately met with for clever and plain speech. Take the following picture of the Pharisee:—

"The Pharisee put himself foremost, so we will take him first. He stands as the representative of his sect. The word "Pharisee" means to separate. They were separatists. Exclusiveness is the essence of Phariseeism. They were gathered out of the common herd: they were God's elect—they were the Plymouth Brethren of that day.

"The leading trait of the Pharisee's character was *the love of applause:* there was nothing they cared for more than the being thought good. They were respectable men: they never swore; they never took false oaths; they were very proper. They were *pattern* men: they were *spiritual Koo-i-noors;* they wished to be held up to the admiration of the neighbourhood as being moral gems of the first water. In them was embodied every excellence: they were the guardians of the purity of the Church—God's watch-dogs to keep sinners at a distance; they were good—they had no doubt about it; they thought their lives were *so* nice, that they ought to be written and put in a book; they could not smile—their religion was winter, and its essentials were snow and ice. They were so pure! Such admirable men! There was one defect about them so very inconsiderable, that, perhaps, it is hardly worth naming—THEY WERE ROTTEN AT HEART; but, with that very slight flaw, they were perfect—they were the No. 1 of humanity—the XXX of mankind.

Now, this love of applause developed itself in two ways. There was, first, *an anxiety to maintain external ritual.* Their religion had only a polished *exterior;* their faith was electro-plate; they made broad their phylacteries. These were the outward visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace: they wore a piece of parchment around the wrist with Scripture written thereon, and at times of prayer another was conspicuously pasted between the eyes; in the temple they behaved with great decorum—they turned at the proper moment, they bowed at the precise period, they would have intoned in the correct key. 'All things were done decently and in order.'

Then this love of applause developed itself, secondly, *in an ostentatious display of piety in the world.* They prayed in the streets. We cannot say much about their closet devotion, but, perchance, they preferred the streets. For position, they chose the corners of the streets—that they might be seen by two streets at once; for posture, they chose standing—that they might the better be seen of men. They gave alms, but, lest the gifts should be unknown, a trumpet was sounded before them. The reason their *lips* gave for this method of procedure was that it summoned the poor together; the reason their *hearts* gave for it was it furnished them with better means for ostentation and display. They had a weakness for the upper seats in the synagogues, and Rabbi, Rabbi, was a name they much did love. We need dwell no longer upon this point; their lives, like their religion, was a gigantic bladder, swollen to its utmost tension, bearing for its trade mark 'Self-conceit.'"

The Doctrine of the Atonement. By Rev. G. Smeaton, D.D. T. and T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

Gladly do we welcome this second edition of a work which we read with much interest at its first appearance. No great alteration is observable in the book, though the division into chapters is a great convenience. We would recommend every young minister to peruse this book and its companion, "The Apostles' Doctrine of the Atonement," till they have mastered its contents; and the result will be a strengthening of their spiritual backbone for life.

Nurse Grand's Reminiscences at Home and Abroad. By Miss Brightwell. Religious Tract Society.

A story which has fact as its foundation. Various actual occurrences are skilfully wrought into an interesting narrative. Nothing but good can come from the perusal of such a book.

A Bunch of Cherries. Gathered by T. W. Kirton. Partridge & Co.

If it were our duty to award a myrtle crown to the most useful writer for working men, we should, without a moment's hesitation, place it upon the brow of Mr. Kirton. The stories contained in this handsome volume have already appeared in "The British Workman," to the delight and profit of thousands of readers. No tale from his pen is without its moral; no story is mere fiction; all are vivid sketches from life, and all are earnestly practical. May Mr. Kirton's pen never lie still.

Rays of Light; or Church-Themes and Life-Problems. By Rev. John Philip, M.A. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., Edinburgh.

The title of this book is well chosen and well sustained. Rays of light emanate from all its pages without any dark spots between. They are borrowed rays; but they are borrowed from inspiration and from the concentration of heavenly light in the glory of the cross. These rays are so reflected, that they are made to fall upon the various departments of Biblical teaching and church organisation from which they have been studiously precluded in modern times. "All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light, for whatsoever doth make manifest is light." Before the clear and full rays of gospel truth, the darkest shadows must flee away. For this purpose, we particularly recommend the chapter upon the foolishness of preaching, in which the difference between the foolishness of preaching and the preaching of foolishness may be clearly seen.

Rain upon the Mown Grass. By Samuel Martin. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are glad to see a second edition of this volume of sermons, which we have already recommended to our readers.

Three Lectures on the Church of Scotland, with special reference to the Dean of Westminster's recent course on that subject. By Robert Rainy, D.D. Edinburgh: J. Maclaren.

We hope the Free Kirk has too much grit in its constitution to be seduced by the blandishments of Dean Stanley. Dr. Rainy, in these Lectures, has done noble service by courteously but sternly rebuking the great prophet of Anything-arianism. We suppose that everybody in Scotland has already given these Lectures a reading, and so there is no need to say more.

History of the Sandwich Islands Mission. By Rufus Anderson, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This valuable record is published in Great Britain with the sanction of the American proprietors, and is necessary to every complete missionary library. The story is well told, and is calculated to fill every Christian heart with joyful thanksgiving for the past, and confidence in the future success of missions.

A True Hero: or, the Story of William Penn. By W. H. G. Kingston. Sunday-School Union.

Such reading boys cannot have too much of. Here the fascinating story is wedded to the purest moral; it will command a reading, and benefit the reader. Our youngsters will eat fruit from the tree of wonderful story, and it is well that they should have wholesome apples of truth than poisonous plums from such boughs of the devil's orchard as "Jack Sheppard" and "Dick Turpin."

Nature's Mighty Wonders. By Richard Newton, D.D., with Illustrations by Birket Foster, J. Gilbert, etc. Partridge & Co.

A delicious book. Though intended for children, it may be read with advantage by persons of older growth. It illustrates most pleasantly the wisdom and goodness of God in the works of nature. It has cost the author much labour in writing, and consequently it is easy and instructive reading.

The Law from Patmos. By Bernard Piffard. Morgan and Scott.

Some excellent and holy remarks upon the addresses to the seven churches, calculated to do much good. The author is delightfully clear on fundamental truths.

Secular Annotations on Scripture Texts. By Francis Jacox. Second Series.

The gleanings of a very wide and varied reading. A curious concoction of many decoctions. Too much of the element of fiction in it to be to our taste, but yet an amusing book for a leisure hour: we are not, however, quite clear that the infallible truth of God is treated as it should be when illustrated by passages from novels.

Soldier Fritz, and the Enemies he Fought; a Story of the Reformation. The Religious Tract Society.

A thoroughly good story for boys, answering two ends at the same time. It shows the blessings of the Reformation, and the necessity of overcoming our own inward sins.

The Dictionary of Illustrations, adapted to Christian Teaching; embracing Analogies, Legends, Parables, Anecdotes, etc. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

A CYCLOPÆDIA of illustrations, to which we must award the first place as yet. We add the qualifying words, because works of this order are multiplied so rapidly. It is an excellent compilation, but has rather too much *Spurgeon* in it for our taste, especially as our leave and license have never been asked for such wholesale quotation: however, they are freely accorded.

The Melville Family and their Bible Readings. By Mrs. ELLIS. Johnstone, Hunter & Co., Edinburgh.

OF course no families ever do talk in this way. In any natural household, a far more free and easy style would be in use even when conversing upon religion. Apart from this the matter is most excellent; sceptical suggestions are combated, doubts are answered, and false theories disproved. If young people will but read it, this book will greatly fortify them against the insidious infidelity of the period.

The Child's Bible Narrative; being a Consecutive Arrangement of the Narrative and other Portions of Holy Scripture, in the Words of the Authorised Version. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A CHOICE volume with rich illustrations. There are portions of the Word of God which are not within the range of youthful thought, and this is a very praiseworthy attempt to present the narratives without those more recondite portions. We question if any great number of persons will use this book, but for those who desire a work of its character this will be quite a treasure. It is well printed, and got up in the Messrs. Cassells' best style.

Daybreak in Spain. By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A VERY interesting and well written book; worth a thousand novels for amusement. The history of the present movement in Spain is well delineated, and a perusal of the record will lead the reader to say of the progress and development of events, "This is the finger of God." A good book for Bible-class scholars and all young people.

The Christ for All the Ages, and other Lay Sermons. By D. C. DAVIES. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE Sermons are not such as the title would lead us to expect. "The Christ for all the ages" is a statement of the fact, rather than of the way of salvation through him. Lay sermons, in point of inferiority in thought, or argument, or composition to those which are usually delivered by stated pastors, they certainly are not. They are far above the average in originality and literary merit. As village sermons, they strike us as most inappropriate, unless the villagers on the North Wales border are unusually intellectual and refined. The language and illustrations presuppose scientific knowledge and a cultivated taste. They suppose, too, the hearers to be already in sympathy with the subjects presented to their view, instead of making it their principal aim to create such sympathy. How commonly as preachers we err in imagining our hearers to be in our own position in reference to the truths we enunciate, instead of putting ourselves in theirs! We do not begin low enough with them, forgetting from what point and by what slow degrees our own knowledge and impressions were acquired. To this fact, perhaps, more than from design, may be attributed the want of stronger gospel views and plainer dealing with souls.

The Lord's Prayer; a Series of Sermons, preached at Newport, Monmouthshire. By J. W. LANCE. Elliot Stock.

A THOROUGHLY expository series of discourses, rich in matter and popular in style. Our friend has done well to preserve such utterances, and give them to the church in permanent possession.

Gems in Divinity from Old Authors. Collected by Lady MARY OSWALD, for the Spiritual Elucidation of many texts in the Bible. Nisbet and Co.

A VOLUME of extracts which might have been useful had it contained a textual index. The quotations are from the best known divines.

Memoranda.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. H. Dunn as pastor of the Baptist Church, Milnsbridge, were held on Monday, Feb. 19th. It was a very interesting occasion. We wish our friends much prosperity.

We have had much blessing at the Tabernacle during this month, March 10th was entirely spent in prayer. As a result, no less than fifty candidates were proposed for fellowship at one church meeting.

The contributions to our two great works are very small this month. They are not in the case of the orphanage one-fourth of the outgoings. The Lord will surely provide, but many of his people miss a blessing by neglecting to care for the fatherless.

March 19th. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached at Palmerston Hall, Wimbledon, in the afternoon; and, in the evening, Mr. W. Olney presided at the formation of a Baptist church in that place. Mr. John Keys has been the means of gathering together this hopeful church and congregation, and now ministers among them.

March 21st. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached the opening sermon of a new Baptist chapel, South Street, Greenwich. This noble building has been erected for the congregation of Mr. Benjamin Davies, mainly through the efforts and generosity of Mr. John Olney and Mr. Huntley. Its school and class-room accommodation are unsurpassed in any place known to us.

Some of the Lord's stewards may, perhaps, be looking for a part of the service which needs pecuniary help, and we would therefore mention that we need aid for our new College and Sabbath Schoolrooms, for a New Chapel for the Wandsworth-road, for the Girls' Orphanage, for the Colportage, and for an infant schoolroom at the Boys' Orphanage. None of these things are any personal gain to us, but are needed for the Master's work. We only mention them, and leave them to the consideration of those who delight to do good.

Our neighbour, Mr. James Wells, so long known as an eminent Strict Baptist, has finished his course, and entered into rest. These things are calls to us all to work while it is day.

Several pawnbrokers have written us in reference to Mr. Pike's remarks in our last month's issue; Mr. Pike also has girded on his sword and prepared a very telling reply. But we do not want to go to war with the knights of the three balls: there are some of the best men in the world among them, and not a word of censure was meant for such as they are. When a writer speaks of the evil of ginshops he has not the London Tavern and the Grosvenor Hotel in his eye; and when Mr. Pike referred to the pawnbrokers in low neighbourhoods he had no idea of impeaching respectable traders. Pawnbroking in itself is well enough, but that it is perverted into a curse no candid person can deny.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—February 29, twenty; March 18, one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th, to March 18th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
R. A. J.	30	0	0
Miss Mather	0	2	0
Mrs. Gray	0	6	9
Mr. C. Smith	2	0	0
A Widow	0	5	0
Mr. T. Harwood	10	0	0
A Sister at Margate	0	2	6
Mr. J. Hawkins	0	3	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Mrs. Todd	1	0	0
E. T. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Walter J. Harman	1	1	0
S. P.	0	5	0
Mr. Sparrow	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	5	0
The Evening Classes	15	0	0
Mr. Marshall	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Forman	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
A Lover of Puritanism	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bunning	1	0	0
Miss A., per Mrs. Bunning	0	2	6
An Old Disciple	0	5	0
Mrs. Hull	0	10	0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. T. Keys	1	16	6
Mr. W. Thomas	0	7	6
M. M. Quebec	3	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
H. A.	1	18	0
Mr. J. Donald, per Rev. J. A. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Donald " " "	0	5	0
Mr. G. Mitchell " "	0	5	0
The late Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hawkins	0	5	0
Mr. J. Best	0	10	0
Mr. T. Gregory	1	0	0
Collection at Chelsea, per Rev. F. H. White	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Feb. 18.	29	5	5
" " " " 25.	60	4	6
" " " Mar. 3.	54	1	5
" " " " 10.	36	7	0
" " " " 17.	33	1	6
	£293	16	7

Orphanage for Girls.

Mr. W. Henderson, per Mr. Sharp £5 0 0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th, 1872, to March 18th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Berry	0	4	6
Miss Mather	0	2	0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0	5	0
A. T.	0	10	0
H. J. M. and A. Milne	0	10	0
Maria and Agnes	0	8	0
Collected at Savernake, per Miss Gee...	0	10	0
A Highland Girl	0	4	0
P. O. O., High Street, Borough	0	10	0
A Widow	0	5	0
Mr. T. Harwood	10	0	0
G. S.	0	3	0
Mrs. Fulks	0	10	0
Mr. M. Fulks...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	3	0	0
J. C.	0	1	6
Halbeath Sabbath School	0	5	0
Miss Dowsett...	0	17	6
Mr. Corrick	1	0	6
Mrs. Robinson	0	18	0
Mr. J. Hawkins	0	5	0
Mrs. Hall	0	9	11
Mr David Morrin	0	3	6
Collection at Croydon, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	8	10	0
Live and help to live	2	0	0
Mr. R. France	1	0	0
A Grateful Soul	0	12	0
G. N.	5	0	0
A. B. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. Todd	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A Penitent	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Parkes	0	10	0
S. P.	0	5	0
A. G. P.	0	5	0
Contributions after Lectures by Rev. H. Bool:—			
At Moretonhampstead... 0 16 2			
Christow 1 2 2			
Lustleigh 0 3 5			
£2 1 9			
Less Expenses ... 0 8 6			
	1	13	3
Anonymous	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	3	0
J. H. L.	0	4	6
Sabbath School, Lochee	1	0	0
Mr. Shoobridge	5	0	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	1	6
J. S.	0	2	6
A Lover of Puritanism	2	10	0
Mamma and Josiah...	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bunning	1	0	0
A Pence Collection, Edinburgh, per ditto	0	10	0
Mrs. Carruthers	5	0	0
W. J. B.	1	1	0
R. W. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Elsey	1	0	0
M. M., Quebec	1	0	0
Mr. E. Hands	2	10	0
Mr. Benham	0	10	0
Mrs. Colden	1	0	0
Mr. C. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
H. A.	1	18	0
Mr. J. Donald, per Rev. J. A. Brown ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Donald " ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Mitchell " ...	0	5	0
The late Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hawkins	0	5	0
Mr. Best	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. William Mayo	0	11	6
Mr. Hawthorne	1	1	0
Mr. Nemo, for Will Shepherd's Lambs...	1	0	0
Miss Martin	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	1	1
Subscriptions:—			
Per Mrs. Withers.			
Mr. Joseph Huntley ... 2 0 0			
Mr. W. Moore... ... 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Omer Cooper ... 1 0 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott ... 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Leach 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Withers ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman ... 0 1 1			
	4	17	1
Mrs. Ann Hughes	5	0	0
Sir J. M. McLeod	2	2	0
Mr. N. B. Baillie	1	1	0
Mrs. Scaramanga	1	1	0
Mr. William Mayo	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Balling	3	0	0
	£97	19	4

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations:—			
Mr. W. Matthews	0	2	2
Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. W. Evans	0	5	0
Sheppey District, per Miss Bishop ...	6	0	0
Guildford District, per W. Matthews, Esq.	7	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	7	10	0
	£21	7	2

List of Presents to the Orphanage.—PROVISIONS:—27 lbs. Meat, Mrs. Voss; 3 Sacks Potatoes, Anon.

CLOTHING:—80 Shirts, The Misses Dransfield.

SUNDRIES:—Parcel for Sale-room, Anon.: Bundles of Linen Rags for Infirmary, from Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Tyson, Mrs. Bartlett, and Miss Wyburn.

£7 9s. to purchase a Water Bed for a Sick Boy; Rev. A. Mursell and Friends.

Received for *Match Makers*, Mr. J. Arnett, 5s.; for *Watercress Seller*, H. J. H., 5s.; A Working Man, Dumfries, 5s.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY 1, 1872.

Advice Gratis.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 152.)

III.—A Lover of Order enquires whether it ought not to be a rule in all churches that persons who do not attend for six months should be withdrawn from for non-attendance?

Our reply is, first, that we solemnly question the right of churches to make rules at all. The Lord Jesus is the only legislator in the church, and where he has not left us a command it is better to abstain from inventing one, lest we receive for doctrines the commandments of men. The genius of the gospel is freedom, and the spirit of every rightminded church is not law but love. At the same time, persons who forsake the assembling of themselves together are evidently walking disorderly, unless they have some valid reason for non-attendance, and therefore they ought to be diligently looked after by the officers of the church, and enquiry made into the cause of their absence. If that cause should lie in backsliding and indifference, they should then come under discipline, and should be visited according to the excellent custom of our churches: after this comes the withdrawal, if the case be found to be incorrigible, and utterly hopeless. Where general laxness of conduct is suspected but cannot be proved, or where the exposure of a fault would only gender strife and scandal, it is wise to withdraw from the offender for the unquestionable fault of non-attendance; but in no case for that fault alone, until every means has been used. To cut off persons merely because they have not been to the communion for six

months is an idle method on the part of the church, and frequently involves great unkindness towards the individuals. Our experience leads us to know that a large portion of the absentees are not fit subjects to be dealt with under a hard and fast rule. For instance, a person reduced in circumstances, but quite unwilling to make his circumstances known, had pawned the garments in which he was wont to appear among us. The same spirit which led him to keep his wants private induced him also to worship among strangers while his raiment was shabby. I do not justify the spirit, neither dare I say a hard word against it, but a gentle rebuke and a brotherly gift soon enabled the afflicted friend to fill up his place to his own intense delight. In another instance, a member had gone to Australia and back upon a voyage as steward, and reappeared shortly after enquiry had been made; his exclusion would have greatly pained the mind of a most worthy brother, and would have been an outrage upon Christian love. A mother of many children had also been very ill herself for some considerable time, during which the family had removed, so that she could not be found, then followed an interesting event which increased her cares, and not for some months could she again occupy her place among us. Her husband, an ungodly man, would not take the trouble to communicate her change of abode, and thus by the heartless rule suggested above she would have been excluded from the church: our knowledge of her gracious character led us to wait, and she returned to worship and to the Lord's table at the first possible moment. Many varieties of circumstances may thus render absence no sin; but surely only for sin, removal to another church, or utter failure to find out a brother's whereabouts after earnest searching, ought we to erase a name from the roll of our membership.

If a sheep has strayed let us seek it; to disown it in a hurry is not the Master's method. Ours is to be the labour and the care, for we are overseers of the flock of Christ to the end that all may be presented faultless before God. One month's absence from the house of God is, in some cases, a deadly sign of a profession renounced, while in others a long absence is an affliction to be sympathised with, and not a crime to be capitally punished. I know the lovers of rule are full of arguments, but houses and families under rigid rules are never happy places to live in; life in its health and its disease cannot be legislated for like stone and iron. The best plan is to deal with every case on its own merits, without regard either to rule or precedent, looking only to the great general principles of the Word of God, and asking the guidance of the Holy Spirit. There are sins enough in the world without our increasing them by new commands. More quarrels in churches grow out of rules than out of anything else; the sooner they are all burned like the Ephesian books the better, Christ's Spirit leads us not into bondage. We cannot endure the letter which killeth, much less that which buries men alive.

IV.—Ruth would like to know what can be done to stop scandal in a church.

We suggest to her that enough cotton in both ears would prevent her hearing it, and the filling of her mouth all the day long with the

praises of God would render it impossible for her tongue to spread it. This would suffice for her personally. She, however, we suspect, rather wants us to suggest a remedy for the habit of scandal in others. Really we do not know of anything short of the grace of God. While hearts remain unrenewed, tongues will be full of bitterness; and in gracious people while corruption remains, there will be a measure of mouth disease too. Dogs delight to bark and bite, "for 'tis their nature to." None can rule or tame human tongues except the Omnipotent himself. Solomon talked of hot coals of juniper, and such-like fiery remedies, but we question whether they would be effectual even if they could be applied. One rule we endeavour to follow with regard to gossip, viz.: let the thing die a natural death. If any one reports to us that there is a dirty pool near us, we go in another direction, but never dream of sitting down on its margin to take long sniffs, neither do we indulge the practice of stirring it, and poking a pole to the very bottom of it. We told a friend lately, who said that it was our duty to interpose in the squabbles of another church, that we did not carry a brush in our pocket to scrub all the pigs we met with, and we fancied that if we did we should soon get some of the mire on our own hands. Scandal is like the hydra which lives by being killed, and multiplies itself with every cut you make at it. It is like a very bad house to let, which is ill-drained, has a leaky roof, and is generally out of repair;—it is best let alone. If dogs are asleep don't wake them, they may bark; and if they are barking don't interfere with them, for they may bite.

"But surely, it is our duty to put out the fire of strife!" Yes, but what is the best way? Will you put it out by heaping on more fuel? Will poking the fire damp it? Why, even pouring oily words on it will not quench the flame. Very few people have wisdom enough to deal with scandals aright, and these generally prefer the method of letting them burn themselves out. Be deaf, be blind, be dead to gossip, and it will grow disgusted with you and select a more sensitive victim. To bring matters before a court of law, or even before the church, is to honour the gossip and to lower yourself. "What are the wild waves saying?" They are saying more sense than the tongues of rumour; worry yourself about the rough music of the roaring sea if you will, but about tongues, male and *female*, concern not your heart, O Ruth; or, sapient reader, be thou equally insensible thereto. When a bull offered to toss a little party who were crossing a meadow, courage was for fighting the irate monster, folly talked of taking him by the horns, enthusiasm thought of jumping on his back, credulity tried the virtue of a suddenly opened umbrella, and obstinacy dared Old Taurus to interfere with him, but prudence got over the stile into the next field, and I went with him, and mean to do the same next time. Shall I help you over the gate, Miss Ruth?

V.—S. H. C. wants advice as to the sudden introduction of fresh subjects before a church-meeting when no previous notice has been given to the pastor, the officers, or the church. Should it be allowed or not?

Surely, common sense alone is needed to form a judgment upon this point. Would such a thing be borne with in any but an assembly of

idiots? The men of the world have needed no enlightenment upon so simple a matter; hath not nature herself taught them how to act? This folly, which we fear is committed in some churches, is but another illustration of our Lord's saying, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The rules observed in debates in Parliament, in public meetings, ay, and in the meanest Hole in the Wall, where tinkers and tailors ventilate their treason, are often superior to those which are maintained in the church of God. I speak this to the shame of many. Disorder and confusion worse confounded are allowed, nay, even invited and fostered by the disregard of the plainest dictates of common sense in certain gatherings styled church-meetings, which might in such cases more descriptively be called ecclesiastical bear-gardens. We remember an instance in which, before much of the fit business of the assembly had been transacted, a member suddenly proposed a resolution, or rather raved out a denunciation concerning the sacramental wine; he was followed by a second, who wished to abolish pew-rents, and he by a third reformer, who wanted meetings where everybody could speak as some sort of spirit might move him; and, when the third sat down, a fourth advocated the frequent change of deacons, hinting that those in office had lost the confidence of the members. The church was so worn and harassed with impromptu suggestions of this kind, that both pastor and people abhorred the very name of church-meeting and suddenly discovered that, for the protection of the quiet many, the noisy few ought not to be allowed to ride their various hobbies at pleasure. Great was the relief when it was resolved to end such disorder by following the custom of all decent society, and begin no discussion without notice, and none even with notice which did not come within the province of the assembly. No new law was wanted; the old command to "do all things decently and in order" was quite sufficient. The mere fact of a man's being a professed Christian does not entitle him to act as a savage; and a church-meeting, because it is a spiritual assembly, is none the more entitled to behave like a mob of aborigines. No society of any kind can long subsist if it disregards the ordinary laws which regulate human assemblies. These, it is true, are not incorporated in the Scriptures, because there is no need to reveal by inspiration what half-a-grain of sense will show us. We might as well ask for Scripture for wearing flannel in winter time, or using gas or candles at our evening services, as for regulations for conducting our meetings for church business. Where reason suffices revelation is not to be expected. Every custom of assembly, which is founded in necessity and promotes order, goodwill, and fairness, is virtually contained in the golden rule, to do to others as we would that they should do to us. No man would wish others to take him by surprise with new proposals which he had not been permitted to consider, but must vote upon helter-skelter on the spot; neither would he wish another to make a sacred assembly the platform for enunciating views hostile to his judgment and foreign to the purport of the association; therefore, no man has a right to inflict the same wrong upon others, and no set of men are doing justice if they allow such perpetual infractions of the law of love. When Marcus Arethusa was stripped naked, smeared with honey, and stung to death by wasps, he was in an enviable position,

compared with a minister whose people consider it to be part of their Christian liberty to agitate him and the church whenever they please. However great may be the good man's faults he does not deserve so condign a punishment. An American cowhiding, a Russian knouting, a Turkish bastinado, or a Red Indian scalping, are milder forms of punishment than the doom of presiding over a lawless assembly, by whom the rules of decency and justice are despised as worldly and unfit to be regarded by spiritual men.

S. H. C. has seen, we hope, a solitary case, and we have known the only other example. Let us trust so. We have no reason to believe that the evil is common. We fear that it lingers in our churches, but it can surely be only in those uncivilised parts where as yet knives and forks are unknown luxuries, and reading remains a stupendous mystery. If such conduct be tolerated in assemblies of educated men, we can only say that they invite disquietude, they court division, and will not be long before they reap the reward of their unwisdom.

In every case due notice must be given of any unusual business, and it will be at least courteous that this should be given to the pastor and officers. A member ought to hesitate a long time before he proceeds contrary to the judgment of the officers; and the church should always have an opportunity of considering whether or no the question to be submitted is one which they care to discuss. The ordinary rules of public meetings are the best guide for the chairman of a church-meeting, and should not be disregarded.

Happy is the church which has no history but that of continued increase and edification. When debates are among us they create discord, and there is an end first to fellowship and next to usefulness. May the Holy Spirit preserve us all in love and unity, and then the question before us will never be raised.

The Bridge Over the Road.

LATELY riding through a pleasant country the road passed along a hollow like a railway cutting, and overhead we observed a handsome bridge, by which the person who owned the property on both sides had connected the two portions of his garden. It was a simple but very convenient arrangement, and must have been greatly useful to all frequenters of the beautiful grounds. Time was when his friends could only perambulate half the garden, and were cut off from other guests whom they could see in the other portion of the grounds, which lay across the dividing chasm. So also the fair domain of truth was in years past divided between Arminians and Calvinists; the one traversed his own portion of truth and never went an inch beyond, while the other marched up and down his own division of doctrine and scowled over the great gulf at the opposite party. Both of these in their walks frequently strayed out of the garden, but for the most part they kept in it, and their great fault was that they dared not complete the range of the entire domain. Many attempts at uniting the truths held in common by both parties have been utter failures, because the projectors

attempted to effect their design by reasoning, and by speculating about a middle term between divine sovereignty and human responsibility. At last, faith threw a bridge over the road by teaching men that where two truths are both revealed by inspiration they are equally to be believed, whether we can see their consistency or no. God is true in all that he reveals, whether the unity of his truth be apparent upon the surface, or lie concealed in mystery. By means of this bridge believers can now range the whole enclosure of gospel doctrine, and admire the wealth of the great Lord who planned the paradise of truth, and intended the whole of it for the comfort and enrichment of his friends. We are not now afraid of a truth because it is peculiarly prominent in the creed of the Hyper-Calvinists, nor are we alarmed at another Scriptural statement because it is most vigorously taught by the Wesleyans; if the doctrine be the truth of God we receive it with reverent faith, and if there be any other teachings of the Lord Jesus which we have not yet received, we wait at his feet with childlike desire to learn. To us truth is one and belongs to no party. By God's help we would walk with God through every glade of the garden of revelation, feeling as safe in one part thereof as in another.

Comfort for those whose Prayers are Feeble.

A BRIEF SERMON.—BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Hide not thine ear at my breathing."—Lamentations iii. 56.

YOUNG beginners in grace are very apt to compare themselves with advanced disciples, and so to become discouraged; and tried saints fall into the like habit. They see those of God's people who are upon the mount, enjoying the light of their Redeemer's countenance, and, comparing their own condition with the joy of the saints, they write bitter things against themselves, and conclude that surely they are not the people of God. This course is as foolish as though the lambs should suspect themselves not to be of the flock because they are not sheep, or as though a sick man should doubt his existence because he is not able to walk or run as a man in good health. But since this evil habit is very common, it is our duty to seek after the dispirited and cast-down ones, and comfort them. That is our errand in this short discourse. We hear the Master's words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," and we will endeavour to obey them by his Spirit's help.

Upon the matter of prayer many are dispirited because they cannot yet pray as advanced believers do, or because during some peculiar crisis of their spiritual history their prayers do not appear to them to be so fervent and acceptable as is the case with other Christians. Perhaps God may have a message to some troubled ones in the present address, and may the Holy Ghost apply it with power to such.

"Hide not thy prayer at my breathing." A singular description of prayer, is it not? Frequently prayer is said to have a voice. 'Tis so in this verse: "Thou hast heard my voice." Prayer has a melodious voice in the ear of our heavenly Father. Frequently, too, prayer is

expressed by a cry. It is so in this verse, "hide not thine ear at my cry." A cry is the natural, plaintive utterance of sorrow, and has as much power to move the heart of God as a babe's cry to touch a mother's tenderness. But there are times when we cannot speak with the voice, nor even cry, and then a prayer may be expressed by a moan, or a groan, or a tear,—"the heaving of a sigh, the falling of a tear." But, possibly, we may not even get so far as that, and may have to say, like one of old: "Like a crane do I chatter." Our prayer, as heard by others, may be a kind of irrational utterance. We may feel as if we moaned like wounded beasts, rather than prayed like intelligent men; and we may even fall below that, for in the text we have a kind of prayer which is less than a moan or a sigh. It is called a *breathing*—"Hide not thine ear at my breathing." The man is too far gone for a glance of the eye, or the moaning of the heart, he scarcely breathes, but that faint breath is prayer. Though unuttered and unexpressed by any sounds which could reach human ear, yet God hears the breathing of his servant's soul and hides not his ear from it.

We shall teach three or four lessons from the present use of the expression "breathing."

I. *When we cannot pray as we would, it is good to pray as we can.* Bodily weakness should never be urged by us as a reason for ceasing to pray; in fact, no living child of God will ever think of such a thing. If I cannot rise upon the knees of my body because I am so weak, my prayers from my bed shall be on *their* knees, my heart shall be on its knees, and pray as acceptably as aforetime. Instead of relaxing prayer because the body suffers, true hearts, at such times, usually double their petitions. Like Hezekiah, they turn their face to the wall that they may see no earthly object, and then they look at the things invisible, and talk with the Most High, ay, and often in a sweeter and more familiar manner than they did in the days of their health and strength. If we are so faint that we can only lie still and breathe, let every breath be prayer.

Nor should a true Christian relax his prayer through mental difficulties, I mean those perturbations which distract the mind and prevent the concentration of our thoughts. Such ills will happen to us. Some of us are often much depressed, and are frequently so tossed to and fro in mind, that if prayer were an operation which required the faculties to be all at their best, as in the working of abstruse mathematical problems, we should not at such times be able to pray at all. But, O brethren! when the mind is very heavy, then is not the time to give up praying, but rather to redouble our supplications. Our blessed Lord and Master was driven by distress of mind into the most sad condition; he said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death;" yet, he did not for that reason say, "I cannot pray," but, on the contrary, he sought the well-known shades of the olive grove, and there unburdened his heavy heart, and poured out his soul like water before the Lord. Never let us consider ourselves to be too ill or too distracted to pray. A Christian ought never to be in such a state of mind that he feels bound to say, "I do not feel that I could pray;" or, if he does, let him pray till he feels he can pray. Not to pray because you do not feel fit to pray, is to say, "I will not take medicine because I am too

ll." Pray for prayer: pray yourself, by the Spirit's assistance, into a praying frame. It is good to strike when the iron is hot, but some make cold iron hot by striking. We have sometimes eaten till we have gained an appetite, let us pray till we pray. God will help you in the pursuit of duty, not in the neglect of it.

The same is the case with regard to spiritual sicknesses. Sometimes it is not merely the body or the mind which is affected, but our inner nature is dull, stupid, lethargic, so that when it is the time for prayer we do not feel the spirit of prayer. Moreover, perhaps, our faith is flagging, and how shall we pray when faith is so weak? Possibly, we are suspicious as to whether we are the people of God at all, and we are molested by the recollection of our shortcomings. Now the temptation will whisper, "Do not pray just now—your heart is not in a fit condition for it." My dear brother, you will not become fit for prayer by keeping away from the mercy-seat, but to lie groaning or breathing at its foot is the best preparation for pleading before the Lord. We are not to aim at a self-wrought preparation of our hearts that we may come to God with them, but "the preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, are both from God." If I feel myself disinclined to pray, then is the time when I need to pray more than ever. Possibly, when the soul leaps and exults in communion with God it might more safely refrain from prayer than at those seasons when it drags heavily in devotion. Alas! my Lord, does my soul go wandering away from thee? Then, come back my heart, I will drag thee back by force of grace, I will not cease to cry till the Spirit of God has made thee return to thine allegiance. What, my Christian brother, because thou feelest idle, is that a reason why thou shouldst stay thine hand and not serve thy God? Nay, but away with thine idleness, and resolutely bend thy soul to service. So under a sense of prayerlessness be more intent on prayer. Repent that thou canst not repent, groan that thou canst not groan, and pray until thou dost pray; in so doing God will help thee. No, neither bodily, mental, nor spiritual anguish must prevent our pouring out our soul before God, in breathing, if in no better manner.

But, it may be objected, that sometimes we are placed in great difficulty as to circumstances, so that we may be excused from prayer. Brethren, there are no circumstances in which we should cease to pray in some form or other. "But I have so many cares." Who among us has not? If we are never to pray till all our cares are over; surely, then we shall either never pray at all, or pray when we have no more need for it. What did Abraham do when he offered sacrifice to God? It was evening when the patriarch slaughtered the bullocks and laid them on the altar, and as the sun went down, certain vultures and kites came hovering around, ready to pounce upon the consecrated flesh. What did the patriarch then? "When the birds came down upon the sacrifice Abraham drove them away." So must we ask grace to drive our cares away from our devotions. That was a wise direction which the prophet gave to the poor woman when the Lord was about to multiply her oil. "Go, take the cruse," he said, "pour out and fill the borrowed vessels," but what did he also say? "Shut the door upon thee." If the door had been open, some of her gossipping neighbours

would have looked in and said, "what are you doing? Do you really hope to fill all these jars out of that little oil cruse? why, woman, you must be mad!" I am afraid she would not have been able to perform that act of faith if the objectors had not been shut out. It is a grand thing when the soul can bolt the doors against distractions, and keep out those intruders; for then it is that prayer and faith will perform their miracle, and our soul shall be filled with the blessing of the Lord. Oh, for grace to overcome circumstances, and at least to breathe out prayer, if we cannot reach to a more powerful form of it.

Perhaps, however, you declare that your circumstances are more difficult than I can imagine; for you are surrounded by those who mock you, and, besides, Satan himself molests you. Ah! then, dear brother or sister, under such circumstances, instead of restraining prayer be ten times more diligent. Your position is pre-eminently perilous, you cannot afford to live away from the throne of grace, do not therefore attempt it. As to threatened persecution, pray in defiance of it. Remember how Daniel opened his window, and prayed to his God as he had done aforetime. Let the God of Daniel be your God in the chamber, and he will be your God in the lion's den. As for the devil, be sure that nothing will drive him away like prayer. That verse is correct which declares that

> "Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees."

Whatever thy position, if thou canst not speak, cry; if thou canst not cry, groan; if thou canst not groan, let it be "groanings that cannot be uttered;" and, if thou canst not even rise to that, let thy prayer be at least a breathing—a vital, sincere desire, the outpouring of thine inner life in the simplest and weakest form, and God will accept it. In a word, when you cannot pray as you would, take care to pray as you can.

II. But, now, a second word of instruction. It is clear from the text, from many other passages of Scripture, and from general observation, that *the best of men have usually found the greatest fault with their own prayers*;—we find here Jeremiah calling his prayer a breathing. This arises from the fact that they present living prayers in real earnest, and feel far more than they can express. A mere formalist can always pray so as to please himself. What has he to do but to open his book and read the prescribed words, or bow his knee and repeat such phrases as suggest themselves to his memory or his fancy? Like the Tartarian Praying Machine, give but the wind and the wheel, and the business is fully arranged. So much knee-bending and talking, and the prayer is done. The formalist's prayers are always good, or, rather, always bad, alike. But the living child of God never offers a prayer which pleases himself; his standard is above his attainments; he wonders that God listens to him, and though he knows he will be heard for Christ's sake, yet he accounts it a wonderful instance of condescending mercy that such poor prayers as his should ever reach the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

If it be asked in what respect holy men find fault with their prayers; we reply, that they complain of the narrowness of their desires. O God, thou hast bidden me open my mouth wide, and thou wilt fill it, but I do not open my mouth. Thou art ready to bestow great things upon me, but

I am not ready to receive great things. I am straitened, but it is not in thee; I am straitened in my own desires. Dear brethren, when we read of Hugh Latimer on his knees perpetually crying out, "O God, give back the gospel to England," and sometimes praying so long that he could not rise, being an aged man, and they had to lift him up from the prison-floor, and he would still keep on crying, "O God, give back the gospel to poor England;" we may well wonder that some of us do not pray in the same way. The times are as bad as Latimer's, and we have as good need to pray as he had, "O God, drive away this popery once again, and give the gospel to England." Then, think of John Knox. Why, that man's prayers were like great armies for power, and he would wrestle all night with God that he would kindle the light of the gospel in Scotland. He averred that he had gained his desire, and I believe he had, and that the light which burns so brightly in Scotland is much to be attributed to that man's supplications. We do not pray like these men; we have no heart to ask for great things. A revival is waiting, the cloud is hovering over England, and we do not know how to bring it down. Oh, that God may find some true spirits who shall be as conductors to bring down the fire divine. We want it much, but our poor breathings—they do not come to much more—have no force, no expansiveness, no great heartedness, no prevalence in them.

Then, how far we fail, in the matter of faith? We do not pray as if we believed. Believing prayer is a grasping and a wrestling, but ours is a mere puffing and blowing, a little breathing—not much more. God is true, and we pray to him as if he were false. He means what he says, and we treat his word as if it were spoken in jest. The master fault of our prayer is want of faith!

How often do we lack earnestness? Such men as Luther had their will of heaven because they *would* have it. God's Spirit made them resolute in intercession, and they would not come away from the mercy-seat till their suit was granted; but we are cold, and consequently feeble, and our poor, poor prayers, both in the prayer-meeting and in the closet, and at the family altar, languish and almost die.

How much, alas, is there of impurity of motive to mar our prayers? We ask for revival, but we want our own Church to get the blessing that we may have the credit of it. We pray God to bless our work, and it is because we would wish to hear men say what good workers we are. The prayer is good in itself, but our smutty fingers spoil it. Oh, that we could offer supplication as it should be offered! Blessed be God, there is One who can wash our prayers for us; but truly our very tears need to be wept over, and our prayers want praying over again. The best thing we ever do needs to be washed in the fountain filled with blood, or God can only look upon it as a sin.

Another fault good men see in their supplications is this, that they stand at such a distance from God in praying—they do not draw near enough to him. Are not some of you oppressed with a sense of the distance there is between you and God? You know there is a God, and you believe he will answer you, but it is not always that you come right up to him, even to his feet, and, as it were, lay hold upon him and say, "O my Father, hearken to the voice of thy chosen, and let the cry of the blood of thy Son come up before thee." Oh, for prayers which enter

within the veil, and approach to the mercy-seat. Oh, for petitioners who are familiar with the cherubim and the brightness which shines between their wings. May God help us to pray better. But this I feel sure of—you who plead most prevalently are just those who will think the least of your own prayers, and be most grateful to God that he deigns to listen to you, and most anxious that he would help you to pray after a nobler sort.

III. A third lesson is this,—*the power of prayer is not to be measured by its outward expression.* A breathing is a prayer from which God does not hide his ear. It is a great truth undoubtedly, and full of much comfort too, that our prayers are not powerful in proportion to their expression, for if so the Pharisee would have succeeded best, since he evidently had the most gifts. I have no doubt if there had been a regular prayer-meeting, and the Pharisee and the Publican had attended, we should have called on the Pharisee to pray. I do not think the people of God would have enjoyed him quite, nor have felt any kinship of spirit with him, and yet very naturally on account of his gifts he would have taken upon himself to engage in public devotion; or, if that Pharisee would not have done so, I have heard of other Pharisees who would. No doubt the man's spirit was bad, but then his expression was good. He could put his oration so neatly and pour it out so accurately. Let all men know that God does not care for that. The sigh of the Publican reached his ear and won the blessing, but the goodly phrases of the Pharisee were an abomination unto him. If our prayers were forcible, according to their expression, then rhetoric would be more valuable than grace, and a scholastic education would be better than sanctification. But, it is not so. Some of us may be able to express ourselves very fluently from the force of natural gifts, but it should always be to us an anxious question whether our prayer be a prayer which God will receive: for we ought to know, and must know by this time, that we often pray best when we stammer and stutter, and we pray worst when words come rolling like a torrent, one after another. God is not moved by words; they are but a noise to him. He is only moved by the deep thought and the heaving emotion which dwell in the innermost spirit. It were a sorry business for you who are poor, if God only heard us according to the beauty of our utterances; for it may be that your education was so neglected, that there is no hope of your ever being able to speak grammatically; and, besides, it may be from your limited information that you could not use the phrases which sound so well. But the Lord hears the poor, and the ignorant, and the needy; he loves to hear their cry. What cares he for the grammar? it is the soul he wants; and, if you cannot string three words of the Queen's English together correctly, yet, if your soul can breathe itself out before the Most High anyhow, if it be but warm, hearty, sincere, earnest petitioning, there is power in your prayer, and none the less power in it because of its broken words, nor would it be an advantage to you, so far as the Lord is concerned, if those words were not broken, but were well composed. Ought not this to comfort us, then? Even if we are gifted with expression, we sometimes find that our power of utterance fails us. Under very heavy grief a man cannot speak as he was wont to do. Circumstances can make the most eloquent tongue grow slow of speech:

it matters not, your prayer is as good as it was before. You call upon God in public, and you sit down and think that your confused prayer was of no service to the Church. You know not what scales God weighs your prayers in—not by quantity but by quality, not by the outward dress of verbiage, but by the inner soul and the intense earnestness that was in it does he compute its value. Do you not sometimes rise from your knees in your little room and say, "I do not think I have prayed, I could not feel at home in prayer?" Nine times out of every ten those prayers are most prevalent with God which we think are the least acceptable, but when we glory in our prayer God will have nothing to do with it. If you see any beauty in your own supplication God will not; for you have evidently been looking at your prayer and not at him. But, when your soul sees so much *his* glory that she cries, "How shall I speak unto thee—I that am but dust and ashes?" when she sees so much his goodness that she is hampered in expression by the depth of her own humiliation, oh, then it is that prayer is best. There may be more prayer in a groan than in an entire liturgy; there may be more acceptable devotion in a tear that damps the floor of yonder pew, than in all the hymns we have sung, or in all the supplications which we have uttered. It is not the outward, it is the inward; it is not the lips, it is the heart which the Lord regards: if you can only breathe, still your prayer is accepted by the Most High.

I desire that this truth may come home to those of you who say, "I cannot pray." It is not true. If it were necessary that to pray you should talk for a quarter of an hour together, or that you should say pretty things, why then I would admit that you could not pray; but, if it is only to say from your heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" ay, and if prayer is not saying anything at all, but desiring, longing, crying for mercy, for pardon, for salvation, no man may say "I cannot," unless he be honest enough to add, "I cannot because I will not; I love my sins too well, and have no faith in Christ; I do not desire to be saved." If you will to pray, O my hearer, you can pray. He who gives the will joins the ability to it.

And oh! let me say, do not sleep this night until you have tried it. If you feel a burden on your heart, tell the Lord of it. Now, cover your face and speak with him. Even that you need not do, for I suppose Hannah did not cover her face when Eli saw her lips move, and supposed that she was drunken. Nay, your lips need not even move; your soul can now say, "Save me, my God, convince me of sin, lead me to the cross; save me to-night; let me not end another day as thine enemy; let me not go into the cares of another week unabsolved, with thy wrath hanging over me like a thunder-cloud. Save me, save me, O my God." Such prayers, though utterly wordless, shall not be powerless, but shall be heard in heaven.

IV. We will close with a fourth practical lesson,—*feeble prayers are heard in heaven.* "Hide not thine ear at my breathing." Nobody else can hear a breathing, but God can and will hear it. The prophet used no translatable language; but the Lord Jesus is an interpreter, one of a thousand.

"He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans."

Why is it that feeble prayers are understood of God and heard in heaven? There are three reasons.

First. The feeblest prayer, if it be sincere, is written by the Holy Spirit upon the heart, and God will always own the handwriting of the Holy Spirit. Frequently certain kind friends from Scotland send me for the Orphanage some portions of what one of them called the other day "filthy lucre,"—namely, dirty £1 notes. Now these £1 notes certainly look as if they were of small value. Still, they bear the proper signature, and they pass well enough, and I am very grateful for them. Many a prayer that is written on the heart by the Holy Spirit seems written with faint ink, and, moreover, it appears to be blotted and defiled by our imperfection; but the Holy Spirit can always read his own handwriting. He knows his own notes, and when he has issued a prayer he will not disown it. Therefore, the breathing which the Holy Ghost works in us will be acceptable with God.

Moreover, God our ever blessed Father has a quick ear to hear the breathing of any of his children. When a mother has a sick child, it is marvellous how quick her ears become while attending it. Good woman, we wonder she does not fall asleep. If you hired a nurse, it is ten to one *she* would. But the dear child in the middle of the night does not need to cry for water, or even speak; there is a little quick breathing—who will hear it? No one would except the mother; but her ears are quick, for they are in her child's heart. So, if there is a heart in the world that longs for God, God's ear is already in that poor sinner's heart. He will hear it. There is not a good desire on earth but the the Lord has heard it. I recollect when at one time I was a little afraid to preach the Gospel to sinners as sinners, and yet wanted to do so, I used to say, "If you have but a millionth part of a desire, come to Christ." I dare say more than that now, but at the same time I will say that at once —if you have a millionth part of a desire, if you have only a little breathing, if you desire to be reconciled, if you desire to be pardoned, if you would be forgiven, if there is only half a good thought formed in your soul, do not check it, do not stifle it, and do not think that God will reject it. Come with it. Oh, that you may be enabled to come to Christ's cross just now, even as you are, for God will hear even the breathing of your soul.

And, then, there is another reason, namely, that the Lord Jesus Christ is always ready to take the most imperfect prayer and perfect it for us. If our prayers had to go up to heaven as they are, they would never succeed; but they find a friend on the way, and therefore they prosper. A poor person has a petition to be sent in to some government personage, and if he had to write it himself it would puzzle all the officers in Downing-street to make out what he meant; but he is wise enough to find out a friend who can write, or he comes round to the minister, and says, "Sir, will you make this petition right for me? Will you put it into good English, so that it can be presented?" And then the petition goes in a very different form. Even thus the Lord Jesus Christ takes our poor prayers, fashions them over again, and presents the petition with the addition of his own signature, and the Lord sends us answers of peace.

And, once more. The feeblest prayer in the world is heard because it has Christ's seal to it. I mean, he puts his precious blood upon

it, and wherever God sees the blood of Jesus he must and will accept the desire which it endorses. Go thou to Jesus, sinner, even if thou canst not pray, and let the breathing of thy soul be, "Be merciful to me, wash me, cleanse me, save me," and it shall be done; for God will not hear your prayer so much as hear his Son's blood, "which speaketh better things than that of Abel." A louder voice than yours shall prevail for you, and your feeble breathings shall come up to God covered over with the omnipotent pleadings of the great High Priest who never asks in vain.

I have been aiming thus to comfort those distressed hearts who say they cannot pray, but ere I close I must add, how inexcusable are those who, knowing all this, continue prayerless, godless, and Christless. If there were no mercy to be had, you could not be blamed for not having it. If there were no Saviour for sinners, a sinner might be excused for remaining in his sin. But, there is a fountain, and it is open—why wash ye not in it? Mercy is to be had "without money and without price"—it is to be had by asking for it. Now, sometimes, poor men are shut up in the condemned cell to be hanged, and suppose they could have a free pardon for the asking for it, and they did not do it, who would pity them? God will give his blessing to every soul who is moved to seek for it sincerely at his hands on this one sole and alone condition—that that soul will trust in Jesus. And even that is not a condition, for he gives repentance and faith, and enables sinners to believe in his dear Son. Behold Christ crucified, the saddest and the gladdest sight the sun ever beheld! Behold the eternal Son of God made flesh, and bleeding out his life! A surpassing marvel of woe and love! A look at him will save you. Though ye be on the borders of the grave and on the brink of hell, by one look at Jesus crucified your guilt shall be cancelled, your debts for ever discharged before the throne of God, and yourselves led into joy and peace. Oh, that you would give that look! Breathe the prayer, "Lord, give me the faith of thine elect and save me with a great salvation." Though it be only a breathing, yet, as the old Puritan says, when God feels the breath of his child upon his face he smiles; and he will feel your breath and smile on you, and bless you. May he do so, for his name's sake. Amen.

Talk Without Work.

A TERRIBLE wreck happened some years ago off the coast of Tuscany. In his report of the affair the Tuscan coastguard remarks, with evident complacency, "I lent every possible help to the vessel with my speaking-trumpet, but, nevertheless, many corpses were found upon the shore the next morning." What are words without deeds? You plead for the destitute, but where is your guinea? You are eloquent for fallen women, but what are you doing towards their rescue? You demand an educated ministry, what institution are you aiding? You pity the widow and the fatherless, to what orphanage do you contribute? Silence is most becoming in those whose speech is not illustrated by suitable action.

Sketches of Sixteen Years' Work among the Orientals of London.

THE EVIL, AND HOW OCCASIONED.

"FOUND dead!" Who? Where? Has he no friends? How did he die? To these very natural questions, prompted by the common generosity of an English heart, we reply, "We don't know." But, gazing on the haggard face of the departed stranger, we conclude he has died in a land in which he was a foreigner, for his tattered clothes and swarthy features suggest that his birth-place cannot be far from the banks of the Ganges. The coroner and his jury, however, have just come to the unsatisfactory verdict, "Found dead," after having put off the inquest to the present day, hoping to gain some information of the deceased, but all that is known is, a policeman found him, on a frosty winter night, dead on the pavement in one of the many avenues in High-street, Shadwell. This child of the sunny land must have been dead some time, for he was quite cold. Nothing was found upon him to tell who he is, or what were the hard circumstances that led to his death. There was a knife at his side, and his horny hands bore evidence of honest labour and hard toil. He must be one of the many Lascars who are engaged in bringing the produce of Hindustan to our isle. Poor fellow, he could have found neither help nor sympathy in this land of gold and philanthropy! Strange, indeed, in the midst of so many merchant princes made rich with Indian gold, that the stranger who brought us the precious things of the torrid zone, should die uncared for on a winter night in one of our London streets. But, perhaps, it is a solitary case, and has never occurred before, and may never occur again. What did the coroner say? Alas! he says, that no less than eight human beings of the same class have perished with cold and hunger in our streets during the present* winter, and he has held nearly forty inquests on the same class of miserable beings during the last few years! Nearly forty sons of India perished in our London streets with cold and hunger, and no good Samaritan to pour in the oil and the wine, to soothe their dying moments with a friendly act, or whisper the good news of the sinner's Friend, and point the dying one to the better land, where

> "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and fear'd no more."

And this is all the Christian public know of a numerous class of brothers who are living in our very midst, and constantly arriving on our coast with the produce of their own land. Thousands of pounds are annually and rightly spent to ameliorate the temporal and spiritual condition of the heathen in their own distant land, but here, in the Christians' home, they only attract our notice when the coroner places the verdict of the jury on record: "Found dead," or "Died of cold and starvation."

* 1867. Extract from address of this date, by W. Baker, Esq., Coroner for East Middlesex.

These forty Asiatics, starved as much by the frost and snow of a western winter night as for want of food, are but an index of a much larger class of the same race of beings who suffer, perhaps, more protracted misery, if not so acute, and are the prey of numerous hardships and injuries which never come under human ken; bearing, too, their prostrating misfortunes without the hope of ever making a sympathetic Christian public sensible of their desperate condition, and the remedy most needed for their relief, from the want of the tongue of the western isle with which to tell their gloomy tale. Always there are English hearts full of sympathy and pious hands ready to aid the sorrowing children of distress when such are pointed out; but the coroner brings them to notice too late for Christian kindness to operate, and the mysterious whereabouts of these natives of distant lands, and the career of their wrongs and sufferings and death is known only to those who profit by their ruin, or are at the best utterly indifferent to their condition. They may live or die; no one around them cares about the life of a Lascar; and as for his soul, who gives a momentary thought about that? The heathen of the heathen land associate here with the heathens of Christian London; and, truly, they both dwell in the valley of the shadow of death. Between these waifs from the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, and the reputable white man brought up on the banks of the Thames, there is a great gulf fixed, and this gulf is crossed by very few. The difficulty of colloquial communication is one barrier that stands in the way; but far more formidable, as a division, is the foul drainage of human depravity in which these Orientals live and suffer: this is too forbidding and appalling for any but a sturdy Christianity and an earnest love to penetrate. The heathen mind is dark, and the vices of the various heathen systems in which the Asiatic is so brought up, as to form part of his nature, are bad enough when unmingled with European sin in his own land of superstition; but here is an interchange of sin and an unholy compound of both. Who will stretch forth his hand to pluck the brand from the fire? Who will descend into the pit of mire and clay to rescue these perishing ones from inevitable death?

But, we must know a little more about these Mahomedans and Hindoos, residing somewhere in this great city of London, before we suggest a remedy, or make any effort for their temporal or spiritual welfare. How do they get here? Where are they to be found? How came they in this ruinous condition? These are no idle vagrants, so many of whom prowl through the length of our island, preferring rather to beg than work. These are all sons of honest toil, and each one has worked his way to our shores and has landed in our midst with a bright eye and a merry heart, because he had Victoria's golden coins hidden in a corner of his gaudy pugree, enough, in his own estimation and ours too, should he fall into right hands, to supply all the scanty wants of Oriental life, till he finds another ship that will take him back again to his family and friends rejoicing. One of these men stepped on shore gay in his apparel, reflecting the colours of the rainbow, firm in his tread, erect in his stature, with evident consciousness of self-sufficiency, for he carried £60 with him, the result of many months' toil on various seas; but we saw him, a few days afterwards, destitute in the streets; the bright beam of his eye had given place to an anxious look, and

his gay colours were displaced by dirty rags. He was reduced in so short a time to the level of his wretched countrymen, seeking the beggar's pittance from passers-by. Like him many have fallen with terrible rapidity, fallen so as to become familiar, and, perhaps, even satisfied, with the degraded level they have reached.

We will now, before we proceed further, review some of the statistics furnished from official sources, referring to the period of which we speak. Where destitution and vagrancy exist, there are three localities in which the enquirer may expect to see it crop up like a rude rock from the subsoil. Vagrant life is sure to be strongly represented in our prisons, unions, and hospitals. The union affords them shelter at night, or, perhaps, for a longer period; and when exposure to cold and continued want bring on disease and sickness, the hospital affords a welcome retreat, and, when they are in neither of these, they are either at the "lodging-house for travellers," or are living at the country's expense in some jail.

Asiatics, however, have an aversion to the union, for eating and drinking are part of their religion, and they would rather huddle twenty or thirty together in a small house where they can cook and eat and drink and smoke, *a la mode Orientale*, amid the fumes of opium and jogree, each defraying his own small quotient of the rent. Yet the statistics of three unions supply the average number of fifteen in each, and in the House of Correction, Cold Bath Fields, Asiatic prisoners were constantly varying between twelve and fifteen. The convictions of these being only for short terms, they were continually changing, though the average remained the same. Some, however, in the case of repeated convictions, suffer a much longer term of imprisonment, and one we know who has no less than seventy-two convictions against him. He has lived more in prison than out of it, and is one of the few who has become so vitiated with vagrant life as to prefer prison life to liberty.

In the other London prisons Asiatic life was also strongly represented. The records of Horsemonger-lane Jail and the City Prison, Holloway, give evidence of repeated visits from the worshippers of Mahomet, Kalee, and Juggernaut.

The brave old ship, so well known as the hospital for seamen, after having so well defended British interests, under the heroic Nelson, during the French wars, has done by no means a less noble and dignified work, since, with many perceivable scars in its hull, it has been moored off Greenwich to receive the sick from the merchant ships of all nations. The suffering of every land have found repose and sympathy on its triple decks. We have often admired it, with the Union Jack waving proudly aloft, and the British Lion standing in an attitude of defence on its defiant prow. Dutch, Danes, French, Finns, Germans, Greeks, with shades of faith as various as the many countries to which they belong, and no small number from the land of heathen darkness; South Sea Islanders, New Zealanders, Chinese, Malays, Arabs, and natives of India, from the various provinces of that vast empire, are gathered here beneath the proud flag, and receive the generous and tender aid so worthy of a Christian nation.

Thirty or forty Asiatics were usually found here, and often even more. These were mostly sent from ships just arrived from a long and

tedious voyage, for at that time the screw had not given its aid to steam power, nor had the Suez Canal contracted the distance between India and England as in the present day.

There were many, however, from the opium smoking rooms and gambling houses on shore who would seek and obtain admission into the old Dreadnought Hospital ship, for having been more than once on its comfortable decks, they knew how, in time of sickness and pain, to find their way back again.

What is the matter in the tap room? Listen a minute to the uproarious shouts and bursts of laughter which escape through the broken pane of the illuminated window. The Indian accent is clearly distinguished, blended with the voices of noisy women and the scraping of a crazy fiddle. How can we discover what they are doing? suppose we enter, but here is the landlord who puts on a polite and agreeable air on seeing his unexpected visitors enter, though he would rather they were at Jericho than here. What is the matter landlord? they are not quarrelling; is it a marriage, a wake, or what? "Nothing of the kind, gentlemen, its only a jollification and a spree these Lascars have with the ladies of the neighbourhood when they come on shore. They are all well-known here, and, poor fellows, they like to have some fun when they come on shore, and you know they have nowhere else to go." This is just the man we want, and having assured him that we are neither reporters nor policemen, he feels more at liberty to inform us, and we glean that the sprees are of frequent occurrence, and that they often end in a drunken fight and a few weeks in prison. But our host is about to pass into the uproar, and he will kindly leave the door open that we may see for ourselves. It is like a glimpse into pandemonium, and the fumes of smoke which envelope the passing figures as they whirl round the room, come into collision and tumble over each other, remind us of the declaration of the sacred book, "and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night." We wonder, as we leave this sickening scene, if this is all our Asiatic visitors know of Christian England. Who is the "Royal Sovereign" intended to be represented here? Surely, it is the king of horrors and the prince of the power of the air.

We are thankful to see a ragged school opposite the "Royal Sovereign," and we pray that the friends of the school may be well rewarded, by rescuing many of the young ones from the moral pestilence in which they live. There is a missionary too of the London City Mission labouring here, endeavouring to snatch some souls like brands out of the terrible fire. He tells us of this place, "the scenes in the street when ships arrive in port, and the crews are paid off, are at times indescribable. Men of all colours and half a score of nations are accompanied by a host of bad women. Many are drunk, and all are riotous; the women have sailors' hats on their heads, and sailors' belts round their waists; they are quarrelling and pulling each other about: some have been robbed and the police are amongst them; the language uttered is such as Satan only could suggest, and the whole scene calls up an idea of the orgies of hell in the mind of the spectator."*

* From the City Mission Magazine for August, 1857.

We need not enter any more such pest houses of sin and death. There are many more in this neighbourhood, but what we have seen is only a true specimen of several others we will not now visit. But, before we leave this polluted place, it would be well to read a paper that comes to hand just at the right time. It is an extract from the *Times* newspaper, Feb. 10, 1855.

"Thames Police Court. John Lyons, who keeps a common lodging-house which he has neglected to register, appeared before Mr. Ingram in answer to a summons taken out by Inspector Price. J. Kirby, 53A, inspector of common lodging-houses, stated that, on Saturday night last, he visited defendant's house, which was in a most filthy and dilapidated condition. In the first floor he discovered a Chinaman sleeping in a cupboard or small closet filled with cobwebs. The wretched creature was without a shirt, and was covered with a few rags. The Chinaman was apparently in a dying state and has since expired. An inquest was held on his remains and it was proved he died of fever, and had been most grossly neglected. The room in which the Chinaman lay was destitute of bedding or furniture. In the second room he found Aby Callighan, an Irish woman, who said she paid 1s. 6d. a week rent. In the third room was Abdallah, a Lascar, who said he paid 3s. per week, and a Chinaman squatting on a chair smoking. In the fourth room was Dong Yoke, a Chinaman, who said he paid 2s. 6d. per week for the privilege of sleeping on the bare boards, two Lascars on bedsteads smoking opium, and the dead body of a Lascar lying on the floor, and covered with an old rug. In the fifth room was an Asiatic seaman, named Peru, who said he paid 3s. per week, and eleven other Lascars, six of whom were sleeping on bedsteads, three on the floor, and two on chairs. If the house were registered only four persons would be allowed in the room. The effluvium caused by smoking opium, and the overcrowded state of the room, was most nauseous and intolerable. In the kitchen, which was very damp, he found Sedgoo, who said he had to pay 2s. per week, and eight Chinamen huddled together. The stench here was very bad. If the house were registered, no one would have been allowed to inhabit the kitchen at all. He should say the house was quite unfit for a human habitation. The floors of the rooms, the stairs, and passages were in a filthy and dilapidated condition, covered with slime, dirt, and all kinds of odious substances. Before the house could be registered, it must be limewashed and repaired, water laid on, the yard paved, retiring places constructed, and bedding and bed-linen provided."

J. Lyons was fined £5, or, in default of payment, one month's imprisonment. An inquest sat on the Lascar and the Chinese, and then both were buried, and things resumed their usual level to report themselves as heretofore. We have now before us a somewhat different idea of the history of a Lascar in London. He is brought here from the banks of the Ganges and the Indus, in the various merchant vessels trading to London. He arrives in England and is either visited by the master of some of these houses referred to, to entice him to these hove's of sin, or he makes his way there, having no other place of resort where he can be understood. If he be discharged from his ship, he carries a fair amount of cash with him to his countrymen's rendezvous, but it

quickly melts away at the gambling table, or pachassee. And, if it does not quickly exchange hands, his pure gold is often secured, and spurious coins are shuffled into his possession, for the utterance of which the solicitor of the Mint confronts him at the Old Bailey, and finds no difficulty in securing a conviction for the crime. It may be he loses all his cash while he is under the influence of opium; in that case, "nobody has taken it! He must have made a mistake, he did not bring any, no one would rob the poor fellow in a place like this." Be it as it may, he has lost all his cash, and there is nothing before him now but begging in the streets and imprisonment for begging, or, ere long, he too will be "found dead." But, how is it these men are discharged at all? By the Merchant Shipping Repeal Act, a captain is liable to the penalty of £20 for every Lascar he leaves in England; yes, but whose duty is it to enforce the law? Whoever even takes notice of it but the captain and the suffering Lascar? The captain sails off to another land, and the Lascar sinks into the sub-current of human life, and is noticed no more till he is seen shivering in rags, crouched in the angle of the street, and soliciting, in broken English, the beggar's pence, or is found dead by some night policeman in Shadwell.

There is a fearful influence brought to bear on these men on their landing. If they have no money, selfish friends press round them and persuade them that they have a right to, and need of money. And whole crews, acting under such baneful influences, have often refused to join their ships, and have not returned till they have obtained an undue advance of wages to squander in these dens; or, in case of positive refusal to such unjust demands, have suffered the punishment of deserters in prison. Indeed, such has been the confusion and litigation between captain and men caused by these evil advisers, that masters of vessels have consented, reluctantly or otherwise, according to their interests, to pay the men off and discharge them, rather than defend themselves against imaginary charges at the Police Court. And, since there has been no existing authority to see the law observed and prevent such illegal discharges, such discharges have taken place with impunity. Workhouse and prison fare have followed, vagrancy and death under the most appalling circumstances complete the tragic history of Lascar life in London. Here is the gigantic evil which faintly forces itself upon our notice when Lascars perish in our streets. We have now travelled through some of the common sewers of evil life to become acquainted with the cause of this terrible evil. It has existed for many a weary year. But a remedy is in our hearts, and by God's blessing and direction the evil shall soon die out.

> Oh, pray for the heathen, from South and from East,
> Who visit the land which the Christian loves best;
> Who tread on the shores where the missions are born
> But perish among us unsought for—unknown.
> He visits this centre of Christian archives,
> Enchanted by wonders he sees and believes,
> But hears not of Christ till far over the main
> He lives in the land of the heathen again.

We will pass by the other hospitals just now to look back upon their chief rendezvous. We are now about to enter Satan's stronghold, the

harlot's home, where shamelessness has its premium and admirers, and honesty, truth, and self-respect are trampled in the dust. The locality is by the river side, and is a turning in High-street, Shadwell, with other smaller turnings running out of it. Here the devil's elite of all nations play their foul game, and run their sad race to perdition. Here disease and death, decked in gaudy tinseled robes, allure the victim to the grave.

"No angel art thou, but a demon of earth,
There's war in thy face, in thy smiles there is wrath;
The gems and the pearls in which thou'rt arrayed,
Are the spoils of the dead ones whom thou hast betrayed;
The sunbeam that sits on thy brow like a knave,
Is the sunbeam that sports round the mouth of the grave.
Intomb'd in thy walls are the coward and bold,
The rich and the poor, the young and the old,
Who drank of the cup thy fair hand supplied,
And they laid down to sleep, but they laid down and died."

We are now fairly in the Oriental quarter, there are six houses here devoted to Asiatics, presided over by a Chinese, a Malay, a Bengalee, according to the country of the Asiatic seeking companionship. Each of these proprietors is assisted by an English mistress, some of whom have lived so long in this element, that they use the Oriental vernacular, and have even been known to act as interpreters at the Police-courts when the oft-repeated quarrels of Asiatics have brought them into trouble. We have specimens here of vulgar classics in the names which the women bear, names, indeed, which they have earned for themselves, such as Mrs. Mohammed, Mrs. Peeroo, Mrs. Janoo, Oriental names derived from the proprietors of the houses above referred to; or Chinese Emma, Calcutta Louisa, and Tuscan Sally, names which in themselves may justly be considered to suggest the mode of life adopted. Let us enter the first house we notice in this colony of evil spirits. It is a house of three rooms and is kept by a stalwart Chinese, aided by Emma (now no longer in England). This is a Chinese gambling house, and these celestials are so earnest in their dangerous play, that they are by no means troubled by our presence. At one end of the table they are gambling with dice, which they cast with much energy into a glass, whirl it violently round, and toss the dice out again with fevered excitement. The money is rapidly changing hands, poverty and destitution will soon be the heritage of the gambler. At the other end of the table they are equally in earnest, though at a different, still quite as dangerous a game. Here they are playing with Chinese cards, they are about three inches long and three-quarters of an inch broad, embellished with Chinese pictures and reading. The flashing eye, the rapid and excited accent of the tongue, tell us that things are becoming desperate. It was in this house the poor fellow of whom we spoke just now lost his £60, and at this very table of sin. Above is the opium room, which serves for fraud and robbery as well as the gambling room. In this house about 20 celestials are accommodated. The proprietor is a native of Amoy, a very friendly and easy-going Chinese, but, roused to action and out of temper, he is a very

esperate man, and his Emma in her drunken fits tries him to the ttermost. Her life, on these occasions, has several times been in imminent danger. Some years past, two speculating women brought dancing girl here, whom they had bought in China at a low price, oping to make great gain by her in the metropolis of sightseers, but hey quarrelled over their interests, and one of the speculators stabbed he other, and while one was in the hospital suffering from his wounds, nd the other in prison expiating her offence, the hand of the servant of Christ snatched the girl from her perilous position. Christian sympathy educated her; the Saviour who blessed little children put his hand on er heart, and now she has returned to China to teach her pagan countrymen the way of eternal life.

What a triumph of sovereign grace it would be, should the Lord ouch Chinese Emma's heart, and exalt her to her proper position in ociety. Thanks to the vital power of the Gospel we preach, there is ope for the lowest of our race, and the oft-repeated realisation of our Saviour's declaration to Simon, "to whom much is forgiven the same loveth much," adds fervour to the prayer, and earnestness to the action of the servant of God, when such extreme cases come to his notice. A sister in the Lord, whom we love for her love to the lost, once made Emma the subject of her prayers and personal attention, and it made us feel what an energy the gospel had as she brought its charms and declarations to the notice of the object of her solicitation. The heart could be moved, the eye still had tears to shed at the memory of a mother's home, a father's care, and a Saviour's love. Perhaps, as the sister spoke of the loss of body and soul, and made the wretchedness and suffering of this state a type of the more intense suffering of the world to come, her conscience in silence acknowledged the justice of the comparison, and prompted the involuntary unveiling of feeling and inner thought to which she gave utterance. It was the echo of the wailing of a victim of sin from another band:—

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell,
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God, have I fallen so low,
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow."

She had made many promises to extricate herself from her position, but her fetters were strong, and her resolutions passed off, and the drink that entered her abode excited her to madness and desperation. At the suggestion of the sister she made one more effort, and entered an asylum as a stepping stone to a new position in life, but it was an asylum in which the effects made by the sister in Christ were effaced by the puerilities of Rome; "sisters of mercy" took the place of the sisters of love, and Mary's intercession was substituted for a Saviour's love and sacrifice. A few weeks' restraint in such a place was enough to bring Emma back to her old position. She had entered that asylum without

giving us notice, or it would have been differently arranged; but, on seeing her again, she quaintly said, "I would not stay there ma'am, they are not of my religion. They want me to confess and I have to kneel down on cold stones in the night to say prayers, and that you know is not my religion." We presume this is the penitential discipline; but, we deeply regret that Emma did not come into better hands, where redemption through the precious blood was prominent. We do not wonder at the failure, but we will leave her for the present, praying for better success another time.

Here is another house, the rendezvous of another class of Asiatics. It is known by all the Lascars that visit England, for it has had an unenviable reputation for many years past. It is kept by Abdool Rhemon, a native of Surat, near Bombay. He has been in England a long time, and has lived in various places, but for some years past he has found it worth his while to fix his residence here, and he thrives at his countrymen's expense.

Some twenty years past he swept a crossing in St. Paul's Churchyard. At this time the Nepaulese Ambassador and his suite came to London, and, passing through the Churchyard, Abdool saluted him. His highness, finding that the sweeper made some pretensions to the English language, ultimately engaged him in his service. With such success our Asiatic was delighted, and giving his broom an hilarious cant over the iron railings among the tombstones, he mounted the carriage with the ambassador, and drove away. He learned some lessons at this period which induced him to start in business on his own account as soon as the embassy had retired from England. He keeps two houses in this vicinity for degrading and wicked purposes. Some of the rooms in these houses are occupied by fallen women, and the first-floor front is set apart as an opium-smoking room. When Lascars are in the docks his house is invaded, and numbers of the Oriental residents in London are visited by him and attracted to this den. We might go up-stairs, had we time, and see them reclining on their beds smoking the insidious opium. Most likely we should find some victims half or quite stupified by its effects, lying on the miserable bed or on the floor, till the effects of the poisonous smoke have passed off. Others might be found playing eastern games called Chauza Razee and Pachassee; but, if we are seeking out the vices which ruin the Asiatics, with the object by-and-by of supplying a remedy, it is enough for our purpose to know that such fatal centres of sin exist.

We shall see sufficient, ere long, to melt a heart of stone. We may pass this scene for the present.

Here stands the "Royal Sovereign," the only public-house in this pestilential spot. One would think, from the rapidity with which it has often changed hands, and the weeks and even months it has remained closed, that the wages of sin supplies but a poor remuneration in a pecuniary point of view. We have most, just now, to do with the skittle-ground and the tap-room. The skittles have for some time disappeared, and its rude walls and roof have long echoed with the vernacular of Hindustan. The skittle-ground has become a dirty, miserable bedroom for twenty Asiatics.

(*To be continued.*)

Whitefield at Work.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

CERTAIN newspapers and magazines of the time of George the Second describe the doings of the then youthful Whitefield; and these ephemeral broadsides retain a fresh and quaint interest to repay those who have time and patience to disinter what is chronicled. In 1739, when Edward Cave, or Sylvanus Urban, had just completed his celebrated alliance with Samuel Johnson, we have a reference to the great field preacher: "He has been wonderfully laborious and successful, especially among the poor prisoners in Newgate and the rude colliers of Kingswood." Five or six thousand of these untutored miners formed no mean congregation; but on one occasion, Mr. Urban informs us, the space around the itinerating evangelist was "lined with so great a multitude of coaches, foot and horsemen, that they covered three acres, and were computed at twenty thousand." Most other things belonging to the life of Whitefield are familiar to present-day readers—his preaching in country market-places before mayors and corporations, or his addressing the thronging multitude from a tomb in Islington churchyard. In addition to these oft-repeated trifles, contemporary newsmongers gleaned other items for their columns, *e.g.*, "Dr. Trapp preached his fourth and last sermon against Mr. Whitefield and the Methodists, to show the nature, folly, sin and danger of being righteous over-much, which sermons are to be printed at the earnest request of the audience."

To use a penny-a-lining phrase, the origin of Methodism was fresh in the recollection of that enlightened audience. But there were no penny-a-liners in those days, or that interesting fraternity would have made considerable capital out of the strange doings at Oxford University. Had certain candidates for holy orders continued in the time-worn ruts, appropriating as their own special delight, the scholarly pastimes of racing, cock-fighting, pugilism, boating, and other concomitants of civilization, the university city would have remained as tame in her progress as of yore. It was another matter entirely when the scholars presumed on adopting a grave deportment. It was a novelty when ministerial students industriously pursued their daily routine of duty as they supposed became men in training for a sacred calling. It was then that there arose a mighty cry of derision, such as only Grub-street could raise. A few opinionated youths eschewed the wild career hitherto supposed to be characteristic of Oxford hobbledehoyism. Instead of dealing in profane swearing they were meek and devout. For mirthful supper-parties they substituted meetings for literary improvement in the week, and for religious edification on the Sabbath. They were generous with their substance, assiduous in visiting the sick, even extending their charity to the city gaol. But, to what purpose were they pious and useful? They were reviled as abettors of new doctrines by persons who did not understand the old ones.

Whitefield, as a poor servitor-student, appears conspicuously among the Oxford Methodists. In his early days only a very keen-sighted prophet would have predicted that such a child would become an

effective preacher; although a sagacious observer would have discovered in the unformed character the germ of usefulness, should the heart ever come under the influence of religion. The juvenile Whitefield was a romping boy, partial to plays and amateur acting; a boy who would pilfer his mother's coin, and who was not above insulting "Old Cole," the Gloucester Dissenting minister. As a youth his days were passed in a common-place manner, until leaving school he became accustomed to the low drudgery of an inn—an occupation quite unworthy of his ancestry. Notwithstanding, from very early years, Whitefield entertained some shadowy notions of one day preaching the gospel, and he resolved on doing it in a much more telling and respectable manner than "Old Cole." So strange did her son's talk appear, that Mrs. Whitefield would rebuke his chatterings and Utopian aspirations.

But, there was truth in all this joking, if joking it could be called. Providence was surely opening Whitefield's way. The next scene occurs at Oxford where "the Holy Club" is in ascendancy. The young servitor, impressible by nature, readily catches the enthusiasm of those above him, and soon requires to be held back rather than urged forward in the race after salvation by works and penance; for he afflicts his body and torments his mind with austerities not sanctioned in the New Testament. These things, however, are soon over. They are equivalent to a little buffeting at the entrance of the Narrow Way; and when they have passed, Whitefield compares his joy to a spring-tide overflowing its banks.

Now another scene opens in that wonderful career which is not to end until many thousand effective sermons have been preached in Great Britain and America. A wide circle in Gloucester is in a state of curiosity, for in the parish church, with which he has been long familiar, the quondam assistant at the Bell Inn is to make a maiden attempt at preaching. Will he discover more adroitness in the pulpit than in the tavern? That is the question sitting on the upturned faces of the large audience. The sermon is a great success in the best sense. This fact pleases "good bishop Benson," who, having been a faithful friend of the inexperienced student, now gives him five guineas to help him onward, which, and an allowance from another benefactor for university expenses, amply replenish Whitefield's pocket. He has now fairly started on his evangelistic labours; and immediately after that Gloucester sermon we see him in London, first inspiring polite congregations with feelings of semi-contempt for his youth, and then with delightful astonishment at his powers.

One encouraging fact is drawn from Whitefield's experience—however dead to all that is attractive the populace may seem to be, they are never sunk too low for the gospel to recover them. There were seasons when danger was threatened by the mob; but, notwithstanding, the preacher was exceedingly popular, and at times even became the idol of the people. In Bristol, where he preached in 1737, while waiting to embark for Georgia, the excitement and eagerness to hear surpassed anything of the kind before known in England. His entrance into the city was a public ovation. Crowds of people, mounted and on foot, met the evangelist a mile from his destination, and conducted him in triumph into the western metropolis. All denominations thronged the

church where he officiated, and gathered in thousands when he preached in the open air. This was singular and pleasing; but even more singular was the young man's resolve to visit a foreign and semi-civilised land. He was turning his eyes towards the wilds of Georgia, while many were asking the pertinent question, "Have we not Indians enough in England?" The germ of that desire to found an orphan house at Savannah, and to convert the roving tribes, was sown in Whitefield's breast by the zeal and devotion of the Wesleys. Through life, solicitude for his orphans added fuel to his enthusiasm; and Whitefield reaped one advantage from his many crossings of the Atlantic. Those voyages were seasons of necessary relaxation from heavier duties.

By the time that he was twenty-three Whitefield was the most popular preacher of his day. In a religious, or even in a literary sense, it was almost a dead age. It was the harvest time of scepticism. The king himself, with sympathies more German than English, and without a taste either for literature or for art, contemned both; and his able minister, Sir Robert Walpole, followed in the royal wake.

With an excusable curiosity we look back over a century and a-half, and on that England in which Whitefield first saw the light. Measured by its population the country extended to a quarter of its present dimensions. Vast districts in northern shires, now enlivened by huge manufacturing towns, were then pastoral solitudes; or had their quietness only broken by what would now be spoken of as considerable villages. The Exe was about as important as the Mersey, and Taunton ranked higher than Manchester. As the second city of the empire, Bristol was celebrated for the narrow-mindedness and the slave-trading proclivities of its citizens. The already famous town of Bath was sufficiently mean in appearance to have shocked modern taste; but, being extensively patronised by the affluent and the gay, beggars also "came like fowl to the barn-door." A primitive simplicity reigned over country-places, for the bustle of preparing for summer excursions disarranged not the plans of city housewives. The beach was avoided rather than enjoyed, the roll of the tides being as yet unappreciated music. So wretched were the roads and all locomotive contrivances, that everybody loved staying at home; and they were more pitied than envied whom business called forth into districts which now are annually visited by thousands of admiring tourists.

The condition of morals and of education, even among the upper and middle classes, was deplorably low. Ignorance was so universal that men condoned their deficiencies, because others were as ignorant as themselves. If this was so with the men, the case of the women was even more pitiable; for such women as were cultured and intelligent were loudly laughed out of countenance. Schools for the people were scarce inaugurated; and Addison was asking, "What a figure is the young heir likely to make who is a dunce by his father's and mother's side?" While the vulgar were depressed by lack of knowledge, the world of the upper ten thousand presented a spectacle no more satisfactory. Without employment, and wanting the mental culture which would have enabled her to relish reading, the high-born maiden found life almost a burden, and quite a blank. With nothing to occupy her time

besides fashionable trifles, she railed against the Protestant Succession, because, as she imagined, Jacobitism carried a well-bred ring. She tastefully dressed her hair, wore hoops of the prescribed circumference, and, worse than all, too often substituted a coveted excitement by copious draughts of intoxicants.

Such was London when first partially aroused from its torpor by the awakening voice of the Methodists. The citizens contemned Whitefield on account of his youth: then the rush to the churches became a phenomenon of the times. Before break of day, people with lanterns groped their way along the cold streets, in order to secure seats or standing-room in the church wherein the daring innovator was engaged to preach. What should be done? The populace threatened to succumb to enthusiasm! On the other hand, the polite preachers, whose action and elocution were of the approved style, bitterly complained and loudly demanded justice. The common people crowded the churches wherein Whitefield preached; they thumbed the books, trod on the cushions, soiled the hassocks, and kicked the paint! Could these things be tolerated in the capital of civilised England?

An organised outcry was soon raised against the eloquent evangelist —the mere innkeeper's son who presumed to attract large congregations, when so many well-bred divines, by their finest efforts could produce no perceptible impression. When squires and clergy unite to cry down an obnoxious character, smaller beings are sure to stand ready to echo the words of derision. In the case of Whitefield friends drew off; new enemies stood forward, while the old ones stormed furiously. Even many straitlaced Christians added to the itinerant's perplexity.

By way of proving the last assertion, we may follow Whitefield into the North. Stout exponent as he was of evangelical doctrines, he disliked parties; and, therefore, declined joining the Erskines when they seceded from the Church of Scotland. Whitefield's visit to the sister kingdom in 1741 is an entertaining picture of the tenacity with which our northern cousins held their opinions relating to church government. Eyeing their visitor as a dark vessel, they yet demanded that he should preach only for them until such time as he received sufficient light to yield to Presbyterian principles. In their charity they deemed it a strange circumstance, that a man should not at once renounce prelacy on crossing the Tweed; especially when having been reared in Egypt, he had enjoyed opportunities of observing the unscripturalness of all systems outside the kirk. Was it not reasonable that he should preach for them only when they were the Lord's people? Hardly so; for difficulties arose in Whitefield's mind, because "the devil's people" also needed warning and instruction. It was evident that the Englishman had become an object of suspicion. They tried to argue down his principles. They waxed warm in debating what their fathers before them had waxed warm in debating—the divine origin of Presbyterianism. You may safely reckon that some of those determined disputants will soon become open opponents, who will class Whitefieldism with many other isms of a heterodox hue; and they will denounce their visitor as an irregular worker unworthy of toleration! But, meanwhile, is Presbyterianism of divine origin? Whitefield is out of his element amid the clatter and din of argument, and, laying his

and upon his breast, he meekly answers, "I do not find it here." "But find it HERE!" thunders a bystander, thumping a Bible to give emphasis to his words. Many tears did those unyielding Scotchmen draw from the eyes of the humble Whitefield.

But, the most considerable of Whitefield's conquests were won in the very heart of the enemy's country; and we are enabled to realise the character of that territory by learning something of the condition of London in those days. The real condition of the lower orders cannot be accurately described; and were it possible to supply the outline, our work would more resemble a moral distortion than a delineation of real life. Shrouded from the observation of the rich and gay by a thick pall of squalor and ignorance, certain metropolitan districts were impregnable citadels of vice and crime. In damp, narrow lanes by the waterside, in the notorious rookeries of St. Giles's and Clerkenwell, hordes of benighted and vicious creatures lived to tutor one another in wrongdoing, and to prey on their thrifty and honest neighbours. When drawn from their haunts by the attraction of an execution, or a royal pageant, the mob presented an awful spectacle of moral defection, such as even London could not match at the present day.

A favourite recreation ground of the common people at that time was the area of Moorfields. At Whitsuntide, and on other holidays, there was there provided a liberal supply of amusements suited to the vulgar taste. Various ingenious games, athletic exercises, and portable theatres combined to make one monster attraction. Thither thousands, even tens of thousands resorted. But what were the sights and sounds of that Moorfields' fair, that Babel of ribald jests, rude laughter, and revolting blasphemy? The moralist might have avoided the spot as a very valley of despair: the evangelist might have turned aside, resolved not to cast pearls before swine. To carry the gospel message into such a company might show moral courage: the action might be reckless bravado; and, whichever it was, there appeared no promise of a very handsome harvest. But never hindered by personal inconvenience, or by thought of danger, Whitefield decided on making the daring venture. It was a treacherous, threatening ocean of depravity, but the gospel barque promised to rescue a few of the perishing myriads. What a vulgar, degrading procedure must that action have appeared in the eyes of the polite, well-bred preachers of the town, when at six a.m., on the Whit-Monday of 1742, the fragile-looking preacher strode forth, Bible in hand, into the domain of the Lord of Misrule. By nature he is shrinking and nervous, especially when physical danger is threatened, and some even say he is a coward. What, then! have his senses flown, that he *will* go there, and by mounting a table make himself a target for the jeers of merry-andrews and the missiles of painted clowns! Not so, indeed! The evangelist's heart is swelling with compassion, his face glows, his eyes beam with an enthusiasm kindling within, while his clear trumpet-like voice sends the text reverberating around Moorfields: "AS MOSES LIFTED UP THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS, EVEN SO MUST THE SON OF MAN BE LIFTED UP."

Now watch and listen; for a more interesting episode than some hard disputed battle is occurring in the history of England. The stoutest living Knight of the Cross has unfurled the royal standard of the

gospel; and, while with burning words he attacks the powers of darkness, he exhorts the dissolute throng no longer to submit to the thraldom of sin. That blaspheming, joking crowd of pleasure-seekers yield the homage of respect to the princely nature before them. They bend in obedience before an unseen power. Are they under a spell, or is some beneficent angel working among them that they listen so intently and even weep? However achieved, Whitefield's triumph is complete. He has won a double victory; he has subdued himself—his repugnance to mix with that demoralised rabble; and he has conquered the undisciplined wills of ten thousand London roughs!

But, as yet, the contest is only begun; for a service before breakfast is a small item in the day's work of Whitefield. It is now mid-day. The crowd has swelled since morning. Divers sluggards and cut-purses, whose nocturnal revels precluded their hearing a sermon at six a.m., are now astir to infuse greater variety into the throng. It is a general holiday. The sky is clear; the air is balmy, and Moorfields' Whitsun-fair progresses merrily. The stalls are all gaiety; the wild beasts have breakfasted and invite inspection: the drinking booths are filled; swings and donkey-riding are in full play, while gipsy actors and merry-andrews are beginning to warm in their antics. Is it prudent or rational to carry religion into this arena of wickedness? Then what infatuation can have seized yonder evangelist who is again mounting that table-pulpit? This time he must anticipate a rougher reception than that of early morning. Yes, even so; for see, a rotten egg soils his gown, and the leg of a cat is a no more welcome missile. But the preacher is unaltered. His features glow as before, and again, his eyes beam with an inextinguishable enthusiasm. The crowd gathers thickly around, and the soft mid-day air carries the text throughout this camp of the enemy of souls: "GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS." The sermon, as before, seems to command an involuntary attention. The comparative silence, the expressions of anxiety, and the many tearful eyes among ten thousand upturned faces tell what a power is present. Again is Whitefield master of the field; and this is his second Whitsuntide victory!

In the evening the conflict with evil is renewed. The crowd is even denser than at mid-day; and, besides, the enemy is stung to vindictiveness by these oft-repeated attacks. The text again rings throughout the field. There is a charm in that eloquence which for the time not unsuccessfully competes with the tinseled pleasures of the fair. Hundreds, and hundreds more, hastily forsake their sports and run towards the preaching-table. Rage and disappointment of gain prompt many showmen to oppose, and also to commit many acts of impiety. Nevertheless, the tide of conquest is irresistible, and a large company date their conversion from that never-to-be-forgotten Whitsuntide at Moorfields.

Such was the man who sacrificed wealth, position, social enjoyments, and the things which most people are eagerly seeking, so that he might the more effectively preach the gospel. After the erection of the Tabernacle in Finsbury, wherein Whitefield officiated, when in London, the powerful attraction of his eloquence drew into the sanctuary many persons of position and title. Therefore the question arises, wherein

consisted the preacher's extraordinary power? His sermons, which have been preserved are not productions such as would be likely to fascinate persons of taste and culture. The language is not strong, and the treatment of each theme is common-place. Surely these cannot be Whitefield's discourses as he delivered them. At any rate, no puerile compositions could have won compliments from Lord Chesterfield, or have commanded the reluctant approbation of Bolingbroke and Hume.

Besides mere elocutionary art, there must have been something more in this remarkable man than is reflected in his published pieces; and occasional glimpses of what we suspect was the real truth strengthen this opinion. One day, he was addressing a company of seamen, when readily adapting himself to the place and to the circumstances, he broke out in a strain of language which not only riveted the attention of his rough audience, but brought them to their feet shouting with excitement, *e. g.*: "Well, by boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But, what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves arise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" So real did the scene appear, that forgetting where they were the men jumped from their benches, calling out, "The long boat! Take to the long boat!" Similar episodes were frequently occurring during the preaching tours of Whitefield.

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY G. ROGERS.—(*Continued.*)

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

BUNYAN'S Pilgrim is first seen by him in his dream, as "clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back." "Clothed with rags," to signify he had no righteousness of his own. "Standing in a certain place," to signify his determination to seek some alteration in his condition, without knowing as yet what direction to take. "His face from his own house," to signify he had turned his back upon his former pleasures and pursuits. "A book in his hand," to signify he had been led, by reading that book, to see the folly of his past life and the necessity of a change. And "a great burden upon his back," to signify a painful consciousness of guilt. The book in the hand was the *occasion* of the burden on the back, not the *cause*. It was the occasion of its discovery, and an awakened conscience was the cause of its being felt. "I looked and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do?' By the law is the knowledge of sin." Yes! and by the gospel too. The book in the hand contained both, and both are needful to produce genuine convictions of guilt. The law reveals the burden of sin, and the gospel causes it to be felt. It is the burden of guilt, not

of punishment merely, that Pilgrim feels. The burden of the fear of punishment comes from the law; the burden of the real and full consciousness of guilt comes from the gospel. "They shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and mourn." Even the general goodness and forbearance of God, as revealed in the gospel, towards those who have long rebelled against him, may suffice to make the conscience tender and agonising under the pressure of its guilt. There is first a book in the hand, and then a burden upon the back. "When the commandment came sin revived and I died." But the whole book in the hand was the occasion of the whole burden upon the back; for the goodness of God, and not justice merely, leadeth to repentance. This burden Pilgrim carries with him out of the City of Destruction. Had it been the fear of punishment merely, it would have fallen from him as soon as he was out of the city. It was a heavier and more inner burden, more real and cleaving closer to the soul; and, therefore, felt as much without those city-walls as within. It was the burden of sin on its own account; such as one of old felt when he exclaimed, "Mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me;" such as is felt by those to whom the gracious invitation is given, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden;" and such as precisely accords with the experience of a truly convinced sinner, whose sensation could not be more faithfully described than as struggling and ready to sink under a burden too heavy for him to bear. This burden is not carried merely out of the City of Destruction, but some way on the pilgrimage itself. In the narrative of his conversion in "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," Bunyan tells us he carried this heavy burden two years. Guided by his own experience, therefore, he makes his Pilgrim take the burden upon his shoulders some way on his pilgrimage. To get rid of it, in fact, was the first object of his pilgrimage. With this, therefore, he leaves the City of Destruction. With this he contends with Obstinacy and Pliable; and, but for the burden still upon him, would have yielded to both. With this he falls into the Slough of Despond, and struggles out on the other side. With this, by the advice of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, he is induced to go towards Mr. Legality's house for help. With this, by the advice of Evangelist, he goes up to the Wicket-gate, and passes through. With this he goes forward to the Interpreter's house, and gains admission, and receives much instruction. With this he leaves the Interpreter's house and climbs a steep hill, at the top of which he obtains a sight of the Cross, and there in an instant his burden falls. Bunyan thus teaches us from his own experience that a sincere penitent is on the way from hell to heaven. That the burden is still upon him, is no proof that he is not in the right way. While for his encouragement, he may know he is not far from the kingdom of heaven; for his warning he must remember, that he has not yet gone beyond the point from which he could not turn back without the possibility of being renewed again to repentance. All is uncertain on this side the cross; on the other side all is secure.

MR. WORLDLY-WISEMAN AND MR. LEGALITY.

The former of these meets with Pilgrim on his way from the Slough of Despond to the Wicket-gate, and recommends him to go to the house of the latter for the removal of his burden. This Mr. Legality, he is told, is famed for his skill in removing such burdens; he has a son named Civility, he lives in a village close at hand called Morality, and is so near to his native city that Pilgrim can easily send for his wife and children, and there live in peace and comfort. There was some truth in this, as that Legality was not without its fame; that some burdened conscience had been relieved by it for a season; that Legality dwelt in a village rather than a city, as even that is comparatively rare; and that in a village of morality cheap living and family comfort and peaceful neighbours might be expected. It was not true, however, that such a burden as Pilgrim now felt could be there removed. He makes

the attempt, but his burden seems heavier, and all the terrors of Sinai are before him.

This is Bunyan's description of a well-known period in Christian experience. What Christian is there who has not endeavoured to get rid of early convictions of guilt by a stricter observance of the moral law? The conflict with self-righteousness is known to all; and to the most abandoned the only safety, according to worldly wisdom, is to be found in an entire reformation of conduct. Bunyan thus describes, in his "Grace Abounding," this part of his experience: "My neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life, and truly so they well might; for this my conversion was as great as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly, now I was become a right honest man. But oh, when I understood these were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed I did all I did either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of, by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more." It is generally agreed that this part of Bunyan's experience is depicted in Mr. Worldly-Wiseman and Mr. Legality. The brevity of the description in his allegory does not affect the resemblance, because its chief excellence consists in graphic touches of characteristic states and feelings. Is it, then, a full description of Bunyan's own experience, or indeed of the experience of any Christian in relation to his temptation to self-righteousness, to have been addressed by an entire stranger of great worldly wisdom, and advised by him to go to the house of another individual equally unknown before, whose name was Legality, and to trust to him for the removal of his painful sense of guilt? Was this worldly wisdom so unknown to Bunyan before, and this Legality, that he needed to have them revealed to him by another? Was he listening to the advise of another, or to the suggestions of his own mind? Was Mr. Worldly-Wiseman without him, or within him? Was Mr. Legality's house without him, or within? Did these suggestions of living in respectability with his wife and children in the village of Morality come from without or from within? From within, doubtless. All was from within. Here, in himself, were the suggestions of worldly wisdom, here the inclinations to self-righteousness, and here the flashes of fire from the overhanging rock. This is so evident that it is marvellous that any other interpretation should have been so generally received. The village of Morality can hardly be supposed by any to be a literal village, or the hill hard by that flashed out fire to be a literal hill. Why, then, should Mr. Worldly-Wiseman and Mr. Legality, and his son, named Civility, be literal personages? Why real persons dwelling in a fictitious village and amidst fictitious fires? Let the whole be viewed as a well-known part of every Christian's experience, and it becomes appropriate and entire. The period at which Mr. Worldly-Wiseman and Mr. Legaltiy come into notice harmonises with the single experimental detail. Had they been separate characters they might have come within the Pilgrim's observation at any time. It is while his burden is upon him, while yet drenched in the mire of the Slough of Despond, and before he comes up to the Wicket-gate, that they waylay him. It is just when, if at any time, they would have gained ascendancy over him. Let it be observed, too, that Mr. Worldly-Wiseman and Mr. Legality have a fixed residence in that place, and as such were well-known to Evangelist, as afterwards appears. Bunyan, it may be said, put these characters in that part of the way in which his Pilgrim was most liable to be tempted by them. True, it may be replied, and, therefore, the more likely to be personifications merely of the character and force of those temptations within him. They relate to him and to him only, and are to be interwoven entirely with his own experience, and not in the least degree simultaneously with that of any other.

THE WICKET-GATE.

Where the law leaves us, there the gospel finds us. Welcome, thrice welcome is evangelical, after moral, teaching to the weary and heavy laden soul. While Pilgrim is pausing and trembling before Mount Sinai, Evangelist again appears to him. The book is still in his hand; he turns from the law to the gospel, from the Old Testament to the New, from Moses to Christ, from Sinai to Calvary. This points him again to the Wicket-gate, to faith in Christ, as the only entrance to the celestial road. By its guidance he is again in the right way, and comes up to the Wicket-gate. Over it is written, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." This done, the gate is opened and he enters in. Close by the gate is the Castle of Beelzebub, from which arrows are shot at those that seek to enter in. The teaching here is that every effort is made by Satan to keep the soul from Christ. Any gate but this. The gate of Ritualism, of Rationalism, of self-righteousness, if you please; of the profession of Christ, of the example of Christ, if you please, but not of faith in Christ. It is the discovery of the way of salvation by faith in Christ that is the Wicket-gate, rather than faith itself. It is a faith that removes not the burden, but shows how it may be removed. Faith in Christ, as the only way of deliverance from sin, is one thing; faith in him for that deliverance is another. The one, however, is so likely to lead to the other that the great enemy of souls directs his whole artillery against it. The gospel creed is the gate against which his arrows fly thick and fast; that gate of the Lord into which the righteous shall enter. Never mind, say some, what a man's creed is if his life be right, and his heart be right; but a man's creed we hold to be of the first importance, and so does Satan, too, or he would not direct his chief opposition against it. No man's life is right if his heart is not right, and no man's heart is right if his head is not right, and no man's head is right if his faith is not right, and no man's faith is right if his creed is not right, and no man's creed is right if it is not a pure gospel creed. If God himself has devised and revealed a way in which he will be reconciled to sinful men, and has provided that way at the greatest cost which even he could possibly discharge, surely it is needful that we should discover that way, and it must be utterly ruinous to confide in any other. "This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord." There may be much religion without a clear knowledge of the plan of salvation, but it will be accompanied with difficulties and dissatisfaction at every step; the more earnest, the more perplexed and bewildering it will become, and there will be no remedy but by retracing the whole steps back to a child-like disposition to know what the gospel really is. The knowledge of Christ as the way, the truth, and the life, the way of pardon through his blood, and justification through his righteousness, is the Wicket-gate at the first entrance upon the way to heaven. On you may go, far along the path, without annoyance from the wicked one, if you have entered upon it by any other way, as he knows well enough you are sure to return or perish by the way. Therefore, it is that his castle is built here, and his batteries are all turned towards this spot. The keeper of this gate is Goodwill. There is goodwill to those who pass through it, not assurance. Goodwill cannot remove the Pilgrim's load, but it cheers him with the thought that he is on the right way for its removal. Prayer is needful as well as knowledge to pass the Wicket-gate. Hence the inscription over it: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." It cannot be opened at the outside, but only from within. Prayer, which no walls can hinder, gets within, and prevails upon the keeper to unbar the gate. Simple as the gospel way of salvation is, such is its contrariety to the pride of human reason, and the love of self-righteousness; that the book in the hand will not suffice without teaching from above to reveal it clearly, as with the light of heaven, to the soul.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

From the Wicket-gate Pilgrim soon arrives at the Interpreter's house. Here, too, he knocks and speedily gains admission. The Interpreter's house is the house of God, and the Interpreter is the Spirit of God who leads into all truth.

"God is his own Interpreter
And he will make it plain."

They who knock by prayer at the house of God will meet with the interpreting spirit within. The instruction which weary and heavy laden souls require, and which may be found in the faithful and enlightened ministry of the word is fully and clearly symbolised in the visions with their explanations with which Pilgrim is favoured in the Interpreter's house. The examination of these emblematical representations would lead us too far from our present design. They are seven in number. The first shows that all must be given up for Christ; the second, that the corruptions of the heart must be discovered and removed; the third, that there is need of patience before receiving the full reward; the fourth, that grace in the renewed heart is stronger than sin; the fifth, that a crown of glory will be given to those who are faithful unto death; the sixth, how awful would be the consequences of apostacy from the faith; and the seventh, that the day of judgment must be continually kept in view. To some this delay in the Interpreter's house may seem needless, who may be surprised to find so much doctrinal knowledge required before such a view can be obtained of the cross of Christ that will give instant and full relief from the burden of sin, and so it might appear to Pilgrim himself who, during these instructions showed some signs of impatience to be gone; and many there are, doubtless, who with far less instruction rush forward to the cross and obtain some measure of relief. It must be remembered, however, that Bunyan is laying the foundation of Christian experience of his own type and order, and that the design of the whole allegory is to bring out the strongest points of Christian experience in their strongest light. Only the Pilgrim who thus begins his pilgrimage with some knowledge of what he has to undergo, can thus brave its dangers, thus surmount its difficulties, and thus receive its full reward. Many do not so feel the burden of sin, nor carry it so long, nor need such instruction before they take a believing view of the cross; nor has their faith been so severely tried because they have not such faith to try; but with less fears they have less hopes, with less sorrows less joys, with less labour less rest, and with less agonising conflict a less glorious crown.

THE SIGHT OF THE CROSS.

The instruction in the Interpreter's house has prepared him for this. It was there he had received a full knowledge of the Cross, as the method devised and provided by Infinite wisdom and love, for magnifying the justice as well as the grace of God in the pardon of sin. He has now got the eye of faith, and all he now needs is to have the Cross in sight. Assured that it is the only thing that can relieve him of his burden, and confident in the wisdom and justice and love of its provision for that purpose, he hastens towards it. He runs up a hill with his burden still upon him, already feeling lighter from the near prospect of its removal. "I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart." At the top of this hill he gets a Sight of the Cross, and instantly his burden falls, and tumbles into a sepulchre at the foot of the Cross, and is gone from him for ever. That which nowhere else could be removed by force, here falls of itself and is seen no more. He could not get rid of it in the City of Destruction, for he could not unbind it, and others could not loosen it from him. Neither the fear of hell nor the hope of heaven could enable him to throw it from him. Mr. Worldly-Wiseman could say, "Get rid of thy burden," but that was all he could do. Evangelist could not touch it. He did not say, "Get rid of thy burden," but he directed him to

one who could remove it for him. Goodwill, the keeper at the Wicket-gate, would gladly have removed it if he could. The book in his hand could not take it away; nor the ministry of the word in the Interpreter's house; no, nor the Spirit of God himself, the Interpreter; but at the first sight of the Cross, it is gone, and gone for ever!

Such is the experience of all who have ever got rid of the burden of sin. Such a burden there is upon every man in his natural state, whether he feels it or not, nor is there relief for any from that burden except in an enlightened and believing view of the Cross of Christ. It must be removed here, or remain for ever. It is not Christ merely, but Christ on the Cross that takes away sin. It is not Christ in the manger, nor Christ in the wilderness, nor Christ in the temple, nor Christ in the house, nor Christ by the wayside, nor Christ in Gethsemane, nor Christ at Pilate's bar, but Christ on the Cross that takes away sin. "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." While his teaching, example, and ordinances cleanse from *no* sin, his blood cleanseth from *all* sin.

The effect of a believing view of the Cross upon Bunyan's Pilgrim is illustrated by the appearance of three shining ones, "the first of whom said, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee;' the second stripped him of his rags and clothed him with change of raiment; the third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it." These show that a full atonement for sin, a justifying righteousness, and peace of conscience, are the immediate results of a believing view of the Cross of Christ. They who bring no burden to the Cross, neither see its design nor feel its power. If they see not substitution there, see not atonement, see not righteousness for imputation, they see not the glory of the cross. It is a matter of real commutation. If we have no sins to give to Christ, he has no righteousness to give to us. If we bring our burden to his Cross, he gives us his peace in return. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The faith which thus justifies, having nothing further to do for justification, becomes the principle to commence and carry on to perfection the sanctification of the justified, the whole of which is a life of faith in the Son of God, who loved us and gave himself for us. It is here that the great change of regeneration, or conversion, takes place; and it is remarkable that so little should have been said in this allegory of that which is almost the entire theme of "The Holy War." It is here spoken of simply as the witness of pardon and justification in the soul, according to the apostolic words, "In whom after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession."

(To be continued.)

Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

THROUGH the goodness and mercy of God, the Committee are enabled to present the Fifth Annual Report of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association with no less reason than heretofore for the belief that the labours of the last twelve months have not been in vain.

The necessity for some effort to supply sound religious literature, in the place of the worthless and injurious trash which is now so extensively circulated, was never more apparent. The police records of the past year have added largely to our knowledge respecting the number of instances of mental poisoning, occasioned by the perusal of sensational novels, and descriptions of crime and vice, which have been sold by thousands in all parts of the country.

While the facilities for obtaining the *evil* are multiplied every day, those who desire to see the circulation of the *good* increased must not be idle. It is not enough alone to publish magazines and books, calculated to exert a good influence; some means must be taken to bring these both within the reach, and under the notice, of the poorest of the people. Such is the work in which the Agents of this Association are engaged, and though the number so employed is nothing compared with the wide field which is open; yet we may rejoice in the measure of success which has attended their efforts.

The districts in which our colporteurs have worked, in 1871, are as follows:—

Cambridge	Ely	John E. T. Smith.
Essex	Haroldwood	A. E. Ingram.
Kent	Eythorne	R. Marshall.
"	Isle of Sheppy	W. Baker.
Lancashire	Burnley	J. Richards.
"	Haydock	J. Varnham.
Wiltshire	Warminster	S. King.
"	Wootton Basset	B. Tummersby.
Cornwall	Hayle	W. Donald.
Durham	Bishop Auckland	J. Clark.
Hertfordshire ...	St. Albans	J. Campbell.
Itinerant		W. Matthews.

The last four were engaged only for part of the year, and have since been discontinued.

The money value of the sales, including that of five Book Agents, amounted to £1,173 0s. 4d., and consisted of—

1,103 Bibles.	11,664 Miscellaneous Books.
939 Testaments.	2,962 Bible Parts.
6,074 Spurgeon's Sermons.	4,768 Temperance Magazines
624 Spurgeon's Works.	10,482 Children's "
1,775 Almanacks.	1,635 Baptist "
1,206 Hymn Books.	14,198 Miscellaneous "
743 Bunyan's Works.	

a total of 57,573 publications.

The subscriptions during the past year have, through the liberality of one or two friends, enabled the Committee to increase the Capital Account, and had it not been for the special fund thus created, it is feared that the Association could not have continued the work; and, although the number of districts at the close of the year was but nine, the same as at its commencement, they have since been increased to eleven, with a good prospect of adding others shortly.

The Agents have paid in all upwards of 85,397 visits in the course of the year, and thus had many opportunities of personal appeal to the heart, while the nature of their work has brought them into contact with all classes, old and young, rich and poor, by the roadside and in the field, and they have often proved the truth of the text: "A word spoken in season, how good it is."

The Committee earnestly hope that, during the present year, they may have a large increase in the number of subscribers, and thus be enabled to extend a work, the benefits of which are so apparent.

The following extracts from the "Colporteurs' Journal" will explain more fully the nature and success of their labours:—

GOOD RESULTING FROM THE SALE OF BOOKS.

1. I sold the little book, entitled "The Blood of Jesus," to a woman on the 2nd of March, and when I called again, in April, she said, "What a fine book that is I got the other day of you. I have two daughters, and they have read it and got much good from it: they were about to become members of a chapel, but had many doubts, but that book has removed all their doubts."

2. A friend said to me, at Bratton, "That book I bought of you I cannot keep at home, it has been I don't know where"—it was "John Ploughman.' Another said, "We have been longing for you, we wanted our books." Another friend said to me, "You never seem to come but what you are in a hurry; we wish you could stay longer."

3. A very deaf person, who is a real believer, loves to see my return every month, to bring her Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which she says she could not get on at all otherwise. The Dublin Tract Society's leaflets have proved of great usefulness to souls in my district; I have constant testimony of their good effects. These tracts put the truth clearly before the eyes of the ungodly. I can give them to people who would not allow me to address them personally on the subject of eternal life, and then praying the Lord to bless them for his honor and glory, the labor which is done will not be in vain. I have given many to the Militia, who assemble here yearly, and also to the riff-raff of the lodging-houses, very often with good results.

3A. I was told to-day that a young man who had lately died, found the pearl of great price, by reading the book called "Jessica's First Prayer."

4. I sold a book a few weeks ago, entitled, "Come Home, Mother." The person who bought it lent it to a friend, that was accustomed to take intoxicating drinks rather too freely. She took it home and got some one to read it. There were present during the reading three men who were also addicted to drink, apparently they were affected by hearing this simple but thrilling story. Tears were seen to roll down their cheeks—let us hope they were tears of true penitence. The woman was also affected, and when she took the book back, she said that she had determined never to drink another drop. Since then she has attended a place of worship, and her husband has joined her in signing the pledge. I have met with several who have told me that through what they have heard me say they have given up taking light trashy papers.

5. Some few months ago I sold one of Rev. J. Smith's works to a poor Christian woman, who, hearing that an ungodly neighbour was taken ill, took the book and called to see her, and got permission to read a piece to her, entitled, "Why Not?" When she had finished, the poor woman said, "Read it again." She did so, and the result was that the poor creature was, by the divine blessing, led to feel her lost condition, and, we believe, humbly to trust in Christ her Saviour.

6. I called upon a woman who had bought "Morning by Morning," and a Bible. I saw them on the table, and I said, "you have got your books covered, Mrs. H ——." "Yes," she says, "these two books are two of the best things I have. Me and my husband have got much comfort from these two books. I am so thankful to the Lord for them."

VISITS OF THE COLPORTEURS VALUED AND BLESSED.

1. On Tuesday last I visited C....., for the first time. I found that the people had no place of worship under two miles, that none of the inhabitants attended a place of worship, that they have no person to visit them, to seek their souls' welfare, and everywhere the greatest poverty and ignorance prevailed.

2. At the close of last year I visited A..... for the first time, and met with but a poor reception from the people, but after a few visits I was well received, and am now welcomed by the people, and often can speak for Jesus, while they are as ready to hear as I am to speak.

3. I heard of a young woman who was at the point of death, and I made an extra effort to see her. I say extra effort, for it is almost impossible to get admission into some of these houses, when the clergyman of the parish has been to see them. After some time I had permission to see her. I read and prayed with her, then gave her Newman Hall's little book, "Come to Jesus." The next time I went round, I found she had gone, and this was the testimony that she left behind her: "That little book that Colporteur gave me directed me to Jesus."

4. At C..... I visited an old Christian woman, and found it really difficult to get anything from her, as she is living in a village where there is a ritualistic clergyman, and where a dissenter is hardly allowed to live. She said it was such a treat to have a visit from some one that could tell experimentally what the Lord had done for his soul, and talk of the things which make for everlasting peace. Also read and prayed with a poor old man, and talked with him about Jesus; he said in his simple way, yet I believe with a deep feeling in his soul, that it was sweet and good, for it had sunk into his heart.

5. The sick desire and look forward to the time when I shall be able to go round to read and pray with them. If it were not for this they say they would be left nearly without the spiritual teaching and comfort of God's Word. A few days ago a poor woman told me she never saw the parson at her house more than once in a year, and he has about fifty houses in his parish.

6. The work is very encouraging. I have been well received on the whole, and though there have been many difficulties and tiresome journeys, yet these have been mingled with joys. I believe I can safely say many of the Lord's afflicted ones have been comforted, as well as sinners warned, through my humble visits to them. Sometimes I have seen the countenance beam with a smile of joy as I have entered the room. I called to see a dear old saint, at C....., about eighty-two, and as we were talking together of the trials and triumphs of God's people, I said to him, "Do you ever get an attack from the enemy now in your state of weakness and age?" "Stop, stop a bit," said the old man, "don't I though? sins of forty, fifty, sixty years ago are brought here on this bed before me!" Then said I, "you are not out of gunshot yet." "No, no," said the old man. After I had prayed with him, as I arose from my knees he lifted up his hands and said, "There, that is another manifestation of God's love to my soul, your coming to-night; and the Lord bless you, my brother, and strengthen you in your work."

OPEN-AIR AND COTTAGE MEETINGS HELD.

1. In the Open-Air Meeting I have had much cause for rejoicing, and do, and will rejoice and praise the Lord. I state to the praise and glory of the eternal God that hundreds have heard the gospel through this means when no other would have reached them. Many open-air services have been held during this month, in different places; and God has influenced many working men, who toil hard six days a week to earn their daily bread, to go with me—men that feared no man's frown, but sought to bring honour and glory to our dear Lord Jesus in trying to persuade men and women to flee from the wrath to come. On Sunday I went to Penny-lane with several brethren, and I believe some sisters in the Lord, and preached the gospel to the people, many listening. The Lord was powerfully present, and the people want us to go again as soon as we can; in fact, I have so many invitations from men and women to go to places where there are dog fanciers, pigeon flyers, and gamblers, that I really don't know which to go to first.

2. I am glad to say that the Lord is doing great things for me here; my meetings this month have been greatly blessed, the meeting at H—— especially. One woman who came to hear me, the Lord touched her heart, and for several days she was almost out of her mind, her burden was so great. I went and saw her, and talked to her, and after several days of hard wrestling she found peace. There were also three others under very deep conviction.

3. The Lord is working amongst us here; we are having special meetings all this week, and God is pouring out his Spirit. On Tuesday, after the meeting at the chapel, five young people came across to my house, and we had a blessed meeting together; all five broke out in prayer for mercy; and after last night's meeting six came, and it would have done your heart good to have heard the cry—Lord, save me, I cannot live like this; Lord, make me happy. My prayer-meetings are crowded, and souls are crying-out for peace.

INCIDENTS OF THE WORK BY THE ROADSIDE.

1. I left B—— for my journey to-day, and as I was going through the forest where there were a number of men at work, grubbing, &c., I met with the manager who is a Christian man, and we walked up the hill together, and at the top we met a company of men who were about to begin work at that spot. The manager said to them, "Let us sit down on the bank ten minutes and rest, you will work the better for it after, and Mr. —— will read a chapter to us." They sat down and I stood up and read a chapter, and spoke a few words to them and prayed with and for them, and invited them to a service which I was going to hold at B —— in the evening. The men thanked me for stopping, and I went on my way rejoicing for the opportunity which had been given. I went a little farther and called at a cottage, and entered into conversation with the woman, talking about the Lord Jesus. She began to mourn because she had no learning; but, said I, "learning has nothing to do with the salvation

of the soul." I read Isaiah xxxv., showing that the work must be of grace. The tears rolled down her face, and she said someone had told her she could not go to heaven because she had not been confirmed. I told her that confirmation had nothing to do with the matter at all. "Well," she said, "I'm glad you've come," I was glad too, and hope to see her again some day.

2. About two months back I came across a gipsy and his wife, and both of them began to rail against the dissenters, when I addressed a few words to them about Jesus, but by speaking gently and quietly I gained their deep attention, while the Lord opened my mouth about his dear Son. I believe it was the first time they had heard the message of God's love. The seed of truth was scattered upon the soil of their hearts, but whether it will produce permanent good by leading them to the Redeemer is beyond my ken.

3. Some time ago I gave the tract called, "The Swearer's Prayer," to two men who were cleaning out a ditch by the roadside; and, although they were to my own personal knowledge in the habit of using the most dreadful oaths, yet I have every reason to believe they have left off doing so since. I often avail myself of the men's dinner hour, when I am travelling, to distribute tracts, and never but once have I met with a rebuff.

Reviews.

Lectures on the Book of Daniel. By LEONARD STRONG. Yapp and Hawkins, 70, Welbeck-street.

WE cannot be expected to endorse the whole of any man's thoughts upon such a portion of Scripture as the Book of Daniel, but no one can, we think, read Mr. Strong's lectures without feeling that his thoughts have been quickened, and lines of truth indicated. The book is somewhat in the manner of "Notes on Genesis," by C. H. M., and will be helpful to many.

Our Home in the Stars. By JOSEPH DREW, LL.D. Elliot Stock.

LECTURES containing much astronomical information, delivered in a devout spirit. They must have been exceedingly interesting to hear. The author's ideas about our having lived in a previous state, etc., are far too much in the clouds for us, neither do we feel any very great exhilaration at the prospect of dwelling in the stars. In the recreations of speculation we feel it well to enjoy an occasional relaxation, and, therefore, are obliged to Mr. Drew for his interesting production.

Rhymes worth Remembering. By S. W. P. Partridge and Co.

A JEWEL of a book for the very little ones. "Rhymes worth Remembering;" yes, so they are. Mamma, please buy this little book for Trotty.

Songs of Gladness, with tunes Original and Selected. Sunday School Union.

ANOTHER tune book, and not the worst among the new issues. It will be welcomed in thousands of Sunday schools. But no collection of tunes will be more than half used in any one place, and others not in the book will be sure to be sung. Why not print the tunes on separate sheets and let each church and school make its own selection? We go in for more of the old tunes. Our taste is, no doubt, horrible, but a great many share in it. We confess we like a few fugues and repeats, and regret that they are so much out of fashion.

The Dorè Bible. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

IT is next door to beholding a miracle to see this marvellous work of art brought out in numbers for the million. The drawings and engravings alone cost £15,000, and yet the first ninepenny part contains four of the splendid engravings. We shall next hear of turtle-soup for coal-heavers, and whitebait for crossing-sweepers, for here we have luxury in art such as only millionaires could at one time have procured, brought home to the humblest cottage. Many of M. Dorè's drawings are marvellous, and although some of them are very incorrect, they are, as a whole, as much superior to all others as gold to brass.

Breathings of the Better Life. Virtue and Co.

Many will be struck by the binding of this book, and think it most beautiful. We dare say it may be, but tastes differ. It is certainly novel and striking. Inwardly the book is made up of extracts selected with great appreciation for the refined and poetical. The result is a very attractive collection of choice words, whereof some are truly spiritual, some have the air of so being, and others are rather questionable, having more in them of fancy than truth. On the whole, a good book has passed before us; in outward fashion fitted for a lady's boudoir, and in matter well adapted to beguile a leisure hour.

Stems and Twigs or Sermon Framework. Second Series. By R. Andrew Griffin. Dickinson.

The first volume of "Stems and Twigs" has had a large sale, and deserved it. This has encouraged the author, who hails from the Pastors' College, to issue a second series, and place his name upon the title-page. To those who need such aid these frameworks will be valuable, and others who are frame-makers for themselves will not despise them. There is a freshness and vivacity in Mr. Griffin's productions which will always ensure them acceptance with those who do not travel in ruts, and sing, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Stockwell Leaflets. Passmore & Alabaster.

These leaflets are brought out by our esteemed brother, Mr. Charlesworth, and are well adapted for general distribution. We will notice them again as more of the series appear.

A Suggestive Commentary on St. John, with Critical and Homiletical Hints. By W. H. Van Doren. R. Dickinson.

All who know the Van Doren series will be rejoiced to hear of this new volume. We cannot say too much in its praise. If men who read these volumes do not preach the better for so doing, it is not Mr. Van Doren's fault: they must be Van Dolt's by nature though they may ignore the family name.

The Bright Spot near Osborne House, and other Poems. By Glowworm. Sampson Low and Co.

More than a spark of the poetic fire is here. Glowworm is too modest. We do not profess to sit as a Rhadamanthus over poets, but if we did we should let this author pass without condemnation, which is more than we could say of nine hundred and ninety-nine and nine-tenths of the rhymers who both in print and manuscript torture us with their pottery. (Quite right, Mr. Compositor; let it stand. Pottery is more correct than poetry.)

Grace and Truth under Twelve Different Aspects. By W. P. Mackay, M.A. Third Thousand. Nisbet and Co.

We are glad to meet with this work again. It is a most useful production, full of gospel truth, dropping with it, in fact, like the honeycomb with honey.

Westbourne Grove Sermons. By William Garrett Lewis. Marlborough and Co., 14, Warwick-lane.

Among all the brethren who occasionally supply our place at the Tabernacle, no one is more acceptable to the people than our friend Mr. Lewis. His sermons are always sound in the faith and full of holy unction, and are delivered in a bold and telling manner. We are, therefore, right glad to see a volume of his select discourses, and we doubt not a large circle of friends will share our pleasure. The clearness of the divisions, the lucidity of the style, and the excellence of the matter will secure for this volume a high place in the homiletic literature of the period. Long may Westbourne Grove chapel resound with such teaching. [We cannot comprehend why our friend came down so heavily upon Mr. Frank White's book in his last "Baptist Magazine." He certainly did not do our friend justice, and we hope he will read the book again.]

Sermons on Various Subjects. By the Rev. Richard Squibb, Minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, Ely. Elliot Stock.

A volume of good gospel discourses. Plain, neat, clear, unpretentious and sound.

The Abominations of Modern Society. By T. DeWitt Talmage. R. D. Dickinson.

Thoroughly American. Full of sensations, superabundant in metaphors, more than vigorous in expression. We doubt not the work is well suited to the latitude in which it was produced, but we don't like it half so well as Mr. Talmage's sermons. He is evidently a master in Israel, and we heartily welcome his appearance. but this particular production of his pen is too luxuriant for our taste, and needs pruning. Honey is pleasant up to a point, but you can have too much of it, and it seems to us that Mr. Talmage's sentences in this instance are far too luscious. The following is a fair specimen: "It seemed insignificant for Moses to stretch his hand over the Red Sea. What power could that have over the waters? But the east wind blew all night; the waters gathered into two glittering palisades on either side. The billows reared as God's hand pulled them back upon their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O Israel! March! March! Pearls crash under their feet. The flying spray springs a rainbow arch over the victors. The shout of hosts mounting the beach answers the shout of hosts mid-sea; until, as the last line of the Israelites have gained the beach, the shields clang, and the cymbals clap; and as the waters whelm the pursuing foe, the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered, and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow. So we go forth; and stretch out the hand of prayer and Christian effort over these dark boiling waters of crime and suffering. 'Aha! aha!' say the deriding world. But wait. The winds of divine help will begin to blow; the way will be clear for the great army of the Christian philanthropists; the glittering treasures of the world's beneficence will line the path of our feet; and to the other shore we will be greeted with the clash of all heaven's cymbals; while those who resist, and deride, and pursue us, will fall under the sea, and there will be nothing left of them but here and there, cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, and thrust out from the surf, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger."

Under Grey Walls. By Sarah Doudney. Sunday School Union.

An exceedingly good little book; describing the life of a young Christian. Children will be the better for reading it, and if presented to them they are sure to be pleased with it.

Robbie and His Mother. By Dr. Edesheim. Religious Tract Society.

A precious little thing. What a lady friend calls "a love of a book." One which touches the heart and moistens the eye, after the manner of "Jessica's First Prayer," which is still unrivalled.

George Clifford's Loss and Gain. By the Author of "Stories and Pictures from Church History." Religious Tract Society.

An excellent tone pervades this book. Boys will read it with pleasure, and will be benefited.

Islington Conference Papers. William Hunt and Co.

To those interested in the condition of the Evangelical party of the Establishment, these papers by Messrs. Ryle, Hoare, Bardsley, Kemble, and Wilson, will be well worthy of perusal. We are most of all impressed with the fact that for foreign missions seven of the most prominent ritualistic churches only subscribed £13 7s. between them, and yet in one of these places the music alone costs about £1,000 a-year! There is a strange disproportion between the whistling and the work.

The Children's Messiah; a Juvenile Service of Sacred Song, Illustrative of the Life of Christ. Sunday School Union.

Many pious persons condemn sacred oratorios on account of their being made an amusement. We very much sympathise with that opinion, but think that more earnest efforts should be used to redeem music from desecration, and to elevate it into its proper sphere. Pieces of music following each other consecutively, and illustrating biblical events, might be rendered pleasingly instructive and impressive. We, therefore, welcome this "Children's Messiah," and shall be glad to hear of its being read and sweetly discoursed in many a Sabbath-school.

Garlands for a Mother's Grave. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. The Funeral Sermon for the Widow of the Author of the "Sinner's Friend." Nisbet and Co. Price Threepence.

WE do not remember having ever seen a more touching tribute of filial love, or a more worthy memorial of an aged saint. At the age of eighty-four Mrs. John Vine Hall, mother of those esteemed ministers, Newman and Arthur Hall, fell asleep, as full of holy works as of years. Her end was triumph, as her life had been holiness unto the Lord Jesus. Some of the jottings from her diary we subjoin; they will tempt our readers to become purchasers of the little memorial:—

"July, 1823.—I feel unspeakably thankful to God for his great mercy in giving to my dear husband a heart and a home to receive the ministers of the gospel. How many great enjoyments have we had in consequence! O what a privilege! My dear children, should you ever see this book, let me urge you to support the cause of God, to love and honour his faithful servants, and to feel any ability to do them good for Christ's sake, your great privilege.

"April 28, 1829.—The Rev. Rowland Hill preached at our chapel last night. Our domestic afflictions prevented our entertaining him at our house as heretofore, but he kindly called to sympathise with us this morning. He is now eighty-four years of age, has preached the gospel sixty years, and still maintains his great popularity, being attended, wherever he preaches, by overflowing congregations. In the pulpit he is still vigorous and lively; out of it he is quite the old man. Still, in conversation he makes occasional remarks which are pleasing and edifying, and occasionally a little of his native humour still displays itself. Speaking of some who profess to have attained a state of experience which forbids all fear, my husband observed, 'I am not there yet, I still rejoice with trembling.' Mr. Hill replied, 'Do not wish to get any further. Remember, blessed is the man that feareth always. I am not afraid of the faithfulness of Christ, but I am afraid of the deceitfulness of my own heart.' Speaking of the Scriptures, Mr. Hill said: 'Some people read their Bibles in a hurry; they seem to try to get through and through without thinking of what they read. They do not 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' Ah, those are the best words of all that prayer. That is what we want.

"Sept. 11, 1829.—If my children recollect circumstances in their mother's conduct which once made them doubt the sincerity of her religious profession, let them here see that she hated herself for sin, that she did not allow it, she wept over it, strove against it, and cast herself as a poor miserable sinner on the atonement of Christ who died for such—and, O my children, let not my inconsistencies deter you from the path I have so often directed you to! There is no safety, no peace in any other; and though from innate depravity, a natural bad temper' (if she had it she so controlled as to conceal it), 'and nerves shaken by continual indisposition, I have made such low attainments in the Christian life, yet I am persuaded of the excellence and beauty of religion—I would not give up my hope for a thousand worlds—Christ is mine—and when this life closes, and my sins shall die with this vile body, then, with renewed powers, with holy raptures and unmixed delight I shall mingle with the joyful throng around the throne! My children, I charge you to meet me there.

"July 20, 1839.—This day my dear Arthur has left the parental roof for a sailor's life. Oh the agony I have endured in parting with him! I have been enabled to commit him to the care of my gracious Lord, who has ever been a prayer-hearing, promise-keeping God! May his guardian care be over this beloved child! My heart sinks when I think that my care over this dear child ceases. He must now be in the world far from his mother's eye and his mother's restraint. My God! be Thou his Protector, his Adviser, his Help!"

This was the last entry for twenty years. Then comes the following post-script:—

"Wonders of grace to God belong! Arthur, referred to above, brought by Divine grace and matchless love to be a Christian, and a Christian Minister!! and in July, 1859, twenty years after the above was written, was chosen pastor of an Independent church at Luddenden Foot, near Halifax. Bless the Lord! Praise the Lord! Who is a pardoning, prayer-hearing God like unto ours?"

One by Herself. By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. Sunday School Union.

A PLEASING narrative of the struggles of an orphan girl who loved the Lord, and in the strength of faith won her way to the hearts of others. We don't think the story is a very probable one, and the heroine is rather too goody for her counterpart to be found in actual life. Somehow we do not get on quite contentedly even with the best of tales; real lives are far better.

James Wells; a Sermon in Memoriam. By J. A. GRIFFIN. Robert Banks.

THIS sermon is not a piece of fulsome flattery, but yet displays a hearty appreciation of the departed. We wish the author great success at Charles-street.

Children Viewed in the Light of Scripture. By Rev. William Reid.

A very fair pot of ointment which is made to stink by one very large fly, which was originally brought to this country from the marshes of the Tiber. "*Blinded Baptists*" can, we believe, see more than Mr. Reid. They also could show him what he says he has never heard of, namely, family baptisms. We never met with an author less acquainted with his subject than Mr. Reid: we would recommend him another time to think once, if not twice, before he allows his pen to run riot. Things are not nowadays decided by the dogmatism even of the best of men. We are the more sorry for his mistakes because we greatly value much that he has written, both here and elsewhere; and nothing would have pleased us better than to have altogether commended his work, whereas we now feel that we can barely commend at all.

How did Christ rank the proofs of his Mission? By George Renaud, M.A. Hatchards.

A very thoughtful, suggestive work, well-condensed, and admirably arranged. It ought to be read carefully by every minister. The writer puts the evidences in our Lord's order as rising from miracles to prophecy, to the propagation of the gospel, and then culminating in our Lord himself and the witness of the Spirit. We heartily concur with the author's views.

Sermons preached in Christ Church, Brighton. By Rev. James Vaughan, M.A. Dickinson and Higham: and Charles Verrall, Brighton.

It would have been a misfortune had these sermons been lost. They are very little churchy, thoroughly evangelical, and; in many instances full of power. There is nothing pretentious about them; they are simple, plain, and thorough gospel sermons. We should suppose that we have in several cases rather the notes than the discourses *in extenso*; but even then they are sufficiently complete to be useful. Mr. Verrall has done well to secure for Brighton a Penny Pulpit, from which her ministers may edify many whom their voices would never reach.

Mrs. Gibbon's Parlour Maid. By M. G. Hogg. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

Suitable for a gift to servants; detailing in an interesting form the various temptations to which female domestics are exposed.

The Biblical Treasury; a Collection of Scripture Illustrations and Criticism for the Use of Sunday School Teachers and Bible Students. Sunday School Union.

We have always liked the plan and execution of this magazine, and we look for the annual volumes with pleasure. The volume for 1871 is fully up to its predecessors, and deserves honourable mention.

Beeton's Penny Watts' Divine and Moral Songs. Ward and Lock.

A marvellous pennyworth, but the woodcuts are rather too antique.

The Owl Pens are the best we have ever used. It is a pleasure to write with them. We are almost sorry that they are invented, for they make it such a luxury to put pen to paper that we tremble in prospect of a still more enlarged correspondence. The Waverley pen we do not care much about for our own use, it is, however, a worthy rival of the quill. We went off across the paper at such a pace with our first specimen of *the Owl*, that we dared not venture upon *the Phaeton* for fear we should write away at a blazing rate till we lost ourselves in space. The *Pickwick* pen is another and, perhaps, safer invention; but all the varieties are marvellously good. We beg to thank Messrs. Macniven & Cameron, of Blair-street, Edinburgh, for sending us specimens to be noticed in our review department. They may keep us regularly supplied with Owls, gratis, if they particularly wish to do so; we shall not desire better makers. How nibs turned up and nibs turned down can produce such a difference in pens we cannot tell, but, certainly, the improvement is wonderful. If the makers maintain the quality, and produce the pens cheaply, they will have the market to themselves ere long: we hope they will then invent us some good ink.

Starting in Life; or, Familiar Talks with Young People. By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A. Elliot Stock.

PAPERS from the "General Baptist Magazine," avowedly "intended for young people whose ages range from eleven to fourteen." They may be profitably read by many who are a score of years older. Their style is calculated to detain the reader who has once begun to read them; they are lively without being chargeable with levity, and are full of good counsel. Mr. Clifford must not allow his facile pen to lie still.

Hours of Communion. By NEIL SMITH Junior. Morgan and Scott, London.

FOUR subjects mused upon by a pious and afflicted mind. The circle of friends of whom the author is a member will find an interest in this book denied to those of us who have not the benefit of his acquaintance. It will be read rather for its piety than for its depth of thought.

Memoranda.

THE Annual Conference of the Pastors' College was the gladdest which has yet been held. The brethren mustered in great numbers, and were all of one accord, and one mind. It was a week of too much joy for us. The Lord's name be praised. We were, above all things, glad to know that, during the last seven years, nearly 20,000 souls have been added to the churches over which our former students preside. This is joy indeed.

The contributions of friends at Mr. Phillip's supper were larger than ever, coming up very closely to £1,700. The whole conference was cheering from end to end.

It would much aid our work of training students if we had a suitable building for the purpose, and we venture to press our need upon our numerous friends. New College rooms ought to be built this year.

The Orphanage funds are running low, and the dull season for contributions is coming on; nevertheless, the Lord's family must not, cannot, want.

The Girls' Orphanage waits till the Lord sends ground, and larger amounts to begin with. We should be more encouraged to move on if the funds for the Boys' were more largely forthcoming.

The Colportage Report is very cheering. How glad we should be if some other person would take it up and make a great society out of our small beginning. The work deserves an association as large as the Bible Society or the Religious Tract Society.

We call particular attention to the advertisement of united prayer, which is stitched up with this magazine. Such holy concerts of devotion cannot come too often, or produce other than the best results. We doubt not that many of the pastors who read the "Sword and Trowel" will join in the proposed prayer union. How blessed a thing would it be to belt the globe with supplication!

Reading, Berks.—Services of a most interesting character were held on Thursday evening, March 21, to welcome and recognise the settlement of Mr. W. A. Anderson, late of Warkworth, Northumberland, as pastor of the Baptist Church, King's Road. A large number of ministers attended the services Our dear friend enters upon his work under happy auspices, and we have an assured hope that he willrestore this important interest to its former prosperity.

Messrs. Griffin, Macfarlane, & McArthur, all students of the Pastors' College, have sailed for the United States, where we wish them God-speed.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Short has been very acceptable in the town of Irvine, Scotland, and that by his means the decayed Baptist church is resuscitated. May the good work grow.

At Penge, Mr. Collins has celebrated most happy anniversary services. Union and earnestness prevail.

At Surrey Lane, Battersea, Mr. Frewen has held recognition services. There was a good attendance of brethren. Mr. Frewen is an example to those who are able to devote themselves to the work of the Lord without burdening their churches.

Mr. Bunning sails for Geelong in a few weeks, leaving Edinburgh with the best wishes of his friends.

Mr. Timothy Harley has become pastor of the church in Savannah, Georgia. This is one of the largest churches in the United States. The Lord be with our brother more and more.

It appears to certain friends a very wicked thing for a minister to say a word for the agricultural labourer. We shall, however, always have a tongue for the oppressed as long as we are able to speak. There are districts and employers where everything is as it should be, but there are others where the best workman earns barely enough to keep body and soul together; and we do not wonder at men complaining

who are in such a condition. If the ministers of God are ashamed to take up the cause of the poor, what is the good of them? We are the flatterers of no class, but the friends of all. The subscriber who is going to give up our magazine on account of our remarks on this subject is respectfully informed that our publishers have not put their shutters up, and that the editor remains in as good spirits as could be expected under the circumstances.

A handsome Marble Tablet, with the following inscription, has been fixed in Newhaven Baptist Chapel, and was unveiled on Tuesday, March 19th, 1872:—

"In Memory of William Tubb Sargeant, Founder and Pastor of the Church meeting in this place, and formerly Student of the Pastors' College, Newington, who died June 22nd, 1871, aged 25 years. This Tablet is erected by his fellow students, in loving appreciation of his unaffected piety and self-denying labours as a minister of Christ."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 28th, twenty-four; April 4th, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 18th, to April 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. J. Overell	0	10	0
Friends at Wotton-under-Edge and Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths	2	15	6
Mr. J. Griffiths	12	4	6
A Friend, Liverpool	1	0	0
In memory of H. H.	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Gallaway	0	10	6
C. F. P.	2	10	0
G. G.	20	0	0
Mrs. Bartlett's class	64	7	0
J. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. C. H. Price	0	10	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	2	6
E. L.	20	0	0
L. G. Alexandria	3	0	0
Captain Matches and crew of "Alice Ritson"	5	11	0
Mr. E. M. Edwards	1	0	0
J. J., Wolverhampton	0	7	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
J. H.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Dunn	0	10	0
A friend, Mrs. Mc I.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Banson	1	1	0
W. N. E.	0	5	0
Per Mr. Middleton:—			
Mr. John Gordon	0	5	0
Mr. James Gordon	1	0	0
Mr. A. A. Middleton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Middleton	0	14	0
Mr. T. Middleton	1	0	0
Miss Middleton (Davidston)	0	5	0
Mrs. Middleton (Do.)	0	5	0
Rev. J. R. Elder, Cromarty	0	5	0
Mr. Fraser	0	2	6
Little Katie Farness	0	0	9
Mr. A. Cameron	4	2	3
Mr. W. R. Selwood	1	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore, Malden (quarterly)	1	0	0
Mr. Blacklee	2	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	3	0
Mr. & Mrs. Jenkins	0	10	0
J. B.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Morris	0	10	6
Mr. Varley	1	1	0
Editor, "Christian World"	2	2	0
A Reader of Do.	5	0	0
Mr. and the Misses Greenwood	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. G. B. Simpson	20	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Marsh	2	2	0
Rev. G. Rogers	5	0	0
Rev. D. Graccy	1	1	0
Mr. & Mrs. Fisher	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Hall	5	0	0
	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. C. Price	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0
Miss Florence Olney	1	1	0
Miss Gertrude Olney	1	1	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	3	3	0
Mr. Rowton	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alldis	5	0	0
C. W.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin	3	3	0
Mr. James Mills	3	3	0
Mrs. Mills	2	2	0
W. J. M.	3	3	0
Mr. T. Mills	1	1	0
Miss Mills	1	1	0
Mr. W. Harrison	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Macfie	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Creasey	2	2	0
Miss Creasey	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. Conder	1	1	0
Mr. W. Grose	1	1	0
Mr. E. Ingle	1	1	0
Mr. G. Startin	5	5	0
Mr. Adkin	0	10	0
Mr. G. Read	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Russell	2	2	0
Mrs. Seymour	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot	2	2	0
Mr. B. Vickery	5	5	0
Mrs. Butt	1	1	0
Mr. Oxley	1	1	0
Mrs. Blackshaw	1	1	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	0	0
W. C.	1	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
E. H. & A. H.	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Cockrell	5	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Nisbett	4	4	0
Mr. Drake	2	2	0
Mr. Matthews	1	1	0
B. B.	3	0	0
Mr. A. Goodwin	2	2	0
Mr. J. Haddock	1	1	0
Mr. & Mrs. Potier	10	10	0
Miss Potier	1	1	0
Miss M. Potier	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Potier	1	1	0
Mr. I.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Gaywood	2	2	0
Mr. R. J. Scott	3	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. T. Evans	2	2	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. & Mrs. Benson	2	2	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	5	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. S. Mart	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. & Mrs. W. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs, Junior	2	0	0
Miss Higgs	2	0	0
Miss Louie Higgs	1	1	0
Miss Sarah Higgs	1	1	0
Miss Mary Higgs	1	1	0
Mr. J. Doulton	5	0	0
Mr. R. May	25	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Hall	5	0	0
Mr. A. Willson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Willson	2	2	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	3	0	0
Miss Cook	1	1	0
Miss Z. E. Cook	1	1	0
Mrs. Rogers	1	1	0
S. H. B.	1	0	0
Mr. C. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. Padgett	5	0	0
The Misses Kemp	5	0	0
Mr. G. T. Kemp	10	0	0
W. J.	0	10	0
G. H.	1	1	0
Mrs. Payne	1	1	0
Miss Payne	1	1	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Mr. Daintree	2	2	0
Mr. J. Benham	2	0	0
Mr. R. Harris	5	0	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	0	0
Mr. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. S. Chew	7	10	0
Mr. J. Finch	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Dr. Underhill	1	1	0
Mr. J. Grant	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Green	3	3	0
Miss F. R. Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. F. Allport	1	0	0
Mr. G. Hanbury	100	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
A friend	10	10	0
Mr. A. Frazer	3	3	0
Mr. T. Wild	5	0	0
E. S. H.	0	10	0
A. S.	1	0	0
G. T.	0	10	0
A. T.	1	0	0
Mr. Flint	1	0	0
Mrs. R. A. James	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. Horniman	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2	2	0
Mr. and Miss Munday	2	2	0
Mr. N. C. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. Willson	2	2	0
Mrs. Edwards	20	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	3	0
Mr. G. Ellwood	2	2	0
Miss Ellwood	2	2	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. T. Goodwin	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. D. Wright	1	0	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. W. McArthur, M.P.	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead...	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Toller	6	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ross...	7	7	0
Mr. G. Lee	5	0	0
Mr. W. Balls	3	0	0
Mr. Murrell	10	0	0
Miss Murrell	2	2	0
Mr. W. Murrell, junr.	2	2	0
Mrs. Kelsall...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	3	3	0
Mr. G. Redman	5	0	0
Mr. E. Austin	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Knight	2	2	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes..	2	2	0
Mr. W. G. Wilkins...	1	1	0
Mr. Noble	1	1	0
Mr. Abrahams	5	0	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. Raines	10	10	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. W. R. Huntley	5	5	0
Mr. W. Rickett	10	0	0
Mr. Mitcalf	5	5	0
Mr. Denham..	2	0	0
Mr. Romang..	5	0	0
Mr. Heritage..	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	20	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown, jun.	1	10	0
Mr. E. H. Brown	1	0	0
Miss M. L. Brown...	1	0	0
Miss E. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. R. C. Norman	0	5	0
Mrs. Stevenson	1	1	0
Mr. T. Knight	5	5	0
Mr. Izard	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Straker	10	0	0
Mr. J. S. Budgett	25	0	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	20	0	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0
Miss Penstan	5	5	0
Mrs. Foreman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall	1	0	0
A Widow, per Rev. J. Crouch	1	0	0
Rev. D. Cameron, Lochee...	0	10	0
Friends at Limpsfield, per Rev. F. Cockerton	0	15	0
Per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. S. H. Cowell 1 0 0			
Mr. Neve 1 0 0			
Mr. Everett 0 10 0			
Mr. Edgley 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Bailey... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. R. Smith 0 5 0			
Mr. W. Tayler... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. R. Girling... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Clark 0 5 0			
Mr. Skitter 0 5 0			
	4	10	0
Collection, per Rev. W. Norris, Philip Street, Bedminster	2	10	0
,, per Rev. W. Hillier, South Shields	2	0	0
,, per Rev. G. H. Malins, Malborough Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne	5	10	0
,, per ditto	0	5	0
Friends, per Rev. W. Osborn, Gamlingay	1	0	0
Collection, per Rev. W. H. Tredray, Bessells Green...	1	6	2
Friends, per Rev. W. Fuller, Studley...	0	13	7
Collection, per Rev. A. Layzell, Ashton	3	2	4
,, per Rev. A. Bax, Faversham...	1	15	6
Rev. J. Blake, Beccles	0	10	6
Friends, per Rev. Stanley, Whitstable	0	10	0
Collection, per Rev. W. Banks, Jarrow-on-Tyne...	1	2	7
,, East London Tabernacle, Rev. A. G. Brown	20	2	0
,, per Rev. Wright, Brabourne	0	15	0
A Friend, per ditto	0	10	0
A Friend, Rev. Wright	0	5	0
Collection, per Rev. H. Wilkins, Leighton Buzzard	5	0	0
Friends, per Rev. Genders, Luton ...	1	0	0
,, per Rev. C. A. Davies, Manchester	2	0	0
Friends at Aberdeen, per Rev. C. Chambers:—			
Mr. McGregor 2 0 0			
Mr. Stewart 1 0 0			
Mr. M'Crombie... ... ... 0 10 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Brand	0	10	0
Mr. Murray	0	5	0
Mrs. Morris	0	5	0
Mrs. Gibson	0	4	0
Mrs. J. Duncan...	0	3	0
	£4	17	0
Mr. Blacklee, per Rev. W. H. Page ...	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. J. Spanswick ...	1	0	0
A Friend, per ditto	0	16	6
Friends at Haddenham, per Rev. Smith	2	0	0
Collection at Milton, per Rev. W. W. Willis	1	6	0
,, at Lake Road, Landport, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst	14	3	9
,, at Cross Street Meeting House, Portsea	0	16	6
,, Victoria Hall, Belfast, per Rev. F. G. Buckingham	3	5	0
Mrs. Johnson, Belfast, per ditto ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown, ditto	1	0	0
Per Rev. E. S. Neale	2	0	0
Rev. W. L. Mayo	1	0	0
Mr. Westrop...	5	0	0
Per Rev. J. C. Forth	0	10	0
Friends at Ulverston, per Rev. T. Lardner	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
From Tring:—			
Female Bible Class	0	11	9
Male ,, ,, ...	0	11	8
	£1	3	5
Collected by Mrs. Bradford:—			
Mr. J. Fulks	1	0	0
Mr. T. Grace	1	0	0
Reader of Daily Portion ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Grange	0	2	6
Miss Mead	0	5	0
Mr. J. Putnam	0	2	6
	£3	0	0
Mr. Hailstone	0	5	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	100	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	2	2	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	2	2	0
Miss Passmore	1	1	0
Miss L. Passmore	1	1	0
Mr. Alabaster and Family	5	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Mar. 24.	32	2	3
,, ,, ,, ,, 31.	36	7	0
,, ,, ,, April 7.	32	2	0
,, ,, ,, ,, 14.	50	3	13
	£1,459	8	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1872, to April 18th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Johnson	3	1	5
Friends at Wootton-under-Edge and Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	9	8	0
Mr. J. Griffiths	5	12	0
Anonymous..	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Gallaway	0	10	6
C. F. P.	2	10	0
G. G.	20	0	0
Church at Highfield, Dartford, per Rev. A. Sturge...	15	0	0
Donaghadee...	1	0	0
Thankoffering, per A. A. Rees	10	0	0
Rev. J. H. Rouse	1	1	6
Friends at Swindon, per Mr. Wearing	4	0	0
Mrs. Brockie...	1	0	0
J. C.	0	1	0
Mrs. C. H. Price	0	10	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	2	6
J. B. C.	0	10	0
A Friend	1	1	0
A Friend, Georgia U.S.A.	1	10	0
T. H. H.	2	10	0
Miss Couch	0	10	0
Miss Smith	1	0	0
Per Rev. E. Silverton:—			
Mr. Sisling 1 0 0			
Mr. T. Peach 1 0 0			
Mr and Mrs. Silverton 1 0 0			
	£3	0	0
Mrs. Camps	3	0	0
L. G., Alexandria	2	0	0
Mrs. Bull	0	4	0
Mr. E. M. Edwards	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	6	0
Mr. F. Burnett	1	0	0
Every Little Helps...	0	3	8
An Easter Offering...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Davies	0	10	0
A Constant Reader	0	6	0
P. O. O., Boro	0	17	6
A Stranger	5	0	0
Mrs. Wilson...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Wilson	2	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	7	6
In College Box	0	5	0
Mrs. Johnson	0	10	0
Master G. Clifford	0	10	7
Mrs. Dunn	0	5	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Miss Grieve...	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clarke	0	5	0
Mr. Bourne's Bible Class, Richmond Chapel, Liverpool	1	4	8
E. C. P., Stamford..	0	5	0
A Friend, Mrs. Mc I.	0	5	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
A Poor and Needy Soul	0	9	11
Ebenezer	2	2	0
The Lord's Purse	2	0	0
Mr. Bowler, Gransham	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lovatt, Stafford	1	0	0
Miss E. Brown	0	5	0
Miss Annie M. Brown	3	5	0
Per Mr. Warren:—			
Miss E. Hopwood ... 0 6 4			
Miss J. M'Michael ... 0 13 0			
Miss M. Page 0 14 0			
Miss E. Tonkiss ... 0 15 6			
	£2	8	10
Sunday-school Infant Class, Chipping Norton, per Mr. E. Burbidge... ...	0	12	8
Mrs. Sidebotham	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Lloyd	1	1	0
A Friend, per E. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0
Mr. Noehmer	10	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. Romang	1	0	0
Mrs. Rutherford	0	6	6
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	6
Mr. G. Gunnell	1	1	0
Per Mr. Whale:—			
Miss M. Everett 0 10 0			
Miss M. Daines 0 10 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. Hunt	0	2	6
Mr. W. Archer	0	2	6
	1	10	0
Master C. Spurgeon, Malden	1	13	6
Proceeds of Three Lectures, per Mr. Toller, Waterbeach	6	0	0
Mr. Cowell, per Mr. Layzell	1	0	0
A Friend, at Cullumpton, per Mr. Forth	0	7	0
Box on Counter at Sellindge	0	8	9
Mr. M'Gregor, per Mr. Chambers ...	1	0	0
Friends at Haddenham, per Mr. Smith	2	0	0
J. W. P.	5	0	0
W. N. F.	0	5	0
Mr. S. Chew	2	10	0
Rev. J. C. Forth	1	0	0
Mr. A. Cameron	2	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
From Tring, per Mr. Bradford:—			
Reader of Daily Portion ...	0	10	0
Miss M.	0	5	0
	0	15	0
Mrs. Brown, Belfast	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates:—			
J. Whitehead	0	10	0
... ...	1	2	11
	1	12	11
Mrs. Garrod	1	3	3
Mr. Anden	1	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	5	0
Orphan Boys', per List	17	17	0
Subscriptions:—			
Miss Humphreys, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Miss Townes, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
R. W., "	0	5	0
Mr. R. Harding ...	1	1	0
	1	16	0
	£189	3	2

Orphan Boys' Quarterly Collecting Cards, April 4th, 1872:—Abbey J., 5s. 4d; Almeroth J., 5s 6d; Aves A., 5s 4d; Bailey R., 2s. 8d; Bailey C., 2s; Baker J., 3s 6d; Ball C., 1s 5d; Blakelock J., 1s; Bligh F., 2s 1d; Boraston J., 5s 4d; Bourne A., 1s 6d; Bramble H., 2s 2d; Bray E., 5s 4d; Brazendale J. C., 2s 6d; Brick E., 1s; Broadbridge W., 3s 1d; Brooker H., 4s 4d; Brown J., 1s 1d; Brown A., 3s 1d; Brownlie W., 1s; Campbell C., 3s 5d; Chapman P., 3s 7d; Charlwood A., 2s; Cockerton T., 3s 3d; Coles G., 5s 4d; Colley A., 1s 2d; Corke L. H., 2s 8d; Court R., 1s 6d; Cox C., 2 s 6d; Daniels E. J., 1s 6d; Dawson T., 1s; Day H., 6d; Digby C., 3s; Dixon T., 2s 4d; Dalby W., 3s; Dunn C., 5s 1d; Edmonds B., 1s 6d; Ellis H. C., 1s; Ellis E., 9d; Emmitt G., 4s.; Evans T. 3s 6d; Fanner W., 3s; Fairchild F., 6d; Fleming G., 5s 4d; Fourness R., 2s 1d; Gatten G., 3s 9d; Godsmark R., 5s. 4d; Graham A., 9s; Harper A., 5s; Harris A., 2s 6d; Hart F., 5s 4d; Heath A., 1s 6d; Hedges W., 5s; Hitchcox S., 2s 9d; Horley G. B., 5s 6d; Jacobs E., 3s; James E., 5s 4d; Jones A., 4s 6d; Jones C., 1s 8d; Ladds F. G., 3s 7d; Laker A., 4s 6d; Lee E., 5s 6d; Lesser W., 1s 7d; Marsh H., 3s 3d; Marrs E., 5s 6d; Martin F., 1s 8d; May G., 3s; May H., 5s; Mee C. M., 1s 6d; Morley H., 2s 10d; Morphew A., 4s; Nicole E., 4s. 1d; Paice F., 5s 4d; Pashler W., 3d; Passingham J., 7s 1d; Pearson W., 1s 6d; Peck G., 4s; Plant E., 3s 9d; Read J., 2s 1d; Record R., 4s; Roberts J., 3s; Rogers W., 2s; Schneider F. G., 3s 6d; Semark H. B., 8s 1d; Shilling I., 2s 4d; Shuttlesworth H., 1s; Simmons C. H., 5s 4d; Simmonds J., 6s 1d; Simpson J., 3s; Smith H., 1s 6d; Smith H., 3s 3d; Spanswick G., 5s 4d; Stuart C., 4s; Thornton C. H., 2s; Townshend C., 3s; Walker D., 5s 4½d; Walton E., 2s; Walton H., 2s 3d; Wells W., 3s; Wheeler W., 5s 3d; White W., 3s 7d; White A. W., 5s 4d; Williams T. H., 8s; Williams G., 1s; Wingell S., 3s; Wood W., 2s; Woodroof W., 1s 2d; Young J., 6d; Vickery T., 3s; Matthews F., 1s 3d. Total, £17 17s. 0d.

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—PROVISIONS:—A Box of Eggs and a Bag of Rice, Mr. Potier; 100 Eggs, Miss Jannet Ward; A Sack of Flour, Mr. Belsey; a Box of Oranges, Mr. Plumbridge.

CLOTHING:—100 Pairs of Socks, the Misses Bourdon Sanderson; a Parcel of Second-hand Clothing, Mrs. Kent.

FOR THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM:—6 Volumes and two Pamphlets, Rev. J. Carvell Williams; a Parcel of Second-hand School Books, &c., Anon; Twelve Numbers of the English Mechanic, Mr. Barker.

Donations, per Mr. Charlesworth:—Mr. Thompson, £5; Mr. West, £1 1s; Mr. Courtnay, 10s. 6d.; by Sale of Tickets for Tea Meeting, 8s.—Total, £6 19s. 6d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions—			
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
Mr. Frederick A. Jones	2	10	0
Mr. W. Mead	1	0	0
Mr. Padget	1	0	0
Mr. Best	0	10	6
Dr. Habershon	1	1	0
A. A. Croll, Esq.	35	0	0
Eythorne District, per S. Clarke, Esq., Quarterly	7	10	0
Collected by Mr. N. Ruck	0	14	3
Collection at Annual Meeting	20	5	8
Donations—			
A very poor Member	0	0	6
Thank-offering, per Rev. A. A. Rees ...	2	0	0
J. H.	0	2	6
Harry Allen	0	3	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
	£73	13	5

100 Copies "Our Mothers" by the Author.

Baptist Country Mission acknowledge receipt of Weekly Contribution put in College Offering Box.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE 1, 1872.

Faith.

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED AT THE CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS AND STUDENTS EDUCATED AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, ON TUESDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1872.

NOW that the time has come for me to address you, my beloved brethren, may God himself speak through me to you!

The subject which I have selected for this address is FAITH. As believers in Jesus we are all of us of the pedigree of faith. Two lines of descent claim the covenant heritage. There is the line of nature, human efforts and works, headed by Ishmael, the son of Hagar. We own no kindred there. We know that the highest position to which the child of the flesh can attain will only end in "Cast out the bondwoman and her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." We, brethren, are children of the promise, born not after the flesh, nor according to the energy of nature, but by the power of God. We trace our new birth not to blood, or the will of the flesh, or the will of man, but to God alone. We owe our conversion neither to the reasoning of the logician, nor to the eloquence of the orator, neither to our natural betterness, nor to our personal efforts: we are as Isaac was, the children of God's power according to the promise. Now, to us the covenant belongs, for it has been decided—and the apostle has declared the decision in the name of God—"that to Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not, and to seeds, as of many; but as of one, and to thy seed, which is Christ." "And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."—Gal. iii. 16, 29.

We are altogether saved by faith. The brightest day which dawned upon us was the day in which we first "looked unto him and were lightened." It was all dark till faith beheld the Sun of Righteousness. The dawn of faith was to us the morning of life; by faith only we began to live. We have since then walked by faith. Whenever we have been tempted to step aside from the path of faith, we have been like the foolish Galatians, and we have smarted for our folly. I trust we have not "suffered so many things in vain."—Gal. iii. 4. We began in the Spirit, and if we have sought to be made perfect in the flesh we have soon discovered ourselves to be sailing upon the wrong tack, and nearing sunken rocks. "The just shall live by faith," is a truth which has worked itself out in our experience, for often and often have we felt that in any other course death stares us in the face; and, therefore, "we through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith."—Gal. v. 5.

Now, brethren, as our pedigree is of faith, and our claim to the privileges of the covenant is of faith, and our life in its beginning and continuance is all of faith, so may I boldly say that our ministry is of faith too. We are heralds to the sons of men, not of the law of Sinai but of the love of Calvary. We come to them not with the command, "This do, and thou shalt live," but with the message, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Ours is the ministry of gracious faith, and is not after man, nor according to the law of a carnal commandment. We preach not man's merit but Christ crucified.

The object of our preaching, as well as its doctrine, is faith; for we reckon that we have done nothing for sinners until, by the power of the Holy Ghost, we bring them to faith; and we only reckon that our preaching is useful to saints as we see them increase in faith. As faith is in our hand the power with which we sow, and as the seed we sow is received by us by faith and steeped in faith, so the harvest for which we look is to see faith springing up in the furrows of men's hearts to the praise and glory of God.

Interwoven, therefore, with our entire spiritual life, and with all our ministerial work, is the doctrine and grace of faith; and, therefore, we must be very clear upon it—that is a small business, we must be very strong in it,—that is the great matter. On that topic I will speak to you, praying earnestly that we may every one of us be strong in faith, giving glory to God, "being men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

Our work especially requires faith. If we fail in faith we had better not have undertaken it; and, unless we obtain faith commensurate with the service we shall soon grow weary of it. It is proven by all observation that success in the Lord's service is very generally in proportion to faith It certainly is not in proportion to ability, nor does it always run parallel with a kind of zeal; but it is invariably according to the measure of faith, for this is a law of the kingdom without exception, "According to thy faith be it done unto thee." It is essential, then, that we should have faith to be useful, and that we should have great faith if we are to be greatly useful. For many other reasons besides usefulness—namely, even for our being able to hold our own against the enemies of the truth, and for ability to stand against the temptations

which surround our office—it is imperative upon us that we should have abundant confidence in the living God. We, above all men, need the mountain-moving faith, which, in the old time, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, subdued kingdoms, and wrought righteousness.

One of the brethren observed at last night's meeting that I confirmed you in the habit of saying, firstly, secondly, and thirdly. I must plead guilty to the charge and follow the same method still, for I judge it to be no fault, but a practice helpful to the speaker in the arrangement and recollection of his thoughts, and profitable to the hearer in the remembrance of the sermon. We may risk being formal when to be formal is to be useful. Though not to be slavishly followed, the custom of announcing divisions in a discourse may be generally maintained, and we will maintain it, at any rate, to-day.

I. I mean first to speak concerning faith under the head of this question,—WHEREIN AND UPON WHAT MATTERS HAVE WE, AS MINISTERS, FAITH, OR GREAT NEED OF IT?

First, we have *faith in God*. We believe "that God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." We do not believe in the powers of nature operating of themselves apart from constant emanations of power from the Great and Mighty One, who is the sustainer as well as the creator of all things. Far be it from us to banish God from his own universe. Neither do we believe in a merely nominal deity as those do who make all things to be God, for we conceive pantheism to be only another form of atheism. We know the Lord as a distinct personal existence, a real God, infinitely more real than the things which are seen and handled, more real even than ourselves, for we are but shadows, *he* alone is the I AM, abiding the same for ever and ever. We believe in a God of purposes and plans, who has not left a blind fate to tyrannise over the world, much less an aimless chance to rock it to and fro. We are not fatalists, neither are we doubters of providence and predestination. We are believers in a God who orders all things according to the counsel of his own will. We do not conceive of the Lord as having gone away from the world and left it and the inhabitants thereof to themselves: we believe in him as continually presiding in all the affairs of life. We by faith perceive the hand of the Lord giving to every blade of grass its own drop of dew, and to every young raven its meat. We see the present power of God in the flight of every sparrow, and hear his goodness in the song of every lark. We believe that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and we go forth into it, not as into the domains of Satan where light comes not, nor into a chaos where rule is unknown, nor into a boiling sea where fate's resistless billows shipwreck mortals at their will; but we walk boldly on, having God within us and around us; living and moving and having our being in him, and so by faith we dwell in a temple of providence and grace wherein everything doth speak of his glory. We believe in a present God wherever we may be, and a working and operating God accomplishing his own purposes steadfastly and surely in all matters, places, and times; working out his designs as much in what seemeth evil as in that which is manifestly good; in all things driving on in his eternal chariot towards the goal which

infinite wisdom has chosen, never slackening his pace or drawing the rein, but for ever, according to the eternal strength that is in him, speeding forward without pause. We believe in this God as being faithful to everything that he has spoken, a God that can neither lie nor change. The God of Abraham is the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he is our God this day. We do not believe in the ever-shifting views of the divine Being which differing philosophies are adopting; the God of the Hebrews is our God. Jehovah, Jah, the Mighty One, the covenant God, is our God for ever and ever; he shall be our guide even unto death.

Whether we be fools or not thus to believe in God the world shall know one day, and whether it be more reasonable to believe in nature, or in powers that operate of themselves, or to believe in nothing, than it is to believe in a self-existent Being, we shall leave eternity to decide. Meanwhile, to us faith in God is not only a necessity of reason, but the fruit of a child-like instinct which tarries not to justify itself by arguments, being born in us with our regenerate nature itself.

Next to this, our faith most earnestly and intensely fixes itself upon the *Christ of God*. We trust in Jesus; we believe all that inspired history saith of him; not making a myth of him, or his life, but taking it as a matter of fact that God dwelt in very deed among men in human flesh, and that an atonement was really and truly offered by the incarnate God upon the cross of Calvary. Yet the Lord Jesus Christ to us is not alone a Saviour of the past. We believe that he has "ascended up on high, leading captivity captive," and that he "ever liveth to make intercession for us." I saw in the cathedral at Turin a very remarkable sight, namely, the pretended graveclothes of the Lord Jesus Christ, which are devoutly worshipped by crowds of Romanists. I could not help observing as I gazed upon these relics, that the ensigns of the death of Christ were all of him that the Romish church possessed. They may well show the true cross, for they crucify him afresh; they may well pray in his sepulchre, for he is not there, or in their church: and they may well claim his graveclothes, for they know only a dead Christ. But, beloved brethren, our Christ is not dead, neither has he fallen asleep, he still walks among the golden candlesticks, and holds the stars in his right hand.

Our faith in Jesus is most real. We believe in those dear wounds as we believe in nothing else; there is no fact so sure to us as that he was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood. We believe in the brightness of his glory; for nothing seems to us so necessarily true as that he who was obedient unto death should as his due reward be crowned with glory and honour. For this reason, also, we believe in a real Christ yet to come a second time in like manner as he went up into heaven; and, though we may not enquire minutely into times and seasons, yet we are looking for and hasting unto the coming of the Son of Man; at which time we expect the manifestation of the sons of God, and the rising of their bodies from the tomb. Christ Jesus is no fiction to us:—

"While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
We love th' incarnate mystery,
And there we fix our trust."

Beloved, we have an equal confidence *in the Holy Spirit.* We unfeignedly believe in his deity and personality. We speak of his influences because he has influences, but we do not forget that he is a person from whom those influences stream; we believe in his offices, for he has offices, but we rejoice in the person who fills them and makes them effectual for our good. Devoutly would each one of us say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." Yet, my brethren, do you believe in the Holy Ghost? "Yes," say you unanimously, spontaneously, and emphatically; "Yes," say I also: but, be not grieved if I ask you yet again if you verily and indeed believe in him; for there is a believing and a believing. There is a believing which I have concerning a man, for which I may have but slender grounds, and upon which I would not risk a single penny of my substance: but it is another form of believing in a man when I feel that I could trust my very life with him, being assured that he would be true to me, and prove both an able and willing helper. Have we such a reliance upon the Holy Ghost? Do we believe that at this moment he could clothe us with power, even as he did the apostles at Pentecost? Do we believe that, under our preaching, by his energy a thousand might be born in a day? If we all so believe we are happy to be in such an assembly, for the majority of Christians, if under one sermon even a dozen persons were to cry out, "What must we do to be saved?" would exclaim exactly as the unbelieving Jews did, "These men are drunken with new wine." They would condemn the whole transaction as the result of dangerous excitement; they could never imagine it to be of the Lord. For this reason I mournfully conclude that there is not such a belief in the Holy Ghost in the church as there ought to be; and yet, as certainly as we hear the voice which saith, "Power belongeth unto God," as surely as we hear the divine voice of the Son, saying, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me;" so truly does the third person of the blessed Trinity claim our loving confidence, and woe unto us if we vex him by our unbelief. When we have a full faith in the Triune God, then shall we be "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

Farther than this, dear brethren, you and I believe in *the doctrines of the gospel.* We have received the certainties of revealed truth. These are things which are verily believed among us. We do not bow down before men's theories of truth, nor do we admit that theology consists in "views" and "opinions." We declare that there are certain verities, essential, abiding, eternal, from which it is ruinous to swerve. I am deeply grieved to hear so many ministers talk as if the faith were a variable quantity, a matter of daily formation, a nose of wax to be constantly reshaped, a cloud driven by the wind. So do not I believe! I have been charged with being a mere echo of the Puritans, but I had rather be the echo of truth, than the voice of falsehood. It may be want of intellect which prevents our departing from the good old way, but even this is better than want of grace, which lies at the bottom of men's perpetual chopping and changing of their beliefs. Rest assured that there is nothing new in theology except that which is false; and that the facts of theology are to-day what they were eighteen hundred years ago. But in these days, the self-styled "men of progress" who commenced with preaching the gospel degenerate as they advance, and their

divinity, like the snail, melts as it proceeds; I hope it will never be so with any of us. I have likened the career of certain divines to the journey of a Roman wine cask from the vineyard to the city. It starts from the wine-press as the pure juice of the grape, but at the first halting-place the drivers of the cart must needs quench their thirst, and when they come to a fountain they substitute water for what they have drank. In the next village there are numbers of lovers of wine who beg or buy a little, and the discreet carrier dilutes again. The watering is repeated, till, on its entrance into Rome, the fluid is remarkably different from that which originally started from the vineyard. There is a way of doctoring the gospel in much the same manner. A little truth is given up, and then a little more, and men fill up the vacuum with opinions, inferences, speculations, and dreams, till their wine is mixed with water, and the water none of the best. Many preachers—and I speak it with sorrow—have built a tower of theological speculations, upon which they sit like Nero, fiddling the tune of their own philosophy while the world is burning with sin and misery. They are playing with the toys of speculation while men's souls are being lost. Much of human wisdom is a mere coverlet for the absence of vital godliness. I went into railway carriages of the first class in Italy which were lined with very pretty crochet-work, and I thought the voyagers highly honoured, since no doubt some delicate fingers had sumptuously furnished the cars for them. The crochet work was simply put on to cover the grease and dirt of the cloth. A great deal that is now preached of very pretty sentimentalism and religiousness is a mere crochet-work covering for detestable heresies long since disproved, which dared not appear again without a disguise for their hideousness. With words of human wisdom and speculations of their own invention men disguise falsehood and deceive many. Be it ours to give to the people what God gives to us. Be ye each of you as Micaiah, who declared: "As the Lord liveth, whatsoever the Lord saith unto me that will I speak." If it be folly to keep to what we find in Scripture, and if it be madness to believe in verbal inspiration, we purpose to remain fools to the end of the chapter, and hope to be among the foolish things which God has chosen.

Brethren, our faith also, resting upon the doctrines of the gospel and upon the God of the gospel, embraces *the power of prayer*. We believe in the prevalence of supplication. I am afraid this is going out of fashion in the so-called Christian world. The theory of some is that prayer is useful to ourselves, but that it cannot be operative upon God; and much is said about the impossibility of the divine purposes being changed, and the utter unlikelihood of a finite being affecting God by his cries. We also hold that the purposes of God are not changed, but what if prayer be a part of his purpose, and what if he ordains that his people should pray when he intends to give them blessings? Prayer is one of the necessary wheels of the machinery of providence. The offering of prayer is as operative in the affairs of the world and the production of events, as the rise of dynasties or the fall of nations. We believe that God in very truth hearkens to the voices of men. For my own part, if any man should say to me now, "God does not hear prayer; such a notion is a piece of superstition," I should reply to

him, "Nay, sir, but with you I have no argument at all. The whole question is a personal one which concerns my own character,—am I an honest man or no? If I am a truth-speaking person, my testimony is worth receiving; and I solemnly declare that the Lord has heard my prayers scores and hundreds of times, and that these answers have come so often and so singularly that they could not have been coincidences." I should not argue beyond this point,—"Unless you are prepared to make me a liar, you are as much bound to believe facts which I have witnessed, as I am to believe anything which you solemnly assert." Brethren, we ought not always to profess our ability to prove scriptural truths to ungodly men, for many of them lie out of the region of their understanding. I should not try to prove to a blind man that the grass is green and the sky blue, because he can have no idea of the proposition which I am proving. Argument in such a case is folly on both sides. To us, at any rate, prayer is no vain thing. We go to our chambers alone, believing that we are transacting high and real business when we pray. We do not bow the knee merely because it is a duty, and a commendable spiritual exercise; but because we believe that into the ear of the eternal God we speak our wants, and that his ear is linked with a heart feeling for us and a hand working on our behalf. To us true prayer is true power.

One other point, which I believe is essential to a minister's faith, is that we believe in *our own commission to preach the gospel.* If any brother here is not assured of his call to the ministry, let him wait till he is sure of it. He who doubts as to whether he is sent of God goes hesitatingly, but he who is certain of his call from above demands and commands an audience; he does not apologise for his existence, or for his utterances, but he quits himself as a man, and speaks God's truth in the name of the Lord. He has a message to deliver which he must deliver, for woe is unto him unless he preaches the gospel. In the face of the Ritualists who boast that they alone have the apostolical succession, we declare that ours is the true commission, and that their claim is false. We are not afraid to submit our claims to the test which the Lord himself has appointed,—"By their fruits shall ye know them." We believe that God has anointed us to preach the gospel, and we do preach it, but who will testify that these priests even so much as know the gospel? Under our word the Spirit of God regenerates man, but he does not so through these pretenders; for they do not even comprehend what regeneration is, but confound it with a ceremonial aspersion. Our gospel satisfies the heart, renews the nature, comforts the soul; but can these pretenders do so with their enchantments? If they be apostles, let them show us their signs. We claim to be the Lord's ministers, and our epistles of commendation are written upon many hearts.

Now, having detailed the great points of faith, let me say, brethren, we believe, hence, on account of all this, that, notwithstanding the slenderness of our stores, *the Great Shepherd of the sheep will grant us an all-sufficiency with which to feed his people.* Believing in God All-sufficient, we expect to see our loaves and fishes multiplied; consequently, we do not lay by in store, but deal out at this present all we have. I saw in Rome a fountain, which represented a man [illegible] every

a barrel, out of which a copious stream of water was perpetually running. There was never much at once in that marble barrel, and yet it has continued to yield a stream for four or five hundred years. So let us pour forth from our very soul all that the Lord imparts to us. For twenty years and more I have told out all I know, and have run dry every time, and yet my heart still bubbles up with a good matter. I know good brethren in the ministry who are comparable to the great tun of Heidelberg for capacity, and yet the people do not receive so much gospel truth from them as from preachers of very inferior capacity who have formed the habit of giving out all they have. We believe that the Spirit of God will be in us a well of water springing up unto everlasting life, and we speak upon that theory. We do not expect to have much goods laid up for many years, but as we live by daily bread, so upon continually new supplies do we feed our people. Away with the musty, worm-breeding stores of old manna, and let us look up day by day for a fresh supply.

Brethren, our faith discerns upon our side *unseen agency*. While we are at work God is at work. We do not reckon that the forces engaged upon our side are confined to the pulpit; we know that all the week long God is by care, and affliction, and trouble, and sometimes by joy and consolation making the people ready to receive what he has charged us to teach. We look upon our congregations, and perhaps are ready to cry in our unbelief, "Master, what shall we do?" but our eyes are opened, and we see horses of fire, and chariots of fire round about the prophet of the Lord: mysterious agencies are co-operating with the ministry of grace. When the Mont Cenis Tunnel was being made, a party of engineers worked from the Italian side for six years, and expected at the end of that period to see an open roadway through the mountain. They knew that the work would take, at the rate they were going, twelve years at least, and yet they knew it would be completed in six years, because there was another party on the French side working to meet them; and, accordingly, in due time they met to an inch. I cannot understand these miracles of engineering, and do not know how two tunnelling parties manage to meet each other in the heart of an Alp; neither do I know how the Lord's work in men's consciences will fit in with mine, but I am quite sure it will, and, therefore, in faith I go on working with all my might.

Faith leads us to believe in *difficulties as overruled to promote success*. Because we believe in God, and in his Holy Spirit, we believe that difficulties will be greatly sanctified, and that they are only placed before us as stepping-stones to grander results. We believe in defeats, my brethren; we believe in going back with the banner trailed in the mire, persuaded that this may be the surest way to lasting triumph. We believe in waiting, weeping, and agonising; we believe in a non-success which prepares us for doing greater and higher work, for which we should not have been fitted unless anguish had sharpened our soul. We believe in our infirmities, and even glory in them; we thank God that we are not so eloquent as we could wish to be, and have not all the abilities we might desire, because we know that "the excellency of the power shall be of God and not of us." Faith enables us so to rejoice in the Lord that our prayer,

infirmities become platforms for the display of his grace. Brethren, we believe that our enemies shall, in God's hands, subserve our highest interests; they are yoked to the car of God. Perhaps, of all the powers which effect the divine purposes in the world, none does more than the devil himself. He is but a scullion in the Eternal's kitchen; he unwillingly performs much work to which the Lord would not put his children, work which is just as needful as that which seraphim perform. Believe not that evil is a rival power of equal potency with the good God. No, sin and death are, like the Gibeonites, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the divine purposes; and, though they know it not, when the Lord's enemies rave and rage most they fulfil the eternal purposes to the praise of the glory of his wisdom and grace.

Brethren, we believe in *the gospel*, as God's power to save. We know that for every case of spiritual sickness we have a cure; we need not say to any man, "We have no good news from God for you." We believe that there is a way of getting at all hearts. There is a joint in every sinner's harness, though he be an Ahab, and we may draw the bow hopefully, praying the Lord to direct the arrow through it. If we believe in God nothing can be too hard or too heavy for us. If I believe only in myself I feel that a hardened sinner may refuse to listen to my reasoning, and may not be moved by my affectionate address; but, if I believe in the Holy Ghost, I feel that he can win a hearing and carry conviction to the conscience. We believe, brethren, in the power of truth. We do not expect truth to be loved by mankind; we do not expect the gospel to become popular amongst the great and the learned, for we remember that word, "not many great men after the flesh, not many mighty are chosen;" but we do not believe that the Gospel has become decrepit through old age. When the foolish wise men of this age sneer at the old gospel, they render an unconscious homage to its power. We do not believe that our grand castle and defence has tottered and fallen to the ground, because men say it is so. We recollect Rab-shakeh, and how he reviled the Lord, and how, nevertheless, it is said, "He shall not come against the city, nor shoot an arrow there, by the way that he came, by the same shall he return." We have seen enough philosophies go back "to the vile dust from whence they sprung," to know that the race is of the order of Jonah's gourd. We, therefore, in confidence wait, and in patience bide our time. We are sure of victory ere long. If our gospel be true it will come to the front yet, and God will work for us; therefore, are we steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. If we do not see souls saved to-day or to-morrow we will work on. Ours is not the work of Sisyphus rolling up hill a stone which will rebound upon us, nor that of the daughters of Danaus who sought to fill a bottomless vessel. Our work may no more appear than the structures which the coral insects are building below the blue waves of the southern sea; but the reef is rising, far down the foundation of the massive structure is laid, and its walls are climbing to the surface. We are labouring for eternity, and we count not our work by each day's advance as men measure theirs: it is God's work, and must be measured by his standard. Be assured that, when time, and things created, and things that oppose themselves to the Lord's truth shall all be gone, every earnest sermon and every importunate prayer offered, and every

form of Christian service honestly rendered shall remain embedded in the mighty structure which God from all eternity has resolved to raise to his own honour.

II. Thus I have recapitulated the subjects of our faith. Now, brethren, our second head will be, WHAT WORKETH OUR FAITH IN US?

It works in us, first, a glorious independence of man. We are glad of earnest helpers: but, we can do without them. We are grateful for our good deacons: but we dare not make flesh our arm. We are very glad if God raises up brethren in other churches who will fraternise with us: but we do not lean upon them. The man who believes in God, and believes in Christ, and believes in the Holy Ghost, will stay himself in the Lord alone. He does not wish to be solitary, yet can he singly contend for his Master, and when he has most of human helps he sedulously endeavours still to wait only upon God. If you lean upon the helpers when you have them, it may be you will realise the terrible meaning of this word, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm." As the apostle saith, it remains with them that have wives to be as though they had not, so may we say that it remaineth to us who have zealous helpers to be as though we had them not, and to let our confidence in God be as simple, and our own selves as free of all carnal confidence, as if we stood like Athanasius against the world, and had not one to speak us a good word or bear a portion of our burden. God alone suffices to bear up yon unpillared firmament. He alone balances the clouds and upbears them in the heavens. He kindles the lamps of night, and gives the sun his flames of fire. God alone is sufficient for us, and in his might we shall achieve the purpose of our being.

This faith gives us courage under all circumstances. When young Nelson came home from a birds-nesting expedition, his aunt chided him for being out so far into the night, and remarked, "I wonder fear did not make you come home." "Fear," said Nelson, "I don't know him." Fit speech for a believer when working for God. "Fear? I do not know it. What does it mean?" The Lord is on our side. Whom shall we fear? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" A minister stands trembling in the presence of a learned schoolmaster, who, with twenty school boys, makes an important item in a village congregation—is that a consistent condition of heart for a prophet of the Lord? A preacher is all on a quiver because a person with a white cravat under the gallery looks like a minister, and probably is a London divine who is staying in the neighbourhood for his health. Is that trembling preacher a man? I say a man! I will not ask, is he a man of God? If you have something to say of your own, my dear friend, do not try to say it when those learned people are present who can speak so much better; but, if God has something to say through you, he knows which trumpet is most fit for him to use; and what matters it to you who may or may not be listening? Dare you play the coward in the presence of God? No. The conviction that you have a commission from God, and that the Spirit of the Lord is upon you, will make you very bold. Faith in God will cause us to honour our calling so much that we dare not disgrace it by cowardice.

True faith in God will make us abundant in good works. The

eleventh of Hebrews is a chapter dedicated to the glorification of faith; but, if I assert that it records the good works of the saints, can anybody contradict me? Is it not as much a record of works as of faith? Ay, verily, because where there is much faith there shall surely ere long be abundant good works. I have no notion of that faith which does not produce good works, especially in the preacher. I question whether, as channels for damnation, Satan has upon earth more apt instruments for breeding infidelity and for causing men to regard the gospel with contempt, than those who profess to believe the gospel and then act as though the belief were a matter of no consequence whatsoever. Those philanthropists who are always telling what ought to be done and who do nothing—what is their faith, and what is their philanthropy? To what shall I liken it? It reminds me of a shipwreck off the Tuscan coast some years ago. The Tuscan coastguard reported to his government that there had been a lamentable shipwreck on the coast, and he said, "Notwithstanding that I lent to the crew on board the ship every assistance possible *by means of my speaking-trumpet*, I regret to say that a number of bodies were washed upon the shore next morning, dead." Very wonderful, was it not! And yet this is the kind of assistance which many who profess the faith have lent to the people. They have yielded them the assistance of rhetoric, flowers of speech, and poetical quotations, and yet men have persisted in impenitence. There has been no real care for souls. The sermon was preached, but the people were not prayed for in secret. The people were not hunted for as men search for precious things. They were not wept over; they were not in very deed cared about. After all it was the speaking-trumpet's help and nothing else. But our faith makes us abundant in good works. May I say to you, if you are doing all you possibly can for Christ, endeavour to do yet more. I believe a Christian man is generally right when he is doing more than he can; and when he goes still further beyond that point, he will be even more nearly right. There are scarcely any bounds to the possibilities of service. Many a man who now is doing little might, with the same exertion, do twice as much by wise arrangement and courageous enterprise. For instance, in our country towns, a sermon delivered on the village green would, in all probability, be worth twenty sermons preached in the chapel; and, in London, a sermon delivered to a crowd in a public hall or theatre may accomplish ten times as much good as if it had fallen on the accustomed ears of our regular auditors. We need, like the apostles, to launch out into the deep, or our nets will never enclose a great multitude of fishes. If we had but the pluck to come out of our hiding-places and face the foe, we should soon achieve immense success. We need far more faith in the Holy Ghost. He will bless us if we cast ourselves entirely upon him.

Faith in God enables many of you, I know right well, to bear much hardship, and exercise much self-denial, and yet to persevere in your ministry. My heart rejoices over the many brethren here whom God has made winners of souls; and I may add that I am firmly persuaded concerning many here present that the privations they have undergone, and the zeal they have shown in the service of their Lord, though unrewarded by any outward success, are a sweet savour unto God. True

faith makes a man feel that is sweet to be a living sacrifice unto God. Only faith could keep us in the ministry, for ours is not a vocation which brings with it golden pay; it is not a calling which men would follow who desire honour and rank. We have all kinds of evils to endure, evils as numerous as those which Paul included in his famous catalogue of trials; and, I may add, we have one peril which he does not mention, namely, the perils of church-meetings, which are probably worse than perils of robbers. Underpaid and undervalued, without books and without congenial associates, many a rural preacher of the gospel would die of a broken heart, did not his faith gird him with strength from on high.

Well, brethren, to sum up a great many things in one, faith is to us a great enlargement of our souls. Men who are morbidly anxious to possess a self-consistent creed, a creed which will put together and form a square like a Chinese puzzle,—are very apt to narrow their souls. Fancying that all truth can be comprehended in half-a-dozen formulæ, they reject as worthless every doctrinal statement which cannot be so comprehended. Those who will only believe what they can reconcile will necessarily disbelieve much of divine revelation. They are, without knowing it, following the lead of the rationalists. Those who receive by faith anything which they find in the Bible will receive two things, twenty things, ay, or twenty thousand things, though they cannot construct a theory which harmonises them all. That process of theory-making is an expensive folly, the invention of middle terms is a waste of ingenuity; it were far better to believe the truths and leave the Lord to show their consistency.

Those who believe firmly are, moreover, the men who are strong for service. Have you ever seen the famous statue of the boy sitting down and picking a thorn out of his foot? I saw him twenty years ago and I saw him the other day, and he was still extracting the little tormenter. I have known brethren of the same order; they are always picking thorns out of their feet, they have a doubt about this, and a scruple about that; but the man who says, "I know whom I have believed, I know what I have experienced"—he is the man who can run upon the Lord's errands.

Faith is our refreshment. Our faith in God relieves us of our weariness. Even natural fatigue is sometimes overcome by faith. Certainly faintness of spirit needs no better restorative than reliance upon God. Close to the Coliseum there stands the ruin of an ancient fountain and bath called the Meta Sudans. Here came the gladiators who had escaped with life the struggles of the amphitheatre: covered with blood, and begrimed with sweat and dust from the arena, they plunged into the bath and felt delicious refreshment. Faith in God is just such a laver to our hearts.

III. My concluding word shall be, WHAT SAITH OUR FAITH TO US THIS MORNING? It claims to be well founded. I put it to you, brethren, in very simple words. Is the living God worth trusting? Does Omnipotence deserve that you should lean upon it? Does Omniscience warrant you in believing it? Does Immutability justify you in depending upon it? Why, if I were to bring here the best man of woman born whose name should be to you the synonyme for virtue, and

if I were to advise that you should trust him with your lives, I must speak with bated breath, for who shall trust in man? Ay, and if there stood here Gabriel, the angelic messenger of God, and he should tell us that he would zealously defend us, I might hesitate ere I said to you, "O sons of men, rest in cherubic strength, and rely on seraphic zeal." But, when I speak of the Father, the Incarnate Son, the ever-blessed Spirit, who shall venture to hint a limit to our trust in God? What logician shall accuse us of folly in confiding in such a One?

The older I grow (and Mr. Rogers, who is still older, will agree with me I am sure) I feel more and more sure of the things I believe, not merely (as some would insinuate) because I get into the habit of saying them, and therefore think I believe them, but because they tally with my soul's best experience. I read occasionally some of those productions of genius which are associated with the frothy religion of modern thought, but, when my body is sick or I am depressed in spirit, nothing suits my case but *the gospel* of our fathers, the very truth of God. Now, I believe that the doctrine which a man's innermost experience confirms to him in the day of trial, and in the day when he is nearest to God, is to him, at any rate, the very truth itself and worthy of his credence.

I never feel when I meet with intellectual men, who look down upon me as a mere preacher of platitudes, that they have any right to do so. To them I give place by subjection, no, not for an hour. I have rather to check a propensity to look down on them than to subdue any feeling of inferiority. To us the truths of the gospel are absolute certainties for which we do not crave tolerance, but to which we demand submission. If any shall brand us with epithets, such as bigot, vulgar dogmatist, or mere echo of departed Puritanism, (and all these are used,) we will only reply, "You may use what opprobrious titles you will to us, but we know that if we were to express the truth about you, there is no adjective of contempt which you do not deserve; and, therefore, because we know of no language sufficiently strong to set forth our abhorrence of your false doctrine, we will let you pass in silence." My brethren, when you hear that a learned man has made a new discovery which contradicts the Scriptures, do not feel alarmed. Do not imagine that he is really a great man, but believe that he is just a learned idiot, a self-conceited fool. If you find time to read the works of learned sceptics, you will soon see that their statements of fact are not reliable, their deductions are not logical, their inferences are monstrous, their speculations are insane. I remember reading some statements of the great German, Oken, which to me sounded singularly like the babblings of Bethlehem Hospital. They reminded me of an incident which occurred when a prize was offered for verses of poetry, which were to be quite free from meaning. The two first among the competitors were nearly equal, but in one there was the faintest glimmering of an idea, while the other had not even a trace of sense, and therefore so gained the prize. I vote for the supremacy of the neologians in that department; in sonorous nonsense they excel. If I am thought to express myself too strongly, it must be so, for I believe I speak what God himself would endorse; he applies no soft terms to boastful unbelievers. When he takes any notice of them at all he calls

them fools, and has done with them. You shall find that to be the expression which the Lord uses concerning unbelievers constantly in the Old Testament, and in the New too—"Professing themselves to be wise they became fools." And, brethren, when I hear my heavenly Father say that a man is a fool, I dare not think him wise. Do not let us think otherwise than God.

Though we may be confounded in argument we cannot be confounded in experience, or driven from that which we have tasted and handled of the good word of God. Neither are we confounded in our faith. We know that our faith is well founded, and, therefore, we hear it say, "Do not treat me as if I were a dream. Do not tell your message with bated breath. Say it out! For he who contradicts it is a liar." If it be of God it must be so. We are not adherents of an infallible church which founds its faith on its own authority, or of an infallible Pope who fancies himself to be the image of truth; if such were our boast the world might well laugh us down: but, having learned God's truth by divine revelation, we defy the world's sneer, we do not even say, "By your leave, gentlemen." No, but with or without your leave, we will speak what God has revealed to us.

Next, our faith asks us this question,—"Have I ever deceived any of you?" I shall pass the enquiry round. God puts it to you. "Have I been a wilderness to Israel?" Has the Lord failed you? Has he turned his back upon you in the day of trouble; and, when you have leaned upon his arm, has it proved insufficient? If God has failed you, and his truth has been a lie to any one of you, let him speak!

But, if you could not, would not, must not accuse the Lord of unfaithfulness, but would loathe such a thought because your experience would deny it, then, brethren, go on to believe, and to believe more steadfastly. Go on to believe, only rest more quietly still on the ever-blessed arm.

And so faith says, in the third place, "Give me a wider range. Trust your God far more." We have only waded ankle-deep in faith as yet. We thought the water very cold and chill when we timorously ventured in, but having tried it up to the ankles we have found it good and pleasant. Let us advance until we are breast deep, yea, and deeper. Blessed be that man who gets his feet off the bottom, and swims in the stream where he has no hope but his God, and no confidence and no helper but the Invisible One who sustaineth all things. Faith cries, "Trust me, my son, to make you preach better. Have more enterprise. Be more daring. Do not fight your own battle in the church-meeting, leave it to your God; trust all with him. Do not be afraid to go and speak to that foul-mouthed man; I will give you a word in the self-same hour. Trust me, and go with prudence but with zeal into the darkest haunts of vice. Find out the worst of men and seek their salvation. There is nothing thou canst not do if thou wilt trust in God." Brother, your failure, if you fail, will begin in your faith. The air says to the eagle, "Trust me; spread thy broad wings. I will bear thee up to the sun. Only trust me. Take thy foot from off yon rock which thou canst feel beneath thee. Get away from it, and be buoyed up by the unseen element!" My brethren, eaglets of heaven, mount

aloft, for God invites you. Mount! You have but to trust him. An unknown glory rests upon him, and the radiance thereof shall come upon you if you know how to trust.

And then faith says (and with that I shall close), "Feed me! Feed me!" Faith has been everything to you; feed her upon the bread of heaven. On Christ faith feeds. I saw a group of lovely ferns the other day in a grotto from the roof of which continually distilled a cool, clear, crystal rain: these ferns were perpetually fresh and beautiful, because their leaves were continually bathed in the refreshing drops. Although it was at a season when verdure was scant, these lovely ferns were as verdant as possible. I observed to my friend that I would wish to live in the everlasting drip of grace, perpetually laved, and bathed, and baptised in the overflowing of divine fellowship. This makes a man full of faith. If Moses had faith you do not wonder, for he had been forty days upon the mount. If we have communed with God it shall be a marvel if we doubt, and not that we believe. Feed faith with the truth of God, but especially with him who is *the* truth.

I pray the Lord to endow this College with Faith. May we be an endowed and established church—established on a rock, and endowed with the blessings of the covenant of grace. Remember, brethren, that you and I are committed to faith now. It is too late to retire. We are in the condition of Bunyan's pilgrim: *we must go forward.* There are many perils before us, the valley of the shadow of death lies on ahead; arrows will fly very thickly around us as we traverse its shades. 'Tis hard going on, but we cannot retrace our steps, for we have no armour for our backs. Suppose we should take to reasoning, suppose we should give up the fundamentals of our faith, what would remain to us? For my part, I have nothing beneath the sun to do but to take the rope of Judas and to end a miserable life, for only my faith makes it worth my while to live. If faith were gone, I would intreat permission to expire; to be extinct were better than to live if these things be but a delusion after all. It must be onward with us, for in the case of brethren of this College the most unsafe thing for us is to think of turning back. One or two of our former comrades have gone aside from us; I cannot judge their hearts, but I fear they have also gone aside from God. I will not say more of them than this—they are the last men you would envy if you knew their history. If any men bear upon them, even in this life, the evident mark of God's disapprobation, it will be those who have known the truth and defended it, and yet, for lucre's sake, or ambition's sake, have turned aside from it. If it were fitting, I could write narratives of apostate experiences which would harrow up your feelings, and they would relate to men into whose faces I have looked as I now look into yours, and who were familiar with me, but with whose names, once well beloved, I am ashamed now to be associated. God have mercy upon them! It is all that I could say if I had to write their epitaphs—"God have mercy upon them!"

Well, you and I are committed to the onward course, we cannot go back, neither can we turn to the right hand nor to the left. What shall we do, brethren? Shall we lie down and fret? Shall we stand still and be dismayed? No! In the name of the Lord let us set up our

banner again, the royal standard of Jesus the crucified. Let us sound the trumpets joyously, and let us march on, not with the trembling footsteps of those who know that they are bent upon an enterprise of evil, but with the gallant bearing of men whose cause is divine, whose warfare is a crusade. Courage, my brethren, behold the angels of God fly in our front, and lo, the eternal God leads our van. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Blessed faith! God grant us more of it, for Christ's sake. Amen.

A Sequel.

SINCE delivering the address above printed I have had to endure a somewhat severe trial of the faith which I so much recommended to others, and the trial still lasts. The Orphanage has from the first been so graciously sustained of God, that there has always been a considerable balance in hand. During the last three months friends have appeared to forget our orphans, very little has come in, and the nest eggs have vanished one by one. Over and above the endowment there is needed about £10 each day to carry on the institution, and on the 17th of May there certainly was not one day's supply in hand, if the accounts had there and then been balanced. Debt we have not, and by God's grace never mean to have, but we were never so near the ground before. Dear reader, this is a position by no means enviable; with 220 boys to feed, clothe, and educate, one looks around and feels it well to be able still to look up. I have always felt that the funds would come to feed the little ones who are cast on the fatherhood of God. I still feel it, and am very far from being depressed or dismayed. But this is a new experience *with the Orphanage*. Laid aside for a week with most severe neuralgic pain, this was by no means a comforting medicine, but perhaps it may prove a valuable tonic. I undertook the work, as I believe, at the Lord's bidding, on the behalf of his church. I did not expect to be always kept above trial, and I had no promise that I should be. I am sure, however, that the Father of the fatherless will not desert his family, nor will he allow my brethren to desert me in the hour of need. One looks the Lord in the face at such times, and faith comes to close quarters with the promise. I am as sure that he will interpose as I am that seed-time and harvest will not fail, yet prayer has to tarry awhile, and entreaty has to knock again and again, and effort has to bestir herself. I cannot expect the Lord to inform his people of the needs of the Orphanage by miracle, and, therefore, I feel bound to let them know by the magazine. *He* may let me be straitened and I will bless him, but I do not think his people ought to let the work run quite so short of supplies again. If I and my fellow-trustees do the work in a trustworthy manner, our fellow-servants should not stint us quite so much. "Peradventure it was an oversight," and as soon as beloved brethren know of the need they will hasten to supply it.

America and its Churches.

[FIRST PAPER.]

AMERICA has greatly suffered from a plethora of gossipy writers who have been only too eager to record their hastily-formed impressions of its people and their habits. It is with this country as with departed great men. "No sooner," says Carlyle, in his essay on Richter, "does a great man depart, and leave his character as public property, than a crowd of little men rushes towards it. There they are gathered together, blinking up to it with such vision as they have, scanning it from afar, hovering round it this way and that, each cunningly endeavouring, by all arts, to catch some reflex of it in the little mirror of himself; though, many times, this mirror is so twisted with convexities and concavities, and indeed so extremely small in size, that to expect any true image, or any image whatever from it, is out of the question." Such surface-observers have been more anxious to search for materials for a sensational book than for such information as shall really present a fair picture of America and its people. We need not judge any nation by its caricatures; we Englishmen should not fare supremely well if thus estimated, and our foibles, if less amusing, are as grave as those of the Yankee. It would be as unfair, Swift tells us, to judge a great people by the dregs at the bottom as by the froth at the top. The music-hall *habitues* are not the type of ordinary Englishmen, any more than the frivolous pigeon-shooters of Hurlingham are the representatives of the brave and manly Britisher. So far has this evil of misrepresentation gone, that a candid and generous critic is liable to the charge of flattery. Such a charge has, we find, been made against Dr. Macaulay, the editor of one of our most popular family journals, who has written a temperate book, for the sketchiness of which he apologises, as being his "First Impressions of America and its People." We are at issue with the writer on some points, and think that had he studied more fully the religious newspapers of the United States, some little errors might have been avoided, and perhaps a more interesting book written.* As it is, however, we have here one really honest attempt to do justice to the character of a people closely allied to us, as they proudly boast, by blood, by community of language, by literature and religion—a people of high sensitiveness, a little jealous because deeply attached to the old mother country. Dr. Macaulay says truly, that the Americans would bear ten times as much from any other nation. "They care more for the good opinion of England than of all the world besides." On the other hand, the heterogeneous population of that country, with its strong and, politically speaking, fanatic elements, at times sway the government too much towards the adoption of measures neither politic nor just. The recent piece of "sharp practice" in the Alabama claims Englishmen of all politics have unanimously resented; but, if we understand the drift of public feeling as reflected in the representative papers which come over

* Across the Ferry: First Impressions of America and its People. By J. Macaulay, M.A., M.D., London; Hodder and Stoughton.

to us with welcome regularity, the difficulty has throughout been more diplomatic than real.

Dr. Macaulay very pithily puts the Englishman's feeling of surprise on landing in New York. "Is it New York or New Cork that I am in?" Porters, Custom-house examiners, boatmen, lightermen, hackney coachmen, omnibus conductors, were all unmistakably Irish. Irish names greet you everywhere. Irish girls wait at tables, serve as chambermaids, wait in shops. Emigration makes a vast improvement in their fortunes. More persevering, industrious, and thrifty, because possessing greater opportunities in New York than in the "ould counthry," or in England, where they are too often excluded from all but a certain number of employments, they live in plenty and comfort. Still there are in New York the lowest strata of Irish, as poor and unimprovable as the Irish denizens of St. Giles's. Yet the improvement witnessed should not mislead the observer. Probably, there is no race of people more passionately fond of their native land, "melancholy ocean" included, than the Irish. This patriotism saturates the songs they sing with wild enthusiasm even in their more prosperous condition abroad. They would return if they could with advantage, any day, to the Emerald Isle. The burden of one of their favourite songs is that, if the land to which they emigrate be fifty times as fair as it be represented, they'll never forget the land they have left. A popular song entitled "The Wearing of the Green," and expressing intense indignation against "the laws forbidding the shamrock to grow on Irish ground," occurs this stanza:—

> "When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
> And when the leaves in summer time their verdure do not show,
> Then I will change the colour I wear in my cabbeen:
> But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearing of the green."

And in the following verses, we may see much with which we cannot fail to sympathise:—

> "Sure, Paddy's heart is in his hand, as all the world does know,
> His praties and his whisky he will share with friend or foe;
> His door is always open to the stranger passing by;
> He never thinks of saying, 'None but Irish need apply.'
> And in Columbia's history his name is ranking high;
> Thin shame upon the knaves that write 'No Irish need apply.'
>
> "Ould Ireland on the battle field a lasting fame has made;
> We all have heard of Meagher's men, and Corcoran's brigade;
> Though fools may flout and bigots rave, and fanatics may cry,
> Yet when they want good fighting men, the Irish *may* apply;
> And when for freedom and the right they raise the battle cry,
> Then the rebel ranks begin to think 'No Irish need apply.'

It is a pity that a nation so full of the noblest impulses should have ever become, as it still is, the prey of the priests. Nor can we think that in escaping from Ireland the people get free from this oppressive spell. In past days, the emigrants have become good Protestants; but Dr. Macaulay is quite right in his statement that "the influence of the Roman Catholic Church over its members is more generally retained." He instances the fact that the number of Catholic schools is

largely increasing, and "the Christian brothers," a trained order for supplying teachers, is a great and increasing power. In a paper just to hand, we alight upon an article showing that New York is heavily taxed for the support of the charitable institutions and schools managed by this body. It is a sad mistake, which we hope may soon be rectified, that so much money should be given to various denominations for these purposes out of the municipal treasury. The Papists, as a consequence, get the lion's share. Thus, within the last three years, they have received 1,396,388 dols. 51 cents. for the support of their institutions, while all the other religious bodies put together received only 329,313 dols. 64 cents. In addition to this large gratuity, the Catholics have received from the city, in land grants and leases on nominal rent, the huge sum of 3,500,000 dols.—so that, in all, nearly five millions of dollars of public money and property have been given away to further the ends of a sect which most people admit to be an obstruction to any nation's true liberty and prosperity. This malversation of municipal funds and sectarian greed will, in the end, work serious mischief for New York. The hot burning words of Dr. Fulton, in his recently published sermon, on "Rome in America," should be scattered broadcast over that country. Speaking of the corruption recently made manifest to the disgrace of municipal government in New York, Dr. Fulton says:—

"The worst day of old Rome's wickedness, when the empire was put up at auction, seemed to have returned. Millions of money flowed into the coffers of the Church of Rome. Magnificent churches, cathedrals, hospitals, and other structures rose on every hand, while taxes increased, and robbery and crime stalked defiantly abroad. Why was it? There is but one answer. Romanism had infected the city, filled the offices, and ruled the hour. The result was there what it was in Rome in the year 1516, before modern Protestantism was born, when Machiavelli wrote, 'The nearer the people are to Rome, the less devotion they have. By the scandalous example of the court of Rome Italy has lost every principle of piety and every sentiment of religion.' Is it not so in New York? Will it not be so everywhere? Pulpits of Protestant churches have thundered against corruption, while Rome laughs and pardons the thieves if she is permitted to share in the spoils. And why? Because as New York sinks in infamy, in corruption, in degradation, Roman Catholic institutions rise on every hand, *as monuments of a people's shame, and as gravestones of liberty.*'

So far, however, from decreasing, the Papists are only increasing, their demands. They are, of course, as in our own country, bitterly opposed to undenominational teaching. With them everything is "godless" that is not Popish; and, consequently, they urge strenuously and unceasingly that their rate-supported schools should be "placed under the control of the church." "There must be no compromise" says their chief newspaper; "the Catholic who now insists on supporting the public schools betrays his religion, and the true interests of society." In a spirit of superstition worthy of the Middle Ages, this same paper goes on to say that, "the day for liberal Catholicity and honeyed words about the good faith of 'our dissenting brethren' has gone by, and we must plant ourselves on the church alone." Happily, the free religious forces in America are strong enough to resist the encroachments of this mediæval nonsense. But we have here an evidence of

what Romanism is still. It has lost none of its old pretensions. May it never recover its old power! Here and there, however, in a country where there is no established church, we find evidences of a kind of enlightened or modified Popery. Thus, last month, there was a reception or recognition at New York, when Dr. McGlynn actually went out of his way to propitiate the Protestants. He practically gave up his belief in the exclusive powers of the Romish Church, by saying that those outside her pale, might be admitted into heaven. "I, a Catholic minister of God," said this priest of Popery, "teach from this altar that the most approved Catholic theology is, that while we must all follow the truth, those who are not fully informed are naturally excused from the fulfilment of precepts which they do not know, and will not be condemned for their ignorance." This is unaccountable liberality, for which we should think the doctor will be brought to task, since, unfortunately for himself, the Pope, his master, in his famous Syllabus of eighty errors, condemned, and bade all his children to condemn the error that, "we may entertain at least a well-founded hope of the eternal salvation of those who are in no manner in the true church of Christ."

Dr. Macaulay, we notice, while admitting the advantages which arise through the absence in the United States of a State-allied Church, does not commit himself to the Free Church principle. He says enough, however, to strengthen us in holding that principle. The foolish notion that the absence of a State Church implies a low public religious feeling is pronounced to be a great mistake. "Religion pervades the nation," he says, "to a far greater extent than in any country of the Old World, and Christianity is far more honoured and influential in every department of public and social as well as domestic life. . . . . In legislation and government, whether of the Republic or of separate states, there is more frequent reference to religion than with ourselves." A recent number of an influential paper, published in New York, informs us that in the United States the proportion of professing Christians to the population is one to eight—an estimate that goes far to justify all that has been said of the religious character of the American nation. Leaving out for the present the manifestation of this religiousness in the common schools, a number of interesting facts which we have culled from a variety of sources may indicate to our readers the nature of the religious life of the people. Here is Dr. Macaulay's testimony to begin with: there is a prevalent national respect for religion evidenced in the fact that at the recommendation (not by the compulsory powers) of the President, national mercies are celebrated by praise and prayer in fifty thousand churches on "Thanksgiving Day." The Sabbath is better and more generally kept; the churches and schools better filled, and "the increase of churches and church members is far beyond even the rapid ratio of the increase of population." Mr. Harry Jones, an English clergyman, writes thus to the *Guardian*:—"The people have reversed the process with which we are familiar in England. Instead of having money begged for them by others for a church, they build it themselves; and instead of having a parson set among them, they look about, and call some one to be their minister." Christianity flourishes better on free church soil than in the old mother country. The statistics compiled by a

Baltimore correspondent of one of our English journals corroborate the statement we have quoted from the New York paper. There are 4,808,618 members of the various orthodox churches in the States, which is about one-eighth part of the entire population, and of these nearly one-seventh are engaged in the work of Sunday-school teaching. Here is a summary of the statistics:—

Ministers of religion of various denominations	71,429
Church members	4,808,618
Sunday-school teachers	651,277
„ scholars	4,808,618

The college system is on a larger scale than in this country. There are as many as 368 of these institutions in the United States, 261 of which are supported by the religious denominations. We find that these institutions contain about 3,000 instructors, and nearly 50,000 pupils. There are 35 colleges for the Methodists, the united church membership of which body (Episcopal Methodists and others) is 2,713,811, and the entire number of ministers 39,889. The Baptist churches are next in point of numbers, the membership being over two millions. The numbers are thus given in the *Nonconformist*:—

(1.) *Regular Baptist Church.*				
Ministers	10,818	Members	1,410,493
S. S. teachers	56,515	S. S. scholars	473,664
(2.) *Other Baptist Churches.*				
Ministers, *abt.*	2,200	Members, *abt.*	590,000
S. S. teachers, *abt.*	14,000	S. S. scholars	603,403

There are 38 colleges belonging to the Baptists, while the Roman Catholics boast of 54 such institutions. The progress of our denomination in the States is truly wonderful; the more so when it is considered that five millions of the population are foreign born. The denomination had its rise there in persecution. The leaders of the first Baptist church in Boston were repeatedly fined and imprisoned, and this continued until the colony of Pennsylvania was founded by William Penn, and civil and religious liberty was fully granted. At the end of 1750 there were 58 Baptist churches in existence, and these speedily multiplied during the succeeding forty years, so that at the end of that period there were no fewer than 872 churches, with a membership of 64,975. The increase during the next forty years (between the years 1790 and 1830) shows an improvement simply astounding. The 872 churches became 5,000—an increase of two churches every week. Nor were these Christian communities, as is the case so painfully and so largely in our country, small and feeble, for Baptists constituted one to every thirty-four of the population. Dr. G. S. Bailey, whose interesting statement on this subject is being circulated in America just now by the Bible and Publication Society, gives the following statistics of the additional period of forty years from 1830 to 1870. "Our population," he says, "has increased from 12,860,000 to 38,500,000, or a three-fold increase. The Baptist churches have increased from about 5,000 to 17,445, an average of six per week for forty years, and *in the last twenty years the growth has been one church per*

day." The church membership of the regular Baptists averages one to every twenty-seven of the population. During the past twenty years the baptisms have averaged 13,000 per week. The growth of the Baptists during the last forty years is no small satisfaction to those who in this country are battling against obloquy and reproach for a truth which is the surest bulwark against all superstition and Ritualism. Not only is the denomination larger by more than a million members than it was forty years ago, but there are, as in England, among other denominations a large number who have rejected infant baptism as inconsistent with the word of God. Dr. Bailey observes, "About seven-eighths of our foreign population came from the Continent of Europe, or from Catholic countries. If, with the blessing of God upon our efforts, we have not only kept pace with the growth of population in this country the last forty years, when our population has been so largely increased by foreign immigration, but have increased 450 per cent., while the population has increased but 300 per cent., we have reason to thank God and take courage." As, indeed, we think they have, and we hope and believe that our brethren will, with their increased numbers, not forget their graver responsibilities. It is intended in 1876 to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of America's National Independence, and in connection therewith it has been suggested by one of the many able Baptist papers, that a volume should be prepared, showing what Baptists have done in the work of evangelisation, education, literature, social improvement, public enterprise; and this, if done without undue self-glorification, may be useful to all concerned in the progress of Christ's kingdom. On this subject we are rejoiced to see an admirable article in the *National Baptist*—one of the best-edited of our contemporaries—which gives no evidence of desire to rest upon the achievements of the past, a fault from which English Baptists were once not altogether free. "Thank God," exclaims our vigorous friend. "we have no denominational machinery that can keep up for us the semblance of activity after the life has departed. Whatever may be said of other ecclesiastical organisations a Baptist Church must be buried when it is dead, and this is a great advantage. Our outward efficiency is a the measure of an inward life, and our apparent unity is the measure of a real agreement." There are some Baptist Churches in England which, if honest, would repent and die, so destitute are they of vigorous vitality; and we quite agree with Dr. Culross, who once observed, if we remember aright, that an unspiritual and inactive Baptist Church was the last church in the world of which to be a member.

When it is remembered that the Episcopal Churches in America have a membership under that of the Reformed (Dutch and German) Churches—and fewer ministers than the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Congregationalists,* we need not be surprised that the pretensions of the English curatedom to be the only true ministers of Christ's Church, are laughed to scorn by our American brethren. It may be remembered that the Bishop of Exeter, at a recent ordination service, stated that he had no hesitation in saying that

* Here are the figures:—Methodist ministers, 39,889; Baptist, 13,018; Presbyterian, 7,454; Congregational, 3,194; Episcopal, 2,951.

he regarded the ministers of every denomination in the country as true ministers of Christ; the Lord, he said, had so blessed their work that he could not doubt for one moment that their word had his approval, and that he had sent them. Trained as this Broad Church prelate had been in a communion which has not learnt to tolerate Dissent, or look upon it with other than the most exclusive and bigoted notions, these words were regarded by English Nonconformists as an honourable concession; the American papers, however, look with surprise upon such impertinent liberality, and refuse to commend it. The Bishop of Exeter, says one paper, the *Richmond Herald*, has uttered sentiments, just in themselves, but absurd in the mouth of that official. This is how it strikes an American, unaccustomed to official patronage in religious matters.

If voluntaryism be anywhere a giant, it would be such in a country entirely free from state endowments. The following extract from the Baltimore letter already referred to is sufficiently interesting and important to give in full:—

"The resources of the re-united and combined Presbyterian Church for all purposes for 1871, including pastoral support, and exclusive of the so-called Five Million Fund, averaged about 20 dols. per member. (Say nearly £4.) The following is, it will be obvious, fragmentary:—

	Dols.
Presbyterian Church	20
The Reformed Church averaged . .	24
The Reformed (Dutch)	17.75
The Presbyterian Church (South) . .	11.25
The United Presbyterian Church . .	11.14
The United Brethren	5.33

Taking the average of these six religious bodies, we have about 15 dols. per member (nearly £3). If this were a fair average of all denominations, we should have an aggregate of about 70,000,000 dols. per annum as the contributions of Christian willinghood for the support and spread of the gospel and its institutions in the United States. I do not think that this general aggregate can fall below 50,000,000 dols. (say £10,000,000) per annum. Now if religious zeal and self-sacrifice can draw forth such immense sums from professors of Christianity here annually, will it not exhibit a similar power with you, when all hinderances are removed?

I will ask the attention of your readers to one other aspect of Church finance, as seen here. The Methodist Episcopal Church report 13,373 church edifices belonging to that denomination; valued at 52,614,591 dols.; also 4,179 parsonages, valued at 7,203,513 dols. Here we have nearly 60,000,000 dols. of church property (about £12,000,000.), owned by a single branch of the Universal Church in this country, all of which has been contributed by the free will of its members."

The majority of ministers in most countries are not over-paid. Even the church that luxuriates in bloated bishopries and fat livings by the hundred is blessed with a large army of half-starved, barely-clad, curates. In America, ministers are, on the whole, better paid. "Stingy churches" are tabooed. In some of their religious newspapers we have read exposures of such churches individually made, that they might be ashamed of their meanness. We have one such exposure before us.

It has reference to the failure of the Indiana Baptists to sustain Franklin College, and plain-speaking we read too. "We have abundant resources," says the writer. "Indeed, when I think of our efforts, of our gifts, I blush to remember how rich we are. I scarcely know among us any that can be called a poor church." Here follows a plain reflection upon the farmers,—a class which, rightly or wrongly, seem to be regarded as proverbially stingy everywhere. "It is a matter of notoriety that multitudes of our wealthy churches do nothing, outside of starving their own minister." Here is an exposure evidently meant to lead to repentance and earnest amendment. And then the editor of a St. Louis paper pointedly adds to the extract; "Even our St. Louis Baptists are fast learning the most efficient way of doing nothing." If the American religious newspapers be occasionally too personal, they, at least, constitute a power which faithless, mean, and inactive churches would dread. But ministerial stipends are not to be judged by the exceptions. To strike the average would be to include the incompetent men who have simply mistaken their calling, and the humbler preachers, whose gifts are spare. Yet we find it stated (and stated with no satisfaction) that on an average the salary of each pastor in the United States ranges from four hundred to six hundred dollars per annum. Some churches pay very large salaries and most are exceedingly generous. The Broadway Tabernacle church, New York, recently found it necessary to elect a pastor, Dr. Thompson, whose works are well-known in our country, being compelled to resign through ill-health. An invitation was addressed to and accepted by Mr. Taylor, a Presbyterian minister of Liverpool. During the interval between the resignation of the old and the arrival of the new pastor, Professor Hitchcock officiated, and in addition to a liberal stipend, received, at the close of his services, a cheque for eleven hundred dollars.

With the following interesting and, to us Englishmen, novel sort of incident, we close this our first paper:—

"Rev. James E. Welch, D.D., had a very agreeable surprise on his eighty-third birthday. A goodly number of his friends and parishioners took quiet possession of his beautiful residence, Rose Hill, for the day. They filled his rooms and loaded his tables without permission or invitation. They brought with them tokens of appreciation and gratitude for himself and his estimable lady. They sung, conversed, made speeches, and listened with attention, respect, and veneration to the words in response of our venerable father, who has laboured continually and faithfully in the ministry for sixty years. He was a pioneer preacher west of the Mississippi; organised the first Sunday School, and is still labouring on a widely-extended circuit. He is hale, robust, and vigorous—retains his powers of mind, and is a powerful preacher. May he be spared to us yet many years."

This is surely a more excellent way of treating an aged servant of Christ than leaving him to societies for aged and infirm ministers, after he has spent his youth and manhood in the service of the churches.

E. L.

A "Friend" indeed.

ALTHOUGH "Quaker" has become quite familiar to this generation, and as a slang term has long since been robbed by time of its original insulting significance, we abstain in general from its use, our reason being identical with that of the historian of Nonconformity in Lancashire, who wisely refuses, on principle, to call persons or societies by such terms as they dislike.

English Friends can lay claim to truly heroic history. Antiquarians who linger around the sites of their former meetings at Bull-and-mouth and Lombard-street, might tell a moving story, and the curious archives of Devonshire-house could speak on some intricate questions, were not the papers guarded with needless caution. But, with these things we have at present no concern. We turn aside from the broad highway of the history of the "Friends" to notice the comparatively unknown life of one of their number who has recently laid aside the garments of earthly pilgrimage: one who, though a quiet worker, accomplished more than many who account themselves great. The lives of such are comparable to those oases of the wilderness which bear their annual crops, and ask no excuse for barrenness from desert sands and burning skies.

The name of our Friend, whose life is fittingly commemorated in a volume prepared by his sister, is James Backhouse. Born in 1794, it was his privilege for awhile to be trained by religious parents, but while still young, death deprived him of a father's counsel and care. Fortunately his mother, being an able woman, nobly discharged her duty to the orphan, who, after the usual term of schooling, was introduced as an apprentice to a kind of general warehouse, a situation he soon relinquished on account of failing health. It is as a weakly invalid that we first find James Backhouse in company with one of a congenial turn of mind, roving over the country around Barnard Castle, as an amateur naturalist, with a quick eye to detect botanical specimens. "Upper Teesdale was then a wild and almost tractless region," we are told; "and many a weary mile the young botanist wandered over dreary fell and moorland in pursuit of his favourite study, spurred on, from time to time, by the sight of some rarity which beguiled the tedium of the way. These excursions were frequently taken in company with John Binks, an intelligent man, whose health, impaired by working in the noxious air of the lead mines, alike needed the invigorating influence of the pure mountain breezes; and to the penetrating eyes and persevering efforts of these joint-explorers, many of those discoveries are due which have given to the flora of Teesdale an interest, which in England is, perhaps, without parallel. Nor, doubtless, was the training these oft-repeated rambles afforded without effect, in preparing for long and arduous journeys over still wilder regions in far-distant lands." This predilection for rural occupation seems to have been peculiar to the family. James had an uncle, a provincial banker, who loved spending his spare hours with his nephew in a plantation of trees which thrived under careful culture. Another relative, as an "acute botanist," cultivated

a garden which must have commanded the admiration of the entire district.

Recreations like these possess strong attractions, when, as in the case of James Backhouse, they are joined to piety, which neither adversity nor prosperity could extinguish. Early trained in the ways of religion, the young Friend never strayed into the ways of the world; and he was quite young when he experienced an irresistible impulse to preach the Gospel—an impulse which led to his standing forth on the Sabbath evenings a recognised minister.

In his twenty-first year our Friend found an occupation suited to his taste, in a nursery at York, the business of which, prior to his taking possession, had remained in the hands of one family since the days of Charles the Second. An air of sanctity appears to have pervaded this little domain; for numbers of old servants were found on the premises ready to serve their master with Christian advice, as well as with ready hands.

James Backhouse was now settled in the world. In a pecuniary sense his prospects were fair, and resolving on adding to his domestic comforts by taking a wife, he wedded "a minister" of Tottenham in 1822. Few of us would care to have a sermon-making wife; but, among Friends who countenance the unlovely custom of female preaching family jars are not produced thereby. Perhaps preaching among Friends has less than the usual tendency to degenerate into lecturing. This couple greatly contributed to each other's comfort, journeying together for five years when death rudely snapped the endearing tie.

Probably the shock of separation further weaned James Backhouse from the world; for, as a widower in his thirty-sixth year, he felt that he had a call from God to visit foreign shores for evangelistic purposes. It it true he possessed nursery grounds requiring constant attention, but business considerations were not allowed to repress higher aspirations. There were also three children, but these could be left in the care of others. He made no venture at haphazard; he comprehended the rough as well as the smooth parts of a preacher's work, and this not in theory only, but in experience. Animated by the Whitefieldian spirit, he had proclaimed the gospel to assembled thousands at York races, when the self-secure and the unbelieving looked on in scorn or in admiration. Some said the action resembled the throwing down of a bucket of water on a dusty road; but, if he could do no more than that, James Backhouse resolved to do so much, and to do it heartily.

While considering the character and aspirations of this energetic Friend, it will be necessary to chronicle a rather ludicrous interruption to his well-planned philanthropic designs. To his consternation he was drafted into the militia, one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county wherein he resided being a clergyman! Because he refused to serve, to find a substitute, or to do aught which this martial divine and the laws of Great Britain demanded, James Backhouse was required to pay £6 7s. 6d., a sum representing the value at which former law-makers estimated a militia-man. It happened, however, that because paying this fine also clashed with principle, a house-clock was carried off triumphantly by the magnates of justice, and after being sold to a tradesman it was repurchased and placed in a Friend's school.

Subsequently, this luckless timepiece was seized and sold again for church rates.

But these trifles only slightly interfered with the important work now kept in view. James Backhouse purposed visiting the criminal population of the English colonies, hoping that he might be a means of promoting among the convicts the knowledge of salvation in Christ. All who were acquainted with this York nurseryman knew that his zeal did not spring from any fit of transient enthusiasm. His steady but unflagging devotion commended itself to numbers of people; and among those who considered the scheme worthy of countenance appeared Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. The missionary bade farewell to his family and proceeded to London. He waited on the colonial secretary as well as on the committees of the Bible and Religious Tract Societies, by whom he was supplied with a quantity of Bibles and books. The bustle of preparing to start was diversified by visiting the Newgate prisoners in company with Elizabeth Fry, and the evangelist set sail on his singular errand in September, 1831.

On arriving in Tasmania the itinerant was privileged to find in the governor, Sir G. Arthur, a sincere Christian and one anxious to further any philanthropic plans. What those plans were soon appeared; for the convicts were visited, exhorted, and instructed, and excursions for the same end were made into the settlements of the aborigines—a race now extinct on the island, although the government made praiseworthy efforts to prolong their existence.

Leaving Tasmania in the early part of 1835, James Backhouse and a companion who accompanied him from England set sail for Sydney in a government vessel. There they held a number of meetings for the instruction of the convicts and others, after which they undertook another voyage of a thousand miles, and landed at the penal settlement of Norfolk Island. They were welcome visitors, and their success as gospel preachers among the criminal ranks was shown in a letter addressed them by the felons, in which the contrite transgressors thanked the evangelists for their "unwearied zeal and attention to their best interests." Such gratitude is at all times dearer than gold to feeling hearts.

Amid all this laudable activity the traveller never lost sight of the trammels—the badges of liberty he accounted them—of his society. As a Friend it was not his aim to proselytise; but, while labouring to awaken the sleeping and self-secure, he heartily pitied those whose want of light did not permit of their entering George Fox's communion. In his journal he speaks disparagingly of the Christianity of men, whom, as ordinary professors, he regarded as still hampered by Egyptian thraldom. "I had no idea," he says, "of the monotonous repetitions of the same words for prayers and thanksgivings, nor the effect, in leading away the hearers from the immediate teaching of Christ, to leaning upon the teaching of the ministers, that a paid ministry too generally produces. Truly the solemnity, even of many of our poorer silent meetings, and the instruction to be derived in them, and the liveliness of many plain and brief sermons, delivered in homely style, in those that are not quite silent, are far to be preferred to this continual repetition." We pass by these, to us, amusing sentiments in a placid spirit. If

the institution of a "paid ministry" has its weak side, the defect dates from apostolic times. The "silent meeting" is never likely to make any lasting impression on a perishing world; and mere outside observers, unacquainted with the regimen of the Friends' denomination, might judge that the society was founded in spiritual selfishness. In general, Friends are not wanting in charity, though in the journal of the good man to whose works we have been referring, we are shocked by reading about "the so-called Lord's Supper," and also by irreverent allusions to the ordinance of baptism.

We pass to pleasanter things. The evangelists having received official permission to visit among the convict stations, they adopted "the most independent mode" of travelling, viz.: that of walking. One excursion to Wellington Valley and back was a tramp of four hundred miles; but, arduous as were those walks, they yielded a large share of delightful recreation, apart from the great service for which they were undertaken. To a professional botanist, a walk over the virgin soil of an undeveloped continent is an exercise no less refreshing than instructive; and such was this accomplished amateur missionary's power of observation, that Dr. Hooker, of Kew Gardens, declared he had "added much to our familiarity with Australian vegetation." While thus profitably filling up spare hours, the grand business of their toilsome days consisted in gathering bands of convicts at the road-side, special orders having been given for the men to cease work whenever required to do so by their preachers. The benighted English transports were not fruitlessly called on to repent. At the same time, the poor degraded natives had explained to them the worth of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Early in 1838 James Backhouse and his companion left the Australian Colonies, and sailed for the Mauritius. Thence they went to Cape Town, and fitted themselves out for a journey into the interior of Africa, for the purpose of visiting the missionary stations. Sometimes in the journal of these days we find graphic delineations of life in the wilderness, *e.g.*: "In the night a leopard was heard prowling among the bushes near the waggon; the people who were sleeping on the ground, by a small fire, did not appear afraid of it. As they were not under a tree from which it could drop upon them, they said it would not come near them. The next day, being a little in advance of the waggon, I came upon a troop of baboons; on my approach, they quickened their pace and made off into a wood. The hyenas near the station at Bethelsdorf were very numerous; they were howling among the bushes around our waggon all night. I distinctly heard the footsteps of one of them among the leaves under a large bush, to one side of which our horses were fastened, and on the opposite side of which our men were sleeping by the extinguished embers of their fire. Though the animal howled, and made noises like a loud laugh, the men, as well as my companion, slept undisturbed. Had it succeeded in making either the cattle or the horses run, it would have attacked them behind, but it was too cowardly to venture an attack in front. On another hyena, that answered this, showing itself from among the bushes on the other side, the dogs immediately drove it back to its retreat. My bed being in such a position in the fore-part of the waggon as to allow me to look

out, I watched with interest the contempt with which these marauders of the night were treated by the cattle. Our horses were so tired, that, for a great part of the way from the Zondag river, we could only travel slowly. The country was bushy, and it was so dark when we reached Enon, we could scarcely discern the horses. We received a kind greeting from the missionaries, only one of whom could speak English: he enquired if we had seen anything of lions on the way. We had indeed heard, before reaching the Zondag river, that the foot-prints of some of these formidable animals had been seen in the neighbourhood that morning: but, seeing some cattle feeding at nightfall, we concluded that if the lions were hungry they would probably take them. We now learned that a bullock had been killed about two weeks previously, within thirty paces of the road along which we had come in the dark; and that, since that time, two lions and a lioness had been shot, and several others had been seen in the vicinity. We, however, neither saw nor heard them; but, by the protecting care of our heavenly Father, arrived in safety at the place of our destination."

This interesting journey occupied eighteen months, the travellers having reached Cape Town in the Spring of 1840. The journey itself "was attended with great fatigue. In many parts the great heat and scarcity of water were very distressing, both to themselves and also to their cattle; but even in the most lonely districts, solitary individuals or families were met with, to whom the glad tidings of the gospel were proclaimed, and to whom it proved indeed a joyful sound."

Though a spiritually-minded Christian, James Backhouse was also a very practical man. On visiting a missionary station, his quick intelligence readily detected any improvements, natural or otherwise, which were capable of being effected. After visiting one outpost of the London Missionary Society he discovered that the land might be irrigated by the expenditure of a certain sum of money. Of course nothing could be done immediately; but, on returning to York, after an absence of nearly ten years, where he found the nursery even more prosperous than when he left, the traveller's observation began to bear welcome fruit. First, he prepared a pamphlet describing the missionary settlement on the shore of the Vaal river, and by means of this publicity collected sufficient funds to procure some needful machinery for completing the work suggested, and this was despatched to his friends the missionaries. The sequel proved that the acute naturalist and Christian philanthropist was right. The scheme succeeded, and, irrigated by artificial means, the somewhat sterile country speedily put on a more cheerful face, so that ever afterwards the grateful inhabitants have called their home after the name of their benefactor. Agricultural implements were also consigned to other stations, besides books in the native dialects for the use of those who, having groped their way out of the shades of heathenism, were learning the alphabet of Christianity.

After returning to England the evangelist's aspirations were for achieving yet higher conquests in the Christian warfare, and these allowed him little time for the repose he much needed, and to which advancing years gave him a reasonable title. Three times he visited Norway on the same mission which had taken him to the antipodes; and Scotland also benefited by his abundant labours. In this manner

he lived, blessed in himself and blessing others, till the opening days of 1869, when the death-angel summoned him into the presence of him in whose vineyard he had lovingly toiled through the burden and heat of the day.

Patient Enduring in the Byeways of London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN this chapter it is intended to collect into small space some memorials of that honourable living so often exemplified in the byeways of London—the heroism which preserves honesty and self-respect, untarnished amid daily contact with extreme poverty. The battle with privation is a more serious warfare than sentimentalism pictures, and they who, bearing its burdens, remain still unconquered, deserve to have honour mingled with our commiseration. In yielding honour to whom honour is due, we should never overlook Patient Endurers.

Some extraordinary examples of this heroism are discovered by City missionaries. Some years ago, two or three gentlemen visited Field-lane for the purpose of making observations such as could be turned to practical account in Christian work. Though vice and degradation reigned unchecked, even that forbidding desert preserved an oasis encouragingly refreshing. In the garret of one house lived a shoemaker between eighty and ninety years of age, happy in the exercise of Christian faith, and still able to pursue a calling by which about a shilling a-day could be earned. Having arrived in London when four years of age, he remembered Whitefield, and could describe the scene presented during the great preacher's open-air ministrations, as viewed from a seat on the back of an adult spectator; for, after the manner in which young Samuel Johnson listened to Sacheverel's diatribes in Lichfield Cathedral, the child had seen and heard the seraphic orator from the comfortable elevation of his father's shoulder. Though eagerly anticipating a day when he should be translated to a fairer inheritance, the aged shoemaker greatly appreciated the prolonged health and strength which enabled him to provide himself with necessaries without burdening the parish.

Venerating the memory of Whitefield, he remained a member of the Tabernacle in Moorfields, where he first derived religious benefit. Had he no private resources? Nothing. Is he not too feeble to walk so far as to the house of God? "I still go as often as I can," he answers. He shrank from the idea of accepting charity, and preserved elevated notions of independence. He subscribed the customary pew-rent regularly, and would have been rendered unhappy by an inability to add a silver coin to the communion collection; and, on the establishing of a ragged school in the district, he subscribed half-a-crown to the general fund. Surprised at such sacrifices, the visitors ventured some further questions, and discovered that the happy old fellow, thinking it was his duty to set an example of Christian charity, put away a penny a-day for these subscriptions. Anything nobler than

this in self-denial, as found in the arena of London poverty and suffering, it would be difficult to produce, and hard to imagine. Only a divinely-appointed gospel could command such disciples. A heavenly philosophy alone can account for the wide difference between this aged but self-helping mechanic, and the subjects of wickedness whose homes surrounded his own.

Though strikingly noble when found in so humble a person, this God-fearing self-reliance is equally attractive in youth, and is especially commendable when found in young women.

Near Saffron Hill there once lived an old couple, inhabiting a back room, and possessing a daughter who supported both herself and parents by boot-binding. To the girl the Christian visitor proved a welcome friend; for he taught her to read, besides imparting the truth of Christianity. The present article, therefore, may well plead the cause of those who find the present a difficult and bitter world. Numbers are hidden away in the rookeries of London who are more than merely poor. Their temporal circumstances are so extremely depressed that they only leave their miserable haunt, when favoured by darkness; and among such are women whose ceaseless toil does not provide a tolerable lodging, nor enough of the coarsest food properly to prolong existence.

Nevertheless, the rule has proved useful which discourages missionaries from dispensing temporal relief; confining themselves exclusively to spiritual affairs, there is no misapprehension on the part of the people as to the nature of the mission, and if the missionary be valued at all, he is valued for his work's sake. That he is prized and respected is seen in the fact of his sometimes becoming the recognised peace-maker of a district; for it is no unusual thing for these evangelists to relieve the burden of police magistrates by kindly interfering in family quarrels which would otherwise entail fines and imprisonment; and their awards have an advantage over those of legal courts, for they are mostly in unison with the sentiments of all concerned. Knowing them so well, the missionary makes full allowance for his poor constituents, who are encompassed with the many trials attending grinding poverty. "We have one friend we can look to, we must consult the missionary," one in perplexity will say! Another told a missionary himself; "I don't know whatever we should do, either for this world or the next, were it not for you."

But, while the visitor may not lapse into a mere alms-distributer, lest a high office should be affected by meaner things, he does, in urgent cases, necessarily supply food and stimulants; for, were they not assisted by some such helping hand, numbers would succumb to starvation. Take the following as an illustration. The household reside in Spitalfields. As a man of feeling, the visitor is deeply sensitive of their uncomplaining suffering; and, the more so, because of the family's anxiety to profit by the gospel message. Once, on hearing that the father continued unemployed, the missionary called specially to enquire of their welfare, and to gather accurate information as to the extent of their necessities. The home scene was indeed deplorable; but was one of a class to which the itinerant London philanthropist becomes too soon familiarised. Pinching, painful poverty was in full

possession. The weather being bitterly cold, the mother was confined to her bed through starvation; she, in common with others of the the family, having eaten nothing for two days, the last meal having consisted of potatoes. This suffering could be accounted for without quoting anything extraordinary. All sprung from what, for want of a better name, we call misfortune. No special failing could be detected, such as sloth, waste, or drunkenness. Regarded from a human stand-point, the conditionof the family was one of utter misery; but the wisdom they had learned was reflected in the anxiety manifested at the little prayer meeting for their souls' salvation. Their experience illustrated how the mission in its operations can interpose to relieve privation. A gentleman, hearing of the case, supplied sufficient capital for purchasing a loom; and this, added to the wife's industry in preparing articles for Rag-fair, brought a return of comparative plenty. No charity is more judicious than that which enables the poor to help themselves; and only they who will make an exertion deserve our sympathy. The truly deserving commonly refuse to show themselves begging in the streets, or at gentlemen's doors, with well-learned piteous tales and haggard faces. Properly to know want and misery you must seek them out in their own homes; for the suffering of noble natures is too shrinking to intrude itself upon public notice.

Another instance of the benefit springing from the mission to one who patiently endured the evils of poverty may also be narrated. In Spitalfields lived a man and woman of the lowest class. The man sunk in degradation, and, associating with the utterly depraved, acted in a cruel and cowardly manner to her whom he professed to protect. One of the children died of starvation, while its father was squandering money in riotous drinking. When this wretched fellow at length died in an hospital, his last words had reference to a chastisement reserved for the woman, on account of her expending a certain sixpence instead of yielding it to him, her master. When first found by the missionary, this poor victim was in a condition of extreme suffering—starving and shivering in the cold, and making up slop-shop garments, for which she received a pittance. But, meek and teachable, she listened to the gospel message, and truth reaching her heart, she soon possessed the good hope. Now, there are individuals in London who cannot hear of honest struggling against the tide of adversity without lending a helping hand; and, not unfrequently, the missionaries' superintendents thus prove themselves the true friends of their poor constituents. The woman referred to received what to her was a large loan—a sovereign, a capital which promised to make her happy for the remainder of life. The money was placed as security at the slop-shop; and joy overflowed in the now fortunate creature's heart, as she showed the receipt for the cash, and a bundle of work received in consequence of the deposit.

The patient enduring of children must not be omitted from this chapter. Children are the members of a family who chiefly suffer from habits of vice and improvidence in those above them; and, when unfortunate in their rearing, they too often in turn inherit their parents' degradation. According to our usual way of thinking, a more hopeless task could scarcely be undertaken than that of morally and spiritually

raising the ragged little creatures whose infant lessons of life have been learned in a drunkard's home. But, superficial observers do not elicit truth; and, while inexperienced in the work, any adverse opinions we may form are likely to be far removed from truth. "Seldom a week passes," a missionary once remarked, "but some youths are met with by me who were the first of our ragged-school children, who have risen up in life, and have become honest and industrious members of society." Not only is a general harvest of good results garnered by carrying the gospel to children, reward comes from unexpected quarters, and sometimes a truly royal nature surprises the visitor among our London rookeries.

The facts of the following striking history have been several times published.

In one of the horrible dens abounding in the byeways of London, was once discovered a lad who appeared to be endowed with many commendable qualities. The parents were hopeless slaves of gin, and paid little heed to anything in life beyond drinking and providing the means of gratifying their low propensities. Their home contained nothing of value, nor had it done so since the last available article was exchanged for drink. The household goods consisted of an old kettle, two cups and saucers, and a heap of shavings which served for a bed. The family numbered three sons and one daughter, and two of the former were undergoing a term of imprisonment. The third son, the hero of this narrative, as yet untouched by the law, came under the notice and influence of the district missionary, and on being taken to the ragged-school, evinced a surprising eagerness after knowledge for one of his station and associations. In study, as the teachers expected, this lad achieved a marked success; and, because ragged-school rewards are necessarily articles of utility, his first prize was a pair of shoes and a pair of stockings—the first articles of the kind he ever possessed. Though shoes and stockings are valued by the scholars, and are especially prized when bestowed as academic distinctions, they are not such indispensable adjuncts to civilisation as the over-fastidious may imagine. One day, when a freezing northerly wind was abroad, and when frost and snow lay upon the ground, the late prize-taker appeared in school with bare feet, and carrying what few would have voluntarily dispensed with on a cold morning, his shoes and stockings. In reply to some inquiring looks and words the little fellow explained: "You see, sir, my feet are all chilblains, I could not bear them on, and I would not leave them at home, because I should not be likely to see them again. Mother would take them to my uncle's and drink the money. You know, sir, mother would have drank me if I would go up the spout." That was a sad speech, sad in its truthfulness if we consider that the boy's case corresponded with a myriad of others, who, not so favourably endowed as he, are less easily raised from depths of moral degradation. The good effects of ragged-school teaching soon began to appear; for, on attaining to clearer views of right and wrong, the boy declared he would never do as his brothers had done. He would be honest, and eschew the experience of prison discipline. But, what an example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties did the lad present while mastering the school lessons under crushing social disadvantages. He

would leave the nakedness of home and enter the school-house pinched with hunger and cold; and his prospect on going home in the evening was misery and desolation. He was sheltered just like an animal, nothing more. While in this condition, as he industriously strove to master the subjects of study, a happy idea gladdened his heart. He would commence business on his own responsibility by devoting the evening hours to commercial pursuits; in other words, he resolved on engaging in trade as a lucifer match seller. Then a master difficulty arose—a perplexity not unknown to other would-be traders whose ambition exceeds their means. The young aspirant needed the necessary capital; and as, at the least, a sum of threepence was required, that consideration became both serious and baffling. Yet there appeared to be one possible way out of the dilemma. On proper representations being made, and acceptable personal security offered, the missionary might consent to lend the money; and, in this surmise the enterprising Arab showed himself no false prophet. Being now a competent capitalist, the lucifer match venture was boldly embarked in; and the first night's receipts showed a profit equal to the cash employed. This mode of living—studying by day, and selling matches by night, continued through two years, the pence gained each evening sufficing to supply his needs. "You know that I can always manage to make threepence, and sometimes more. I spend one penny for breakfast, another for dinner, and another for supper; that's better than my brothers did; and when I can read and write well I will get a situation." Scanty as were these resources, his sister, who also attended school, sometimes shared her brother's meals. Then came the day when all these patient endeavours were to be crowned with due reward. The scholar could read and write; and, thus prepared, he went abroad in the world to seek his fortune. Taking a place as errand boy, he rose from that lowly station into confidential servant. In the meantime, affairs at home reached a crisis. The mother sank into a drunkard's grave; and the shocking occurrence impressing the husband produced a short-lived reformation. He forsook the den which had sheltered him for years, and set up a comfortable home; but this promise was no more lasting than April sunshine. The craving for drink returned; home and furniture were sacrificed, and the daughter was even turned into the street. The fruits of ragged-school teaching were manifest when brother and sister, as respectable Christians, were now seen making their way through the world together.

As something akin to the above may be related the story of a little girl, who, born and reared in a yard inhabited by profligate and profane persons, learned to live a Christian life prior to being taken from the evil to come, at the age of eleven years. Though her mother was a swearer and a loose liver, the child progressed into a rejoicing believer by means of the missionary. It was commonly a delightful pastime of this young creature to follow her instructor from floor to floor to listen to the words spoken, and to join in the prayers offered; besides which, she would ask divers questions on faith, repentance, and kindred topics. She sent up to heaven many earnest petitions on the missionary's behalf, and ardently desired that the neighbours might become subjects of Christ. The hours immediately preceding dissolution

were employed in praying for all whom she knew, and with her last words she advised her mother: "Go to the missionary meeting, and leave off swearing, and prepare to meet me in heaven." Strongly does God denounce sin by raising up in sinful haunts this juvenile nobleness. Let us not forget that this little rose-bud was tenderly nurtured by the London City Mission.

They who cannot lighten it by substantial charity should at least yield a tribute of honour to this patient enduring of the poor of London. Many whom Providence calls to undergo the pains and penalties of poverty are chosen vessels of heaven; and it is some satisfaction to know that a Christian agency is abroad, but for which relief would sometimes come too late. The missionary is able to tell of women whose clothing, or want of clothing, preventing their attending ordinary public worship, have nevertheless appeared at his own meeting on piercingly cold winter evenings, with no warmer covering than a single cotton gown. In numbers of cases the missionaries have stepped up as deliverers where want seemed to be driving its subjects into the grave, the calamity not springing from wilful transgression. They can tell of little children worn to skeletons by being insufficiently nourished; and of a father, in a season of depression, leaving the room because unable to bear the cries of his starving family for a morsel of food. Considering the mission apart from the obligations of Christian charity, as mere social economists, it behoves us to strengthen the hands of those good Samaritans who relieve the pressure of anguish and poverty; for without such messengers of mercy the wastes of crime and wretchedness in London would be desolate indeed!

Yet, it is sad to reflect that, notwithstanding the many philanthropic schemes already in existence, persons may lie and die of starvation in this great and rich London. A missionary has even opened the door of a room only just in time to afford life restoring succour. A house in Spitalfields was once entered wherein, supported on chairs, lay a woman nigh unto death, the cause of her weakness being lack of food. By the side of the exhausted creature might have been seen the mission agent administering bread, brandy, and sugar. To the same agency, as a worthy subject, the woman was afterwards indirectly indebted for substantial relief.

But, in the wide world of London, there is another kind of patient enduring, differing from the cases mentioned by having its spring in former errors, while it is borne as a just retribution of youthful folly or of subsequent false steps in life. An afflicting instance of this kind occurred in the history of a cobbler living in the vicinity of Surrey Chapel. In early days he enjoyed a measure of prosperity, till contracting drinking habits the cupboard became bare, his clothes ragged, and temporal circumstances bad and still worse, until the man was discovered in the woeful condition to be described. His home was a half underground room, furnished with a few broken pieces of board, a chair, and a coffee kettle, besides a battered tea tray, serving as a stall whereon were exhibited the "translations," or cobbled boots and shoes, prepared for sale. Begrimed with smoke and dirt, the man appeared as though his skin were tanned to match the sombre filthiness of the den he

occupied. He had not slept in a bed for ten years, and during a great part of that time had worn no linen! His sleeping accommodation was an ordinary chair, in which he sat resting his head in his hand. Now, here was one sunk low in degradation; and, from information elicited, it appeared how keenly he realised the misery of his position. But he silently bore the stings of conscience, and, never speaking of them, desired neither to provoke sympathy nor to murmer at a hard lot; till the subject of his condition becoming a topic of conversation between himself and the missionary, he candidly confessed that what he suffered was a consequence of former mistakes. The claims of the gospel were urged upon him, and an invitation given to attend the prayer-meeting. The man, however, was in a deplorable state for want of clothes, and could scarcely appear at public worship without exciting attention; but when, in a suit begged by the visitor, he showed a better appearance, the cobbler manifested great delight, and occupied his place at church three times every Sabbath. Rejoicing now in improved circumstances, he still maintained that his troubles represented the divine judgment on sin. His transformation astonished all who knew its subject, and probably the subject also. "I used to be very diligent in the service of Satan," he said; "I think I ought to be much more so in the service of God."

To be old and friendless in a workhouse is supposed to be as forlorn a condition of life as any into which humanity can lapse. To destitution, and the humiliation of accepting parish bounty, add loss of sight, and the cup of misfortune would seem to overflow. Let the well-to-do, who are addicted to complaining of imaginary troubles, take to heart the following example:—In a certain workhouse lived an old lady called Blind Sally, whose worldly poverty was matched by her mental darkness. On being spoken to on the advisability of learning to read, she supposed the attainment to rank among impossibilities, but consented to make the trial. Being introduced to the system adopted by teachers of the blind—the guardians, meanwhile, making a grant of ten shillings for necessary materials—the old pauper's delight rose high when she could easily read "the Blessed Book," as she called the Bible. Her gratitude to the society whose agent brought the saving light also very visibly appeared. The workhouse changed into a very paradise, all burdens being relieved by the expectation of better things in future. Then came the last hours of mortality, and Blind Sally expressed her hope in the words, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Now, these examples are specimens selected almost at random from the crowded journals of the missionaries. How largely must such instances of patient endurance abound in each squalid district—*e.g.*, one like that of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, the incumbent of which, when examined before a Parliamentary Committee, not only stated he could not reside in his parish, and would not have accepted the cure had personal residence been made a condition, but that he could not raise five pounds by a house to house visitation among ten thousand people, while not more than half-a-dozen domestic servants were employed in the whole area! Such facts supply materials for answering the question, What is London? A fine and great city is the commonplace notion; but, of what are the lower strata composed? Why do

plague-spots like St. Giles's, and the worst parts of Whitechapel, still exist, not as places where outward decency has lapsed into desuetude, but where to the majority of the inhabitants it was never known? What must be the patient endurance of those respectably-reared persons whose hard lot it is to have to retreat into those neighbourhoods—haunts apparently abandoned to uncleanness and dishonesty, where the houses are nests of infamy, and the streets a convenient practising ground for sharpers and thieves?

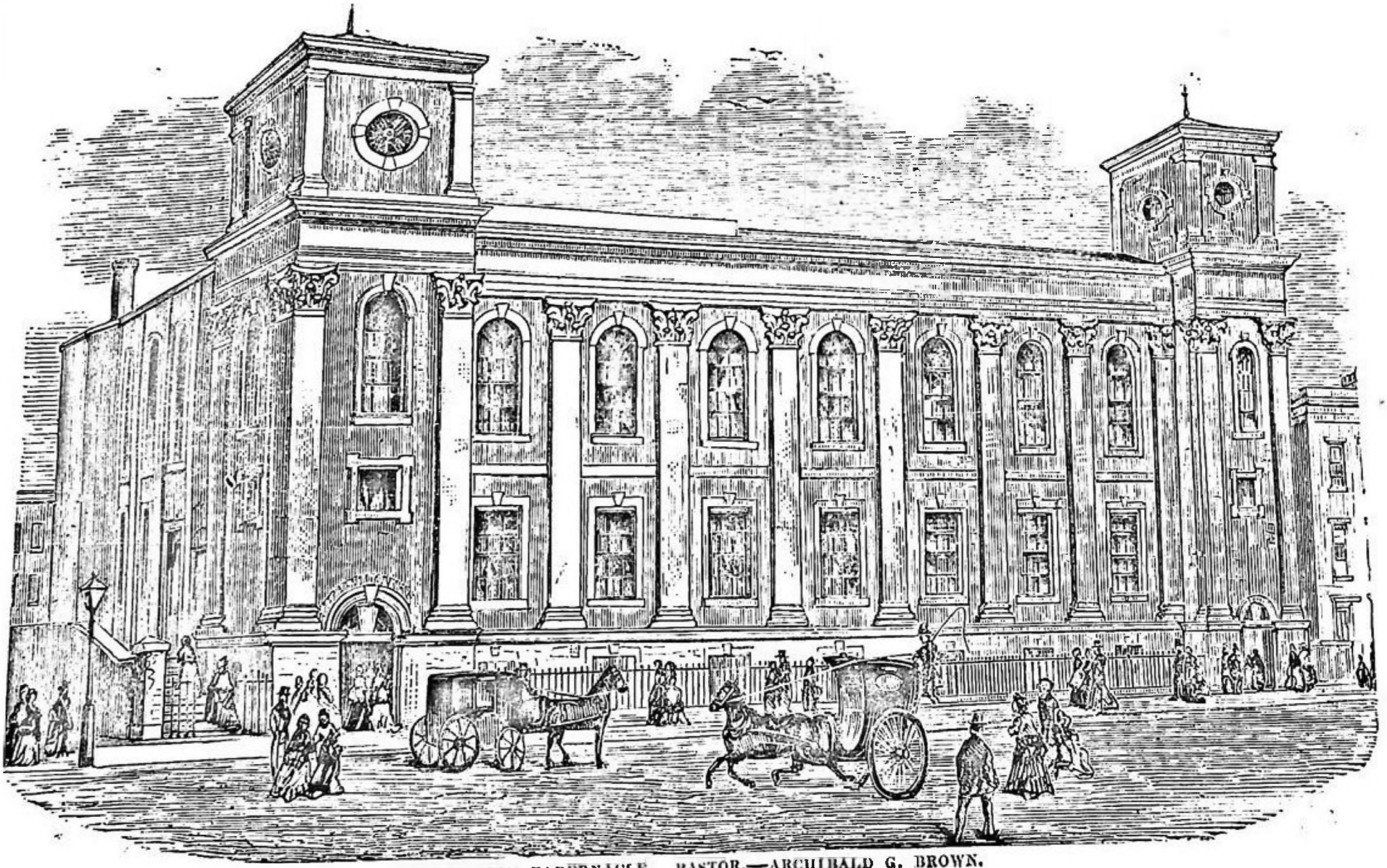
Regard the city missionaries, then, as high class social reformers. While we, from our comfortable stand-point, take in a general view of their operations, and pronounce the general harvest of the mission to be encouragingly gratifying, we need not forget that the obstacles encountered by individual visitors are often of a nature to cow stout hearts and depress persevering spirits. Some persons, though they bear up nobly amid misfortune, never ceasing to strive against the adverse current, still object even to a friendly recognition. Years ago one such was waited on, her home being situated in a murky lane in a depraved district. The house, begrimed with smoke, had probably in better days been a rendezvous where wit and fashion were entertained. Proceeding up the broad staircase, with its faded and shattered balusters, the missionary reached a door on the second floor. "Who's there?" When the door is partially opened, the question is quickly asked, "Have you any children you would like to send to a Sabbath-school?" "No! and now I'll thank you to go." "Have you the Word of God in your house," is still perseveringly enquired. "Yes, and now go about your business, and never come again." "Woman," exclaims the missionary, "I have a message to thee before I go: you have a soul that must shortly stand at the bar of God." This is well aimed. The woman is in trouble, and the mention of better things reminds her of happier scenes—the days of childhood and of youth. Instead of reviling, she bursts into tears, hangs down her head, and cries out, "I am not worthy to receive you under my roof. I am a great sinner." Here perseverance triumphed. Scripture was read and prayer offered; and not only was the woman herself benefited, but she sent two scholars to the Sunday-school. How much lighter must be the load of earthly care after so brave a surrender to righteousness: how strengthened must the toiling evangelist feel after so signal a conquest.

But, the scene varies. The path to success in Christian work does not always lie through difficulties making the heart sick and faint. Rebuff and insult do not always oppose the progress of good. Physical pain, poverty, and ignorance not unfrequently exist with a yearning after better things. At a certain door, a poor but not an ill-looking man is observed. "Will you take a tract, my good friend?" "If you please, sir," he replies. But listen! a slight noise issues from within, and it resembles a moan of pain. Can any be in suffering? Enter, and judge for yourself. On a scanty bed lies an emaciated woman, needing many comforts, and strong nourishment; but her condition is that of abject destitution. It is just the kind of picture in social life which brings an aching to the feeling heart. Then, see further: on the table lie a number of loose printed leaves—portions of the Book of Job, whose high example of God-trusting patience is bearing fruit in

this abode of misery. Poor man! He, too, unconsciously sets a noble example. Though too impoverished to purchase a Bible, he would, nevertheless, borrow these leaves; and, accordingly, it has been a Saturday evening custom of his to walk some distance, for the purpose of borrowing from one, as needy as himself, these precious fragments of the everlasting word.

But, there is yet another kind of patient enduring—the pain of Christian parents on account of renegade sons. In a low public house in one district, the rendezvous of thieves and loose characters, there lived a landlord, who, though seventy-three years of age, had a mother living in the country, a devout Christian, whose only anxiety was for the conversion of her child. "I am waiting, how is it with *you?*" the old lady would exclaim, whenever a meeting occurred between them. The publican, though tolerably well educated, seemed determined to sin against knowledge by committing many enormities. He would even carry the Bible into his taproom to revile its truths among the ribald company there assembled. But, he knew better, as all saw, when he was overtaken by a season of sickness. Two members of the family were taken, and while he himself lay prostrated by weakness, none ever evinced more joy than did he in ever welcoming the lately despised city missionary. He looked for repeated visits, and for repeated opportunities of prayer. When the light of conversion dawned, he determined on relinquishing the now hated business of tavern-keeping.

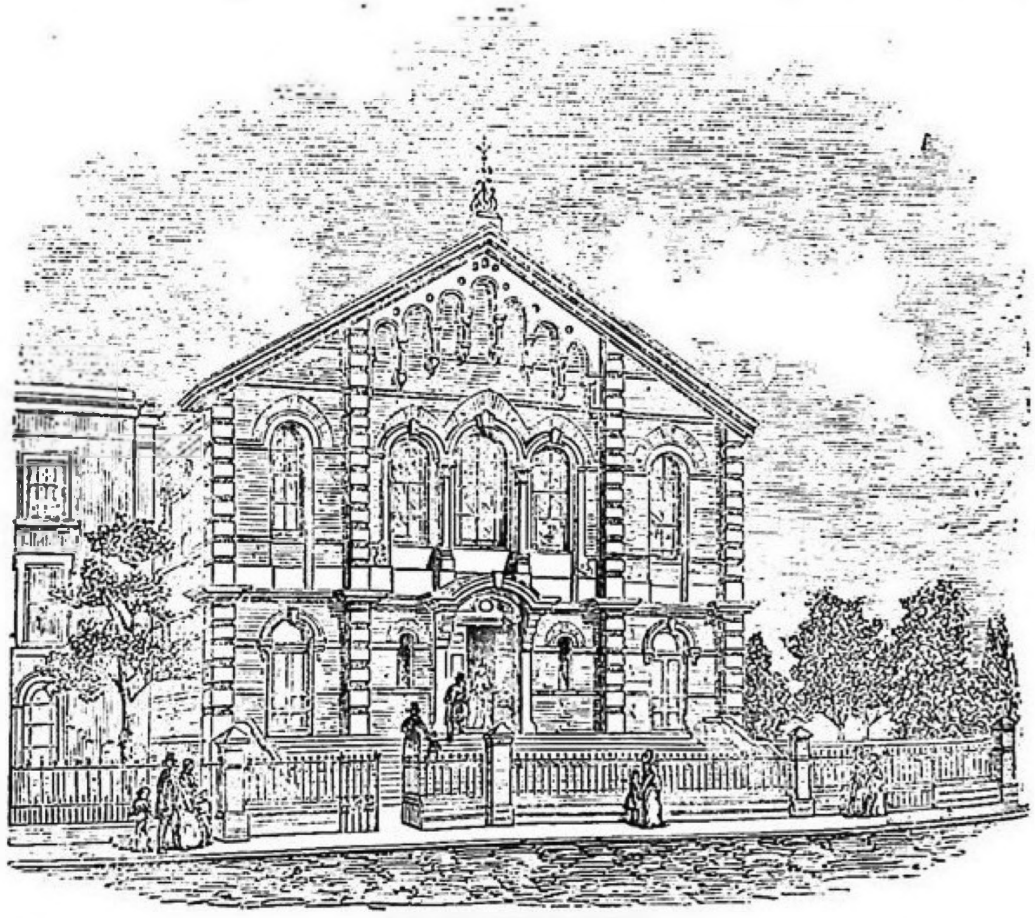
In conclusion, let the patient endurers of this chapter be contrasted with a singular instance of feminine *im*patience. A woman dreamed a dream which troubled her, and, being eager to possess the interpretation, she looked for satisfaction to the London City Missionary. In the vision she saw two men, dressed in black, who endeavoured to carry away her husband—a loose-living man and unfit to die. He evaded the grasp of the would-be captors, and, pointing to his wife, cried out, "Take her, *she* is ready." Then, straightway the messengers looked on her, and one, holding an open Bible, pointed to the words, "Thou shalt die and not live." Though no dreamer, and not usually attaching great importance to nocturnal imaginings, the missionary turned this rather striking occurrence into a medium for producing a deep impression for good. In the broad fields of Christian labour, all available material must be utilised. Thankful for what is good in itself, the worker must learn to draw telling lessons from every adventure. In this they show much readiness. We have heard one speak from a text, taken from the good conduct stripes on a soldier's arm, as the man has stood enjoying a pot of ale; from a growling dog in a tavern bar, or from the convivial wit of a set of garrulous Irishwomen out for "a spree" on Sunday night. A man who can do this will also minister to the sick in the spirit of the gospel—by instructing the ignorant in their hour of need, or by kneeling, with tearful eyes (as we have seen one do), by the bed of an ailing child in the bare garret of a Clerkenwell rookery.



EAST LONDON TABERNACLE. PASTOR.—ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

Notes of Progress.—Pastors' College.

NO brother among us has been more abundantly useful than Mr. Archibald Brown, of Stepney. He entered upon his London ministry in the chapel which we erected upon Stepney Green, but that admirable edifice was very soon far too strait for him. With much courage and faith in God, he started a project for a larger house, to hold 3,000 persons, and to cost £12,000. Steadily and perseveringly working on year after year, our beloved friend and his earnest people have at length accomplished their design. We ought to mention that Mr. Brown's father has given them very substantial assistance. Their building is a noble one. Plain, massive, immense, it is to the East of London what the Tabernacle is to the South, viz.: a sort of Dissenting cathedral, available not only for the worship of its own congregation, but for the gathering of the clans, when the various denominations need to hold great assemblies. If only the church in the East London Tabernacle had sprung from the College, we should feel that it had not existed in vain. The wood-block upon the other page is taken from an illustrated paper known by the somewhat remarkable name of *Zigzag*. Our dear friend, Mr. W. Higgs, built the chapel, and generously struck off £1,500 from the amount named as the cost, so that the debt remaining is comparatively small. Long may the vast area of that great house resound with the worship of crowding thousands. With a teeming population all around them, the friends of the Tabernacle for East London have before them a future of great responsibility, and we trust also of great usefulness.



GREENWICH CHAPEL.

MR. DAVIES, of Greenwich, was one of our earliest brethren, and he has stuck to his church without a single remove. Worshipping in the lecture hall of the Literary Institute, his way has been full of difficulties, and frequently matters

have threatened to end in failure. Nevertheless the work has never stayed, and conversions have never ceased. Despite its uncomfortable dwelling-place, the church has lived on, and the good time so long hoped for has come at last. Our promised aid of £250 remained year after year unclaimed, but in due season friends were raised up. Mr. John Olney and Mr. Huntley came forward to help the struggling pastor, and from that moment the way was clear. These gentlemen, without hesitation, undertook the responsibilities connected with building, and mainly through their splendid generosity the place is opened with but a trifling debt. Its school and class-room accommodation is beyond all praise; we do not know its superior in all London. The Greenwich church is at last housed, and we hope it has a prosperous career before it.

Since our writing this our brother has fallen asleep in Jesus. It is well for the Lord has done it, but it is beyond measure mysterious.

Comfort in the Dark Hour.

"THERE never was such affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital. "I don't think there ever was such a racking pain."

"Once," was faintly uttered from the next bed.

The first speaker paused for a moment; and then, in a still more impatient tone, resumed her complaint.

"Nobody knows what I pass through. Nobody ever suffered more pain."

"One," was again whispered from the same direction.

"I take it you mean yourself, poor soul! but"—

"Oh, not myself; not me," exclaimed the other; and her pale face flushed up to the very temples, as if some wrong had been offered, not to herself, but to another.

She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the mouth as if by pain. Yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear gray eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart-acquaintance with him who is "full of grace and truth."

"Oh, not myself! not me!" she repeated.

There was a short pause; and then the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly broke the midnight silence of the place.

"'And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head. . . . And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, they gave him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall. And they crucified him. . . . And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads. . . . And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, my God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'"

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night nurse rose from her chair by the fire and mechanically handed a cup of barley-water, flavoured with lemon-juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers.

"Thank you, nurse," said the last speaker. "They gave him gall for his meat; and in his thirst they gave him vinegar to drink."

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to toss restlessly from side to side. "But," added she, "talking about his sufferings can't mend ours—at least, not mine."

"But it lightens hers," said the nurse.

"I wonder how."

"Hush."

And the gentle voice again took up the strain:

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

The following day, as some ladies visiting the hospital passed by the cots, they handed to each a few fragrant flowers.

The gentle voice was again heard: "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith."

A few days passed slowly away, when, on a bright Sabbath morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and, leaning over her, she heard these words: "Going home, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.'"

Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment more and all was over; the soul had gone to dwell in that city where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

Reviews.

A Guide to the Evidences of Christianity, arranged in simple language for the use of teachers. Simpkin and Co. One Shilling.

If all boys at school were grounded in this or some similar treatise, one of the best safeguards against infidelity would be established. We do not agree with every expression in the present treatise, in some places we differ much, but we like it so well that we shall use it in the Stockwell Orphanage, and have all the senior boys made familiar with its arguments.

The Papal Garrison. William Hunt and Co.

The enthusiast who gives us this blast of Protestantism has much ground for sounding the alarm, but upon many subjects we differ very greatly from him. He wails over Mr. Miall's disestablishment resolution, and calls upon everybody to blush about it. We, on the other hand, rejoice in it, and only blush that such a resolution should not have been carried out at once. Political Protestantism would be all the better if it had judgment proportionate to its zeal.

The Sunday School Commentary. By Rev. Dr. Warren. Gospels and Acts. Hodder and Stoughton.

Useful as far as it goes, but too brief for much service. Teachers do not want too much, but still they need enough; and we do not think they will find it here. Dr. Warren's work will, however, be a valuable addition to a teacher's library.

Constantia's Household: a Story of the Spanish Reformation. By Emma Leslie. Sunday School Union.

Young people will read this story with great interest, and it will impress them with the folly of Popery, and the sweetness of gospel light. The book is tastefully got up, and the engravings are superior; it would make a very pretty present.

The Elder and His Work. By David Dickson. Edinburgh: Elliot and Maclaren. London: Nisbet and Co.

An earnest, practical little treatise on the elders' work. Every church officer should not only read, but follow Mr. Dickson's suggestions, and the churches would be greatly benefited.

Sermons. By the late Rev. PATRICK THOMSON, M.A. Edited, with a Brief Memoir, by J. R. THOMSON, M.A., of Tunbridge Wells. Hodder and Stoughton.

PLAIN sermons of a thoroughly evangelical kind. We cannot say that they are at all remarkable, but they are equal to the average of such productions.

Miss Herbert's Keys; or, Honesty in Little Things. Sunday School Union.

A CAPITAL book for servants, impressing upon them the value of scrupulous honesty in the very smallest matters.

Simple Records. By JOHN ASHWORTH, Author of "Strange Tales." Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MR. ASHWORTH has established a reputation by his "Strange Tales." These "Simple Records" are hardly up to the mark of the former work, but still they are striking and interesting.

Musical Jottings: Useful and Humourous. By JOSEPH PROUDMAN. W. M. Hutchings, 5, Bouverie Street.

MR. PROUDMAN is a great advocate and practitioner of the Tonic Sol Fa; in this little book he has written some very weighty things, and others of another kind. He is entitled to be heard upon a subject which has been a life-study with him. He certainly magnifies the office of a leader of singing far beyond our conception of its importance; but this is natural in one who writes and acts with enthusiasm in the matter of psalmody. We wish Mr. Proudman the utmost success in all his literary and musical labours. He writes in a lively, sprightly, earnest manner, and with his theme he is eminently well acquainted.

A True Life: a Sermon on the death of Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P. By Rev. E. MELLOR, D.D. Halifax. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN this sermon, affection embalms a beloved memory with the fragrant spices of truth and eloquence. The preacher feels the weight of his theme, and puts forth all his strength, not to flatter the departed, but to admonish the living by the good example which has passed before them. Those who know Mr. Mellor and his communications will not need that we commend him unto them.

Beads without a String: Brief Thoughts on Many Subjects. By S. W. PARTRIDGE. Partridge and Co.

SNATCHES of blank verse. Many of the beads are of glass, and some are of coral; there are also a few costly gems, and a number of wooden imitations. The collection might have been more select with considerable advantage; it contains many living sentences and mottoes which will be deservedly quoted, and, therefore, it is a pity to surround them with so many common-place observations. The book deserves our praise. Here are a few of the beads:—

"The springtide of the world comes slowly on,
Its winter tediously passes. Lord,
'How long, how long?' is still the watcher's cry,
As, musing on the prophecies, he looks
Out on the dark horizon. Ah, God's buds—
How long they take t' unfold."

"The great offender of the world is Truth,
So false and lying is it."

"School thy tongue:
A single right word may a lever be
To elevate some thoughtless listener
To a divine life."

"The bodily presence of true genius
Is always disappointing."

"Too many of our noblest, best resolves,
Having no roots of prayer, grow never up
To trees of purpose."

Earnest Exhortations on the most Important Subjects. By Rev. F. BOURDILLON. Religious Tract Society.

WE should suppose this volume to be a a collection of tracts, and very good ones too. Printed in fine large type and written in a popular style; these addresses are just the thing to give to aged cottagers.

The Sunday School Union publish a Series of bold texts in colours, which will charmingly decorate cottage walls. *Partridge and Co.* issue Pictorial Illustrations of equal excellence, at a very small rate. *The Religious Tract Society* issue a still more beautiful Series of chromos, which are really marvels in art at the price. These things of beauty will be joys to any homes where they are placed on the walls.

The Sign of the Cross and Objections to its Use. One Shilling per Dozen.

Very good and much needed.

The Temperance Bible Commentary, giving at one view, version, criticism and exposition in regard to all passages of Holy writ bearing on wine and strong drink. By F. R. Lees, Ph. D. and Dawson Burns, M.A. Partridge and Co.

An essential part of the equipment of a teetotal divine. We are not able to weigh all the learned arguments of the two intelligent editors, but we can see that they have done their very best for the cause which they so heartily advocate.

From Pole to Pole, being the History of Christian Missions in all Countries of the World. By Joseph Hassell. Nisbet and Co.

A bird's-eye view of the entire mission-field. Those who wish to know what is doing in all parts of the world, but have not the time to read many books, will here find all they need, judiciously epitomised, and carefully arranged.

Across the Ferry. First Impressions of America and its People. By Dr. Macaulay.

A book written in a genial Christian spirit. Not admiring without discrimination, or finding fault without reason! We confess to have learned more from it of what we really care to know, than from any other volume which has come under our notice. This is the book referred to in the article upon America, in our current number.

Poems. By James Snell. London: 51, Dorset-street, Manchester-square.

If the author has not been successful in his attempt at writing poetry, we attribute his failure to the following causes. First, in "The Bard's Lament," page 44, he says, "I am no genius." This confession disarms adverse criticism at once, and we might be disposed to pass no judgment upon the merits of the book. Then, in the second place, the author's "Invocation" appears only on the last page. Had the author, "who is no genius," and who did not invoke the aid of the muse till his work was done, succeeded in writing poetry, we should have placed him first in the list of poets.

The Sinner's Friend. Warren Hall and Co., Camden Town. Partridge and Co.

We are most happy to see a penny edition of this very simple but invaluable little book. This completes one million, nine hundred and twenty one thousands. God grant that every copy may be blessed to the conversion of a thousand.

A Saviour for you, a Word to every one. By S. M. Haughton. Partridge and Co.

This is another penny soul-winner, and it has reached a sale of one million, one hundred thousand. We may not be able to endorse every sentence of it, but it puts the gospel plainly, and hence the blessing which rests upon it.

Anecdotes of the Rev. George Whitefield. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. Hodder and Stoughton.

Will be very entertaining to persons who are not familiar with the life of the seraphic preacher; and even to those who are most versed therein it will not be without interest.

The Faith of Christ as exemplified in its Power by the Apostle Paul. By J. J. Skeet. (Partridge.) A gracious little treatise upon Philippians iii. Price, twopence. *Choice Stories: a packet of four reward books.* (Johnson, Hunter, & Co.) A packet which the youngsters will appreciate highly. The tales are very well told and have a right tone. *Paul Cuffee, the Black Hero.* (Wm. Oliphant & Co.) Rather too late in the day; the interest in the subject has well-nigh ceased, now that America has set her bondslaves free. *Filings of Gold.* (James Clarke and Co.) Very readable. More than usually abundant in metaphor and similitude. *An Earnest Question; or, why Baptize an Infant?* By Rev. A. M. Stalker. (Elliot, Stock.) Most conclusive against Pædobaptism. Should be prayerfully read by all Christians. It costs only one penny. *A Guide to our Vacant Churches.* By a Congregationalist. (Elliot, Stock.) We do not endorse all it contains; but still this "guide" shows a good deal of common sense and practical wisdom.

The Bible Student. Hodder & Stoughton. A PORTLY volume, containing 762 pages of Biblical exposition, and illustrative, historical, and biographical sketches; anecdotes, annotations, and answers to queries. It is just the book for Sunday school teachers, who will find ample material for their lessons; and, as it is issued in monthly parts, it is within the reach of those whose incomes are moderate, and who can only procure it in the serial form.

Memoranda.

Our Colportage Association, during the last two months, has started four new agencies, raising the whole number to twelve. The districts thus opened are Ross, Hayward's Heath, Guildford, and Nottingham: the last named being mainly supported by the contributions of the Elders' Bible Class. The accounts from all the districts are most encouraging, especially from Sheppey, where the Lord has been graciously pleased to own the labours of the colporteur to no less than thirty-six persons during the past six weeks. Will not the Lord's people enable us to extend the good work to other towns and villages?

Several contributions have been received towards *the Girls' Orphanage*, but after many trials we find that ground near the present institution is not procurable at present. This seems to be the voice of God saying, "wait." Moreover, the funds for the support of the boys have for some time been at so low a point, that we cannot but view the matter as a moot one as to whether the Lord means us to proceed further at present. We dare not abandon the project, and in fact should be very sorry to do so; but we cannot build in the air, nor can our children live upon the wind

We have just issued Vol. III. of the *Treasury of David*, and trust that our friends will not allow the edition to be long at the booksellers. This gigantic work is now one half accomplished, and by the blessing of God we shall not cease from toil until the remainder is complete. None but literary men can form any idea of the labour which has been expended upon these volumes. We have quoted more than five hundred authors in the last volume alone. The pith of all that has been written on the Psalms our readers will find here condensed, and in buying the volumes they are really purchasing a library. Of the first volume our publishers have sold nearly 4,000; of the second we have almost completed the sale of an edition of 2,500. This is very encouraging, but is not remunerative.

We signed the declaration that the Bible ought not to be excluded from the National Schools, and, when we did so, we thought that the names already upon the list were remarkably weighty ones; but the Birmingham League, which of course consists of all the talents, informs the world that the majority of the names are entirely unknown to the public, and the document has no authoritative character. The Birmingham secretaries are evidently men of great discernment, and take the measure of their opponents with remarkable precision and singular modesty. As to our own supposed change of views our reply is that, if we have changed, a man is none the worse for changing when he leaves an error for the truth; and that, secondly, we are not conscious of having made any change at all. We did object to Government teaching religion, and we do so still, but we never meant to have the Bible excluded from the reading of the school. We do not want any sectarian doctrines or ordinances taught, but we do wish the national law-book, the fountain of morality, the guide of life, to be read by all whose parents wish them to do so. If the Bible be excluded, the teacher will be unable to give an answer upon the simplest matter in morals without running the risk of quoting Scripture, and so of violating the principle of the school. We are, therefore, happy to have signed the declaration, and would do so again if necessary. The advertisement of the National Education League, dated May 20th, is discreditable to those issuing it, and we have our doubts as to its being a genuine document at all. It reads like a burlesque intended to caricature a combination of arrogance and Jesuitism, and we would acquit the League of both. The National Education League is, we hope, far too honourable to deny its own policy; and everybody knows that it asks for secular teaching only in the Public Elementary Schools.

We greatly deplore the sudden decease of one of our most earnest and useful brethren, Benjamin Davies, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Greenwich. He has been associated with us for fifteen years. He was already in the ministry when he entered our College in 1857. Since then he has been made very useful in conversions, and has toiled on at Greenwich with varying success

in the upbuilding of a church. At last, as we announced only last month, he succeeded in seeing a noble chapel erected, and the dream of his life seemed near its realisation. At the opening he said he felt ready to cry, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" and in peace he has departed. We were unable to be at the funeral, for we were very unwell, but the sorrowful crowd attested the general respect in which the departed was held. The act of Canon Miller in collecting a large sum for the widow reflects eternal honour upon his large-heartedness and Christian love.

We have received the following:—

A WISH REALISED.

To the Editor of the "Sword and Trowel."

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue, while reviewing a new work on Psalmody, you expressed a wish that tune books should be issued in separate parts. You also expressed your own love of the old tunes with fugues and repeats. I am happy to inform you that a comprehensive collection of tunes, *of every variety*, is in course of preparation, and will be issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin in weekly numbers, containing on an average eight tunes, in the old and new notations; the old in open and short score, at one penny per number. It is intended by this scheme to give an opportunity for the selection of approved tunes only, either to form a book, to be localised by any congregation, or to form a supplement to any existing book. In this way it is felt a very general want will be met, and congregations will be relieved of a difficulty which is always experienced whenever the necessity arises for introducing a new book, or enlarging an old one. I enclose a specimen page,

And remain, yours, etc.,
THE EDITOR OF "OUR OWN TUNE BOOK."

Charlotte Street Chapel, Edinburgh.—Farewell services of the most affecting nature, in connection with the departure of Mr. C. Bunning for Australia, were held last Lord's-day, and on the Monday evening following. The farewell discourses were preached to crowded and tearful audiences; and at the soirée on Monday evening John Anderson, Esq., presented to Mr. Bunning, in the name of the church, a purse containing fifty guineas. Letters from ministers and friends of all denominations have come in, expressing love and sympathy for both pastor and people. Most affecting addresses were given on Monday evening by Messrs. Samuel Newman, W. Tulloch, F. Johnstone, J. C. Antliff, Hugh Anderson (late of Bratton), John Simpson, and by James Douglas, Esq. (of Cavers), and Mr. John Walcot. Mr. Bunning leaves Edinburgh with the warmest love of all who know him, embracing a very large number of Christians in all the churches.

We are glad to hear that the church at Mursley, Bucks, has united with that at Winslow. This is wisdom. Many of our poor, dying Baptist churches would find it to be their salvation to follow this example. All through the country, among the small villages, the Wesleyan district method ought to be practised. We shall never evangelise the rural districts upon the independent system, unless it be modified by the principle of association.

Mr. Harrald has now settled at Shoreham. The wooden shed in which his congregation now worships is quite unfit for an assembly in the heat of summer. Our friends deserve every assistance in their work of building a place of worship.

Before these Memoranda close we beg to acknowledge the goodness of God in leading some unknown donor to send us a Bank of England note for £100. It must have been posted at the very time we were writing the paragraph entitled "*A Sequel.*" It has carried us on right joyously. We acknowledge it very thankfully. The number is M/8 06076, 25th Jan., 1872.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—May 2nd, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
D. P.	5	0	0
S. N.	0	1	0
John xvii. 20, 21	7	0	0
G. J. R.	0	10	6
Mr. W. Oliver	10	10	0
Mr. J. Kemp Welch	50	0	0
J. S.	100	0	0
Mr. R. Priest	5	5	0
Mr. E. W. Davis	10	0	0
Mr. J. Lansdale	1	0	0
J. A.	2	2	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
E. G.	1	0	0
Per Rev. J. C. Forth	0	5	0
Mrs. Knight	0	16	7
Mr. Humphreys	10	0	0
W. M.	0	2	6
A friend, per Rev. G. T. Ennals ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	7	6
Miss Pavey	1	0	0
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Maryport	0	10	0
Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Lillah	1	0	0
Stonycroft	5	0	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0
Mr. G. L. Miller	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Fitch	1	1	0
Miss Pringle, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	1	0	0
A Friend, Liverpool	2	0	0
Mrs. Clayton	15	0	0
From Old Friends	3	3	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	10	0
Mr. Colls	5	0	0
Mr. D. Rees	0	5	0
Mrs. Perrott	1	1	0
Mr. Neal	2	2	0
Mr. E. Burkitt	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	10	10	0
Miss Downing	2	2	0
Mr. Venables	5	5	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. Philcox	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	5	0	0
Miss Jessie Congreve	1	1	0
Miss Annie Congreve	1	1	0
Mr. Pickworth	5	0	0
Mr. Frearson	5	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mrs. B. G. O. Adam	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips ...	3	15	0
Collection at Battersea Park Chapel, per Rev. W. J. Mayers	7	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., April 21	20	11	1
" " " " 28.	36	7	0
" " " May 5.	31	8	5
" " " " 12.	36	7	0
" " " " 19.	31	8	5
	£616	2	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th to May 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Self and Friend	0	12	0
A Widow's Mite	0	2	0
Bickley	0	2	0
A Servant	0	1	0
A. B. and S. E. L.	1	0	0
A Friend in Cwiff	0	2	6
E. G.	1	0	0
P. O. O. (Borough)	0	15	0
S. H. (St. Leonard's)	1	15	0
Mrs. Harris	0	12	6
A Sermon Reader (Hull)...	0	4	0
Mr. T. Souter	0	2	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mr. R. T. Thomas	0	5	0
Mrs. McLaren	0	10	6
An Invalid	0	10	6
W. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. Wheeler	2	0	0
A Disciple	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. T. Ennals ...	1	0	0
Per Rev. E. Blewitt :—			
Mr. Fowler 1 0 0			
Mr. Hayward 0 10 0			
	1	10	0
Silver Wedding	0	10	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	7	6
Miss Thompson	1	0	0
Master Horace Johnson	0	6	0
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
The late Mrs. Eglinton, of Liverpool, per Mr. Collingwood	10	0	0
A. and E. Turnbull	0	10	0
Stonefield Free Church Mission Sunday School	1	0	0
W. A. B.	0	15	0
Mrs. Goddard	2	0	6
A well wisher	0	1	0
Percy	0	10	0
Amy	0	10	0
Harry	0	10	0
Freddy	0	10	0
Walter	0	10	0
J. C.	1	0	0
Tasmania	5	0	0
Mr. Foster	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. C. Lewis	5	5	0
A Reader of Sermons (Dumfries) ...	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	3	6
Janet Barclay and Friend	0	5	0
Stoneycroft	5	0	0
E. D.	0	2	6
T. P.	1	0	0
A Friend (Ryde)	1	1	0
Mr. G. Moore	100	0	0
Mrs. Spurgeon, to keep the boys one day	10	0	0
Mr. Spurgeon " " "	10	0	0
John Ploughman's Almanack	20	0	
Mr. C. Bate	1	0	
Mr. R. Bate and Children...	2	10	
Mr. G. L. Miller	0	5	
Mr. Lockhart	20	0	
Mr. J. Harvey	21	0	
Mrs. Sisman	0	15	
Mr. J. Temple	1	1	0
Mr. John Strachan	10	10	0
Miss Pringle, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	1	0	0
Dr. McGill	2	2	0
A Friend (Liverpool)	2	0	0
Miss Wilson	4	0	0
Miss Buttery	0	5	0
Rev. H. Smythe	0	10	0
Mr. E. W. Davis	5	0	0
Mrs. Clayton	15	0	0
Mrs. Spedding	1	0	0
C. L.	0	5	0
Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. W. Norris	1	0	0
R. and E. (York)	0	6	0
Mr. Rawlings	0	10	0
Miss Bowden	0	5	0
Mr. Tasker	0	5	0
Mrs. Webb, per Mr. W. G. Macgregor...	1	1	0
Mrs. Nash	0	10	0
J. L. K.	1	0	0
Mrs. Berry	0	3	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	6	0
Mr. George Faulkner	0	10	0
Mr. Verdan	0	10	0
Dr. Tyng	4	0	0
A Sister in Christ	0	2	0
Mr. Hawkins	0	10	0
Z. Z.	0	10	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	8	3
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Messrs. Bennecke, Brothers	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Gregory	1	0	0
Mrs. Gregory	0	10	0
The Baroness Rothschild	2	2	0
Mrs. Mortlock	1	1	0
Rev. W. H. Payne	0	10	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. Mason 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Edwards 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
	£311	19	10

Lists of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; Parcel of Sago, Anon.; 28lbs. Bacon, Mrs. Baker.

Clothing:—4 Cotton Shirts, per L. P. D C.; 12 Pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Clayton; 8 Ditto, Mrs. Chambers; Some Remnants of Cloth, Anon.

For Sale Room:—A Small Parcel, Mrs. Chambers; Ditto, Miss Clayton; Ditto Mrs. Davies; a Silk embroidered Apron, A Friend.

For Boys' Library and School:—12 Copies Guide to Literature, 12 Ditto Christian Evidences, Mr. R. A. Ward; A few Old Books, C. E. M.

Sundries:—A Quantity of Rhubarb, Mr. Murrell; A Supply of Glass for Windows, Mr. Harverson; A Set of Cricket Materials, A Visitor.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions:—			
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon (Quarterly) ...	7	10	0
Ditto " for Haroldwood ...	10	0	0
Elders Bible Class	5	0	0
Donations:—			
G. G.	0	10	6
Maryport	0	2	6
Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Readers of "The Christian"	0	5	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
	£26	8	0

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 75, Oakley Road, Islington, thankfully acknowledges the following, received from February 20th to April 22nd, 1872.

BUILDING FUND.

Mr. Hollon promises £50, if nine others will give the same amount.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Briant	5	0	0
Mr. E. Matthews	0	10	0
Mrs. Caffin	2	0	0
Rev. G. R. Thornton	3	3	0
Miss M. Langton	5	0	0
Mrs. Fenwick	1	1	0
"A Thanksgiving Offering"	5	0	0
H. Welch, Esq.	5	0	0
Miss E. Wright	0	10	0
Miss Higham	0	5	0

GENERAL FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Lady C. Howard	5	0	0
Lady A. R. Jebb	1	0	0
Miss Edmondson	0	5	0
M. A. B.	0	4	0
A. M....	0	2	0
Miss Layton	1	0	0
Mr. G. Holmes	1	0	0
M. Benzies...	0	4	0
The Misses Bassett	1	0	0
Miss Jeffery...	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Cowell	0	10	6
Mrs. W. Todd	1	0	0
Miss A. S. Wilson	1	0	0
Miss M. Vickress	1	5	0
Miss Wainforth	0	2	6
Mrs. Garratt	0	2	6
Mr. P. Lamont	0	15	8
"Lilian"	0	5	0
Z., per G. E. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Lillycrop and Friends	0	14	0
"Harry"	1	4	6
Miss Coles	0	3	0
Mr. E. Wilkins and Friends	0	8	6
Mrs. Medwin	0	10	0
Friends at Newton	1	0	0
Mr. Bennett...	0	5	0
Miss Ripley...	0	2	6
Miss E. Wright	6	10	0
Mrs. Stark	2	0	0
Mrs. Booth and Friend	1	10	0
Mr. W. O. Grossmith	0	10	0
Parson's Hill Sunday School	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smith	0	5	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
Mr. R. W. Hollon	5	0	0
Mrs. Hollon	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	1	14	0
Miss Whitridge	1	0	0
Mrs. Williams	5	0	0
Mrs. Batten	0	5	0
Rev. S. B. Sloman	1	1	0
Mr. Broughton	0	5	0
Mr. J. L. Plumbridge	5	0	0
J. Lemingdine	6	0	0
Lady T. H. C.	1	0	0
H. Hawley, Esq.	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Clark	0	10	0
Mr. H. Hill, Junior	1	0	0
The Misses Johnson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Miss Charrington	1	0	0
Miss A. S. Wilson...	1	0	0
J. O. C. Sargent, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. W. Stansfield	1	0	0
Mr. J. Broughton	0	5	0
Mrs. W. D. Longfield	0	10	0
Mr. F. Mitchell	0	5	0
E. S.	0	2	6
A Friend to the Cause, in Cornwall ...	2	0	0
Rev. J. Phillips (and a parcel)	0	5	0
Mrs. Dowling's Bible Class	0	4	0
J. Bethune, Esq.	2	0	0

For Barrow Club.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Courtney	5	5	0
Miss Agnes White	10	0	0
Mrs. Fentiman	1	1	0
M. A. M.	1	1	0
Mrs. Crane	0	5	0
Miss Banks	0	2	6
Mr. Garton	0	5	0
Mr. Mallett	0	10	0
Miss Ostler	0	2	6
Mr. T. Vickress	1	1	0
Mr. H. Welch	5	0	0

Parcels of Clothes and Books from Miss Edmondson, the Misses Dawson, Mrs. Means, Miss Layton, Mrs. Mellicott, Mr. Wilkins, Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Lee, and Mr. Smith.

P.S.—A gold locket received from "Louisa;"—for what purpose?

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY 1, 1872.

A Sermon on a Grand Old Text.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."—1 Timothy i. 15.

YOU will observe that Paul wrote this verse immediately after he had given a little outline of his own personal history. He had, he said, been a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious; and then he added this priceless gospel verse, as if he inferred it from God's grace to him, as well as received it by inspiration. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." It was an experimental text then—one which the apostle fetched out of the deeps of his own soul, as divers bring pearls from the ocean bed. He dipped his pen into his own heart when he wrote these words. No preaching or teaching can equal that which is experimental. If we would impress the gospel upon others, we must have first received it ourselves. Vainly do you attempt to guide a child in the pathway which you have never trodden, or to speak to adults of benefits of grace which you have never enjoyed. Happy is

* Our one aim and object in conducting this Magazine is the glory of God in the saving of sinners, the building up of his church, and the slaying of error. We insert details of good works in order to stimulate workers for Jesus, but we feel that the Magazine must also itself aim at conversions. To that end, we insert this Sermon, as well as other articles of like character. Will the unconverted reader peruse it prayerfully, and the Christian pray over it? It will be issued separately for distribution.

that preacher who can truly say he speaks what he doth know, and testifies what he hath seen. The testimony of Paul is peculiarly forcible, because he was a very straight-forward man. Before his conversion, he was second to none in opposing the gospel. He was a downright man who never did anything by halves. As the old Saxon proverb puts it, "It was neck or nothing with him." He threw his whole nature into anything which he espoused; and it must have been indeed a mighty inward force which led him to speed forward so eagerly in the directly opposite way to that which he had pursued with enthusiasm throughout the early part of his life. He was an honest man—a man to whom it was impossible either to lie or to be neutral; he was truthful, sincere, outspoken, wearing his heart upon his sleeve, and carrying his soul in his open hand. When we hear him say as the outcome of his own personal experience that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, we may be sure that he believed it with his whole being, and we may receive his testimony as one which he lived to prove, and died to seal with his blood. Never had a fact a better witness, he lost all for its sake, and counted that loss his greatest gain. Hear ye his words, for he speaks to you from the ground which received his blood: his blood speaketh better things than that of Abel, and it cries with a voice not less loud and clear.

The text, as we find it, is like a picture surrounded with a goodly border. We sometimes see paintings of the old masters in which the bordering is as full of art as the picture itself, we might safely say as much of our text. We will look at *its framework* first; here it is: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation." When we have carefully considered that, we will study *the great masterpiece itself*, meditating upon the matchless saying—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." When we have noticed the preface and the saying, you will then allow me to preach *a short sermon upon it.*

I. First, then, THE FRAMEWORK. Paul says, "*it is a saying.*" When we declare a sentence to be a saying we mean that it is commonly spoken, and usually said, so that everybody knows it, it is town talk, "familiar in our mouths as household words." Those who like harder words explain that this is an axiom—a Christian axiom—a self-evident truth, a thing which nobody doubts who is a Christian at all; but, I will keep to our own version, and add that I greatly wish that our text were more truly a saying among all Christian people at this day. That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, is a truth which we all believe, but do we all talk about it so frequently as to make it in very deed a saying? Do you think that our servants who have lived for months in our houses would in their gossips say: "It was one of my Master's sayings, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners"? I will even ask: Do you think that, if a person attended our places of worship for years he would be able conscientiously to say: "Why, it was our minister's ordinary saying, it was quite a proverb with him, he was always repeating that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners"? Yet a sentence cannot be called "a saying" until it is often said. It does not get into the category of sayings, and is not called by that name unless it is a matter of ordinary common talk. I gather, then,

from this, that Christian people ought to talk more about the gospel than they do, and a great deal more about that primary and elementary truth of the gospel, the coming of Jesus Christ into the world to save the guilty. Believers ought so often to speak of it, that it should be currently reported amongst even ungodly people, as one of our phrases and stock speeches. I should like them to be able to taunt us with it as a main part of our conversation: it would even be a good sign if they complained that we wearied them with it. Let them say, "Why, they are always harping on that string; even their children lisp it, their young men boast of it, and their matrons and their sires affirm it, and add their solemn seal thereunto, as if it were the sheet-anchor of their lives." O ye who know the wondrous story, talk ye of the gospel by the way; talk of it when ye sit in your houses; speak of it at your work; tell it to those who pass you in the street or in the fields. Make the world hear it, make society ring with it. If there be a new saying, though it be but a jest, men report it, and every newspaper finds a corner for it; are we to be silent about this oldest and yet newest saying? Men rejoice in *bon mots*, and yet this is the best of words. We have the really good news: let us publish it. Let us popularise the gospel, and compel men to know it. If before some men we are less communicative upon the more mysterious truths, because we fear to cast pearls before swine, yet let this simple truth, since Scripture calls it "a saying," be spoken again and again and again till it shall be confessed to be a common word among us.

Now Paul did not merely write "it is a saying," but "*it is a faithful saying*," a saying worthy of faith, a saying full of truth, a saying about which no doubts may be entertained, a sure and certain saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Many sayings in the world had been much better left unsaid. There are proverbs which pass current amongst us as gold which are spurious metal, and no man can tell the mischief which an untruthful proverb may work; but, this is a saying fraught with unmingled benefit, it is pure truth, a leaf of the tree of life sent for the healing of the nations. Some matters which were important years ago are now worn out. Times have changed and circumstances have altered, and things are not now what they were to our forefathers; but, this is a faithful saying because it is as practically true to-day as when, eighteen hundred years ago, the apostle wrote it to the beloved Timothy. This is still a saying full of blessing to the nations that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Like the sun it shines with the same golden light as in the ages past, and, blessed be God, it will still shine when you and I have gone to our rest; and, if this crazy world holds out another thousand years, or even fifty thousand, the light of the gospel will not have grown dim. This coin of heaven will not have lost its image or its superscription when time shall be no more: it is of God's minting and will outlast the world. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Ah, you heard it when you were a boy and you did not think much of it. Your years are now many, and your life has almost run its course, and you are still unsaved; but, thank God now, in your old age, we have the same truth to tell to you, though you rejected it in your

boyhood, and it is quite as certain now as then that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. To the eleventh hour this precious sentence abideth sure. May none of you despise it or doubt it, but may each one of you prove it to be God's own word of salvation.

Our apostle, however, adds yet another word; "*it is worthy of all acceptation.*" I think he meant two things. It is worthy of all the acceptation anyone can give it; and, it is worthy of the acceptation of all men. Some sayings are not worth accepting: the sooner you have done with them and forgotten them the better for you; but, this saying you may receive as truth, and having received it as truth to other men, it will be a happy circumstance if you receive it as truth to yourself; for it will be a blessed day to you when you appropriate it as your own. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." If I, feeling myself a sinner, infer that Jesus came to save me, I may without any fear rest assured that I am accepting a truth, for, believing in Jesus, I may safely rejoice that he came to save *me*. You may receive this truth not only into the ear—it is worthy of that acceptation, or into the memory—it is worthy of that acceptation; but you may receive it into your inmost heart—it is worthiest of all of that acceptation; and, receiving it, you may lay upon it all the stress of your soul's interests for the past, the present, and the future, for time and for eternity; you may accept it as being the mainstay, the prop and pillar of your confidence; for it is worthy of all the acceptation that you or any other man can possibly give to it.

It is worthy, we have said, of the acceptation of all mankind. The richest, the greatest, the most learned, the most innocent, the most pure—speaking after the manner of men—these may accept it; it is worthy of their acceptation. In the sight of God they still are guilty, and need that Christ should save them. And, on the other hand, the lowest, the most ignorant, the most grovelling, depraved, debauched, abandoned, helpless, hopeless, lost, castaways may receive it, for it is true to them, emphatically to them; for Jesus Christ came into the world to save just such offenders as they are. If I stood in Cheapside to-morrow, and any man out of the crowd should come to me, and say, "Is that sentence, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners' worth my believing and accepting?" I should not hesitate, but without knowing who spoke to me, I should reply, "Yes." If he stopped his carriage and came to me, or if he took his hand off the costermonger's barrow, or left his shoe-blacking box, or came with his rags about him, or if he had escaped from the prison omnibus, it would not matter who he was, we might safely assure him that this saying is worthy of his acceptation. It is not a stoop for a king or a saint to receive it, and yet it meets the level of the poorest and the worst of characters. It is worthy of everybody's acceptance. Beloved friends, no one can ever rightly accuse us of making too much of the gospel. However earnest we may be, we can never be too earnest, and, however diligent to spread it, we can never be too diligent; for it is a gospel worthy of every man's acceptance, and, therefore, worthy of every Christian's publication. Spread it; let the winds bear it; let every wave proclaim it; write it everywhere, that every eye may see it; sound it in all places, that every ear may hear it. Simple are the words, and to some men their meaning is despised as

almost childish, but it is the great power of God. "A mere platitude," they say, yet it is a platitude which has made heaven ring with sacred mirth; a platitude which will make earth's deserts blossom like a rose; a platitude which has turned many a man's hell into heaven, and his densest darkness into the brightness of glory. Ring out that note again, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; it is worthy of angelic trumpets, it is worthy of the orator's loftiest speech, and of the philosopher's profoundest thought. It is worthy of every Christian's publication, as surely as it is of the acceptance of every human being. God help us never to undervalue it, but to prize it beyond all price. There is the frame of the picture; the basket of silver which holds the apples of gold.

II. Our meditation now turns to THE SAYING ITSELF. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Very briefly and simply I will open up this passage as if none of us had hitherto understood it. May the Holy Ghost instruct us.

Here is, first, *a person coming*—a divine person—Christ Jesus the anointed Saviour. The Son of God, the second person of the ever-blessed Trinity, became the Saviour of sinners. Very God of very God was he. He created the earth, and upon his shoulders the pillars thereof still lean. Yes, he who was personally offended by human sin; he, himself, deigned to become the Saviour of men. Weigh this and marvel and adore!

Next, you have *the deed he did*—he "came into the world." He was born a babe in Bethlehem—it was thus he came into the world. The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. Thirty years and more he lived in the world, sharing to the full its poverty and toil. He was a working man, he wore the common garb of labour, he wrought, he hungered, he thirsted, he was sick, he was weary; he, in all these senses, came into the world and became a man among men; bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. As it was a sinful world, he was vexed with the transgressions of those about him; as it was a suffering world, he bore our sickness; as it was a dying world, he died; and, as it was a guilty world, he died the death of the guilty, suffering in their stead the wrath of God. He was crucified for sinners,

> "Bearing, that they might never bear,
> His Father's righteous ire."

He came into the world most practically and emphatically, not lingering upon its verge, or viewing it from an elevation, but mingling with its masses; receiving publicans and sinners and eating with them. His divine nature was closely joined with our humanity, and as a man, yet God, he was numbered with transgressors, and died for human sin.

Mark well *the object for which he came*—he came to save. He came into this world because men were lost, that he might find them and save them. They were guilty—he saved them by putting himself into their place, and bearing the consequences of their guilt. They were foul—he saved them by coming into the world and giving his Holy Spirit, through whose agency they might be made new creatures, and so might have pure and holy desires, and escape the corruption which is in the world through lust. He came to

sinners, to take them just where they are at hell's dark door, to cleanse them in his precious blood, and fit them to dwell with himself in eternal glory, as saved souls for ever. This is all wonderful. Angels marvel at it, so may we; but the most wonderful fact of all is that he came into the world to save *sinners*, not the righteous but the ungodly. Remember his own words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The physician comes to heal the sick; the Saviour comes to save the lost. To attempt to save those who are not lost would be a ridiculous superfluity: to die to pardon those who are not guilty would be a gross absurdity. It is a work of supererogation to set free those who are not in bonds. Christ came not to perform an unnecessary deed. If you are not guilty, the Saviour will not save you. If you are not a sinner, you have no part in Christ. If you can say, "I have kept the law from my youth up, and am not a transgressor," then we have no gospel blessings to set before you; if you were blind the Lord Jesus would open your eyes, but as you say, "we see," your sin remaineth. If you be guilty, the text is full of comfort to you, it drops with honey like a honeycomb—"Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*."

Lest there should be any mistake, Paul added these words—"of whom I am chief," or, "of whom I am first;" and Calvin warns us against supposing that the apostle laboured under a mistake or uttered an exaggeration. Paul was an inspired man writing inspired Scripture, and he spoke the truth. He was, in some respects, the chief of sinners. He went very very far into sin. It is true he did it ignorantly in unbelief; but, then, unbelief is, in itself, the greatest of all sins. It is an atrocious thing for a man to be an unbeliever—it is a damning sin,—what if I say *the* damning sin? We have heard of a man who had committed a violent assault, who, before the magistrate, pleaded that he was drunk. Now, it is sometimes the case that magistrates admit this as an extenuating circumstance; but the magistrate on that occasion was a sensible man, and, therefore, he said, "Very well, then, I give you a month for the assault, and I fine you forty shillings for being drunk; that is another offence, and it cannot diminish your guilt." So with unbelief. Though from one point of view it might be looked upon as a mitigating circumstance, yet from another it is really an increase of sin, and Paul regarded it as such; and, therefore, he believed himself to be the chief of sinners. Yet, he declares that Christ Jesus came to save him. Now, if a great creature can pass through a certain door, a less creature can; if a bridge is strong enough to carry an elephant it will certainly bear a mouse; if the greatest sinner that ever lived has entered into heaven by the bridge of the atoning sacrifice, no man that ever lived may say: "My sin is past forgiveness." To-day no mortal has a just pretence to perish in despair. Some continue to despair but they have no ground for such a feeling, for this is the good news which is preached to you, that Jesus Christ has come to call the guilty, the lost, and the ruined to himself, and save the vilest of them with a great salvation. Thus we have looked at the setting of the text, and at the text itself.

III. Now for A BRIEF SERMON upon it. Our short homily shall begin with *the doctrine of the text;* and we will handle it negatively.

Notice that our text does not say that Jesus Christ has come to compliment, to encourage, and to foster the independent spirit of righteous men. It is not written that he is come to tell us that human nature is not so bad as some think it to be, or that he has come to commend those who are self-reliant and intend to fight their own way to heaven. Here is not a word of the kind; and, what is more, there is not a word like it in the entire Book of God. There is no encouragement in Holy Scripture to the man who depends upon himself for salvation, or who imagines or conceives that eternal life can spring out of his own loins, or can be wrought out by anything that he can do: and yet our human nature loves to do something to save itself. I don't know that I ever felt my blood boil so with indignation, nor my heart melt so much with pity as when I went to see the Sancta Scala, at Rome, the holy staircase down which our Lord is said to have been brought by Pilate. On those very stairs Martin Luther was crawling on his knees, trying to find pardon for his sins, when the text came to him, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God." I stood at the foot of those marble stairs. They are very high, and they are covered with wood lest the knees of the faithful should wear them out, and this wood has been worn away three different times by the kneelers. I saw men, and women, and children—little children too, and aged women, going up from step to step upon their knees to find their way to heaven. On the first step there is a little hole in the wood so that the worshippers may kiss the marble, and they all kissed it, and touched it with their foreheads; the middle and top step are favoured in the same manner. It was an awful reflection to me to think that those poor creatures really believed that every step their knees knelt on there were so many days less of purgatory for them; that every time they went up the stairs there were so many hundreds of days of deliverance from the punishment of their sins. Oh, if they could but have understood this text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," that men are not saved by crawling on their hands and knees, or by penances and self-inflicted misery—what a blessing it would have been to them, and how they would have turned with scorn from these infamous impostures with which priests seek to mislead and destroy the souls of men. No, the Scripture does not say that Jesus came to encourage the righteous and to help those who are their own saviours.

Note, again, that it does not say in the text—Jesus Christ came to help sinners to save themselves. There is a gospel preached which is very like that; but it is not the gospel of Christ. The poor man who was wounded on the road to Jericho was found by the Samaritan half dead. Now the Samaritan did not say to him, "I want you to come part of the way to me in this business," but, he came where he was lying wounded and half-dead, and poured the oil and wine into his wounds, bound up the gashes, took him and set him on his own beast, carried him to the inn, and did not even ask him to pay the reckoning, but said to the host, "If there be anything more I will pay thee." If there were anything more to be done for sinners Jesus would do it, for he would never let them have a share of the work of salvation. The sinner's business is to take the finished work of Christ, to give up all

his own doings, and let him who came from heaven to save do the saving which he came to do. It is not ours to interfere, but to let Jesus do his own work.

Another thought demands expression. The text does not say that Christ came to half save sinners, intending when he had completed half the work to leave them to themselves. There is a notion abroad that men may be saved, and yet may fall from grace; that they may have eternal life, but it is eternal life of an odd kind for it may die out: they may be pardoned and yet punished; they may be children of God and yet become children of the devil, members of Christ's body and yet be cut off and joined to Satan. Blessed be God, it is not so written in this precious book. Jesus does not begin the saving work and leave it unfinished. When he once puts his hand to it he will go through with it—his wonderful salvation shall be completed, none shall say that he began but was not able to finish. Glory be to his name, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners from top to bottom; he will be the Alpha and the Omega, he will be the beginning and the end to all who trust him.

One other reflection here. Christ the real Saviour came into the world to save real sinners. When Luther was under a bitter sense of sin, he said, "Oh, but my guilt is so great, I cannot believe that Christ can save me." But one who was helping him much said to him, "If thou wert only the semblance of a sinner, then Christ would only be the semblance of a Saviour, but if thou be a real sinner then thou shouldst rejoice that a real Saviour has come to save thee." If we meet with a man who says, "Yes, I am a sinner, I know I am a sinner, but I do not know that I ever did much amiss; I have always been honest and correct." Such a person has a name to be a sinner and no more. He is a sham sinner, and a sham Saviour would suit him well. But for another who confesses that he has been a grievous transgressor, there is a real Saviour. Rejoice, O ye guilty ones, that the Christ of God himself really came with real blood and presented a real atonement to take away real sins, such as theft, drunkenness, swearing, uncleanness, Sabbath breaking, lying, murder, and things I need not mention, lest the cheek of modesty should blush; even these can be blotted out by the real Saviour who has come to save the chief of sinners from suffering what is due to their sins. Oh, that we could ring this great gospel bell till the hills and valleys were filled with its music. May the Lord open men's ears and hearts that those who hear the glad tidings may accept the Saviour who has come to save them.

My little sermon has dealt with the doctrine of the text, now it must treat of *the inferences of the text*, which are these.

It is a great and a hard thing to save a sinner, for the Son of God must needs come into the world to do it. It could not have been accomplished by any other except Jesus Christ, and he himself must leave the throne of heaven for the manger of earth, and lay aside his glories to suffer, and bleed, and die. If soul-saving be so great and hard a work, when it is accomplished, let the Lord Jesus have all the glory of it; let us never put the crown on the wrong head, or neglect to honour the Lord who bought us so dearly. Unto the Lamb of God be honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

And next, it must be a good thing to save a sinner since Jesus would not have come from heaven to earth on an ill errand. It must be a great blessing to a sinner to be saved. Dear brethren, this ought to lead all of us to consecrate ourselves to be willing instruments in the hand of Christ in endeavouring to rescue the fallen. That work which filled the Saviour's heart and hand is noble work for us. It were worth living for and worth dying for to be the instruments in the Spirit's hands of bringing souls into a state of grace. Think much of the blessed service which Jesus allots you, though it be but to teach an infant class in the school, or a few poor men and women whom you visit from house to house, or a group of sorry idlers at a lodging house; mind not the degradation of the people, for to save them from sin is a work which God himself did not disdain to undertake.

Again. Another inference I draw is, that if Jesus came from heaven to earth to save sinners, depend upon it he can do it. If he has come into the world, and bled and died to be a Saviour, he can do it. The price he paid is enough to redeem us; the blood he shed suffices to cleanse us. If there be any man here who feels himself very foul and filthy, let him look up to Christ at the right hand of the Father, and dare to say in his soul, "He can save even me; he is exalted on high to give repentance and remission, and he is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him. He must be able to save me." O soul, if thou canst say that, and venture thy soul on it, there is no risk in it; thy faith shall save thee, and thou mayst go in peace, for he who can rely upon Christ shall not find the Saviour fail the faith which he himself has wrought in the soul.

These are the inferences, then, which I gather from the text; and I shall close by *an enquiry*, which my text very naturally raises in my mind, and suggests to you. If Jesus came to save sinners, has he saved *me?* has he saved *you?*

Has he saved *me?* I dare not speak with any hesitation here: I *know* he has. Many years ago I understood by faith the plan of salvation. Hearing it simply preached, I looked to Jesus and lived, and I look to him now. I *know* his word is true, and I *am* saved. My evidence that I am saved does not lie in the fact that I preach, or that I do this or that. All my hope lies in this, that Jesus Christ came to save sinners. I am a sinner, I trust him, he came to save me, I am saved; I live habitually in the enjoyment of this blessed fact, and it is long since I have doubted the truth of it, for I have his own word to sustain my faith.

Now, beloved, can *you* say—if not positively—yet with some measure of confidence, "Yes?"

> "All my trust on him is stayed,
> All my help from him I bring."

Ah, you are favoured, you are very favoured. Be happy: God has highly blessed you. You ought to be as merry as the days are long in June. A man who can say, "Christ has saved me," has bells enough inside his heart to ring marriage peals for ever. Oh, be glad, be very glad, for you have the best inheritance in the world, and if temporal matters are not quite as you would wish them to be, do not become

discontented, but solace yourself with the fact that the Lord has saved you with a great salvation.

But, are you compelled to answer, "No, I do not think that Christ has saved me?" Then I will ask you another question: may it not be ere this day is finished that you shall be able to say, "He has saved me?" Look at the matter. It is written that he came to save *sinners*. Is that your name or not? Spell it over. Are you a sinner? I have distinguished between a sham sinner and a real sinner. Do you confess that you are guilty? Then Jesus came to save such as you are. There is a passage of Scripture which says, "He that believeth on him is not condemned." You know what to believe is. It is to trust, to rely upon. Now soul, if thou reliest upon Christ Jesus, sinner as thou art, thou art a saved sinner. If thou dost lean on him, thou art this moment saved, at this instant forgiven. "Oh, but I, I——," ah! you want to crawl up that Roman staircase, do you? That is what you want—you are anxious to go up and down those steps. "No," you say, "I am not quite so foolish as that." But, indeed, if you are trying to be saved by your own works you are quite as foolish. You make a Pilate's staircase for yourself, and toil up and down its steps. "Oh but, sir," you say, "I must *be* something, I must *feel* something." Yes, yes, it is that staircase again—always that staircase. Now the gospel is not that staircase, nor yet your feelings, nor yet your works; its voice is, "He that believeth on him is not condemned." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." You smile at the folly of Romanists and yet popery, in some form or other, is the natural religion of every unconverted man. We all want to do the crawling and penancing in some shape or another. We are so proud that we will not accept heaven for nothing. We want to pay, or do something or other, forgetting that if a man should give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned. The one only plan of salvation is "Believe and live," trust, rest, depend upon, rely upon Jesus. There is life in a look at the Crucified One; but there is no life anywhere else. God grant us to look at this moment, and may the Lord Jesus say unto our soul, "I am thy salvation."

Living Water will be seen.

WHEN looking from an elevation upon a wide stretch of country one observes the church-towers, the woods, and the hills, but chiefly the lakes, rivers, and ponds attract the eye, for they glisten in the sun; in the same manner, whatever else may escape the eye of the reader of history, the presence of the gospel is certain to press itself upon him. In any foreign travel the prevalence or absence of the saving word will force itself upon the thoughtful mind.

Let but the gospel be preached, and hearers will be sure to find it out. From far and wide the people will flock to hear of Jesus. He cannot be hid. The clear and sparkling streams of grace flash in the light of God, and men must behold them, even if they refuse to drink. Nothing is so surely its own advertisement as the good news of salvation.

America and its Churches.

[SECOND PAPER.]

THE absence in America of a State Church, if it does not altogether root out the assumption of clerical superiority from the Episcopalian community, it renders it innocuous. As all denominations into which the Church of Christ is divided are equal before the law, and no partiality is shown towards any section, the social injustice which exists in England does not prevail in the new country. There all ministers are recognised as clergymen; he who labours most faithfully in his district is (all things being equal) most respected and followed, while such drones as those that luxuriate so contentedly in many of our English parishes, and whose activities are never developed save in direct opposition to Nonconformity, and in withholding parochial gifts from Widow Jones and her eight children for their attachment to the Baptist Church and Sunday school, are compelled to be satisfied with obscurity and to languish in neglect. It must not be supposed, however, that all the grave faults of our English Establishment are absent from America. While human nature is selfish and proud, there will be churches affecting to be superior to others, and whose respectability will tempt them to look with lofty disdain upon other and less influential communities. Purse-proud churches smother the few graces they may have; a piety which is fashionable may richly deserve the pity of the pious. Spiritual life must be pretty well stifled in a church which devotes nearly its whole strength to pandering to the æsthetic tastes of the worldly portion of the congregation. An American bishop stated the other day in an Episcopal convention, that one church in the diocese of Long Island paid more money for music last year than all the churches combined gave for missions. Indeed the lavish expenditure upon the choirs in American churches is simply disgraceful. Congregational singing is not only rendered a farce, but true spiritual worship is hindered by such musical and artistic displays. Frivolous worldlings become the magnates, and the whole arrangements of the services must be conformed to their tastes; the amount of faithful speaking in the pulpit must be reduced to a minimum; the intensity of prayer must be lessened lest smoothness of speech be sacrificed to vigour of expression and heartiness of desire. Such fashionable churches, where sinners may comfortably regard themselves as saints without enquiry or disturbance from heart-searching appeals, were once fittingly described by a poor countryman as places where the minister was never "too pressing." The pew rent is paid, and for this, the parson is careful that the fastidious taste is never offended, and that every thought, clothed in choicest diction, shall be harmless. In America, there are too many of those fashionable churches which abound in our State Establishment—churches described thus by one of our English journals:—

> "In a church that is garnished with mullion and gable,
> With altar and reredos, with gurgoyle and groin,
> The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
> The odour of sanctity's Eau-de-Cologne.

> But surely if Lucifer, flying from Hades,
> Could gaze at this crowd, with its panniers and paints,
> He would say, looking round at the lords and the ladies,
> 'Oh, where is All-Sinners if this is All-Saints?'"

As a rule, the great fault of American ministers is not in their lack of education. Illiterate preachers there must be in a free country; but, the schools of instruction, unlike our Universities a few years ago, being open to all persons, have produced a class of ministers who, for scholastic acquirements, will compare favourably with clergymen trained either at Oxford or Cambridge. A liberal preparatory training for the ministry is the rule; but many, as here, prefer shorter cuts to the pulpit. Dr. Leonard Bacon, an Independent minister, gives in the following paragraph the generally accepted opinion of American Christians on this subject. He says, "Every young man who aspires to the ministry ought to remember that, the less he has had of general and liberal education, the more does he need the invigorating and liberalising discipline of a full three years' course in some good theological seminary. Abbreviated courses—short cuts to the ministry—are for men already enriched with knowledge, and trained to think and speak. If a well-educated man, who has thoroughly studied some secular but liberal profession, and has had a few years of practice, finds himself called to the ministry, two years, or one, or half a year, of special studies in theology may suffice for him. But how a man's general ignorance, or the defectiveness of his education, can be a good reason for his not having the full benefit of a three years' training in theology, I do not understand."

The character of the preaching in America is very like our own, although comparisons flattering to the latter have been frequently made. The faults of the ministry are common to both countries; and, if there are more sensational preachers across the Atlantic, it is, perhaps, because there are more sensational hearers. Many of the sermons which have found their way to England can hardly be considered the ideal of pulpit excellence. Dr. Macaulay says, that the majority of the preachers he heard on the occasion of his visit to the States, "were of the heavy-and-dry sort." "Men of genius and eloquence," he adds, "are wondered after and wandered after there, as with us. Ministers of solid learning and sober speech abound as with us. A minister of great spiritual fervour and earnest feeling—one who preaches 'as a dying man to dying men'—is rare there as here. There is much that is conventional and professional in all the churches, but there must be a large amount of true spiritual life to sustain the active and energetic Christian work everywhere apparent." Perhaps, in America, as in England, there is too much preaching; the unreasonable demands made upon ministers being a cloak for inactivity on the part of church members. "With all our preaching in America," says an able writer, in a monthly magazine, "— and we have had more of it, and better, than has been enjoyed in any other country—we should, but for the prevalence and power of Sunday-schools, have drifted half-way back to barbarism by this time. Preaching to a great population of lazy adults, who do nothing for themselves or the children, and nothing for the church but grumblingly to pay their pew-rent, and nothing for the world

around them, is about as thriftless a business as any man can engage in." More Christian service, however, does not imply less preaching; no true servant of Christ, in health, would be content with conducting one service on the Sabbath. But there might be a wiser and more profitable distribution of labour, less gorging of sermons by those hearers who should devote a portion of their Sabbath to the religious education of the young, and the evangelisation of the poor. Some of the recent revivals in the United States have been due to the increased activity of church members; and these latter, who might have wasted their energies upon mere criticism of their minister's desperate efforts to produce the ordinary number of original and literary sermons a-week, are more usefully employed in winning souls to their Saviour. The week of prayer at the commencement of the present year has undoubtedly been a great blessing to many of the American churches. One of the most highly cultured of our Baptist papers, published in that country, reports most cheeringly of these results. "Many thousands," it says, "have been added to the churches, and the work is still going on. It is not a movement swelling out from some common centre; but showers of grace descend on individual churches, each of which has looked directly upward to the source of all grace." The same journal, in an article on "The World's Lesson to the Church," illustrated by an extraordinary political campaign in New Hampshire, has some remarks which it would do all Christians good to read:—

"The church must needs applaud the consummate wisdom, tact, activity, sacrifice, zeal, and devotion which this political contest has evoked. It must admire these as the efficient means by which so great a success has been achieved. Why should the church be so slow to imitate the world in these very things? Conceive the church entering into a great spiritual campaign, in this or any other State, with the same wisdom in plan, the same thoroughness of work, the same consecration of spirit, the same intensity of enthusiasm which this political campaign in New Hampshire has called out! Take that State for the next month,— cover it over with religious truth in Bibles, in tracts, in journals; fill every public hall with men, women, and children, and speak to them in plainest language God's plainest truths; visit men in their offices and homes, talk with them in the streets until not one soul can be found which has not been addressed—do all this with a fervour, earnestness, and personal consecration such as have been employed for another end, and let the church outside lead and follow the work with its prayers to God, with its watchful sympathies and hopes,—can one doubt the result? Would not a mighty number be added to the church of such as shall be saved? That is our conviction, or, rather, that is our faith. Some may say this is altogether mechanical. It is no more mechanical than was the great pentecostal work, the prayer and supplication in the upper room, the fire of Heaven's inspiration upon the disciples, the gathering multitude, Peter's impassioned speech, the conversion and baptism of the three thousand."

It is during these revivals of religion that the true idea of entire self-sacrifice to God becomes more generally accepted. We have read of a case in which a rich man was converted from infidelity to Christianity, who, when about to be baptised, insisted upon going down into the water with his pocket-book in his pocket, that he might practically express his wish that the money he had, as well as himself, should be consecrated to the Saviour; and his generous conduct has

since proved his sincerity and earnestness. The case has a moral, which miserly believers have failed to learn. Such men should be baptised as to their pocket-book, that the sacrifice may be complete.

The Sunday-school system in America is confessedly far in advance of ours. It is a system upon which the churches pride themselves. Too frequently in this country the Sunday-school is regarded as a very subordinate part of the church's work; while, indeed, its importance cannot be over-estimated. Some very severe, and not altogether ill-deserved, remarks have been recently made by Professor Sheppard, now in this country, upon our English schools, "so weeded," as he says they are, "of all gentility, and cleanliness, and pretty faces." "The middle-class man, who has risen from the Sunday-school stratum, would sooner cut off his nose than send his child to Sunday-school. He has made money enough to buy his children off from the degradation." This witness, sarcastic as it is, is only too true. "I never realised before," says this sprightly writer, "the mission and power of our American Sunday-school system as a social corrective and preventive. It stands out to me from here as an immeasurable agency for carrying out and bringing about the impartiality of the Christian religion. Perhaps I should say for preserving it." He says, people in this country are surprised when he tells them, that "the American Sunday-school system is as a net cast into the sea, with one corner fastened to the Presidential chair, and the other corner fastened to chairs and stools throughout all the artificial strata of social life." Better appliances are used, and a higher standard of instruction is set up, in these large Sunday-schools. Every religious newspaper devotes from three to four columns a week at least to lessons and suggestive illustrative matter for Sunday-school teachers; and some of these lessons we can testify are equal in ability to many commentaries, and superior to many of the discourses which seem to satisfy some of our English congregations. The notes for teachers, published in the *Watchman and Reflector*, and prepared by Dr. Gardner, of Charlestown, Mass., are vastly superior to anything of the kind published in this country, and are not beneath the careful study of preachers.

America has not failed in aiding foreign missions, and to it we must look for much aggressive action in heathen countries where it has already a good foothold. Evangelisation in its home districts will ever be of the utmost importance; and, to no work should our brethren be more devoted than to the education and sending out of coloured preachers for Africa. Every Christian heart will be glad to see that peculiar and special interest is being taken in the down-trodden Africans, the race whom America has so sadly sinned against. Many coloured Christians, of admitted ability, are expressing their desire to bear the tidings of salvation to their kinsmen according to the flesh. They ask no salary, but the expenses of passage and acclimatisation must be met by voluntary gifts. A peculiar interest has also been felt in the Red Indians, whom the sharp Yankee has long used for his commercial gain. Missionaries have for many years past laboured among the Cherokees, the Creeks, Chippewas, Shawnees, Omahas, and other tribes, and civilising influences have been brought to bear upon them. The half-starved naked Indians, subsisting on roots, fish, and

berries, living regardless of the moralities of life, addicted to all the gross appetites of wild natures, have been raised in the scale of humanity, and their children educated and instructed in the Word of God by voluntary agents. We give the following extract from an account of the Baptist mission, which is illustrative of the general character of much of this work :—

"At Simcoe reservation, Washington Territory, where are located the Kliquital and Yakima Indians,—once the most dangerous and warlike in the northwest,—there are now almost two hundred comfortable houses, with barns and out-buildings, and two neat churches, all built by Indians. They own twelve thousand head of stock, and have several thousand acres of land under successful cultivation. About a thousand are not only civilised, but Christianised, and some two hundred and fifty adults are professing Christians. The women do no more of the out-door work than white women similarly situated do. The farm labour-school is a grand success. The boys cultivate eighty acres, and raise enough to supply the wants of both their own and the girls' boarding-school. During one winter the boys made twenty-eight complete sets of harness, besides many of the shoes worn in the school. The girls' boarding-school, under the charge of a Christian woman, is also very successful. Besides the usual studies, the girls are taught sewing, knitting, and all kinds of domestic work. These schools number some fifty scholars, and but for the want of means would be much larger. Every employé on the reservation, some twenty in number, is married; all are professing Christians, and take part in the work of Christianisation. Two of the Indians have been licensed to preach, and have met with much success in their Christian labours."

It is said of a lover of missions, that he was in the habit of putting a gilt star upon each place on the map of the world to which his Sunday-school sent money. One little child in his class observed once to another, as she looked at the map, "Sarah, won't it be splendid when we get it all covered." It is in the hope that more ground may be covered by the gospel, that the women of some of the States are organising special societies of their own for mission work among heathen women. The idea—not new to America (we have our Zenana Mission in England)—is becoming growingly popular, and already there is in many districts a revived interest in mission work at home and abroad. Why should not our sisters in Christ take a more active part in this great work than has, as yet, been allowed them ?

China is a field of labour which may be largely evangelised by America, and the church has not been slow in responding to the call for men and means for this work. Protestant missionaries will find it difficult to excel the Jesuits in enterprise, for their influence is great and greatly extending in China. According to an American Roman Catholic paper, there are twenty-four Romish missions in that country, in each of which there is a college for the education of the natives in theology, in Latin, and philosophy. At one of these colleges (Si-ka-wi), there are nearly three hundred pupils in training, and the education they receive is fitting them for the work of spreading in various walks of life the Popish religion. Then in India, among the Burmese especially, in Siam, and in various parts of Europe, American missionaries are to be found, and the record of their labours, as given from time to time to the Christian public, is very stimulating.

E. L.

Education.—The Appeal from the Streets.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WHO has not occasionally encountered one of an almost extinct species of social and political economists, whose sympathies are not with the schoolmaster? In spite of the contrary evidence of history we are assured that ignorance is the best security for the obedience of the poor, and for the continued prosperity of the opulent. Not very long ago a justice of the peace was heard declaiming on the bench against "the evils of education." If such persons are honest in expressing what they believe, we may recognise their honesty but doubt their judgment. Probably such would rejoice in re-introducing a condition of affairs such as existed in the early part of the last century, when only 27,000 children were found in all the charity-schools of England. Though open to conviction we have not yet discovered that England's prospective dangers are based on copy-books and grammars, nor that a spread of knowledge among the poor will injuriously affect our national industries. Nevertheless, though seldom pushing them into print, many deal privately in antiquated and exploded objections to the spread of education, parading as impending dangers what we account as priceless blessings.

That is surely an odious doctrine which teaches that the world is daily sinking lower in iniquity. Not only are such views most disagreeable, but they cannot be logically maintained without inverting the testimony of history, or by calling good evil, and evil good. But, while able to rejoice in believing that the world progresses towards the goal of good, we must sorrowfully admit that its present condition is bewilderingly bad. In our every-day conversation we talk of the prosperity of this and the other nation, and yet we know that the condition of the most advanced in civilisation is entirely unsatisfactory. What is the present condition of England? The impoverishment of the industrial classes, consequent on the stagnation of trade, has been a dismal topic of discussion for several years. A mere novice in political science knows that stagnation of trade means increase of pauperism, and pauperism is synonymous with blighted hopes, broken hearts, desolate hearths, with more misery than can be known, and with more than most would care to listen to could it be described. Whence spring these national disasters? Are we to chronicle them as mere gigantic misfortunes? Have vice and ignorance nothing to do with their occurrence? Have Christian teachers no antidote for this long train of evils?

Now, though in the province of philanthropy, we do not give a first place to ragged-school teachers, we rank them among our most honourable workers. The gifts of well-disciplined agents in this department are an enviable endowment, commanding a share of that double blessing which refreshes the spirit both of giver and of receiver. Teaching the poor is confessedly a work of self-denial; but, on "good ground," self-denial yields a hundredfold.

The origin of one of the most potent missionary societies of our day

is worth remembering. "A few humble individuals, mostly Sabbath-school teachers, seeing the forlorn and destitute condition of thousands of poor neglected children in our London streets, and knowing that some few schools were carried on under considerable difficulties for the benefit of such, met in a ragged-school room, or loft, near Streatham-street, Bloomsbury, to form a union of such schools, to assist in extending their operations and in increasing their number." At that meeting was formed THE RAGGED-SCHOOL UNION, a society whose history has been a prolonged illustration of the maxim that PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

The reformation of characters, once all but hopelessly involved in the meshes of crime and ignorance, is the choicest reward we can offer the ragged-school teacher. The Bible is, indeed, a power among the ragged children; and, not unfrequently, it is almost startling to witness how a mere child will tremble when accused by conscience after being instructed in the nature of right and wrong. A girl in a West-end ragged-school, on account of her condition of general destitution, was received into Lisson-street Refuge, and there she endeavoured to excite compassion by a false story of poverty and orphanage. Calling to mind, however, what she had heard in class about the terrors which will one day overtake evil-doers, she was dismayed, and one night was observed to be lying in sleepless terror. In reply to the matron's enquiries she cried, "I cannot sleep; I am so unhappy; let me speak to you alone. I have something to tell you which I have not the courage to say to governess. I have tried for many days to make up my mind to tell her, but cannot do so." This girl was not an orphan as she had represented; on the contrary, she ran away from home, to fall grievously into sin. This young creature, restored to her mother and to respectability, was saved by the Ragged-school Refuge.

The working of these institutions only needs to be known to be appreciated. Take the following, as samples of the inmates which were found in one establishment by a visitor on one occasion: a little girl, the child of a dock-labourer, having lost her mother, had been subjected to gross ill-treatment after her father's second marriage, frequently having been shut out from home all night. Another girl of fifteen, turned adrift with her sisters into the street by those who should have protected her, had been saved from impending ruin. One child had brought on illness by walking from Liverpool, and would have been lost but for this timely asylum. A similar youthful adventurer tramped to London in hopes of finding employment, but disappointed, sat for a fortnight by day on London-bridge, sleeping by night in an empty garret, to which a kind woman allowed her access. Such are specimens of the juvenile characters which the Refuge snatches from ruin and prepares for places of useful industry.

Illustrations of good effected are the best arguments for the need of these institutions. What heart will not be touched by a story like the following? One winter evening, when the air without was damp and chilly, a scholar of Gray's-yard-school cried playfully to his playmates, "Now, let us run home." Another little fellow standing there, precocious beyond his years, answered, "I wish I could say that." He had not even a wretched home wherein to rest his wearied body,

yet, forlorn as he was, he would yet obtain a little schooling. On losing his mother, he soon found himself abandoned by a drunken father, and left to his fate. By day he ate such food as charitable persons bestowed, and by night he slept on staircases or where he could. Unless assisted by some rescuing agency, such unfortunates as these could scarce do otherwise than lapse into vicious courses.

Another instance will show the beneficial working of the St. Giles's Refuge. One day, a missionary was told of a girl thirteen years of age, whom the abandoned women of a house in Westminster were retaining in servitude. Having lost her father, her mother also was virtually lost, for she lay on a drunkard's death-bed in a neighbouring workhouse. The evangelist boldly entered the house and found the child securely fastened to a bedstead, there being some danger of her running away. The little prisoner was released and taken to the Refuge, and there was properly succoured by kind friends. News of this deliverance reached the mother's ears, and repenting of her evil ways, she gave her daughter a blessing, and expressed gratitude to those who had rescued the child from the bondage of sin far worse than slavery. Here innocence was snatched from the yawning gulf of crime and immorality, and trained for respectable service and happiness.

A lad of fifteen applied for admission, saying that he only just remembered his mother, while his father had been stricken down by accident. After wandering about, picking up a few casual pence by opening cab-doors and carrying parcels, he felt that want and exposure were undermining his constitution, and half despairingly, he applied to the St. Giles's Refuge. On being admitted, his condition was indescribably shocking, his flesh having been eaten into by vermin. The morning after his admission he awoke with cries of pleasurable surprise, "I have not felt so well nor lain so nicely for many months."

Take another example: One spring afternoon, a gentleman interested in the work of rescuing neglected children was walking along Holborn, when a sad-looking object attracted notice in the form of a girl, evidently in a state of abject destitution. She dragged her way slowly along, half despondingly, now stopping at one window and then at another, apparently surveying most wistfully of all, the stock of a richly stored jewellery establishment. The gentleman enquired of this little outcast: "Have you no home?" "No, sir." "Have you no parents or friends?" "No, sir." These replies being true and straightforward, the girl was directed to a refuge near the spot, and instructed to wait until the gentleman should return. The shivering creature obeyed the directions given, and at the home manifested great impatience at the delay of the gentleman, declaring that should he not come, she would watch for his reappearance in Holborn, for he surely intended to befriend her. When really taken in, she became quite excited with joy; and, when washed, clothed, and refreshed, by a night's sleep, she little resembled the ragged outcast of the previous afternoon. Losing her father when six years of age, and latterly her mother, she had not slept in a bed for months; and, her only home being the streets, she lodged wherever an opportunity offered, fortunate if able to lie down in a cab or creep into a cart! But, even in this forlorn condition, the little

wanderer did not want friends. There were kind hearts about to give her a little food; one benevolent policeman especially distinguishing himself by frequently treating her to a hot breakfast. What a fact for moralists to dwell upon—a girl of tender years alone in the inhospitable streets! "I wish I was in heaven with my poor mother," she once exclaimed; "Nobody cares for me here. I have been two or three times to the Serpentine to drown myself; but, so many people were there that I could not." To such the Refuge is a last resource—a very door of hope.

Other waifs and strays have been met with in the streets by persons when about their daily business. Thus, while walking near Charing Cross, a gentleman observed four girls, two more ragged and forlorn than their companions, sitting on the steps of St. Martin's Church. He watched them a minute, and then approaching, enquired if they would like to enter St. Giles's Refuge. They joyfully embraced the offer. Though two were strangers to the other two, they had casually met, and as common subjects of misery, became friends.

By the agency of the Ragged-school, great numbers of poor children have been removed from their miserable lot in squalid courts and alleys, to a life of healthful industry in the Colonies. There they readily obtain desirable situations, and the letters continually coming home from old scholars, filled with expressions of gratitude and hope, are highly encouraging to their instructors. A gentleman of an Australian port was surprised at the appearance of a number of good-looking, well-conducted emigrants who wished to be recognised as "Lord Shaftesbury's boys"; and, through this adventure, the stranger became a life-long benefactor of London Ragged-schools. When will the urgent need of the children of the street inspire others who are blessed with abundance also to befriend the outcast? The nation does not sufficiently appreciate the evils which are alarmingly rampant in the recesses of great cities. Is it not cheaper and safer to nip sin in the bud, than to battle against it in its maturity—to reform the child than to punish the adult? The sapling may be bent and cultured; the grown tree is obstinately unyielding.

Is it not highly becoming to exercise sympathy for children who manifest so touching a sympathy one for another? A lad, on earning a penny, has been known to bestow a piece of bread on a breakfastless companion: and a scholar, on losing a widowed mother, has had his class-mates cluster around him to pray for his comfort, and even to make a collection on his behalf. These are, indeed, the true subjects of misfortune; and their necessity calls for compassion and help. Who else but Christians shall help them when their ignorance, in many cases, extends to knowing nothing of parents and relatives? *Who* are these City Arabs? A theory has been ventured, that not a few of these street adventurers are the offspring of aristocratic sires—infants abandoned by baby-farmers, and who, sheltered by the very poor until able to care for themselves, find their way into the criminal ranks, by their surpassing genius in wrong-doing!

When will the world arrive at a right estimation of the evils of ignorance by which poverty, crime, and drunkenness are supported—the evil triad which blight the lives of poor children? Looking at the subject as political economists, we ask, has not popular ignorance favoured

oppression? In States where social progress has been hindered by tyranny, has not a "lack of knowledge" alarmingly prevailed? To be effectively matured dark designs require darkness. Popery rose to ascendancy by proscribing the Bible and discouraging schools. Despotism prospers without senators and constitutional advisers. But the dread of one monarch is the glory of another, and here, we are fond of claiming, that things are ordered for the people's good. In England, circumstances favour the philanthropist. The English are lovers of liberty and progress. The pure religion of Christ is their heritage. The mephitic atmosphere in which cruelty and tyranny thrive could not be breathed on our free shores. Why do we differ from our less fortunate neighbours? Has not the spread of divine knowlege, partial as it is, repressed abuses in the State, and literally been to our senators, wisdom? Even a spread of mere secular knowledge raises the poor by teaching them self-help and self-reliance; but the higher learning of the Bible blesses the soul. Ragged-schools have proved that Christian knowlege discourages crime by engendering in the minds of the young abhorrence of mean and dishonest courses. By teaching the juvenile out-cast to realise his value by the estimate of the cross, we lay the basis of moral restoration; and every transgressor reclaimed for honour and usefulness is a gain to the nation at large.

In our crusade against ignorance and its attendant miseries, we are not moved by enthusiasm for—what at the least is but a day-dream of ignorance itself—equality. Levelling may produce ruin: it can never benefit the masses. As things are at present constituted in modern society, distinct classes are as necessary to complete the national fabric, as are the lesser and more imposing parts of architectural designs to the symmetrical proportions of noble buildings. He who raises the poor from the depths of degradation, not only leaves untouched every social distinction, he becomes, in fact, a promoter of harmony among classes. Each Ragged-school teacher in an eminent degree is a peace-maker in a troubled world. The word spoken in his class is good seed yielding fruit in the children and also at the home fireside. By each well-prepared lesson he distributes good first learned of Christ. By sowing the germs of religion and moral rectitude among the neglected populace, we raise them in the respect of their fellows, and beget in them also a becoming bearing to their superiors. Christianity teaches just notions of the relative positions of rich and poor, while it sympathises with the trials and privileges common to both.

This is not all. Unless to prevent a revolutionary crises proper means are used—such as instructing betimes the rising generation of the poor—are not the opulent classes liable to become, what history shows us they have frequently been, the victims of the children of ignorance? Are they not liable, in some such sudden and overwhelming conjuncture as in the collapse of France, to fall a prey to those who, possessing none of the learning which conduces to a life of rectitude, are yet sufficiently cunning to seize opportunities of avenging themselves on those whose strange indifference has allowed ignorance to blight their lives? Is it not a worthy work to promote harmony among our too widely separated classes? Are those forbidding moral gulfs, preventing the lowly from

approaching us, and across which we refuse to go to them, necessary for preserving a sombre background to our gentility? It would not appear so. It seems, rather, that class dangers, springing from ignorance, jealousies, and bickerings, are healed for ever by a liberal diffusion of Christian and secular knowledge through the agency of the teachers of the poor.

Thus, as we grieve over the vast amount of the squalid wretchedness of London, and ask whence does it spring, the answer is, from IGNORANCE. Ignorance of God, and of moral duties, is the heaviest calamity which can befall a mortal. In proportion as moral beings depart from God they lose respect for themselves, and those who do not respect themselves are lost to honour and honesty. "Knowledge is power," it is more, it is a revolutionary power in the best sense. Out of rough and unpromising human materials our teachers mould valuable members of society. The day has come for the exercise of true charity, which consists in discouraging mendicity, and in responding to the cry of the children who, running wild in the courts and alleys of our great city, involuntarily send forth their appeal from the streets.

Our Ragged-school teachers in their daily toils, it is easy to believe, would feel the crosses of their life-work to be insupportable were they not lightened by extraordinary encouragement. Some of the half-clad uncouth natures, who, till assisted by the mission agency, were subjected to evil influences on all sides, have received what in time of trial has conquered evil, and asserted the supremacy of good. A newspaper boy once picked up a parcel containing £350, and dazzled by the vastness of the prize, and concealing his fortune from his associates, he made for Liverpool, intending to emigrate, and be a great person in a foreign clime. But, at Liverpool, conscience spoke, and the teaching of the class rose in condemnation until the lad could not proceed. When he would have stepped on board the ship a voice within said, "THE MONEY IS NOT YOURS;" and so, returning to London, he gave the parcel to his mother, an extremely poor but honest creature, who unhesitatingly returned the whole to its lawful owner. Now, how did that boy profit by ragged-school teaching in a temporal sense merely? Instead of three hundred and fifty, he received only twenty pounds; yet, by being apprenticed with that amount, it went further than any ill-gotten gain by introducing him to a good position for life. The owner of the money also discovered that schools may return blessings into the bosoms of their promoters.

It is not uncommon for truth to progress in the hearts of the children until they unwittingly set high Christian examples. A boy was heard rebuking some others for playing at marbles on the Sabbath, and, unsuccessful in his appeals, he subsequently told his teacher that they refused to heed his words. "What did you do?" was asked; "I went home and prayed," he answered. A training which can produce scholars of this sample should supply the labour market with good material. This it evidently does; for the emigrants from the London schools find eager employers on landing in Australia and other colonies.

The kindly natures of many of the children, reared under circumstances entirely unpropitious, are sometimes as gratifying as affecting, and such frequently become a means of conversion to their

profane relatives. One little Mary, at the date of her admission to a West-end school, presented a saddening spectacle. Spending their evenings on vicious indulgence, her parents had allowed her to roam in ragged freedom, supplying her with little beyond what she herself procured. But, quickly intelligent, Mary soon learned to read; and being influenced herself by Bible truth, began influencing others. Her home was a filthy den, and, in which, while half-starved by day she had only a little straw to lie upon at night. A change was at hand, however. One afternoon, when the school was being closed, Mary enquired if the books were to be given out.

"Why, do you wish for one to-night?" enquired the teacher.

"Mother likes me to bring them home," replied the child; "For she reads them to father, and he has left off drinking since she read to him 'Roger and his Home.' When she began to read he did not like it, and said, 'I have had enough of *that*;' but she said, 'I must go on,' and read it several times. He told her again and again he did not like it, when she replied, 'You *must* like it.' Now we are very happy, and have a few things about us to make us comfortable." Thus good begets good.

One Sunday morning in winter, a lady while walking to church along a West-end thoroughfare, observed that a certain crossing was kept by a young girl of a good expression of countenance, but otherwise in a poor condition as regards clothes and cleanliness. Being of too considerate a nature to drop the customary penny and walk on, the lady questioned the child, and found that she resided in the notorious Church-lane, St. Giles's; but was one who had known better days. Shortly after, the lady enquired for the girl at the address given, where she lived with an old Irishwoman, their home being a loathsome cellar. The child's history, though a sad one, was interesting because she had not fallen into gross vice. Her father, a journeyman carpenter, emigrated to Canada, where he lost his wife, after which he himself returned to England and died. The orphan entered into service, but thrown out of employment by the removal of the family, she was soon distressed for means of living. She necessarily left her lodging and accepted the offer of the Irishwoman, who out of kindness recommended the girl to take to a broom. Of a sensitive nature, she did violence to her feelings by adopting this course, but in the main preserved her character. Being on the downward road, however, the agency of the ragged-school came only just in time to rescue her from lower degradation, and to place her in a respectable situation.

Sometimes the case is reversed; and the unfortunate juvenile, overtaken by want, instead of being sought in his haunts by a kind gentleman or philanthropic lady, will crave shelter and advice at the hands of those he imagines will befriend him; *e.g.*, the city missionary, the teacher, or even the pew-opener of a church. A boy, brought by his father out of Essex, and forsaken at the railway terminus on arriving in London, was admitted to a Refuge after telling his story to the keeper of a chapel after service one Sunday night; and he, subsequently, went out as an emigrant. Another instance quite as remarkable was that of an Irish lad, who having accompanied his parents from Ireland to Wales lost them both by death at Cardiff. Being quite alone in the

world and utterly destitute, he went to Bristol, where for a time he gained a precarious livelihood by selling newspapers in the street. When that employment failed he resolved on walking to London to seek better fortune. Arriving in the Capital without any home to go to, or money to supply immediate necessaries, he wandered about in a desponding condition, finding neither the employment nor the succour he had expected. Then, a happy thought occurred. In Bristol he had been instructed at a Ragged-school, and there he never received aught but good treatment and wise counsel from the teachers. Possibly similar institutions existed in London. At any rate, he would look round and make special enquiries. To his great joy a school was actually discovered in a yard of Drury-lane, the superintendent being a city missionary, to whom the starving and footsore lad told his story; and, according to his faith, found in him a friend and adviser. On being admitted into St. Giles's Refuge, his conduct was so exceptionally satisfactory that he became a communicant, and won the attachment of all the other inmates, who called him Happy Jack. Ultimately he emigrated to South Africa, from which place he sent home letters filled with expressions of gratitude and details of abounding prosperity. On one occasion he remitted £12 for a consignment of goods, with a further request that an apprentice should be selected from the institution—a lad with "a high forehead" betokening undeveloped talents for stitching and closing. This little life-story affords another illustration of the beneficial operation of school refuges.

Cases of the above description might be multiplied. When the children are taught and fitted for respectable stations, the benefit they themselves derive being the only return for the cost and trouble incurred, the teachers still have their reward; but, when the ragged-scholar progresses in good till he becomes in turn an effective teacher, the moral triumph is doubly complete, as is shown in the following example.

A certain intelligent lad was sufficiently unfortunate, not only to have dissipated connections, but parents who were professed abettors of infidel sentiments. Having arrived at the age of seventeen entirely uncared for as regards education, he coveted a little learning, but nervously shrank from invading the precincts of the ragged-school. At home he had heard Christians spoken of contemptuously, "parsons" being especially denounced as impostors and hypocrites. Going to school called "unbending himself," and for long he refused to stoop to the humiliation. At length scruples were overcome, and, after attending the classes for a time, he made surprising progress, reaching to the higher rules of arithmetic and even to the Latin grammar. Still improving rapidly, he applied for permission to teach in the Sunday-school, to the great surprise of his superiors, who explained the responsibility of such duties, and the mischievous results springing from indiscretion or unfitness on the part of those who undertake them. But, being thoroughly in earnest, and understanding the nature of the work, he went to his minister and told him he desired to identify himself with the church of Christ. Being a youth of rare promise, he subsequently entered a training college, whence he was taken by the Bishop of Sydney to preside over a school in Australia. These are moral victories well repaying a little garment-soiling, or the inconvenience of going out

of our ordinary way. Being conquests which only Christian gentleness can win, they are beyond the reach of the corrective hand of the law. Christian kindness triumphs where harsh correction only hardens.

Though it is the richest return the school can achieve for the teachers to be able to point to those who are both socially and spiritually benefited by their discipline, they have frequently to be content with the assurance that their scholars are happy in another state. Sometimes disease, aggravated by want and exposure, thins the class, and even worse calamities may conduce to the same end.

One summer afternoon, some years ago, a number of scholars belonging to a Westminster school were bitten by a mad dog, and five died of hydrophobia. One of the victims was a little fellow of eight years, of a sweet disposition, and possessed of good capacities. From his infant lips his mother learned the gospel, it having been his custom to repeat at home the texts and hymns learned abroad. Lying in pain and weakness he was an example of Christian patience, and unconsciously became to beholders an affecting plea for ragged-schools. When not incapacitated by the nature of the complaint, he sang the verses which he had committed to memory in health. One day, when the end approached, both teacher and doctor stood by the bed, the latter observing to the disconsolate mother, "I fear your son cannot live much longer," "I am glad to hear it," directly cried the sufferer. "Why, my little man?" enquired the surgeon; "Because, sir, I am going home," and, turning to his teacher, he continued, "Do not leave me yet, for I shall soon go home." Complying with the ragged scholar's request, the visitor sat until the neighbouring clocks chimed the midnight hour, when the spirit of the child was released to be numbered with the lambs of the fold above. How true is it that much of the good resulting from mission work in London will not be manifest until the day of universal reckoning.

But, while these gratifying results of earnest labour abound on all hands, let it not be supposed that the way of our ragged-school teachers is not an up-hill path; nor that they are never depressed by dark discouragement, springing from unconquered evil in the pupils themselves, or from the depravity of abandoned parents. Our meaning may be illustrated by the experience of a number of the shoe-black brigade.

The shoe-black society is an off-shoot of the "Union," and its history includes some strange insights into the byeways of London life. Many children have found this employment a door to comfort and respectability. One poor boy, when he entered the school, seemed to give much promise, and on joining the brigade, he prospered until he had money in the bank. But this story of prosperity reached the ears of a drunken father, who, caring nothing for his son's welfare beyond coveting his money, forcibly withdrew him from school, sold his clothes, drove him into the street, and squandered the proceeds. In a destitute condition, the late scholar would not for shame seek renewed acquaintance with old friends nor ask help at their hands—which he might have done without risk of denial. On the contrary, utterly desperate, and not caring what he did, he fired a stack, was imprisoned for three years, and was probably thereby converted into a life-long criminal.

A singular chapter might be written on the trials of the Arabs of our streets—trials which happily do not often end in such disaster and ruin, as in the above instance. One shoe-black, on losing a mother, dearly beloved, shrank from the idea of having her buried by the parish. Insisting on paying for the funeral by instalments, he raised the final payment only a week before his own decease. Apparently dying of a broken heart, the expenses of his own funeral were subscribed by his fellow-scholars. Another boy became overjoyed at finding a long-lost mother; but was plunged into desponding grief at that mother's unconcern and complete indifference to his welfare.

But, while speaking of the trials of ragged-school scholars, trials peculiar to their position, or such as are common to human nature, we must not overlook the hardships of labour which mere infants are often compelled to undergo. To most persons such a scene as the following would constitute a new phase of human life.

One day, a visitor entered a certain room where was found an old lady superintending the making up into shirts of a heap of material. The operatives were a number of little girls of five years and upwards, the eldest, who was invested with the authority of monitor, appearing to be not more than ten. Though silence was a rule of the establishment, it could only be nominally maintained, from the impossibility of controlling infant tongues. One would begin to cry because her next companion had made her lose her thimble. Another would show signs of distress on being taunted in a low voice by a neighbouring vixen, with the reminder that her father was transported. "And he wasn't transported," the daughter maintained in her eagerness to defend the family honour, "Because he had gone in a bootiful sip." Then the dispute would wax more serious, and, being sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the crone in command, she, according to her humour, coaxed or beat her constituents into order. Blood from the tender fingers of the workers smeared the seams they were sewing. Not unfrequently one would fall asleep, but the dame was not over hard in respect of the sleeping; for, at five years of age, sleep by day is almost as much a necessity as it is a luxury. The occupants of a room like this are borrowed children; and their mothers who go out to work are glad to be thus relieved, upon the consideration of their offspring being supplied with "not half enough to eat."

There is yet another class of children deserving compassion and assistance—the natives of a foreign land, who, brought hither by base deceivers as marketable commodities, endure a miserable existence. These are the Italian organ-boys of London, who, being kidnapped, (their experience warrants the use of the term), are subjected to misery and hardship from day to day. The stories told of these unfortunates are often of a very harrowing description.

Thus have we endeavoured, by illustration and otherwise, to give a many-sided view of the work of ragged-schools. Enough has been said to show the vastness and importance of the work in which the teachers of the poor in London are engaged, as well as to demonstrate that abundant encouragement exists for perseverance in well-doing. These times call for large-hearted charity; but, our charity must be of a sterling kind, would we forward the good work of street philanthropy.

Helping the poor is something quite different from the foolish habit of indiscriminate alms-giving. A little judicious assistance may put the neglected child in the road to industry, comfort, and respectability; unthinkingly to toss him a sixpence may only foster the indolence which usually ends in crime and misery. A gentleman, while passing over London-bridge, observed a boy in one of the recesses, and, awaking him, found that he was a native of Hampshire, who never knew his father, and that he had been used to out-door labour. By sending him to a refuge, the basis of that prosperity which he was destined to enjoy in a foreign land, was laid; but, had the stranger given a donation and passed on, who shall say where the lad's disasters would have ended? What shall be done to extirpate mendicity, and to secure for the poor the coins now thrown to beggars? Nearly twenty years ago, the "Times" declared that, "in London, we have reduced the poor to the lowest scale of morals. It has come to this, that you will encounter more beggars of one sort or another, in a walk from Westminster Abbey to Oxford-street than you will in a tour from London to Switzerland." Unfortunately, this condition of affairs shows few signs of improvement; but, street-almsgivers should remember that, by their misdirected kindness, they hinder the work of reformation, and frustrate the operations of the best friends of the destitute. Let the facts given speak for themselves; and, if they excite sympathy for the work of reclamation going on in the London streets, our purpose will be answered.

"It is Too Late Now."

DURING a series of religious meetings held in the school-house of a small village, a very little girl became much interested for the salvation of her soul. Her father, a hater of holiness, who lived next door to the place of meeting, and who had at one time solicited the prayers of Christians for himself, strictly forbade her again entering the house of prayer.

The poor little girl was much oppressed, and knew not what to do, but obeyed her father until the next meeting was nearly half through, then slipping out without his knowledge, and getting through a hole in the back-yard fence, she hastily ran to the meeting. It was some time before her father missed her, but when he found her gone, he went immediately to the meeting, where she was on her knees with others for whom the people of God were praying. So enraged was he, that he went directly forward, and took her in his arms, to carry her from the place. As he raised her from her knees, she looked up with a heavenly smile, and said,

"It is too late now, pa; I have given my heart to the Saviour."

This was too much for the hardened sinner: he, too, sunk on his knees while God's children united in prayer; and very soon he found the Saviour for himself, though he had so earnestly attempted to shut him out from his daughter's heart.

Remarks on Beecher's Life of Christ.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

[SECOND PAPER.]

AN unabridged biography of the Lord Jesus is admitted to be an impossibility by the evangelist John, in that remarkable hyperbole with which his gospel concludes: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Happily, chronological completeness in the narrative is not required to establish our Lord's claims to be the Messiah. Much is left to a reverent spirit and a devout imagination. The attempt to fill up every hiatus is unprofitable. Mr. Beecher succeeds as well as most writers in preserving the thread of the divine history by discriminating study, and if he fails at times, the failure is due to the want of material.

There is a progressive revelation in the ministry of Jesus as in the early histories and the prophetic writings of the Old Testament. "We shall find him," says Mr. Beecher, "in the beginning, joining his ministry on to that of John: we shall next see him taking up the religious truths of the Old Testament which were common to him and to the people, but cleansing them of their grosser interpretations, and giving to them a spiritual meaning not before suspected: then we shall find a silent change of manner, the language and the bearing of one who knows himself to be divine; and, finally, toward the close of his work we shall see the full disclosure of the truth, his equality with the Father, his sacrificial relations to the Jews and to all the world; and in connection with this last fact we shall hear the annunciation of that truth most repugnant to a Jew—a *suffering* Messiah." We must not infer, however, from the progressiveness of the revelation, that the consciousness of his Messiahship was a growth. We think that from early infancy he realised his filial relationship to the eternal Father, although with but few exceptions, as far as we know, he concealed the fact, and indulged but few displays of his divinity. The question, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and the assertion, "This is my beloved Son," are separated by an interval of, at least, nineteen years, he history of which is unwritten, and the conjectures which cover it are idle. "The whole life of Jesus was a true and normal growth. His ministry did not come like an orb, round and shining, perfect and full, at the first; it was a regular and symmetrical development. True, it differed from all other and ordinary human growths, in that no part of his teaching was false or crude. It was partial, but never erroneous. The first enunciations were as absolutely true as the last; but he unfolded rudimentary truths in an order and in forms suitable for their propagation upon the human understanding." It was reserved as the prerogative of the promised Spirit, to lead even the disciples "into all truth." The Saviour's earliest teachings contained all the germs of the subsequent development;

but the flower slumbered in the bulb, and the agency of the Holy Ghost was necessary for its perfect evolution.

We think our author speaks unguardedly when he says, "They utterly misconceive the genius of Christ's work who suppose that he aimed at the establishment of an organised church. If Jesus came to found a church never were actions so at variance with purposes." It is true, as he says, "Christ remained in the full communion of the Jewish church to the last," but did he not promise to "build his church" upon himself, as the Christ? The fuller revelation not only asserts that Christ broke down the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile, but that all believers are "baptised by one Spirit into one body." The church is a unity whether the fact is patent to the world or not, and to accomplish this spiritual unity, Christ died. "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it, that he might present it unto himself a glorious church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." It was never intended by God that this elect body should be compressed into a rigid uniformity by the "pompous claims of church hierarchies." The attempts to exhibit the unity of the church by external coercion have resulted in the deplorable schisms of Christendom. Unity in diversity is no less the law of the church than of nature. Christ's church, in the comprehensiveness of its embrace, is an organised body, by virtue of the union of every member with the living Head. Neither universal subscription to the articles of a formulated creed, nor agreement in the details of an ecclesiastical polity, are necessary to the unity of the body of Christ. With us it is an axiom of primary importance that the church is an organised body, every member of which is vitalised by the in-dwelling Spirit, and that all should be admitted to the privileges of church-fellowship who are "born again." If the church is not an organised body it cannot be distinguished from the world, and Christian discipline is impossible. After the baptism of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, believers formed a body as compact as an ancient city enclosed by its massive walls: unhappily the line of demarcation is now as indistinct as that which divides a town from its surrounding suburbs. This is to be deplored by all who are jealous for the honour of Christ and the purity of his church. In his last-recorded prayer the Saviour prayed for the manifested unity of the church as a proof of his divine mission. "I pray that they all may be one, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me" (John xvii. 21). To what extent the non-recognition of the claim of Christ is due to the schisms of Christendom, we do not hint a conjecture. That our ecclesiastical differences have delayed the answer to the Saviour's prayer there can be no doubt.

In describing our Lord's visit to the marriage festival at Cana, Mr. Beecher says, "Nothing could well be a greater violation of the spirit of his people, and less worthy of him, than the supposition that Jesus walked among the joyous guests with a cold disapproving eye, or that he held himself aloof, and was wrapped in his own meditations. His whole life shows that his soul went out in sympathy with the human life around him." This assertion, capable as it is of abundant illustration, should be a sufficient rebuke to those whose ideal of the divine life is a selfish isolation from society, and the practice of rigid austerities. Christ

never ignores those true relationships which bind humanity together, nor withdraws his followers from any legitimate sphere or pursuit, as the condition of the higher life. It is only the false in human character and society which he condemns. The precepts of the New Testament which enjoin that believers should not be "of the world," assume that they are "in it."

"That the wine created by our Lord answered to the fermented wine of the country would never have been doubted, if the exigencies of a modern and most beneficent reformation had not created a strong but unwise disposition to do away with the undoubted example of our Lord. . . . . The example of Christ, beyond all question, settles the doctrine that if abstinence from wine is practised it must be a voluntary act, a cheerful surrender of a thing not necessarily in itself harmful, for the sake of a true benevolence to others." Such concessions as these do more to disarm the opposition which temperance advocates have provoked, than the well-meant but unsuccessful attempts to prove that the wines sanctioned in Scripture were non-intoxicating.

It must have been disappointing to the Jews, who were prepared by long ages of delay to recognise the Messiah in all the pomp and splendour befitting his lofty origin, to find that "he began his mission to others by going home to his mother. The household was his first temple; the opening of a wedded life engaged his first sympathy, and the promotion of social and domestic happiness was the inspiration of his first miracle. . . . . Through the household, as through a gate, Jesus entered upon his ministry of love. Ever since the Christian home has been the refuge of true religion. . . . . The religion of the synagogue, of the Temple, and of the church would have perished long ago but for the ministry of the household. It was fit that a ministry of love should begin at home. It was fit, too, that love should develop joy. Joyful love inspires self-denial, and keeps sorrow wholesome. Love civilises conscience, refines the passions, and restrains them. The bright and joyful opening of Christ's ministry has been generally lost sight of. The darkness of the last great tragedy has thrown back its shadow upon the morning hour of his life. His course was rounded out, like a perfect day. It began with the calmness and dewiness of a morning, it came to its noon with fervour and labour, it ended in twilight and darkness, but rose again without cloud, unsetting and immortal."

The chapter on the first Judean ministry contains a very graphic description of the Temple and the accessories of Jewish worship. It was on the occasion of our Lord's visit to Jerusalem, to attend the Feast of the Passover, that he asserted his authority, and purged the Temple of those who made it a noisy market for sale and barter, and a foul den of godless thieves. There must have been something superhuman in his bearing which carried with it an irresistible power, or the debased rabble would not have fled before the threatened castigation of a "whip of small cords." It was, doubtless, the assertion of the same divine influence which made the lawless band of ruffians "fall backward to the ground" in Gethsemane. "It was not in displeasure, but rather in eager expectancy, that the officers put the question, 'What sign showest thou unto us, seeing thou doest such things?' That he was not seized, ejected from the Temple, or even slain, shows that the rulers

hoped something from this new comer, who possessed such power of command. Jesus replied, 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.' . . . . It is not strange that he should identify himself with the Temple, for Jesus bore the same relation to the new dispensation which the Temple did to the old. What the visible altar and sanctuary were to ritual worship, that his heart was to spiritual worship." The Christian church has been very slow to learn this lesson, for men still cling to the idea that sanctity of place is essential to divine worship. Now, the worship which is exclusively associated with a place is as essentially ritualistic as that which is expressed by the symbolism of art and the sublimities of music. "Christ is High Priest over the house of God," and no worship claims the notice of the Father which ignores the all-sufficient sacerdotal functions of the Son. It is not surprising that during the Passover a sincere and devout Pharisee should have sought an interview with our Lord for further instruction in this principle, which laid the axe to the root of Judaism. Not that he was too timid to come by day did Nicodemus approach our Lord under the cover of darkness. "The night was chosen simply because then Jesus was no longer amid an excited multitude." In his conversation our Lord seems to imply that he was speaking to a sincere man, but one by whom the divine life was confounded with the external accessories of the Jewish ritual. Nicodemus is the type of a large class who need to listen to the fundamental proposition of the gospel, uttered with all the emphasis of divinity, "Ye must be born again."

Mr. Beecher gives a brief summary of his philosophy of religion in narrating this remarkable incident in the life of our Lord. He says, "Man is born into the material world with all those powers which are required for his physical and social well-being, but within him lie dormant the germs of a divine nature. These can be developed only by the Spirit of God; but when evolved they change the whole nature, give to man a new horizon, new force, scope, and vision." How the writer can regard "a new birth" as the development of "germs" which have lain dormant, we are at a loss to conceive. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and though the development should be the result of latent forces acted upon by the Spirit of God, it is flesh and blood still, and flesh and blood, even at its best "cannot inherit the kingdom of God." Salvation is not the development of the good in human nature, but the impartation of the divine life. The saved man is a "new creature in Christ Jesus," and the ministry which ignores this is a fruitless one, despite its perfect elaboration of a philosophical system.

From this point in our Lord's history his power was more frequently displayed, and the proofs of his divine mission were cumulative, or, as Mr. Beecher expresses it, by a touch of true poetry, "He took one more step back toward his full original self. A portion of that might and majesty which had been restrained by his mortal flesh was unfolding, and he was to work with a higher power and upon a higher plane than before." The restraint of power during our Lord's ministry is enshrouded in mystery, but we do not for a moment think that he was oblivious of his eternal antecedents, or unconscious of his essential deity. "He humbled himself and became obedient unto death." But every step in this path of humiliation

was voluntary. It was not by the impulse of a momentary precocity, he confounded the doctors when but a boy of twelve years of age. The divinity of his perfect manhood was not a growth in any sense other than that in which the meridian sun is a growth. The orb of day is the same in the morning twilight as when he floods the world with golden glory at noon.

Few men have been such close students of human nature in its various phases as Mr. Beecher, and fewer still possess his graphic power in the delineation of character. He can hold up the faults and foibles of his fellow-men to the rebuke of a withering sarcasm, but he always has a loving word, all aglow with sympathy, for human weakness and sorrow. With a nicety of judgment he can point out the constituents of character, and throw them into prominence by indicating their contrasts. By a few touches he photographs into a speaking portraiture the diverse characters of Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria. "Nicodemus was a man of rank and consideration; the woman was of the lower order of an outcast people. He was cultivated, reflective, and eminently moral; she was ignorant, unspiritual, and unvirtuous. Far apart as they were in all external proprieties, both of them had been caught in the snare of selfishness. He had built up a life for himself, and she for herself. He was selfish through his intellectual and moral nature, and she through her senses and passions. Outwardly they were far apart; as a member of society she fell sadly below him; but in the sight of God both were alike sinful. It was not needful to argue this with her; conscience already condemned her. But to Nicodemus it was necessary to say, "Ye must be born again."

Few writers and preachers can vie with Mr. Beecher in the use of metaphor. His metaphors are not, however, mere fancies of the imagination thrown into the picture to heighten the effect of the subject. His theme shines through them like the golden threads which constantly recur in the woof and warp of tapestry. In the works of some authors metaphors are so abundant that you suspect the purpose they are intended to serve is to increase the size of the book. This is not the case with Mr. Beecher. His metaphors are the beautiful setting of noble thoughts. One marvels at the versatility of the genius which can elaborate them to express and illustrate almost every idea the mind conceives. By a single metaphor he sets forth the idea embodied in our Lord's saying to the woman at the well—"Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." "No longer in this nest alone, or in that, shall religion be looked for; but, escaping from its shell, heard in all the earth, in notes the same in every language, flying unrestrained and free, the whole heavens shall be its sphere, and the whole earth its home."

"The miracles of Christ cannot be taken out of their life-connections and analysed by themselves. They were to his teaching what gestures are to an orator, they go with his thoughts, and taken alone are of no value. They were the glowing expressions of sympathy. As in the moods of love, the eye, the lip, the face have expressions that cannot be separated from the emotions which produce them, so was it with Christ's works of mercy. They were not philosophical experiments

upon nature, nor premeditated evidences of power; they were the inspiration of a tender sympathy with human suffering, the flashes of the lights of love, the arms of God stretched forth for the rescue or consolation of the poor and needy."

Mr. Beecher compares the beatitudes to "an exquisite prelude which seems like a solemn hymn sung before a service." And then he adds, "They are but a collection and better ordering of maxims or aphorisms which existed in the Old Testament. Formerly, they lay scattered as pearls not detached from the parent shell, or as rough diamonds unground. Here they first appear in brilliant setting. They are no longer happy sayings, but sovereign principles. . . The traveller may to-day stand in Antwerp, near the old cathedral, hearing all the clatter of business, a thousand feet tramping close up to the walls and buttresses against which lean the booths, a thousand tongues rattling the language of traffic, when, as the hour strikes from above, a shower of notes seems to descend from the spire,—bell notes, fine, sweet, small as a bird's warble, the whole air full of crisp tinklings, underlaid by the deeper and sonorous tones of large bells, but all of them in fit sequences pouring forth a melody that seems unearthly, and the more so because in such contrast with the scenes of vulgar life beneath. In some such way must these words have fallen upon the multitude. . . . They are the choicest truths of the old dispensation set to the spirit of the new. But not until, like bells, they were thus set in chimes and rung in the spirit and melody of the spiritual age, could we have dreamed how noble they were." Of the second of the beatitudes, he says, "As frosts unlock the hard shells of seeds and help the germ to get free, so trouble develops in men the germs of force, patience, and ingenuity, and in noble natures 'works the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' A gentle schoolmaster it is to those who are 'exercised thereby.' Tears, like raindrops, have a thousand times fallen to the ground and come up in flowers."

"The beatitudes constitute a beautiful sketch of the ideal state when the glowing passions which in the day of Christ controlled even the religious leaders, and still so largely rule the world, shall be supplemented by the highest moral sentiments. The ostentatious wealth and arrogant pride of this sensuous life shall be replaced in the new life by a profound humility. The conceit and base content of a sordid prosperity shall give way to ingenuous spiritual aspiration. Men shall long for goodness more than the hungry do for food. They shall no longer live by the force of their animal life, but by the serene sweetness of the moral sentiments. Meekness shall be stronger than force. The spirit of peacemaking shall take the place of irritation and quarrelsomeness. But, as we can come to the mildness and serenity of spring only through the blustering winds and boisterous days of March, so this new kingdom must enter through a period of resistance and of persecution; and all who, taking part in its early establishment, have to accept persecution, must learn to find joy in it as the witness that they are exalted to a superior realm of experience, to the companionship of the noblest heroes of the prophetic age, and fellowship with God."

In speaking of the parables, Mr. Beecher says, "it is highly probable that all of them were preceded and followed by expository matter, on

which the parables were wrought like the figures upon lace. . . . Men would remember an illustration when they would forget a principle."

We have thus given a few of the metaphors from the closing chapters. They are equally numerous in the earlier portions of the book. As an example of Mr. Beecher's power in grasping the parabolic teaching of our Lord, we close with the paragraph in which he summarises the parable of the rich fool, as by common consent he is called. "Avarice, made good-natured by prosperity, counsels with itself and fills the future with visions of self-indulgence. Then from out the great realm above comes a voice pronouncing eternal bankruptcy to the presumptuous dreamer."

In going through this book, we have been led again and again to compare the reader to a traveller passing along a well-known highway in company with a guide, who, knowing the road, has frequently commanded a halt to point out the more attractive features in the surrounding landscape. From advantageous standpoints we have had new views of familiar scenery. The discourse to which we have listened, though uninterrupted, has never wearied us, and if we have ventured to call in question certain conclusions of our guide, we have endeavoured to do so infidelity to our conscientious convictions and with a modesty which becomes us. We regret the interruption of the journey at this point, and feel impatient to resume it again. We counsel all who like vigour of thought, freshness of view, and beauty of illustration, to secure this book for themselves. It will repay careful perusal and close study.

Closing Scene of A Humble Life.

SHE came about our house to wash; and we knew her as a hardy, upright, managing body. Her husband was a sailor, but had deserted her for some time, and her little daughter, aged nine years, was the only fruit of the diluted affection which existed between them.

One day on entering our parlour, I found her sitting with my wife.

"I've been at Edinburgh," said she, "and the doctors tell me that I am ill with cancer, and that I'll soon be in my grave."

She then spoke about her child with tears; "But," said she, "I must put my trust in God."

Missing her shortly after, I called along, and found her in bed. "I am just waiting on," she said, "but oh, he is putting me through the furnace, my sufferings are awful." After having a little worship together her daughter came in, when the mother burst into tears, crying "Poor thing, poor thing, but I just leave her in charge of my heavenly Father."

The doctors here said that they could do nothing for her, and that she should just take what agreed with her, and keep herself as comfortable as possible.

During frequent visits I was delighted to observe the spirituality of her mind, her acquaintance with the Scriptures, and her childlike faith and confidence in their Author. "Whatever my heavenly Father says

is right," she remarked, "a good father knows what to do with his child."

Once when I called, she said, "Read a few words in Song, second and sixteenth." I turned up the place and found, "My beloved is mine and I am his."

"Observe," she said, "its not my beloved shall be my mine, but my beloved *is* mine;" thus she was by faith in possession of the Christian's peace, by believing what Jesus says.

Some of the neighbours came in, and we all worshipped together, crying for help for our suffering friend. Next time I saw her she was not able to speak, nor scarcely to hear. It is awfully solemn to sit beside the bed of one just passing into eternity. I sat and looked, and thought, and prayed.

She was able to look at me, and such looks from a dying believer speak volumes; their sweet calm and quiet were evidences of patience and submission to her Father's will in this awful hour.

Next time we worshipped together from the ninety-first Psalm. She was very death-like. She said, "I'm wearying to be at his feet now. Oh, what I've suffered; none knows but him how much I've suffered; but," she added, "he has given me patience."

"You will praise him for it," I said. "Oh, ay, I'm wearying now for his time, for that time, but it's no for anything in me, it's for his own Son's sake. Yes, it's all for Jesus' sake."

I said, "That's true."

She continued, "My heavenly Father will be pleased to meet me. ay, ay, but it will be only for his Son's sake."

I said, "His blood is precious and prevailing for the sinner."

"Oh," she said, "it's dear, dear blood to me, and," after a pause, looking solemnly at me, "it's dear to him, too, it's costly blood."

Next visit her weakness was extreme. "I think you'll get the new wine in your Father's house to-night," I whispered. "Do you think it," said she, smiling; "Oh, I wish I would."

She shook hands with me, and said, "I hope God will not give you so many sufferings as he has given me." "We need to be purified," I replied. "Oh, ay," she said, "all our dross taken away." On parting, she said, "Good bye, good bye. Oh that he would set me at his feet."

She departed at two in the morning, commending her soul to Jesus, the Saviour, and her little girl to the Father of the fatherless.

Dundee. J. C. S.

"'My beloved is mine;' he hath given himself to me, his heart is set upon me, and is always careful of me, and concerned for me; of which he has given the fullest proof I could wish for: 'And I am his;' I give myself up to him, and am at his disposal, and think myself obliged to observe whatever he enjoins me, and to follow him whithersoever he calls me; especially seeing it is for my good; it makes both for my pleasure and profit, as well as for his glory; for 'he feedeth among the lilies.' I need not fear his leading me into danger, or any desolate places, but where lilies grow, where all is delight and pleasure; he will lead me into green pastures, where I may have food, and fulness of it."—*Dr. Gill.*

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY G. ROGERS.—(*Continued.*)

SIMPLE, SLOTH, PRESUMPTION, FORMALITY, AND HYPOCRISY.

PILGRIM is now on his way from Christ upon the Cross to Christ on the Throne. Christ crucified is for sinners, Christ glorified for saints. He suffered without the camp, before the whole world, but after his resurrection he showed himself to his disciples only; because in that capacity he belonged only to them. Having got rid of his burden, Pilgrim gave three leaps for joy and went on his way singing. Of what now was he most in danger? To what temptations was he most exposed? Would they not be unsuspecting simplicity, and even presumption and sloth? There is no need now, he might suppose, for much anxiety and toil: my burden is gone and I may travel at my ease. These are the temptations that now lay in his way in the persons of Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, with fetters on their heels. They were his own natural inclinations to these dispositions, and showed him what his condition would have been if he had yielded to them. Happily he passed quickly by them. There would have been no occasion to place them as three strangers in his way to receive a solemn warning from him, since they were precisely what would have occurred in his own experience, and would need to be surmounted by him. Two other dispositions to which a Christian pilgrim would be exposed, immediately after his release from the burden of sin, would be Formality and Hypocrisy. Here now they come "tumbling over the wall on the left hand of the narrow way; and they make up apace to him." He enters into conversation with them, and thus ascertains their true character and his own distinction from them. The garment upon his shoulders, and the roll in his hand, are his comfort and defence. In other words, he is tempted to conclude that his deliverance from his burden is imaginary only, that the joy of his deliverance is too great and too sudden to be well-founded, and that in fact his freedom from the guilt and condemnation of sin by one sight of the Cross is too good to be true; but, after the strictest self-examination, the sincerity of his faith is confirmed. His trust in the righteousness of Christ alone for justification, and the witness of the Spirit within him that he is born of God, are satisfactory evidences that he is neither a Formalist nor a Hypocrite. He came by the Cross, but they would have come by some other way.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

SINCERE faith must be tried. At the foot of the Hill Difficulty Pilgrim parted from Formalist and Hypocrisy; one of whom took one side of the hill, and the other the other side, while he took the straight path up the hill. At first he ran, then he walked, and then he was forced to climb. "Midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshment of weary travellers." It was made for rest, but not for sleep. Promises are to give us rest, but they are not for us to rest in them. They are resting-places for the feet, not pillows for the head. They are for comfort, not for happiness. Comfort implies sorrow, happiness freedom from it. It is comfort we look for here, happiness hereafter. The one is rest in the midst of toil, the other rest after toil. This distinction we are apt to lose sight of, and to mistake comfort for rest. "We are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?" Consolation contained in promises is to refresh us when weary, and to strengthen us for further toil. It is an arbour "midway to the top of the hill." Here Pilgrim, after resting awhile, and pleasing himself with the roll in his hand and the beauty of the garment given him at the Cross, fell into a deep sleep. In his sleep his roll dropt down from his hand, and thus he continued until it was almost night, when he suddenly

awoke, and hastened on his way. At the top of the hill he met with Timorous and Mistrust. Were these strangers to him? Were they other persons? No. They were just what he was sure to meet with in himself, the very feelings which, under such circumstances, he could not fail to experience. He had lost much time, the night was fast approaching, and his courage began to fail. Looking for his roll for direction and comfort, he discovered his loss, and with bitter tears retraced his steps, looking on every side, and, at length, after much painful search, found it in the arbour where he had slept. Oh, the untold anguish of the Christian's soul when, through neglect of duty and indolent repose, he has lost the evidence of his interest in Christ and the favour of his God! Bunyan here records such a season in his own experience, and it is well known to many thousands of others of like precious faith. But oh, the joy of heart when the assurance returns, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding is again found! Let Timorous and Mistrust be other persons, and more than half the completeness of the picture, and of the force of the application, is gone. Nay, the whole becomes confused, for who is to say how far, first the timidity and then the distrust, is in Pilgrim's own mind, and how far pertaining to some other? What though they are described as two men running to meet him and telling him of two lions in the way! This is but part of the allegory, which is founded upon the principle of personifying moral influences, and therefore necessary to it.

THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE.

The characters of Timorous and Mistrust are applied to Pilgrim by Bunyan himself. He saw "a very stately Palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the high-way side. So he made haste that, if possible, he might get lodging there." He had not gone far before "he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought that nothing but death was before him." Thus Timorous and Mistrust were not without the Pilgrim, but within him. "The porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, cried, 'Fear not the lions, for they are chained.'" Observe the name of the porter! "Watchful." Was this another character, or the Pilgrim's own? His own, without doubt. The fatal consequences of sleeping in the arbour had taught him the necessity of being more watchful for the future. Watchfulness enabled him to see the chains with which the lions were bound, and watchfulness introduced him into the palace called Beautiful. Watchfulness, we say, of himself, and not another. Into this Palace he was welcomed by a damsel named Discretion, who introduced him to three others, named Prudence, Piety, and Charity. From these he received much instruction and comfort according to their several abilities and their own peculiar excellences. They gave him a sight of the Delectable Mountains; they provided him with a complete suit of armour: and, after inspiring him with their own gentle and gracious influences, they accompanied him on his way to the bottom of a hill. Were *these* other characters, or the Pilgrim's own? What are the graces which are sure to come into exercise in a Christian's experience, after he has deeply lamented his remissness in active duties and devotion; has painfully recovered lost ground; and has become more watchful? Are they not the very graces of Discretion first, then Prudence, then Piety, and then Charity, as they are here named? Is it not in their society, as they dwell in him, that he takes delight, rather than as they dwell in the hearts of others? Is he not armed by them, as dwelling in himself, for the hard conflicts that are yet to be endured? Do not these accompany him in an easy path, and forsake him often in rugged ways and dark valleys? They are gentle spirits, but they hardly suffice for all the rough work of the Christian. Faith was not amongst the graces by which Pilgrim was entertained in the Beautiful Palace. That was made of sterner materials, and

needed no soft repose. Faith is ever watchful, and possesses all graces within itself. While Pilgrim was in the Beautiful Palace, Faithful had passed by. As he walked out with his friends to the gate, he asked the porter if he saw any Pilgrim pass by. "Then said the porter, 'Yes.' I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful." It was not night with Faithful as he came up to the Palace named Beautiful, because he had not slept in the arbour, or lost his roll, and, therefore, he kept on his way, and it was long before Pilgrim could overtake him. He had to pass through the Valley of Humiliation without him, and hence his sharp conflict and fears. Watchfulness, Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, which are all the fruits of faith, cannot do the work of faith itself. This is the experimental teaching, we apprehend, of this part of the allegory.

As the duty of Watchful was always to remain at that lodge, and Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity always remain in the Beautiful Palace, for there they were still when Christiana and her family went on their pilgrimage, it is strange that they should ever be regarded as separate Christians, and so many different Pilgrims to the heavenly city. "Can any be at a loss," says Dr. Cheever, "to understand the meaning of the house Beautiful, or that era in the life of the Pilgrim at which Christian had arrived? We think every one will see drawn in these symbols, with great beauty and delightfulness of colouring, the institutions and ordinances of the visible church of Christ on earth; the fellowship and divinely blest communion, the mutual instruction and edification, the happiness, hopes, promises, foretastes, enjoyments, growth in grace, and preparation for usefulness, peculiar to this sacred heavenly kingdom, belonging to the body of Christ, and growing out of a right use of its precious privileges." If the church militant were an institution in which one only is encouraged and strengthened to go on pilgrimage to the church triumphant, and the rest remain where they are, the analogy might be sustained. That Faithful did not enter the Beautiful Palace is explained by another expositor, by the facts that church fellowship is not essential to Christianity, that no compulsion should be used for this purpose, and that many "belong to the church universal, but not to any local body of Christians." According to this interpretation, the Pilgrim who does not avail himself of the privileges of church ordinances, is more advanced in his pilgrimage, passes more calmly and securely through the Valley of Humiliation, and arrives at heaven sooner than the Pilgrim who does observe them. That all these graces may be revived in each individual Christian by church fellowship may be readily admitted; but that they are so many different believers, or that any one of itself suffices for an entire description of a genuine believer, cannot be consistently maintained. The names of these fair and intelligent damsels, it may be observed, are not Discrete, but Discretion itself; not Prudent, but Prudence itself; not Pious, but Piety itself; not Charitable, but Charity itself; and such we take them to be. The quality may be put for the essence, as faithful for faith, and hopeful for hope; but rarely, we see the essence put for the quality, as faith for the faithful, and hope for the hopeful. The personification of the Graces themselves is common to poetry and allegory. Charity is personified by Paul in the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which Bunyan here adopts and applies to its sister graces. Personification, it should be remembered, denotes the special presence and influence of that which is personified, beyond its ordinary presence and operation, and not separated from them. It is thus employed by Bunyan to describe moral and spiritual states and emotions as they become prominent, or have the rule, in Christian experience, without denying their influence at other times. Hence Faithful passes by, while Pilgrim is wholly occupied, with the gentler graces, not that faith was separated from those graces, but only less distinctly realised and seen; and hence, as we shall afterwards see, Pilgrim's faith in the person of Faithful goes to heaven before he himself has finished his life of faith upon the earth. His experience of the vanity of earth had taken his faith to heaven, and fixed it there. It is thus that the elements of both good and evil are strongly pourtrayed in their relation,

for the time being, and under a certain peculiarity of circumstances, to the experience of the hero of the tale.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

We have now to follow Pilgrim through the Valley of Humiliation. The effect of his supineness and lost evidences has not yet disappeared. The lost ground has not yet been recovered. That he might not be too much discouraged, he has been entertained in the palace called Beautiful, and has been favoured with a sight of the Delectable Mountains. Yet even this was a delay. After every decline in the divine life the lost strength has to be recruited as well as lost duties to be performed. Nor is a season of indulgence for the recovery of lost strength the best preparation for the Valley of Humiliation. Had Pilgrim evinced more determination and self-denial in climbing the Hill Difficulty, he might have been better prepared to pass through this valley, as may be seen in the case of Faithful. The hills and valleys of Christian experience are so arranged that they become preparations for each other. "Lest I should be exalted through the abundance of the revelations," says a former pilgrim, "there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me." There is a period, perhaps, in the experience of every Christian, in which he has by some special effort to overcome the wicked one. This, according to an Apostle, is in the full vigour of his youth. "I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one." It was so with the Lord himself, and the servant is not above his master. The armour with which Pilgrim was invested, as he left the palace gate, was an intimation to him of approaching danger. As sailors may be seen, while it is yet calm, to put on their rough clothing, to clear the deck, and reef the sails, and thus betoken to others the coming storm, so Pilgrim is warned by the armour with which he is clad of a severe conflict at hand. "Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand." He has not proceeded far in the dreary valley before he sees Apollyon coming to meet him, who first endeavours to terrify him by his appearance, then to persuade him by calm reasoning, then to overwhelm him with a sense of guilt, then to destroy him with whole showers of fiery darts, and then by grappling with him to give him the finishing blow. In this last act Apollyon himself is wounded, and spreading his dragon wings, flies away. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Yes, but what a resistance must be made before he will flee! Still, he does flee, and the severer the conflict, the brighter is the victor's crown. There is a race of Christians in our day to whom these sharp points of Christian experience, these internal conflicts and triumphs, these hellish depths and heavenly heights, are utterly unknown; but there are some still left who are familiar with them as the deep things of God. We would rather be of the latter class than the former. Give us the deepest sorrows of the Christian with his highest joys rather than the even course which is insensible to both. Anything is better than indifference here. Let us have our whole being stirred up to its utmost depths upon a subject that involves the anger or the friendship of God, and an eternity of happiness or woe.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

From one valley Pilgrim soon enters into another, or rather perhaps into a mountain-pass, known of old, from its being infested with enemies of every kind, as "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." From contending with Satan he proceeds to contend with the fear of dying. As "death and him that had the power of death" had been conquered *for* him, so they must be conquered *by* him. Having conquered him that had the power of death, the shadow of death only remained; but the shadow of death is sometimes more terrible than the reality. It is represented here as dark, embedded with deep mire where there is no standing, full of pitfalls, resounding with dismal howlings, full of frightful

apparitions, strewed with blood, bones, and ashes, and close by the mouth of hell.

"Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land."

Christians pass through this valley when in hourly expectation of death from the hand of persecution. In Bunyan's time this was frequent, and hence the early and prominent place assigned it in his allegory. Christians pass through this valley when sick and nigh unto death, when suffering from bereavement, and when from various other causes they are oppressed with the fear of dying. The Lord himself passed through this valley when, in Gethsemane, he "offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." It was here that he conquered the fear of dying, after which he showed no fear of death itself. Thus, if we conquer death while we live, it will not conquer us when we die. It is the fear of it only that the true Christian has to overcome. It is not death but its shadow that he has to encounter, and the sooner he passes through that in his pilgrimage the better.

FAITHFUL.

As Pilgrim left the Palace called Beautiful, he was informed by the porter that Faithful had passed by, which led him to hasten forward in the hope of overtaking him. In the Valley of Humiliation Faithful was still before him. Toward the end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he thought he once heard his voice, and soon as he came out of it he saw him, and called him to stay, but Faithful still went on. Pilgrim then made a great effort to overtake him, and, was so pleased with having accomplished this, that he even went beyond him. This caused him to stumble, and compelled him to wait until Faithful came to his assistance. A long conversation then took place between them. They related to each other their adventures by the way. Faithful had hoped to have accompanied Pilgrim all the way from the City of Destruction, but Pilgrim had set out before him. He had escaped the Slough of Despond, but had met with one whose name was Wanton who had like to have done him a mischief. At the foot of the Hill Difficulty he was met by Adam the First, who dwelt in the town of Deceit, and who invited him to his house and told him he had three daughters, whose names were the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life, and he might marry them all if he would. At first he felt inclined to follow him, and soon afterwards repented and turned away from him; but, for this half compliance, while he was ascending the hill, one came after him, swift as the wind, and knocked him down, and would have made an end of him, if one with holes in his hands and in his side had not commanded him to forbear. When Faithful passed the lions they were asleep, and, having so much of the day before him, he passed by the Beautiful Palace without entering it. In the Valley of Humiliation, he met with one Discontent, who endeavoured to persuade him to turn back, or he would displease all his friends, Pride, Arrogancy, Self-conceit, Worldly-glory, with others. He also met with Shame, who told him that it was "a pitiful, low, sneaking, business for a man to mind religion, and that a tender conscience was an unmanly thing." These were all that Faithful met with in that valley, for he "had sunshine," he says, "all the rest of the way through this, and also through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Who is this Faithful? Of whom does Bunyan speak here? Of his Pilgrim, or of some other man? Of some other man, say the whole round of expositors. "Christian," says one, "in a great measure escaped the peculiar temptations that assaulted Faithful, yet he sympathised with him; nor did the latter deem the gloomy experiences of his brother visionary or imaginative, though he had been exempted from them." Thus the experience of Faithful is invariably regarded as belonging to some other, and not, therefore, as part of the one Pilgrim's Progress. If it be the experience of some other, numerous other distinct persons must come upon the scene. Is Wanton a real person? Is

Adam the First a real person here? Are his three daughters, the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life, real persons? Is the town of Deceit, in which they dwell, a real or imaginary town? Is Discontent a real person? Are his friends Pride, Arrogancy, Self-conceit, Worldly-glory, real persons? Is Shame a real person? Why not? If one, why not all? If Faithful be a real person, why not all the rest? If, on the other hand, Faithful be a personification of faith, all the other personifications naturally follow; and this is nothing more than in a professed allegory might be expected. Let Faithful be the one Pilgrim's own faith, and both the unity and harmony of the narrative are preserved. He knew him, he said; he was his townsman and near neighbour, and came from the place where he was born. Pilgrim had left the City of Destruction under the influence of fear more than of faith, which is signified by Faithful tarrying behind; and the whole experience of Faithful is his own reflections upon what his experience would have been if he had walked more by faith, and had been less guided by his own feelings. Had he been more influenced by faith he would have escaped the Slough of Despond, as Faithful did. He would have felt less the burden of sin, but might have felt more the temptation to wantonness, as Faithful did. He would have passed further from the town of Morality, but nearer to the town of Deceit, as Faithful did. He would not have needed a night's lodging in the Palace called Beautiful, but would have passed by it in mid-day, as Faithful did. He would not have been so fiercely attacked by Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, nor have had so frightful a journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but would have gone boldly and cheerfully through both, as Faithful did. He thus acknowledges what dangers he would have escaped, and what encouragements he would have had, if he had possessed stronger faith. He compares what he was, with what a life of faith should have been; not that the purest and strongest faith would have been without its temptations and trials, but he would have been more able to overcome them. It is not all at once that the Christian learns to walk by faith. He sometimes gets before faith, and sometimes faith gets before him. He is never more safe than when faith is close by his side. He is not without trials even then, but he has comfort and support under them. That period in which the Christian makes faith his principal guide is illustrated in this part of Bunyan's allegory. Apart from Faithful, the faith of Pilgrim is not spoken of at any time as in vigorous exercise, except when it is translated to heaven, which gives it not less but greater power upon the earth. Had Pilgrim's strong faith been spoken of when he left the City of Destruction, or when he passed the Wicket-gate, or even when his burden fell before the Cross, for which real, rather than great, faith is required; or had faith been one of the graces by which Pilgrim was entertained in the Palace at the time that Faithful passed by, it must be acknowledged that it would have been highly detrimental to our theory, but is it so? No. Quite the reverse. Faithful is not with Pilgrim when his own faith is weak; but Faithful is with him when his own faith is strong. The coincidence, we conceive, of the appearance and influence of Faithful with Pilgrim's own faith proves them to be one. This boldness of allegory, moreover, is such as Christian experience really requires for its strongest elucidation, and is adopted by the great Apostle himself, as when he speaks of the old man and the new man; when he says, "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do;" when he says, "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me;" and again, when he says, "I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. 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." Paul and Bunyan are alike enigmatical in describing a life of faith, and it would be difficult to prove that either in boldness of imagery has exceeded the other.

(*To be continued.*)

It's not all right.

"ALL right" is as much John Bull's own word as "Go-a-head" is the especial voice of Cousin Jonathan. We hear it every day, and scarcely notice its cheerful significance; but the other morning the power of its negative fell very forcibly upon us. Asleep in the cabin of the good ship "Orion," we were dreaming in a happy manner when a very emphatic voice startled us into thorough wakefulness by asserting most vigorously, "IT IS NOT ALL RIGHT." A sinking vessel, furious breakers, and bursting engines, like "battle, murder, and sudden death," all rushed before our mind. The hobgoblins which so much alarmed Bunyan's Pilgrim were all before us. When a man bears witness in the dead of night with a sonorous voice that "it is not all right," he is clothed with the power of a Jonah, and arouses all who hear him, whether it be a trio in a cabin or a crowd in a city. We do not know a more sure and efficient method of chasing sleep from a landsman's eyes than by shouting in his ears, "it is *not* all right," at three o'clock in the morning, when he wakes up not in his own cosy bedroom; but in the little den wherein the steward has "cribbed, cabined, and confined him." After all, there was more reason for fun than fear, for the prophetic voice proceeded from one of the companions of our voyage, who, so far from intending to warn us of some dread event, was himself hardly conscious of having spoken. Our friend was lying in the berth beneath us, and the boy coming in for the boots which it was his office to clean, not knowing that any living being was in the aforesaid berth had put his hand on our friend's leg, and leaned heavily thereon, while he groped on the floor for the the shoes: the sudden pressure made the sleeper spring up much to the amazement of the boy, who very naturally cried out "All right, sir," but received for answer a flat contradiction from the half-awakened passenger, "It is *not* all right." The explanation created a burst of laughter, but all chance of any more of "Tired nature's sweet restorer" was gone for that season. Many a day after, the cry of "*It's* NOT *all right*" lingered with us, and we thought of the large amount of truth which it contained.

We entered the churches of a Popish city, and felt amid the mummeries and idolatries that "it was not all right." We thought of a church at home, which has now become a Noah's ark wherein the unclean beasts are herded by sevens, and the clean animals in twos only, and we reflected that "it was not all right." We remembered three or four Presbyterian churches in which no eye unaided by a Scotch microscope can detect a difference, and we heard loud voices raging against a hopeful union, and we thought "it was not all right." We considered the mournful fact that many English Nonconformists are removing all the old landmarks, and seeking out novel inventions, and we lamented that "it was not all right."

Then our mind passed in review the hundreds of self-righteous persons, lovers of pleasure, and neglecters of the gospel, with whom "it is not all right." We pictured the dying beds, the resurrection and the judgment, of men with whom "it is not all right," and we felt that we had here a great text for a most impressive sermon; but, dear reader, we are not going to inflict a discourse upon you, and, therefore, we drop our pen; only adding one prayer that none of us may have to exclaim at the last,

"IT IS NOT ALL RIGHT." C. H. S.

Reviews.

Sunlight for the Sick Room. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

"Feeble members" are "necessary" to "the body" and must be cared for very tenderly. This book is for such, and will be prized in many a chamber of pain and suffering. A convenient book to hold, and easy for reading because of its good bold type. We are not fond of printed forms of prayer, and deem the sighs and groans of the afflicted their most appropriate pleading with God, but all the rest of the book we heartily commend, and hope it may prove as "wine and oil" to many wounded ones.

Keil on the Books of Kings, translated from the German. By the Rev. James Martin, B.A. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

We count ourselves richer for having added to our library of exposition a comment upon the Books of the Kings. One does not look to Keil for evangelical savour, or spiritual reflections. These are not in his line; but, for clear explanation of the text he is very valuable. He gives an honest exegesis, and this is what some of us want more than anything else; reflections and practical lessons we can discover for ourselves. With great pleasure we see again the name of our friend Mr. Martin upon a title page. As a scholar he adorns the Baptist denomination. Though far away from us, he is helping us all by these translations. His scholarship is such that those unacquainted with German feel sure that they are reading a true rendering of the great scholar's comments. Again we express our obligations to Messrs. T. and T. Clark for continuing to issue such valuable Biblical works. *Keil on Daniel* we have also received, but such a subject requires a more thorough reading than at this moment we can afford it. In thus saying we do not mean to imply the slightest doubt of the excellence of the exposition, but simply to excuse a necessary delay. Many of our readers will probably in the mean time judge for themselves.

No Sect in Heaven and other Poems. Provost & Co., 36, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

The first *poem* of this collection many will have read. It seems to us utter, childish, nonsense, and yet a great many are struck by it. If you want to win cheap approbation, get up and talk against sectarianism, for this age despises fidelity to Christ, and loves those who flatter it in its wicked disregard of the Lord's teachings and commands. In nine cases out of ten the fine sentences uttered at public meetings about charity are mere clap-trap. Instead of crying down sectarianism, we need to foster among our people more of that unflinching fidelity to truth which constrained martyrs to die for it.

How to Pray and what to Pray for. An exposition of the Lord's Prayer and Christ's introductory Sayings. By Edward Jewitt Robinson. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster-row.

We do not agree with every opinion here expressed, but we are glad to meet with so excellent a book upon the subject. Other works have been carefully read by the author and intertwisted with his own reflections. The result has produced very profitable reading.

A Suggestive Commentary on St. John, with Critical and Homiletical Notes. Vol. I. Dickinson, 73, Farringdon-street.

We have, upon a former occasion, commended the Van Doren series, but having had occasion of late frequently to use the first volume on John, we have been so impressed with its great practical value that we feel it to be only a matter of justice to call attention to it a second time. We do not endorse the theological statements in many instances, but the work is what it professes to be —*suggestive*. For ministers who need a little water poured into the pump of their minds to make it work, Van Doren is the man. Wealthy hearers of wanting pastors should send a copy at once to the manse.

Biblical Geography and Antiquities. By E. P. Barrows, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

Well-planned and well executed. This should be a standard class-book upon its subject, ranking with Dr. Angus's Bible Handbook for utility and completeness. If we had our will no student should remain a week without a copy, and no minister's library should be destitute of the same. Alas for the scant libraries of ministers, they help to make their ministry barren and unfruitful! If you give a cow no grass you will get no milk. Ministers are not able to make bricks without straw, and none but tyrants would wish them to do so.

Handbook of Bible Geography, containing the name, pronunciation, and meaning of every place, nation, and tribe, mentioned in both the canonical and apocryphal Scriptures, &c. By George H. Whitney, A.M. Hodder and Stoughton.

This work differs from the above by being arranged as a dictionary; for this reason some will value it more than the other, and some less. Dr. Burrows' work appears to us to be of a higher class than Mr. Whitney's, and yet the latter may be more available for popular use. We wish God-speed to both works. The engravings and maps increase the value of the handbook, which is a well condensed and reliable dictionary of biblical geography.

Sturdy Jack. By Mrs. Joseph Lamb. Religious Tract Society.

Just the book for workmen's boys. If it makes them sturdy Jacks it will be a great blessing.

Ben and Kit: a Story of Two Poor Children in London. Allan, 15, Paternoster-row.

The woodcuts are so hideous that no story could survive them, and certainly not so weak an affair as this. With a new story and new pictures, like the boy's knife with a new handle and new blade, the book might then be worth having.

Susanne De L'Orme. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., Edinburgh.

Another story of Huguenot trials and constancy. We have read it with much interest, and commend it heartily.

Picture Stories for Children, a New Series of Gospel Narratives. By E. B. Robert L, Allan, 15, Paternoster-row.

These are intended for the very little ones, and for them they are very suitable. A good spirit pervades each page. The same may be said of *Tiny Tales for the Little Ones*, by the same author and publisher.

The Happy Land: by the author of Lonely Lily. Shaw and Co.

One of those pleasant little children's books which follow humbly in the wake of "Jessica's First Prayer," and are equally full of gospel truth.

Ned Dolan; or, "Lead us Not into Temptation." By Alice Gray. Morgan and Scott.

An American story of the right sort. Short, telling, with a thoroughly sound moral and religious ring about it.

Memoranda.

We have this month to sing of mercy. No sooner was the empty state of our Orphanage exchequer made known to our faithful friends than the Lord inclined their hearts to send the necessary aid. This is a distinct answer to prayer, for other charities have been in the same condition, and have made many urgent appeals without evoking the reply which they desired. So prompt and generous have been the responses of our loving helpers that, after paying £300 for the demands of the month, we have still £1,200 balance in hand—a marvellous change, indeed, from an actual deficit of £90, and all within a few days. Let the name of the Lord be great. We tender our heart's thanks to those who took pity on our orphans and became the Lord's almoners to the needy. For the future, if our friends will kindly note the amount of our monthly Orphanage list, and remember that whenever the amount falls short of £310 we are by the amount of the deficiency reducing our balance, they will be able to time their contributions, so that we may never again come so very nearly to the last loaf. Provision will always come, but a little rule and method among the Lord's stewards

would be a fit imitation of the economy of the great Father who gives us "*day by day* our daily bread." Since our stores have been replenished we have sent six sick boys to Margate, and have filled up the beds at home which they have vacated. Good health is enjoyed by almost all in the Orphanage, but a few among the new comers are feeble, owing to the semi-starvation which they have endured before coming to us. One dear little boy has been in bed almost ever since he came to us, and grows gradually weaker and weaker. He is a sweet child; and though he requires, and always has, a nurse entirely to himself, he is one whom we should be sorry not to have received. Dobbin is beloved by all, and is, we hope, ripening for the better land. He is a pattern of patience, it shines from his face. When he can be got to the window to look out at the others he seems quite happy; only, on the high days and holidays, he wishes himself among his little friends.

We need a second schoolmaster for the Orphanage, as our excellent friend Mr. Lang has left us to conduct a journal. Good masters are scarce; perhaps this notice may bring us one.

The beloved friends who have hitherto supplied all the boys with shirts are now unable to compass the number. We need not less than 500 in the year. Ladies' schools, and working societies, by kindly volunteering to supply a certain number, would much aid us. Our obligations are very great to the two ladies whose pupils, and their friends, have hitherto achieved the whole of this work. We dare not give their names for fear of grieving them, but if any gentlemen of wealth need a school of the best character for their daughters, and will apply to us, we shall have great pleasure in directing them.

There is not, and never was, a shade of truth in the report that we contemplate attempting to enter Parliament. We wonder what next will be set afloat. The man who obtained a penny a line for that paragraph needs never be short of small change, his imagination must be most active.

The memorial stone of the new chapel at Croydon, where our beloved brother is to minister, was laid with much joy on May 28th. It was a good occasion. Friends rallied from all quarters, and gave generously. Much assistance is needed for the completion of this enterprise. Croydon is a wide field, and our brother will sow good seed in it. By God's help he will do a great work in that town.

We are happy to give publicity to the following information. We trust it will be the means of increasing the number of churches, and so of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. "The managers of the Baptist Fund have determined to entertain applications for grants for a *limited* time, of a larger amount than hitherto voted, from churches in populous districts, who at the time of applying cannot raise a sufficient stipend for the support of a well qualified pastor. These special grants will be reducible each year until by annual reduction they cease. The continuance of these grants will depend upon its being satisfactorily shown each year that endeavours have been made to increase the pastor's income at least to the extent to which the grant shall have been reduced." Mr. Grace, the secretary, can be corresponded with by letter addressed to the Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn. This action of the Baptist Fund deserves the utmost commendation. May it be followed by the best results.

Mr. Bunning has sailed for Geelong. We hope the friends there will receive him as a brother beloved, worthy of their love and confidence.

Mr. Morgan has also sailed for Adelaide, and we trust and believe that he will be very useful there. To the brethren who undertake his support we commend him as an earnest, zealous, and transparent brother, wishing him every success.

We have many excellent articles in type for which we have no space this month. Among them is a paper read at the College Conference, by Mr. Lauderdale.

Requests to reprint the various articles of our magazine are very numerous and flattering, but we cannot always comply with them, as after having once been given to the public in the magazine they are not always saleable in another form. Persons wishing for a sufficiently large quantity for distribution will, however, always have their wishes attended to.

We hope to lay the memorial stone of a new chapel at Faversham, for the congregation of our brother and late student, Mr. Bax, on July 31. An entirely new church has been founded by Mr. Bax, who deserves the assistance of the neighbouring Baptist churches and all others.

Mr. Edward Leach, who has so long been known to our readers, is erecting a new chapel at Addlestone, Surrey. We take much interest in him and his work, and shall be glad to see that he receives help in his work of faith from the readers of the *Sword and Trowel*. We believe that the first stone will be laid on July 12th, and we hope to be present both to speak and to preach.

The correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from the gold fields of South Africa, notes that in the houses of the Dutch farmers, wherever there was a superior air of comfort and competence, he found *Spurgeon's Sermons*. He asks, "Why is this?" We think we could give him an answer, but we forbear. We rejoice that the Dutch translation, printed in Cape Town, has met with such great acceptance. May God bless his own word.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—May 27th, eighteen; May 30th, sixteen; June 13th, five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	1	1	0
M. H.	0	10	0
Mr. Kirkwood	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mills	5	0	0
Mrs. Bell	5	0	0
Mr. W. Tutton	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. J. Marsh	1	0	0
A Friend, in Scotland	20	0	0
Mr. E. Hughes	2	10	0
Mr. Ernest Wm. Hughes	1	5	0
Miss Alice Jane Hughes	1	5	0
John Ploughman	0	5	0
Amy	0	4	4
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. Blair, per Rev. E. Blewett	10	0	0
Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
Mrs. Jones	1	1	0
Friends in Littledale	23	6	6
Mr. A. Dunn	25	0	0
A Thursday night hearer	5	0	0
Mr. G. Powell	1	1	0
Mr. W. Thomas	10	0	0
Friends, per Mr. H. Gifford	0	10	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	0	0
G. S. J.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Day	5	0	0
Hitherto	0	5	0
Mary Jane Jones	1	1	0
Mr. Williams	5	5	0
Rev. W. H. Burton	5	0	0
"Part of the tenth"	3	0	0
B/93—72,199	5	0	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Mr. Hector	1	0	0
A Friend, Lindfield	0	10	0
Mrs. Bickmore	30	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore, (quarterly)	2	0	0
Mrs. Georgina L. Scott	0	8	0
M. M.	1	0	0
Legacy of the late Maria West	22	10	0
Collection at Penge Tabernacle, per Rev. J. Collins	7	7	0
M. W., College Buildings	5	0	0
Collection at Wollaston, per Mr. Wilkins	8	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., May 26	33	5	8
" " " June 2.	25	14	6
" " " " 9.	40	0	5
" " " " 16.	41	16	7
	£372	15	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 19th to June 20th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Collecting Cards and Boxes:—			
Mrs. Raybould	0	10	0
Miss Raybould	0	9	0
Miss Verrel	1	5	6
Mr. Simmonds	0	12	7½
Mrs. Ainger	0	2	0
Mrs. Whitehead	1	13	0
Master G. Conquest	0	5	0
Miss A. Conquest	0	5	0
Miss Phillips	2	16	3½
Miss Ellen Phillips	2	12	4
Master Willie's Farthings	0	2	6
Mrs. Culver	0	16	0
Miss A. Seward	0	10	0
Miss Maynard	0	10	0
Mrs. Elmore	0	5	0
Master Elmore	0	6	6
Mrs. Rutherford	0	6	6
Mr. Gobby	0	8	0
Miss Gobby	0	10	0
Miss Gobby	0	14	9
Mrs. Fisher	0	8	6
Miss Smith	0	7	2
Miss Hughes	1	0	0
Miss L. Lovegrove	0	18	6
Mrs. Pyner	1	2	0
Miss Pyner	0	5	0
Master Pollock	0	1	0
Miss R. Keen	0	10	6
Mr. Luff	1	9	0
Miss Hudson	1	4	0
Mrs. Allum	0	17	0
Mrs. H. White	0	9	0
Miss Ann Badenock	1	0	0
Miss Hughes	0	10	0
Master A. Strong	0	4	4
Friend	0	1	0
Mrs. Wallbank	0	14	0
Miss Flatt	0	3	6
Miss Padbury	0	12	0
Mrs. Knight	1	10	0
Miss E. Hughes	0	17	6
Miss L. Prust	0	11	2
Mrs. Duncombe	0	10	0
Miss E. Buckmaster	0	12	0
Master Buckmaster	0	11	9
Mr. C. Howes	1	0	6
Miss Nisbet	0	18	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	15	0
Mrs. Hill	0	10	6
Miss Narraway	0	10	0
Miss E. Narraway	0	7	0
Miss Ward	0	10	0
Miss Parker	2	2	9
Mrs. Lewis	2	0	0
Mrs. Lequeux	0	14	6
Mrs. Bowles	0	12	6
Miss Butcher	0	11	0
Mrs. Evans	0	8	0
Mrs. Foote	1	0	0
Mrs. Marsh	1	1	0
Master R. Adams	0	6	9
Mrs. Gilder	0	10	0
Miss S. E. Cockrell	1	2	0
Mrs. Ryan	0	6	0
Miss E. S. Budge	0	4	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss McAlley	0	5	6
Mrs. Boggis	0	9	8
Mrs. Webb	0	7	6
Mrs. Abbott	1	1	0
Mr. Heller	1	1	0
Master S. J. Hillman	1	0	0
Master Everitt...	0	18	8
Master Andrews	0	9	7
Miss Jessie Dunn	0	2	3
Master C. Dunn	0	3	3
Master Scott	0	3	0
Master Millar	1	10	0
Mrs. Roberts	1	9	0
Miss Jephs	2	10	0
Mrs. Pope	1	13	2
Master Buleraig	0	2	0
Master J. (Lancashire) ...	0	8	0
Mr. G. Eley	0	13	6
Miss J. A. Langton	0	16	1
Miss Bonser	0	14	3
Miss White	1	0	3
Master W. Perkins	0	9	0
Miss Charlesworth	2	3	0
Mrs. Askew	0	7	0
Miss Hallett	0	15	0
Miss S. Muir	1	18	3
Mrs. Cornell	0	6	9
Mrs. Samuel	3	10	0
Miss Cockshaw	0	10	0
Miss J. Cockshaw	1	1	4
Mrs. Hubbard	0	15	6
Master Hubbard	0	5	2
Miss J. Hubbard	0	5	0
Mr. Edwin S. Boot	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
Miss Pearce	0	17	0
Miss Parnell	0	16	6
Mr. E. W. Saunders	1	2	6
Mrs. Drayson	2	2	0
Mrs. Romang	2	0	0
Mrs. Romang	2	3	5
Master James Romang ...	0	5	6
Master Millar	0	1	0
Mr. Court	0	6	0
Mr. Vinal	0	5	0
Master F. C. Robinson ...	0	8	2
Miss Smith	0	16	1
Miss E. Clark	0	9	2
Miss Chilvers	0	10	0
Master White	1	0	0
Miss Piner	0	3	2
Miss Harding	0	2	11
Miss E. Crocker	0	3	7
Miss Roan	0	9	0
Master Hall	0	0	8
Master Bruce	0	1	0
Master D. Bruce	0	10	2
Mrs. Harrington	0	6	5
Miss Rosa Tankin	0	7	10
Miss Ryan	0	4	0
Master Joshua Payne... ...	0	3	10
Master E. Payne	0	3	11
Miss Bradford	0	5	2
Miss Bennington	0	7	9
Mrs. Collins	0	3	0
Mr. W. J. Evans	1	10	0
Mr. Waghorn	0	19	4
Boxes, Hornsey Rise, Baptist Chapel, per Rev. F. M. Smith	1	5	8
Master Edward Glennie, jun.	0	3	8
Miss Fairey	1	5	10
Mr. Sullivan	0	4	4
Miss Evans	0	1	10
Miss F. Warden...	0	1	6
Rev. W. J. Mayers	0	10	8
Mrs. Hertzell	0	5	4
Master F. Turner	0	3	6
Miss Smith	0	8	1
Mr. Rogers	0	1	4
Mr. Ashton	0	5	6
Miss Everett	0	10	3
Miss Gooding	1	4	6
Master John T. Canning ...	0	1	4
Miss Crowder	0	7	0
Master Pankhurst	0	5	2
Miss Desereix	0	16	3
Mrs. Davis	0	3	2
Master Rambolt	0	5	6
Master B. Hanson	0	3	3
Mrs. Croker	0	7	4
Miss Blake	0	8	9
Mrs. Benbow	0	3	4
Master Arthur Stracey ...	0	4	8
Master Kliegl	0	2	5
Master F. Kliegl	0	1	0
Master Sanderson	0	4	9
Miss Lawson	0	6	11
Miss M. A. Burman	0	12	0
Miss Louisa Watts	0	2	2
Mrs. Steele	0	13	4
Mrs. Hett	0	5	7
Mr. R. Mills	0	14	6
Master A. Whillier	0	8	10
Master C. Whillier	0	9	7
Master Charles Edwards ...	0	15	6
Master H. Edwards	0	15	2
Master F. Watkins	0	7	4
Master C. Jennings	0	13	6
Miss Wippsman	6	3	3
Mrs. Lacey	1	1	11
Mr. Babbock	0	9	10
Mr. Ross	1	19	5
Mr. Doudington	0	8	2
Mrs. Baker	0	14	3
Master F. Nowark	0	3	8
Master John A. Newark ...	0	2	3
Mr. Green, jun....	0	14	4
Miss Foote	1	17	1
Miss Black	0	9	10
Mr. Bartlett, Alms House Schools...	1	8	3
Mr. Speller	0	10	9
			128 15 6
T. H. H.			0 10 0
A Friend (Nottingham)			0 10 0
H. L. J. (Do.)			1 0 0
Miss Wade			1 0 0
Miss E. Webster			1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Woollard			1 1 0
Mr. Dougharty			1 1 0
Mrs. Baker			0 7 6
Mr. G. Ansell			1 1 0
Mr. G. H. Phillips			0 5 0
Collection at Tabernacle			302 0 11
Miss Passmore, Sale of Bazaar Goods (Sunday School)			0 14 6
Mr. J. Houghton			10 0 0
Mrs. Eley			1 0 0
Mr. E. Joscelyn			2 0 0
A Friend			0 8 6
Mr. W. Tutton			5 0 0
Mr. E. J. Upward			5 0 0
E. B.			45 0 0
Mr. R. Evans			10 0 0
Miss C.			5 0 0
Mr. Padgett			5 0 0
Mrs. J. W. Smith			1 1 0
Mr. Stevenson			3 3 0
Mr. J. Mills			5 5 0
Mr. Brier, per Mr. Mills			5 5 0
Mrs. A. Morgan			1 0 0
A Lady, per Rev. H. Smyth			0 10 0
M/S—66076, London, 25th Jan., 1872 ...			100 0 0
Thankoffering			0 10 0
Mr. B. G. O. Adam			0 10 0
Mr. E. Hughes			2 10 0
Mr. Ernest William Hughes			1 5 0
Miss Alice Jane Hughes			1 5 0
Mr. J. Stiff			20 0 0
Mr. T. Stocker			2 0 0
Mr. B. Vickery			10 0 0
Mr. R. Lowe...			0 5 0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Yeatman	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Mc.	5	0	0
Mr. J. MacDougall	0	5	0
Mr. J. Innocent	0	5	0
J. D.	0	2	0
The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Mr. Cockrell	3	0	0
Mr. W. Ross	1	0	0
Mr. Ferns (Boston)	0	11	0
Mr. Romang	1	0	0
Mr. W. Day	0	10	0
Miss O'Leary	0	12	0
Miss Shrimpton	3	0	0
Mrs. Canterbury	5	0	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Messrs. Popham, Radford, and Co.	10	0	0
Rev. G. Hider	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. H. Gifford	0	10	0
Rev. J. Acworth	2	10	0
Mr. W. Thomas	10	0	0
Mrs. Kennedy	0	5	0
Messrs. G. and J. Shepherd	5	0	0
Mr H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. J. Webb	1	1	0
Miss Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hine	1	0	0
Mr. E. Bolt	1	0	0
Miss Carr	1	0	0
Rev. J. Field	2	0	0
E. M. R.	0	10	0
J. and E. Rossiter	1	2	6
Mr. Nutter	5	0	0
Mr. B. Wheeler	0	5	0
Mr. D. McLaren	25	0	0
Per Rev. W. Sampson :—			
Miss Armstrong 0 10 0			
Miss Gettens 1 1 0			
Mr. G. Pope 0 5 0			
Small Sums 0 9 0			
Church Fund 3 0 0			
	5	5	0
Mr. Edwdrds	0	10	0
J. S.	50	0	0
O. S. J.	0	2	6
T. R.	0	5	0
Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Per Rev. H. B. Bardwell :—			
Free-will Offerings at North Bradley 1 12 2			
Mrs. Finch 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Woodfin 0 7 10			
	3	0	0
B. and K.	2	2	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Edwin Walter	0	2	6
A Thankoffering, C. L.	0	10	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, Cornwall Road, Brixton	0	18	6
In Memory of a beloved Mother	1	1	0
Miss Pringle	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Price	2	0	0
Mr. Dring	5	0	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. H. McKay	2	10	0
Mrs. Williams	0	8	1
Sympathy	0	5	0
"Orders"	0	4	2
Mr. D. C. Apperby	0	5	0
Mr. McKay	0	6	9
Mrs. Headley	0	7	2
A Clapham 'Bus Driver	0	10	0
Mr. W. Keiser	0	2	6
Fines for Misnomers in the Woolley Household	0	3	7
Mrs. Blair, per Rev. E. Blewett	10	0	0
H. K.	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Friends at Ashwater, per Mr. Bray	1	0	0
Mr. B. W. Hayman	0	10	0
	0	5	0
Rye nd Mrs. F. B. Thomas	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
C. J. S.	1	11	6
Mr. Whichelo	5	0	0
May	0	3	0
Mr. J. Reid	0	2	0
C. M.	1	0	0
W. H. S.	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Heath	10	0	0
J. A. K.	0	5	0
Sterling	0	10	6
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	0	2	0
A family of Ten	0	5	0
I. O. U.	0	5	0
M. E.	0	1	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Rev. J. W. Todd	5	0	0
A Young Baptist	0	3	0
A Thursday night hearer	5	0	0
B.	0	1	0
Portmahon Chapel, Sheffield	10	0	0
A Journeyman Miller	0	5	0
An Engine Keeper	0	1	0
A Thankoffering	20	0	0
Mr. J. Kempton	0	5	0
Mrs. Kelsall	50	0	0
Miss Powell	0	16	6
Miss Thompson	0	10	0
W. V.	0	1	0
Miss Maria Wade	1	6	10
Mrs. Butler	0	16	2
Master Sharratt	0	1	1
Mrs. Gidley	0	7	0
A Friend, per Mrs. T.	10	0	0
J. H.	0	5	0
J. D. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Whittemore	0	10	0
Ditto, a Friend	0	2	6
Miss Richardson	0	7	0
Miss Abbott	1	0	6
Mrs. Davies	0	15	0
Mrs. Vernon	0	5	0
Miss Jones	0	17	6
Mrs. West	0	11	6
Mrs. Augar	0	4	8
Mrs. Smith	0	8	0
Miss Choat	0	14	6
Sunday School, Charles-street, Kennington, per Mr. Hayward	1	1	0
Mr. S. Gibson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gardner	2	0	0
Contributions from Harlington Baptist Chapel, per Rev. T. Henson	3	5	6
Mr. Stephen Gammon	0	10	0
Per Rev. W. Cuff :—			
Mrs. Adams 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Brown 0 10 0			
Friends 0 9 0			
	1	19	0
Hitherto	0	5	0
Rev. J. J. Dalton	1	0	0
C. C.	0	1	0
Mr. Daniel Paten	200	0	0
Per Mr. Frederick T. Tucker :—			
Mr. J. B. Rose 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Tucker 0 10 0			
Mr. F. T. Tucker 0 5 0			
Mr. E. M. Tucker 0 2 6			
	1	17	6
Mr. J. R. Wilkinson	2	0	0
Mr. C. Scruby	2	2	0
Mr. John Elliott	0	10	0
A Mite (Marple)	0	1	6
Mr. R. Law	0	2	6
An unpardoned, miserable, hard-hearted sinner	1	0	0
J. C. Creetown	1	0	0
A poor Widow	0	1	6
Miss Taylor	0	5	0
The Children of the Bodley-road Sunday School, per Mrs. J. Lamont	0	10	0
A frequent and grateful Reader of the Sermons	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Carver	2	0	0
A few Sermon Readers, per Mr. M. Laing	2	0	0
An Established Church Member.. ...	0	5	0
W. M., Belfast	0	5	0
M. F. S.	3	0	0
Mr. Henry Read	10	0	0
Nellie (Berkhempstead)	0	10	0
Mr. William Sorrell	0	2	6
Mr. Lewis Guthrie	5	0	0
Mrs. David	0	12	7
Collections at the Monmouthshire Association, per Rev. R. Johns	13	0	0
A. F. (Godalming)	0	2	0
Miss Walters	1	0	0
H. Lake	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Wilson	0	10	0
A. B. C.	0	2	6
Mr. Stephen Roose	1	0	0
Miss Abbott	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings, E. H. K. T.	0	1	0
Miss Ellen Sargent	0	10	0
Acts xx. 35	0	10	0
Mr. Daniel McCann	2	0	0
A Cobbler	1	0	0
Mr. John Lee	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Naylor	0	5	0
Mr. James Robertson	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Messrs. Edward Howesby and William Lee	0	10	0
A Member of the Church of England ...	5	0	0
Contents of Box, Mrs. Tye's Bible Class	0	10	0
Mr. Rainbow	0	2	0
County Court and Magisterial Clerk ...	0	10	0
A Birthday Offering, after reading Sermon of June 2nd	3	3	0
Young Womens' Christian Society, per Miss Olding	0	3	9
Jeannie	0	5	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Jim	0	2	6
A reader of John Ploughman's Almanack	0	2	0
Mr. D. D. Billing	1	0	0
J. P. Worksop	0	1	0
A Sermon reader, W. F.	0	10	0
A friend, per Mr. Marshall	0	5	0
J. L. K.	0	2	0
Mrs. Craigie	2	0	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
A few friends at the General Post Office, per Mr. Sullivan	0	3	6
Mr. Hector	2	0	0
Collection at Pengo Tabernacle, per Rev. J. Collins	7	7	0
Mrs. M. E. Prinsep...	10	0	0
A Friend (Partiell) per Messrs. Gallie & Son	1	0	0
R. C.	0	1	0
An Orphan who reads the "Sword and Trowel"	0	2	6
W. M. (Wisbeach)	0	2	6
W. J. T.	0	10	0
A Working Man and his Wife	0	2	0
A Reader of Sermons	1	10	0
Mr. Charlie W. Hill	1	0	0
Huntly	0	5	0
Mr. R. P. Stevenson	0	10	0
Mrs. Battrum, per Rev. J. Clark ...	0	10	0
Miss Sophie Wheaton	0	10	0
Miss A. Madge	0	10	0
Mamma and Josiah	1	10	0
J. Cope	0	5	0
A Free Churchman	1	5	0
Mrs. M. Harvey	1	1	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	5	0
Collected at the Baptist Chapel, Perth, per Rev. James C. Brown	4	10	0
Euphemia W.	0	5	0
Mrs. Kelsey	0	10	0
Northampton...	0	7	0
L. D.	0	5	0
Children's Service, per Rev. R. J. Beecliff:	0	5	9
Lost and Found	0	10	0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0	5	6
A Friend	0	1	6
M. M.	1	10	0
J. J.	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	8	4
Subscriptions —			
A. G., a Friend, 1871	1	1	0
,, ,, 1872	1	0	0
Mr. G. Palmer (Reading)	50	0	0
Per Mrs. Withers :—			
Mr. John Leach (annual) ... 1 0 0			
Mr. T. Gregory ,, ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Philip Davis ,, ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Robert Poulton,, ... 0 3 0			
Mrs. Searle ... ,, ... 0 2 6			
Mr. James Withers (quarterly) 0 2 0			
Mrs. Blackman 0 1 1			
	2	1	7
Mr. Thomas Pocock 2 2 0			
M. H. 0 10 0			
Mr. Robert Smith, per F. R. T. 0 5 0			
	2	17	0
	£1,517	14	5

Lists of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—17 Quartern Loaves, Mr. Suggett; 1 Cask Butter, 1 Cheese, 1 Side Bacon, Mr. Shrimpton; 1 Chest Tea, Mr. Appleton; 2 Sacks Flour, Mr. Nutter; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

Clothing:—120 Shirts, Misses Dransfield; 100 Pairs Socks, Miss B. Sanderson; Suit of Clothes for one of the Boys, Mrs. Dann; 222 Neckties for Boys, a Friend; Four large Dishes, Mr. Chapman; 12 Balls for the Boys, Anon.

For Sale Room:—Four Pounds worth Fancy Goods, Mr. G. M. Phillips.

Donations, per Mr. Charlesworth:—Twelve Stamps, Forgotten Purse; £5, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, 2, Hanover-street, Peckham; June 14, To-morrow's Text by John Ploughman, "Send a donation to the Stockwell Orphanage," 1s. 5½d., — Orphan; Mr. Bucknaster, £2; Pillar Box at the Orphanage; May 24, 12s. 10½d; June 10, £1 6s. 6½d; From Burnley, June 11, P.O.O., 2s. 6d; For Thursday's Text in sheet Almanack, two 1s. Postage stamps; In answer to Thursday's text, 1s. in Postage Stamps, S.O.S.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions:—			
South Wilts District, per J. P. Toone, Esq.	8	0	0
Mr. E. J. Page	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Camps	0	5	0
Mrs. D. Camps	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Camps	0	2	6
Mr. G. Bard...	0	10	0
Miss Spurgeon	0	5	0
Miss Ellis	1	0	0
Hitherto	0	2	6
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	7	0	0
	£17	12	0

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST 1, 1872.

Jezebel.

MR. PETER BAYNE has taken Jezebel as the subject of a poem.* He is wise in his generation, for the Sidonian queen was no ordinary woman, and he who was raised up to battle with her was that chief among men, "my lord Elijah." The period in which these two royal spirits appeared upon the stage was one of fierce conflict, in which the truth of God wrestled with the idolatries of the heathen, the spoil of battle being the whole nation of Israel, and the weapons of warfare the prophet's voice on the one hand, and the sword of persecution on the other. It was a grand era, a time wherein the Lord revealed himself as "a man of war, Jehovah mighty in battle." As for its history, is it not written in the book of the wars of the Lord?

Mr. Bayne has not proved himself too ambitious in his choice of a theme; he has worthily sung where most minstrels would have failed. If he has not girt himself with thunder, and ridden upon the whirlwind in such a manner as the subject demanded, throwing a fierce soul into the fury of the fray; he has, nevertheless, in flowing numbers, with a true poet's language, rehearsed the conflict, and instructed future generations in its teachings. It needed a Byron to sing a Jezebel; but, had he essayed the theme, his song would, in all probability, have been such, that, like the painted enchantress herself, it had been better for the world had its voice never been heard. As for Elijah, the prophet of fire would require a poet of flame to be his expositor. Till a thunderbolt

* "The Days of Jezebel:" an Historical Drama. By Peter Bayne. Strahan and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill, London. 1872.

genius shall arise to speak in lightning and whirlwind, Mr. Bayne's bright and benign star will be in the ascendant over Samaria and Carmel.

The historical drama opens with a dialogue between Ahab and Jezebel, in which, with the irresistible weapons of a beautiful woman's tears, the queen subdues her husband to her will. She complains that her ideas of universal toleration for all religions had been insolently opposed by Jehovah's prophets, who had filled the public ways "with howlings against Baal and Ashtoreth," until the people "prompt to catch the flame of mad fanaticisms" were ready to revolt. She demanded that the prophets who resisted her liberal, broad-church, comprehensive policy should, at one blow, be utterly destroyed; for, as she said (and the present age is altogether of her mind),—

> "Tolerance
> Of those who will not tolerate is sin
> Against all toleration."

She was a bigot for liberality, an admirer of the music and statuary which adorned the divergent rites of the various religions, ardently desirous that all gods should be equally reverenced, and only fierce towards the God who so austerely demanded that he should reign alone. Her ideal of Church fellowship was the antitype of that which has the patronage of a certain learned dean, and a considerable and influential party both within and outside the National Church: she wished—

> "That every man of every nation round
> Who visited Mount Zion, there should find
> An altar to his country's gods, and thus
> With friendly gods above and friendly men
> Below, the broad green earth might smile in peace
> Up to a smiling, azure firmament."

Obadiah enters while the queen is inveighing against the raving fanatics, and she fiercely puts it to him "think'st thou we cannot tread these rebels down." The succeeding conversation appears to us to merit the highest praise, none but a true poet could so well have conceived, and so fitly have worded his conception.

Obadiah.

> "They are most weak, O queen, if spear and sword
> And iron chariot are the only strength
> In which a man may trust; but if their God
> Be pleased to help them, all their enemies
> Shall be like stubble in the crackling flame,
> When winds scud rapid o'er the blackened ground.

Jezebel.

> Great swelling words, but with no jot of sense!
> What armies can these prophets or their Jah
> Set in the tented field? What fortresses
> Can lend them shelter? Will a javelin
> Not pin a traitor to the ground because
> He mouths a prayer to Jah?

Obadiah.

What God will do,
He only knoweth. All unsearchable
By mortal man the secrets of His reign.
But what He can do He hath clearly shown
By mighty signs and wonders. By a word,
If such His will, He could the mountains fledge
With hosts of bannered angels, helmed with flame.
The great sea is His slave, and, at His nod,
Would bring its surges o'er the scarpéd hills.
The solid earth obeys Him, opens wide
Its rock-fanged mouth to close it upon those
Marked for its prey by Him. The moon by night
Pauses among the stars to write His praise
In silver glitterings on the solemn clouds."

There are many passages of equal power scattered all through the poem, of which another sample may be taken from a scene wherein Elijah foretells the withholding of dew and rain.

"There was a change
That moment in the sky and on the earth,
The sun drank up the clouds like cups of wine,
And glared, red-eyed, above. The dewy drops
On lily and on vine flashed off in films
Of thin white vapour, rushing to the sky.
The wind moaned low and died. The air grew hot
And touched the brow like fire."

Here and there the master's hand strikes what seems to our ear a discordant note, or, to use another simile, the eagle wing wearies and flies too low, but there are great passages full of fine flights of imagination which will never be forgotten. The description of Elijah's mockery of the priests of Baal, the Sun-god, overflows with life, and strikes us as catching the very spirit of the Scripture narrative.

"A fearful glee was in his eye, a mirth
Too stern, methought, for man of woman born;
His glance was vexing those robed prophets more
Than the sun's fire; and then he gave it words.
'Might he not spare one little spark, but one,
Your fine god riding there,' he cried, 'to light
Your sacrifice? He surely has enough:
He's burning you, if not your offering.
Poor souls, I pity you!' They screamed for rage.
'A little louder,' smiled he, 'for perhaps
In his warm chariot he has fallen asleep.'
They leaped, they danced, they cut themselves with knives.
Till the blood soaked their robes and poured in streams
From their lanced foreheads. Then he laughed aloud,
Great shouts of laughter, till the echoes rang
From crag to crag on Carmel. 'Keep it up,
Another dance!' he shrieked; 'another song!
Leap rather higher; never grudge some drops
Of your dear blood, so precious in his sight.
Ye know he is a god, my reverend friends;

How often have ye told the people so?
Your pretty speeches and the miracles
Which ye have shown them, these were not, of course,
Mere lies accursed. He is a god, you know;
Louder, I say; he's old, perhaps, and deaf,
Out with your beards—that's hopeful—crack your throats
In yelling chorus. Good, good—ha, ha, ha!'
He rubbed his hands, waved wildly in the air
His sheepskin mantle, laughed until the tears
Streamed down his face, and all his body shook
With paroxysms of mirth and scorn. Ah me!
That laughter sounded fearfully, and seemed
Not human in its fiery ruthlessness.
But as he stood on Carmel, charred and gray,
A dead land lay below, his native land;
And the white corpse-eyes made appeal to him
Against its murderers, murderers of the truth,
Baal's lying prophets. Furthermore, I think
That this Elijah is not to be judged
Like common men. The little, rippling lake,
Safe hid among the hills, can never know
The ocean's tempest."

Our author represents Elijah as expecting after the slaughter of Baal's priests to be installed in the place of power, and to be acknowledged "a greater Moses in the land," but he was bitterly disappointed, for "the Sidonian woman" repulsed him from the palace gate. Then when the divine afflatus had left him, and the excitement of the day was over, the prophet sank into sadness, and is described by one who met him coming from Jezreel as—

"Haggard and worn, with trouble in his gait,
And infinite astonishment and pain
Within his wildly sparkling eye."

The plan of Jezebel to avenge upon Naboth his denial of the king's request for his vineyard is well conceived, and the conversations held by the elders of Jezreel have in them touches of grim humour which are after our own heart. One Melchi speaks for all the world like an Evangelical clergyman pleading for the continuance of himself and brethren in the Popish church of our realm. All along we suspected as we passed from page to page that Mr. Bayne had an underlying parable, but here the vein comes to the surface, and the riddle expounds itself. Melchi condemns Naboth for "wounding sensibilities finer perhaps than his own," and as being unable quite—

"In matters of morality and truth,
To comprehend a motive if it lies
Beneath the surface and its nature is
Involved and subtle; fiercely positive
That you must never sign a compromise
'Tween truth and falsehood."

Melchi, good man, would be very pleased to see the true worship universal, but the policy of compromise he clearly sees to be most useful for the present, and he looks upon "accommodation" as a gift and

grace, most fruitful in dear peace, in light, in sweetness, and in the honey-dew of bright tranquillity for home and heart.

> "Look round the land; I ask you could we have
> So much of purest truth from Jah's own Book,
> Preached everywhere, but for the compromise
> So recently effected between Baal
> And Israel's Jehovah? Many men,
> Of rank and influence famed upon the coast
> Of Tyre and Sidon, thus have been induced
> To listen to the truth, and who can tell
> What good has thus been done?"

Assuredly we have heard all this before, not in blank verse, but in oft-repeated prose, of detestable deceivableness of unrighteousness.

Melchi is moreover quite persuaded that Dissent is a disreputable affair, and that he could never associate himself with it. The more respectable State church of which he is a member, is so grandly comprehensive, and withal, so conservative of propriety, that he will sooner swear Naboth into Tophet, than leave her.

> "Will any candid, reasonable man
> Affirm that there is honour done to God,
> When crazy Heman and a half-starved knot
> Of rebel hill-men, meeting in some hole
> Among the rocks, sing hymns, and pray, and raise
> Elijah's cry, and swear they never will
> Bow down to Baal,—honour done, I say,
> To God by these ill-mannered, vehement men,
> So great as that which doth redound to Him
> From the decorous, regulated rites
> Which law permits us here in Jezreel?

It would do some men we wot of a world of good to read this poem line by line, and drink in its spirit,—men molluscous, invertebrate, gelatinous. Truth they would fain love wisely, not too well, nay not well enough to be positive about it or to suffer for it. They believe that words mean what you can make them mean, and they have great art in creating senses which no one else would have dreamed of. The point up to which they will yield constantly recedes from view; doubtless they have a line beyond which they will never go, but the most daring heretic has no idea whereabouts it is drawn; the most daring Ritualistic mariner will find that though he push the prow beyond the pillars of Hercules known as Transubstantiation and reach the Ultima Thule of Mariolatry, he will find his Evangelical brother still with him at the dividing of the loaves and fishes. We lament the pertinacity of inconsistency which this fact reveals. Capacity for eating dirt must be great in certain quarters. Mr. Bayne is a "no compromise" man, and writes like a very Elijah for decision. We hope his poem, which is written right out of his heart, will accomplish in some measure the purpose for which he has sent it forth. It has been a great joy to us to traverse his fertile pages, and has paid us for journeying through leagues of wilderness verse sent to us for review; his is a goodly land, ful of Sidonian lilies and sweet Sharon roses.

The little sonnets which occur here and there in the book do not strike us as being equal to the body of the work; we think the writer could do better. We would not be quite so severe upon them as Jezebel was when she said, "Better, a little better; but not good;" but this is about the only matter in which we feel any sympathy with Jezebel's sayings or opinions. Mr. Bayne will not resent this criticism, for he is not one of the poets of "a spindling race" who "hang their heads and pout unless they're praised." We, however, much appreciate his song of Baal and Ashtoreth, and his imitation of Hebrew verse in the song of the prophets in the cave. The following is a passage:—

"Is this the King of Israel,
That is ruled by a woman?
Is this king Ahab,
That trembleth before an arrogant heathen?

Hath he borne the shield and the spear?
Hath he gone in the chariot to battle?
Hath he shouted in the face of the foe-men?
Wherefore then should he fear a woman,
And the countenance of his wife make him afraid?

Clothe him with the garments of a maidservant,
Let his place be in the women's chambers,
Let his hand take hold of the distaff,
Let him bring wool to the spinning women."

In closing, we cannot refrain from quoting Elijah's description of the long drought; it strikes us as most impressive.

"Then the great drought prevailed through all the land.
Upon the fields, instead of bladed grass,
Lay a white scurf as on a leper's face.
The drought pierced to the core of the gray hills
And drank their secret wells. In the sere woods
The buds half opened in the hope of spring,
Then shrivelled like the hands of dying babes,
And made no Summer. 'Mid the branches bare
The voice of birds went silent, and the beasts,
With black tongues hanging from their mouths, and eyes
Sunk in their sockets, gazed into the pools
But found no water. Mountain villages
Grew silent on the hill and stood as tombs.
Oh, it was weariness unspeakable
To see nor fresh green leaf, nor yellow grain,
Nor purple grape, nor blue corn-flower, nor spark
Of scarlet poppy, nor white, sailing cloud.
No colour on the world! The woven robe
Of air and moisture laid upon the earth,
To make her beautiful and draw the love
Of us her children, had been lifted off
In God's fierce anger."

C. H. S.

The Bible in Syria.*

SUCCESS in Christian work is a fruit often ripened under the fierce heat of affliction. The eyes readiest at detecting remedies for the sufferings of others are generally those most used to tears. Though not desirable in itself, affliction may resemble a finger-post pointing out our right pathway. Frequently, a course of life-long devotion and self-denial has suggested itself amid grief and pain. But such afflicted workers do not lose their reward; for in effort for Him who will make all things plain at last, the mourner finds a well-spring of relief.

In a certain sense, these remarks will apply to Mrs. Bowen Thompson, who while possessing much native genius and strength of character, seems to have been one of those gentle natures, who live to shew what trophies even weak arms may win when strengthened by divine grace. Belonging to the upper ranks in society, she was even in childhood regarded as "a little saint," and in after life her yearning for the salvation of others amounted almost to a passion.

After her marriage to Dr. Thompson, this lady settled in the neighbourhood of Antioch, when that solicitude for the daughters of the East first showed itself which never was extinguished until she went to a better inheritance. In 1855, Dr. Thompson left his beautiful home to accept a commission on the medical staff of our suffering army in the Crimea. This proved a fatal step and the termination of a noble life; for the good doctor, who from humane motives had been led into a course of self-sacrifice, soon fell a victim to the fever which raged in the crowded hospitals near the seat of war. From this date the widow's bleeding heart found solace in Christian work.

Even under ordinary circumstances, the attention of a Christian lady like Mrs. Thompson would have been directed towards those Oriental tribes whose women suffer the many evils springing from ignorance, for having been thrown into their midst, she had observed their pressing need. Had she wavered, the massacres of 1860, which horrified the world by their extent and atrocity, would have influenced her decision to labour for the uplifting of the down-trodden womanhood around her. Being a widow herself, this lady nobly resolved that she would spend her strength in the work of ameliorating the condition of those whose husbands, sons, and brothers lay murdered on the shores of the Mediterranean.

In the districts around Mount Lebanon and Damascus, the principal inhabitants are, first, the Druses, a fanatical Moslem sect, vindictive and intolerant; secondly, the Maronites, a denomination of religionists who recognise the Pope; and, thirdly, the members of the Greek church who are, perhaps, the most moderate in their expression of opinion. Thousands of the two last-mentioned tribes, in the dreadful summer of 1860, fell victims to fire and sword at the hands of the cowardly, blood-thirsty Druses, who do not appear to have been visited with the

* The Daughters of Syria. A Narrative of Efforts, by the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson, for the Evangelisation of Syrian Females. Edited by the Rev. H. B. Tristram, M.A., &c. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday) 1872.

punishment due to their crimes. One's heart sickens only to read of such appalling enormities as were committed by those bloodthirsty clans. Eleven thousand men and youths were slain, while four thousand others died of privation! Three thousand homesteads were burned, and altogether property to the value of three millions sterling was destroyed —destroyed by hordes of ruffians whose fierce cruelty was not surpassed by the worst barbarians of antiquity.

It was on this wide area of want and anguish that Mrs. Thompson entered, meanwhile manifesting an energy and a devotion characteristic of her sex when moved by love to God,—qualities which in themselves were a promise of ultimate success. Her constituents were widowed women and orphaned girls, many of whom were suddenly reduced from affluence to beggary, and consequent misery: but who, in regard to ignorance, all stood upon a sad equality. Schools for the children, and workrooms for the women were immediate necessities of the hour; and these, as far as time and funds allowed, were speedily provided. The scenes witnessed were painfully harrowing, and were calculated to awaken the indignation of all possessed of humane feelings. Persons who had been reared in comfort and abundance were sinking beneath burdens of sorrow and temporal privation; and many whose strength enabled them to survive the awful catastrophe of the massacre, thought themselves fortunate if able only to procure a little work and a morsel of bread:—

"Mrs. Thompson was essentially practical in her work, and in order to employ the class of women who could not sew, she hired a house in the Greek quarter of the town, where she opened a laundry. The admiral and officers of Her Majesty's ships of war greatly aided and encouraged her in her noble efforts, and regularly sent to her laundry all the officers' and ships' linen, thereby supplying them with work and the means of livelihood. Captain Sullivan presented a mangle, and the ships' carpenters made the fittings. At the same time she opened a school for young and old, where the gospel of peace was taught them."

In this work our devoted country-woman, being hindered by trials peculiar to the extraordinary circumstances of her situation, found that much tact and prudence were required. It was not easy to control the passions of women whose hideous wrongs drove them almost to madness; and whose cry was not so much for vengeance on the wretches who had murdered their supporters and set fire to their houses, as for justice on criminals. An aged woman would stand up in a company, and amid the sympathy and audible emotion of her companions, would show a blood-stained cap—the last worn by a beloved son. Scarcely could such victims be pacified by any means, not even by being directed to that precious blood which calls for mercy and delivers from vengeance.

Though under these distressing circumstances the temporal succour of the people necessarily engaged much attention, Mrs. Thompson found her most substantial reward in the spiritual awakening she was instrumental in beginning. The priests of the Greek church, who are not so intolerant as their fellows of the Romish communion, would sometimes cordially commend the missionary effort. The attention of persons in high places was also attracted to the good work. Fuad Pasha,

the Governor of those parts, manifested much interest in Mrs. Thompson's endeavours. The ladies of his household visited the schools, and the Pasha himself contributed to the funds. The poor people themselves also, were not slow to recognise the value of an agency to which they owed so much. Women and girls, who on principle had been reared in ignorance nearly equalling the darkness of heathenism, were involuntarily filled with admiration.

"Every house we went to," says Mrs. Thompson, "the owners said, 'We will send our children to your schools, and will gladly pay something.' In one of the principal houses we saw a panel painting of the Virgin with a lamp before it. I asked the lady why did she burn a lamp before the picture? She said she did not know. I answered, 'The Virgin, though she has eyes, could not see whether it was lighted or not.' She replied, 'Very true, but it is the custom, and we have always done so.' I asked if the house were to take fire, would the Virgin save her, or she the Virgin? She said of course she would save the Virgin. I asked in that case who would be the greater? She looked confused, told the children to go into another room, and laughing, said, 'You see I have never learnt.' The next day her husband called at the institution at the time of the opening prayer, and listened at the outside, saying, 'Excellent! excellent!' I took him into Sara Sarkirse's room, where are many little children. They read and sang a hymn; and when one of the little girls offered him her hymn-book he looked very foolish, rose up, and left the school-room. 'Wonderful! wonderful! such a young child to be able to read. I cannot read. I do hope, madam, that you will come to our part of the town, and I will send you my ten children.'"

Nor were children and young women the only learners. The minds of some blossomed into fruitfulness when their hairs were grey and their limbs were weak by reason of age. "Dear lady," said one old creature, who learned to read in the evening of life, "I bless you for that school. I cannot sleep at night for the oppression of my chest, but those words I was so long in getting by heart (I think it was three months ere she could repeat them correctly) are always sounding in my ears, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

The effects of the Bible upon these illiterate daughters of misfortune constituted a daily miracle, illustrating the divine mission of The Book. Soon eight schools, with four hundred pupils, were established in Beirût alone, besides others in neighbouring places. The children by carrying home Bible knowledge communicated treasure to their needy parents. A man, after learning his letters, would be found with difficulty spelling out to his wife, "Whosoever loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me," and the woman would tremble lest her child was being valued above the Lord Jesus Christ. One reared amid Romish associations refused to pray any longer to images, because saints were not omnipresent like the Saviour. Another begged the privilege of going dinnerless so that the cost might be dispensed in charity.

It is both instructive and curious to notice all Mrs. Thompson's benevolent schemes, which ultimately became a net-work of philanthropic effort. Under the patronage of Daoud Pasha, a school was established "in the heart of Mount Lebanon, amid the most glorious scenery." Accompanied by his Excellency, Mrs. Thompson visited a place called Ain Zahaltch,

the village, meanwhile, putting on quite a holiday appearance. The party, desirous of extending the mission to this vicinity, were in quest of a school-house, and patience had to be exercised before the needful accommodation was found by the chief inhabitant of the village offering "the harem part of his house, the ladies being all willing to crowd together in two lower rooms for the next three months, on condition that they might come to be taught."

Other conquests remained to be achieved, as for instance victories over filth, for frequently, even well-to-do families in the East are not particular in the matter of cleanliness, and apartments considered sufficiently comfortable for beautiful women, are not fit for the accommodation of children, according to English notions. Mrs. Thompson writes, "The dirt, dilapidation, and vermin of these rooms baffle description; and the people were so amazed to see that cobwebs of a respectable standing had to come down, or that certain annoying insects had to be ferreted out of the crevices of the tumble-down walls, that nothing remained but for us to tuck up our dresses, tie a handkerchief over our heads, take broom and brush in hand, and set a willing example."

But the work did not stop here. Aided by a sister and her husband, Mrs. Thompson saw schools also set up for the blind and the deformed; and how much the former were needed will be learned from the fact that two thousand persons, inhabiting the coast, lost their sight during the warm months of 1867. To us, who are so unaccustomed to opthalmic epidemics, this is most appalling; but pleasingly effective were the instructions which introduced these poor creatures to the oracles of truth:—

"Another upturned face rivets our eye. We ask his story—a dear boy of gentle mien, who having been present with other blind pupils at the large annual examination of Mrs. Thompson's school, replied in unconscious simplicity to the questions of the astonished Turkish officials:—'I am a little blind boy. Once I could see; but then I fell asleep—a long sleep—I thought I should never wake. And I slept till a kind gentleman called Mr. Mott came and opened my eyes—not these eyes,' pointing to his sightless eyeballs, 'but *these*,' lifting up his tiny fingers—'these eyes: and oh! they see such sweet words of Jesus, and how he loved the blind.' Another near him, placing his fingers first on his poor blind eyes, and then on his heart, said, 'It is dark here; but it is light there!'"

All this was carried on in spite of many hindrances common to good works in general, besides the strenuous opposition of the Papists. No system so readily as Popery adapts itself to the exigencies of times and places. The Popery of Italy has its peculiarities, and so has its counterpart in London; but in Syria the abounding superstition of the people offers to mercenary priests more than usually eligible opportunities for making money. In Rome they sell relics; even in London, perhaps, a few indulgences may find a market if offered at tempting prices; but what shall we say of the privileged district around Lebanon, where places in heaven are the objects of traffic, the usual space for the poor being two feet square. Seldom has this ludicrous profanity been equalled; *e. g.*:—

"This purchased possession in heaven is the absolute property of the purchaser; none may expel her from it, nor can she go into her neighbour's plot.

Incredible as this fact may seem, it is not confined to Zachleh. In a neighbouring village a poor Maronite widow, who had succeeded in raising sufficient money to buy the two feet square in Paradise for herself, begged the priest to allow her to have her little granddaughter with her, promising to keep the child close at her side, so as not to overstep the boundary line!"

We have not space to enter into details of the extraordinary achievements of our gifted and excellent country-woman. So thoroughly did she enter into her self-imposed task that it became to her as a part of life itself; and certain is it that she could not have lived in contentment away from her adopted Syria. In time, however, the wide area of operation severely taxed her bodily strength, and reduced her to straits for want of funds, though He in whom she trusted never disappointed her hopes. Truly her reward was great when the daughters of Greeks and Jews, Moslems and Druses, were tamed down and taught to live in harmony under the rule of Bible truth. Zealots for Oriental superstition, whose prejudices taught them to eye females contemptuously as creatures unworthy of receiving education, were amazed at what the women became under a liberal discipline. Others beside the poor found their way into her schools. The daughters of many rich families came to be instructed in the Christian's Bible, and partaking of the truth gave promise of becoming a blessing to their country.

Mrs. Thompson's personal superintendence of the mission thus inaugurated ceased sooner and more suddenly than friends expected. On the morning after Christmas Day, 1868, she undertook a journey from Zachleh to Damascus, a distance of sixty-four miles, and because unable to obtain a seat in the lumbering diligence, she necessarily performed the journey on horseback. Of great spirit and energy, she was never easily balked in prosecuting important business. The work already described entailed waste of nervous force, hardship and exposure, while some of the adventures encountered would pass as the exploits of some hardy hunter or daring traveller of the stronger sex. There is something striking in a delicately nurtured woman undergoing an ordeal like the following; but the saddest part of the story is that a chill was taken, the effects of which were lingering illness and death:—

"From noon to sunset all was well; but after that it became cold. I hoped to rest at the next station; it was impossible. Two hours and a half the same thing. We had to pass through the deep gorge of the Anti-Lebanon, the moon as bright as daylight. We met the laden wagons from Damascus to Beirût, at the entrance of the valley; and after that all was lonely. Now and then we heard the howlings of the jackal, or the distant barking of the dogs guarding the flocks. I must confess to considerable alarm more than once when the deep projecting rocks or solitary trees caused a shadow which I transformed in imagination to banditti. However, I felt sure that God's eye was upon me, and his presence with me in the valley. When we at length reached the next station all the world was asleep except the dogs, which set up a furious noise. There was no place where I could stay for the night, so on and on I rode till I was so cold and stiff, and had to dismount; but walk I could not for some time, my feet were so benumbed. Happily Ibrahim had some bread and cheese with him, and I remembered the flask of brandy which dear Mentor had so thoughtfully provided me with before leaving home. At last, about an hour after midnight, we reached the Dummar at the entrance of Damascus."

This brave woman did not live to see another Christmas, though she held on through the summer and autumn of 1869. As winter approached she set sail for England, hoping to return to the schools in improved health after a season of relaxation. But it was not so ordered; for at midnight on the second Sabbath of November, her course of earthly toil was exchanged for the joys of eternal life. Truly it may be said of her, "WHILE SHE LIVED SHE SHONE." Are there no Christian women who will emulate her example? Doubtless, there are many who in their spheres are equally useful. Dear reader, can this be truthfully said of you? If not, may you awake from your idle dozing, and begin to weave for yourself a noble destiny, full of glory to God, and good to your fellow men.

London Thieves.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

[PART I.]

IN a population so vast as that of London the thieves alone form a large class; and their hand being against every man, they imagine every man's hand is against them. Earnest philanthropic efforts have long been made on behalf of thieves; and we learn from those labouring among them, that their natures are not so obdurate as at first sight would appear. Vicious and profligate as they frequently are, the good seed sown among them falls into ground yielding sufficient return to encourage the persevering evangelist. Christian visitors move among them, not only without molestation, but commanding a share of respect. The missionary who presses the gospel upon their acceptance, and warns them of the ruin entailed by unholy courses, is frequently rewarded by ingathering precious sheaves for the harvest of the Lord.

Robbers have been abhorred in all ages, and wondrous devices were formerly resorted to for their extermination. In London, during the last century, when the criminal code was heartlessly severe, thieves abounded in strange numbers, undismayed by the weekly slaughterings at Tyburn. Our forefathers, in aiming too high, often missed their mark; for among the characters who flourished in the olden time, perhaps none were more abominable than the professional thief-taker, who was the creature and product of the system of police, which was then popular. The government, in its well-nigh frenzied endeavours to repress crime, supported a fraternity of real criminals. Large rewards were offered for offenders caught and convicted, so that robber-hunting became a lucrative profession. Thieves were entrapped, consequent on secret information gathered by traitor accomplices; the unsuspecting were allured into crime, and innocent persons were boldly accused, and even hanged, merely for the sake of a miserable premium!

To give the reader an insight into thief-life a hundred and fifty years ago—the golden era of the art—much might be told about thief-takers themselves, as they lived undisturbed in dark lanes and alleys before

modern encroachments and improvements swept away their own or their victims' lairs. Successfully to complete their vile designs, thief-catchers worked in gangs of five or six persons, and were characters more degraded than the wretches they betrayed. Men, whose own sons were pickpockets, easily obtained the necessary information, and when needing funds, they commonly selected one or more persons and hanged them for the sake of the reward; and, when a supply of real offenders failed, the informers did not scruple to seize innocent citizens—often mere youths—and to forswear them into an untimely grave.

As the reward of capture was so many pounds per head, two victims served the purpose better than one. The gangs selected these victims from the markets and the streets. The agent appointed to allure the selected simpletons would assume the guise of a thief, and then patronisingly ask them to join in looking out for profitable opportunities. The person to be robbed being another accomplice would be sure to turn up at the right moment. Then, as by appointment, another of the party purchased the stolen goods; while a fourth seized the robbers, taking care that his comrade escaped. A fifth confederate played the part of false witness at the trial. All this actually occurred in 1755, as appears from the copious details of contemporary journals. A man, supplied with money for treating, walked into the Fleet Market, and pouncing on two likely lads gave them drink and said he knew of something worth securing a few miles down the country. As planned, the man to be plundered appeared on the road near Guildford, and was robbed of his pack. Another confederate bought the stolen cloth; and another seized the robbers in a public-house. These dupes would have been hanged, but for the timely intervention of one who suspected foul play. Being mostly successful, it was thus that the thief-taker brought his prey to the gallows: and many unsuspecting youths were thus murdered to replenish a rascal's stores.

Thieves in London are of several varieties; and the higher grades refuse to associate with the lower. Boys, whose unskilful hands only deal in pocket-handkerchiefs, have nothing in common with those who contemn even second-rate transactions, and only engage in jewel or plate robberies; or, if they pick a pocket, only care for valuable pocket-books or well-filled purses. Expert swell-mobsmen are aristocrats in thieves' society, and, leaving their art out of the question, live much after the manner of affluent gentlemen. The swell-mobsman does not always correspond with popular notions about his character and appearance. He is not a coarse nor even a villanous looking gent, wearing fine linen, and displaying flash jewellery to disguise coarse features, while affecting gentle extraction. On the contrary, he is not distinguishable from a gentleman by ordinary eyes. He probably lives stylishly in good lodgings, his landlord, meanwhile, being unconscious of the character of his tenant. The chief aim of his life is to live unrecognised by the police; but in this he is not always successful, the practised eyes of detective officers peering through the most artful disguise as will appear from the following story told in the "Quarterly Review" for 1856:—

"One of the detective police, present at the laying of the foundation stone of the Duke of Wellington's College, thus explained to us

the capture of a gentlemanly looking person, who was present on that occasion. 'If you ask me to give my reason why I thought this person a thief the moment I saw him, I could not tell you; I did not even know myself. There was something about him, as about all swell mobsmen, that immediately attracted my attention, and led me to bend my eye upon him. He did not appear to notice my watching him, but passed on into the thick of the crowd, and then he turned and looked towards the spot in which I was; this was enough for me, although I had never seen him before, and he had not, to my knowledge, attempted any pocket. I immediately made my way towards him, and tapping him on the shoulder, asked him abruptly 'What do *you* want here?' Without any hesitation he said in an undertone, 'I should not have come if I had known I should meet any of you.'"

But in now turning to our more immediate subject,—the work of the City Mission among the thieves of London,—it may be observed that the missionary, as well as the detective officer, can readily detect what is not palpable to common eyes. Since the whole life of thieves is a lie, it is not easy to bring them to a due appreciation of truth; not even when they profess to be seeking escape from dishonest courses. In the case of young thieves the tendency to prevaricate is so strong that their native dialect is a language of lies.

We are informed by a missionary of experience in this department that by certain signs thieves may be as readily detected as a soldier may be known by his drill, and, in proof, the following has occurred:—

A lad, thirteen years of age, once expressed a desire to be put in a way of reformation. From the appearance and behaviour of the applicant he was supposed to be a thief of some experience both in the art of pilfering and in the imprisonment which is its result. "Have you ever been in prison, my lad?" asked the missionary. "Never in my life, sir," he immediately replied. "Hold out your arm," continued the examiner, certain that what he heard was deliberate falsehood. A trained pickpocket, when suddenly called on to stretch forth his hand, will, if he suspect no motive, act quite differently from an untrained person: for instance, our missionary says: "If a boy is a pickpocket, on being told to put out his hand he does so quickly, with his fingers straight, and generally with his first two fingers together; but if he is not a pickpocket, he raises his hand clumsily, close to his body, with his fingers bent." Thus the manner of this boy discovered him to be a practical thief. "Turn round, my lad," being the next order, the young sinner's movements betrayed his acquaintance with prison drill. This last piece of evidence was perfectly conclusive. "You *have* been in prison," cried the missionary. "Upon my honour, I have never seen the inside of a prison in my life," still protested the boy. How can truth be drawn from such strongholds of deceit. This is a question which few can properly answer. A lady happened to be present, having called to enquire about the work among thieves. "You may be wrong, sir," said this visitor, pitying the boy. "I dare venture anything I am correct," answered the other. "Still I shall have pleasure in leaving him in your hands, and perhaps he will confess to you the truth." The lady tried every winning feminine art to elicit the truth, and still came protestations of never having entered

a prison. .But the evangelist knew of a potent plan as yet untried. "My boy," he said, "I have children of my own; kneel down, I will pray for you." The three went down on their knees, and a prayer followed, faithful and earnest. The boy was conquered. On rising he was observed to be in tears, as he cried out, "Sir, I'll tell you the truth; I've been in twice, and I am a pickpocket." The young culprit was subsequently reformed, and he entered on a respectable course of life.

Though, on the whole, it is difficult and discouraging to evangelise among London thieves, the last day will show that many of this miserable class have been rescued through the agency of the London City Mission. Most of them respect their instructors, and in times of sickness and trial value Christian counsel.

In a poor room in a bad part of Westminster, a young thief lay dying of consumption. "Well, my friend," said the missionary visitor, "you appear to be drawing near the end of life; what provision have you made for another state?" "Don't mention death to me," he cried, "I cannot bear the thought of it. What a madman I have been to spend such a life!" "Do you know, my poor man, how a sinner can find peace with God?" "I don't know, sir; but will you tell me?" By this time the man wept copiously and seemed a likely subject for the working of divine grace. He had not been born to this degradation, bnt had lapsed into it. In youth he assisted his father in a profitable bakery business, to which he himself ultimately succeeded and he might have risen into comparative affluence had he not forsaken paths of rectitude to become a mournful example of the ruin of body and soul which results from keeping evil company. In the first place he cultivated the acquaintance of questionable characters, and associating with these of an evening in tavern parlours, and neglecting business for pleasure, his downward descent was rapid; for, at length, the worst of characters congregated in his house, and the man became completely entangled in their meshes. After sinking thus far, complete ruin quickly followed; for he who had been trained for a respectable station became the paramour of an expert thief, a woman famous for her agility in appropriating publicans' pewter for conversion into base coin. Such had been the career, the last stage of which the victim had arrived at, when, weak and faint, the Christian visitor first discovered him. But the man at least discovered one happy sign, he realised his degradation and baseness. While reviewing the past he felt as though his reason would fail him; to look into the future was intolerable. The missionary spoke to him of the thief on the cross; and day by day read and prayed until the welcome dawning of heavenly light. The patient lay several months; and at last, instead of showing terror at the approach of death, he cried out in joy whenever visited, and while speaking of his possession of a peace inexpressible, he also declared his astonishment at the forbearance of God. When called on for the last time, when weakness scarce allowed of his speaking above a whisper, he could yet say with beaming countenance, "None but Christ! God bless you, sir."

Of the blasting effects of evil company on the life and prospects of the young and inexperienced, the annals of the Mission supply many deplorable instances. Moreover, the broad stream of impure literature, together with plays of an immoral tendency like "Jack Sheppard," and

many others, act like a deadly blight of which human eyes cannot trace the extent. Loudly do such cases as the following call for the counteracting efforts of the philanthropist and the Christian teacher:—

A missionary of Broad-street district entered a house in one of the courts where a woman appeared to be in extreme grief and agitation. What could be the cause of her anguish and sorrow? Not long before she and her husband were householders in fair circumstances, having reared six children respectably. Becoming reduced, they were in their old age compelled to resort to the commonest employment, but this trouble was now overshadowed by a greater. Thrown among low associates, one of their sons made a friend of another lad of loose morals and dishonest habits, and making the most of his ascendancy, this young thief enticed his companion into theatres and other questionable places, a mother's solicitations to the contrary being vainly uttered. One day, while in the country between London and Maidstone, and while professing to be seeking work, the friends met, and coming to a certain residence, and wanting water, the worst of the two proposed they should scale the wall. The people of the house were away; but the tempter, who in the meantime, entered the premises, presently appeared at the window, whence he threw a bundle to his comrade below. At this moment three men passing by, seized the tempted youth while the real thief escaped. Being sent for trial this wretched son of now wretched parents was awarded fifteen years' penal servitude; and the missionary happened to call in upon the family immediately after news of this punishment arrived. It was a doleful scene; for after a terrible ordeal of anxiety, and parting with their scanty possessions to pay counsel's fees, bitter ruin had come. The son who had been a large contributor to his parents' support was lost to them for ever! Having hoped against hope, the poor old couple now seemed partially bereft of reason. Their son had been enticed away by the syren voice of evil, and wrecked upon the rocks of evil company!

The above is a sad story, and it will not be recited in vain if any, tempted to turn aside into crooked ways, are timely warned to avoid what is invariably the path to destruction. Even those who are brought up for respectability are no longer safe from the danger of lapsing into dishonest habits if principle be once surrendered. But, leaving this story and its moral lessons, let us see what can be done by the bedside of the repentant professional thief.

One day a missionary was told that a man who lay dying in a certain attic needed Christian counsel. Going immediately as directed, one not more than forty years of age was found in a dirty room, on a miserable bed, and in a deep consumption. "You have sent for me," said the visitor approaching the bed. "Yes, sir," replied the patient, "I have much to do, and little time to do it in. I am about to hop the twig." "Spare your jokes," interrupted the man of God, "they are out of place now. You are a dying man, if that is what you mean, and it is a serious thing to die?" "Why, sir," the thief went on, in more serious tones, "I want things made a little straight. I don't want to die like a dog. Can you sit on that stool? Don't sit on the bed." Opening a small casement to improve the atmosphere the missionary sat down and listened to the man's recital of his life history; for confessing

his crimes seemed to afford the man a kind of satisfaction. And what a catalogue of crimes was that, though not worse than thousands of others which remain untold. Robberies were recounted; a number of women with whom the speaker had lived in adultery were named; while drunken freaks and scenes of lustful riot were spoken of with graphic garrulousness. In the meantime there was heard a knock at the door, and two accomplices entered. "Halloa, Tom, what are you at now?" cried one intruder, "never say die, man." The poor consumptive, by way of reply, pointed to the missionary—"This gentleman has been kind enough to come and make things square, so mizzle." On hearing this, the men with due reverence at once removed their hats, offered an apology, and even expressed penitence for their roughness; though on being invited to kneel in prayer they objected, one declaring he would never mock God with "a solemn sound upon a thoughtless tongue." The thieves retired, and reflecting on the confession just made, the patient exclaimed, "Thank God, that is done!" The agent of the Mission might have been seen tenderly ministering to this prostrate robber; now offering refreshment, then speaking of prayer, of repentance and of Christ's atonement. So horrible did the review of his life appear, that the man supposed hell to be an accusing conscience. "If I can judge from your manner, that were enough if it lasted for eternity," said his friend. "Sir," returned the poor creature with as much earnestness as his little remaining strength would allow, "You are a stranger to me; but if anybody was to offer me a hundred pounds that you should pass such a night as I did last night, I would not take it." Long and fervent prayer was offered for this outcast; for the evangelist lingers by the bedside of such with longing solicitude in the true spirit of his Master. But alas, what can he do other than was done in the present instance—commend the dying outcast to him "who forgave Manasseh, Saul of Tarsus, Mary Magdalene, and the thief upon the cross."

Soon after the death of this man, one of his "pals" was met in Drury-lane: "Where did you learn about 'mocking God with a solemn sound upon a thoughtless tongue'" was enquired? The suddenness of the appeal quite unnerved the man, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he answered: "I learned *that*, sir, in a Sunday-school when I was nine years of age; and all the bad company I have kept, and all the sins I have committed have not made me forget that hymn, nor those times. Sometimes I think of these things in the night, and they won't let me sleep!" A direct and valuable testimony this of the beneficial influence of Sunday-schools.

But notwithstanding a few redeeming traits of character to encourage mission work among them, the thieves of London are exceedingly sin-hardened; and did we regard them as thieves merely, and not as sinners possessing immortal souls, they would deserve no sympathy. People who do as many of them do, combine the beggar and the thief in one person, are surely of the lowest types of humanity: yet when rescued and brought into the gospel fold, the gratitude of such is in proportion to former degradation. Repeatedly have testimonials been presented by converts, and extraordinary instances have also occurred of the restitution of stolen property taken by inadvertence from Christian instructors. A

hat and a sovereign were taken from a table while their owner, a missionary, went upstairs to conduct a meeting; but a day or two after, while the same visitor was from home, a strange man, whose name was not discovered, brought a parcel and a note, and handing them in at the street door, disappeared in the darkness: "I hope you'll forgive me for stealing your sovereign and hat; I came into your parlour and took it off the table. I can't keep the hat any longer, and when I get the money you shall have it. When I entered the house I did not know *you* lived there, or I would not have robbed our missionary. I was coming out of the house, when I thought I heard your voice upstairs saying, 'The door is open,' and I cut off. And since, I have watched you home and seen you in your room many times. I have not worn your hat, nor has any one. You preached from, 'Will a man rob God?' I have had the words in my ears ever since, 'And you have robbed our missionary.' I should like to come to your house, but I feel ashamed, though I know you would not hurt me."

The above is, doubtless, one of those phases of "honour among thieves" of which we have been accustomed to hear from childhood. It is not, however, a solitary example.

A missionary of Westminster, who held special meetings for thieves, had a friend who desired to witness the proceedings, but was desired to stay away on account of the uneasiness his presence might occasion. The gentleman came, nevertheless, and while satisfying his curiosity lost a handkerchief. When this petty theft was complained of before the company it awakened great indignation; and the "captain" of the gang questioned the men and ordered the restoration of the article. The handkerchief soon appeared, but the purloiner was impeached: and though in repentant mood he strove to regain favour, he was excluded the meeting, even the advocacy of the missionary himself not sufficing to redeem a character thus wantonly sacrificed. He had forfeited "honour;" and it was unbecoming "gentlemen" to associate with so loose and unprincipled a fellow.

The lowest class of professional thieves have ever shown a tendency to congregate in slums, apparently supposing that the further they remove from orderly people the greater their immunity from danger. In old London several districts were wholly appropriated by the lawless. While still sufficiently infested by the worst of characters, strongholds of crime, as such, could not exist under present-day police regulations. Besides this, many notorious haunts have been totally or partially cleared for modern improvements.

A vile district formerly covered the ground north of the Holborn Viaduct—a neighbourhood which of old could boast its possession of the celebrated "Thieves' houses." The curious tenements going by this name were situate in Old Chick-lane, having been removed in 1844 in clearing the ground for the extension of Farringdon-street.

On coming into possession of the authorities, the houses Nos. 2 and 3, West-street, were opened for public inspection, and were visited by thousands of people, from members of the Royal Family downwards. The premises, planned and built as a thieves' rendezvous by one Mac Welland,—a man high in rank among the gipsies,—were known in the past by the name of the "Red Lion" Tavern; and as such, the place

achieved notoriety as a home for lawbreakers in general. Many celebrated highwaymen of the eighteenth century caroused in this hostelry; and in its great room planned their depredations. Here, among others, Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wild, and Jack Sheppard, when in town found shelter and protection. In those days, when English law was severe to a fault, it was not worth while turning robber without possessing a genius for the business, nor without a ready tact for taking advantage of any means invented by the ingenuity of others for eluding the public prosecutor. When the "Red Lion" Tavern rose to the zenith of its fame, it was in many respects an institution replete with appliances at once interesting and curious, if viewed apart from the knavish service in which they were used. In the last century, when highwaymen flourished on the road, the host of the "Red Lion" kept a stud of skilfully trained horses, able to gallop to York at a minute's notice, in true Turpin style, with any of his customers, who through ill luck needed so speedy a transit. Besides its internal conveniences, the site of the premises was artfully chosen. The Fleet-ditch poured its muddy current beneath; and when anything needed suddenly to be put out of sight, this was a ready channel to the Thames. Within were also "dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, and means of escape," making the premises "among the most secure erections for robbery and murder." In its last days, No. 3 was transformed into a shop; but few adventurers, previously acquainted with its villanous contrivances, would unnecessarily have risked themselves within its precints. Here was a trap-door down which stolen goods could be instantly plunged and hidden beyond fear of detection; and a few feet distant, another aperture enabled a pursued thief to escape into a cellar, and thence across the Fleet into a neighbouring alley, pulling up the bridge as he stepped on the opposite shore of the ditch. The lower part of the premises was not less singular, as showing the inventive powers of the gipsy architect. The sombre and dirty basement was bounded by the sewer; and had been the last hiding place of many a murderer or desperate ruffian, whom justice pursued too hotly to allow of his enjoying a less secluded lodging. In one corner was a cell which none but the initiated would have suspected to be there, so artfully was it screened, the food of the fugitive immured within its recesses having been passed through a hole made by removing a brick. Here also, in less perilous times, the inmates worked an illicit still. This place continued a thieves' retreat until the time of its removal; and as such, was entered at least one hundred and fifty times by the missionary of the district. The evangelist fearlessly entered the houses at all times, and has been known to proclaim the gospel while unconsciously standing on trap-doors, whence he could have been instantly precipitated into the gulf beneath! "The most extraordinary and ingenious part of the premises," wrote this visitor at the time, "I consider to be the means of escape. If a prisoner once got within the walls, it was almost an impossibility for his pursuers to take him, in consequence of the various outlets and communications. There was scarcely a chance for the most active officer to take a thief who was but a few yards in advance of him. He had four ways of escape. The staircase was very peculiar, scarcely to be described; for though the pursuer and pursued might only be

a few yards distant, the one would escape to the roof of the house, while the other would be descending steps, and in a moment or two would find himself in the room he had just left, by another door. This was managed by a pivoted panel being turned between the two. A large room on the first floor back is said to be the place where the abandoned inmates held their nightly orgies, and planned their future robberies. From the upper room there were means of escape by an aperture being made in the wall leading to the house No. 2, containing no less than twenty-four rooms, with four distinct staircases. Here, also, level with the floor, was a shoot, or spout (which remained covered except when required), about two feet in breadth, and three feet in length, by which goods could be conveyed to the cellar in an instant." Thus, even the diary of a city missionary may supply us with facts curiously valuable and illustrative of life in the eighteenth century.

Spurgeon's "Treasury of David."*

A REVIEW BY DR. CULROSS.

THIS is the third instalment of Mr. Spurgeon's Work on the Psalms, and completes half his undertaking. The plan pursued is the same as in the previous volumes. There is first a brief introductory notice of the particular Psalm under discussion, telling its occasion and contents; then an independent commentary on the separate verses; then a collection of explanatory notes and quaint sayings quoted from all quarters; then a series of hints to the village preacher; and lastly, a list of books on the whole Psalm, or part of it. The result is a work containing a vast mass of thought, so arranged as to be easily available for consultation. No critic, however unfriendly, will hesitate to acknowledge the great value of the work as a whole, and its helpfulness at once to the private Christian reader and to the student. It displays remarkable vigour, fertility of mind, and religious earnestness, consecrated to the Lord for the service of his church.

The introductory notices are executed with great felicity, and to me, for one, form the most delightful part of the work. Occasionally commentators have approached the Psalms in the same logical temper in which they might have approached the Epistle to the Romans, and have even prepared their logical mould beforehand, into which everything is crushed and squeezed and forced to take the shape they have previously determined. Mr. Spurgeon carefully guards the peculiar individuality of every Psalm, and treats it as a living plant, growing in its own soil of experience, and under its own particular conditions, which are lovingly and sympathetically unfolded. So it comes to pass that David, Solomon, Asaph, and the rest, down even to Jeduthun the

* The Treasury of David: containing an Original Exposition of the Book of Psalms; a Collection of Illustrative Extracts from the whole range of Literature; a Series of Homiletical Hints upon almost every Verse; and Lists of Writers upon each Psalm. By C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. III. Psalm LIII. to LXXVIII. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings. 1872.

doorkeeper, are not so many abstractions to us, or stone-people, like the figures in a sculpture-gallery, or mere repetitions one of another, like images of clay cast in the same mould, and varnished from the same pot, but living, breathing persons, each with his own bosomful of thought and emotion. Of different men, or of the same man in different circumstances and moods, we have thus a succession of sketches exquisitely fresh and life-like. Collected by themselves they would form a delightful little volume.

The commentary is marked by Mr. Spurgeon's best qualities. It is clear, terse, often pungent, and full of homely sense. It would be easy to gather from it racy sayings almost as good as proverbs, bits of wise humour, and touches of nature that make the whole world kin. If it does not enter into linguistic, critical, historical, or theological disquisitions, nor exhibit wealth of learned and irrelevant information—as if a historian of the Peninsular war were to illustrate the career of Wellington by telling us about the geology and botany of his various battle-fields—everything in it is fitted to elucidate, less or more worthily, the subject in hand. In saying all this, I pay tribute not to the human instrument, but to the grace that inspired the Psalmist, which is the same grace that prepares the expositor. Of course it is not possible that a single mind should be able to enter fully into the various truths and spiritual emotions which come out so variously in the book of Psalms—the book is immeasurably too broad and profound for such a thing to be possible—nor can study give the results of life-experience; but the value of this commentary arises hence, that Mr. Spurgeon has written what he himself has seen with his own eyes and felt in his own heart. This is a far more helpful thing than to have laboriously and learnedly reproduced second-hand the experience of other people, even if it should turn out that he has now and again missed a meaning, or brushed off the dew and sweetness from some verse or line. And it has also secured nerve and originality.

In his essay on the aversion of men of taste to evangelical religion, John Foster points out the unfortunate effect of that peculiar theological diction or jargon which had become too characteristic of the pulpit, which gives an uncouthness of mien to a beauty that should attract all hearts, and sometimes provokes a smile of pity where it would have been desirable to plant an arrow in the conscience. There have been men—and perhaps the class is not yet extinct—to whom even a certain twang is of the essence of religion, and for whom a text of Scripture loses something if repeated in a natural tone of voice. A little of the cheap and easy wit one sometimes meets with consists in borrowing a stock of religious phrases and applying it to subjects which are intended to be made ludicrous; and the customary reward is a laugh. Both by his preaching and his books Mr. Spurgeon has done much to give naturalness and manly vigour to the literature of evangelical religion; his English *is* English, simple, clear, homely, and nervous, always the exact counterpart of his thought.

Another sore evil of a different kind he has done something to correct—namely, the worship of mere taste. A keen-eyed American, who visited this country some years ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson, declared the doctrine of the Church of England to be, "*By taste are*

ye saved." I have not seen in this volume any sacrificing of truth, or force, or pungency on this altar. The moral idea (as it ought) appears to rule the composition.

Some great questions of the age are dealt with in the Commentary, indirectly and briefly, yet in a way calculated to stimulate further thought. I single out from many questions which occur to me that of *Inspiration*. There is no formal discussion of it, and no setting forth of a theory. The whole treatment, however, proceeds on the assumption that we have the words of God before us, on every one of which we may lay the fullest stress. But, with true insight, Mr. Spurgeon perceives that each particular psalm is none the less an accurate expression of the experience, thought, emotion, and mental mood of its writer. We have not a mere speaking-trumpet, filled with the breath of God:—but a man of like passions with ourselves, passing through a particular experience, while all that is special to him of strength or infirmity, is made the living, throbbing vehicle to utter the divine thought to us. Thus, in his commentary on the fifty-ninth Psalm, and on the words, "*Scatter them by thy power; and bring them down, O Lord our shield,*" Mr. Spurgeon remarks, "This was a righteous wish, and if it be untempered by the gentleness of Jesus, we must remember that it is a soldier's prayer, and the wish of one who was smarting under injustice and malice of no ordinary kind."

Another and kindred question I would refer to. Mr. Spurgeon holds very unmistakeably that the prophets and psalmists of the old covenant all looked and spoke Christward. In this—however he may conflict with the modern Sadducee—he only follows the Lord himself, who found "things concerning himself" in all the Scriptures, from Moses downwards. I would not say that Mr. Spurgeon's application of the principle is never mistaken. In more than one instance it might be argued that he is too hasty, or has been unconsciously led away by the sound of the English words. But speaking broadly, he guards against a mere blind application—which is *mis*-application and abuse—of the principle, and which brings suspicion on the truth itself. Thus, in the preliminary notice of the sixty-ninth Psalm he says, "If any enquire, *Of whom speaketh the psalmist this? of himself or of some other man?* we would reply, Of himself *and* of some other man. Who that other is, we need not be long in discovering; it is the Crucified alone who can say, *In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.* His footprints all through this sorrowful song have been pointed out by the Holy Spirit in the New Testament, and therefore we believe and are sure the Son of Man is here. Yet it seems to be the intention of the Spirit, while he gives us personal types, and so shows the likeness to the First-born which exists in the heirs of salvation, to set forth also the disparities between the best of the sons of men and the Son of God, for there are verses here which we dare not apply to our Lord; we almost shudder when we hear our brethren attempting to do so."

Commentators, generally speaking, have exhausted their first strength by the time they have reached the point where this volume begins; and with few exceptions, no great writers have taken up single Psalms included here. "Some six or seven of them," Mr. Spurgeon remarks, "are specially notable, and have therefore been expounded and preached

upon on all hands, but the rest remain almost untrodden ground in sacred literature." The consequence is, that the gathering of illustrative extracts from other writers has become a much more laborious task than heretofore. The difficulty is one that is likely to increase as Mr. Spurgeon proceeds with his Commentary. The authors named in the preface, whose "pith" is extracted and embodied in the present volume —"not without much expense of money as well as toil"—are not familiar even by repute to the majority of modern English readers—Venema, Le Blanc, Lorinus, Gerhohus, Musculus, Martin Geier, Mollerus, Simon de Muis, Vatablus, Turrecremata, Marloratus, and so on. It is with humour half kindly, half grim, that Mr. Spurgeon remarks, "The neglect of these voluminous expositors is not very censurable; for as a rule they are rather heavy than weighty." To Mr. Gracey, and his other coadjutor in this department, Mr. Spurgeon returns deserved thanks. Very few have any idea how much is meant in the words, "I can truly say that I have never flinched from a difficulty, or spared exertion in order to make the work as complete as it lay in my power to render it, either by my own endeavours or the help of others."

The part of the work which I am least able to appreciate is the "Hints to the Village Preacher." It appears from testimonies received that numerous students have already found help in this department. On the whole I would say that it is best for the village preacher not to buckle on Mr. Spurgeon's armour, but to go forth simply with his own scrip and sling, "in the name of the Lord of hosts," very thankful that he can pick up so many smooth stones from this brook. I speak with diffidence; but, on the whole, I should think it best that he should aim and sling them himself, or be content to sling at a venture. Still, an opinion is not to be set against facts.

As a specimen of most interesting exposition, I would call attention to the sixty-eighth Psalm. Extracts must fail to give any idea of the succession and momentum of the thoughts here. I fix on a single line almost at random: "*Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.*" This is the commentary: "Cush shall hasten to present peace-offerings. Sheba's queen shall come from the far south. Candace's chamberlain shall ask of Him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter. Abyssinia shall yet be converted, and Africa become the willing seeker after grace, eagerly desiring and embracing the Christ of God. Poor Ethiopia, thy hands have been long manacled and hardened by cruel toil, but millions of thy sons have in their bondage found the liberty wherewith Christ made men free; and so, thy cross, like that of Alexander* of Cyrene, has been Christ's cross, and God has been thy salvation. Hasten, O Lord, this day, when both the civilisation and the barbarism of the earth shall adore thee, Egypt and Ethiopia blending with glad accord in thy worship!" By the way, there is a remarkable "Fragment" on these words, entitled, "The Prospects of Ethiopia," by a remarkable man, the late Mr. Jameson, of Scone, which Mr. Spurgeon would have been delighted to meet with; as also a sermon from the line in the seventy-fourth Psalm, "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

* A strange mistake. *Read* Simon.

The volume is well got up, and extremely low priced. Indeed it is only by a still larger sale than the previous volumes have had that Mr. Spurgeon can be screened from pecuniary loss. "I cannot hope," he says, "to be remunerated pecuniarily; if only the bare outlay be met I shall be well content; the rest is an offering to the best of Masters, whose word is meat and drink to those who study it." May the offering be accepted.

[*We desired to make our readers acquainted with our Work, and therefore thought it best to invite the criticism of an independent reviewer. We asked our friend Dr. James Culross, of Highbury (late of Sterling), to judge the Work impartially, and even severely, if he saw fit. We are highly gratified with the review, and exceedingly grateful to the reviewer.*]

The King's Mowings.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The king's mowings."—Amos vii. 1.

CERTAIN lands belonged to the king, so far, that he always took the first cut of grass for himself; and left any aftermath to those who worked upon the land. Now, our great King has his mowings too. His church is the field which he has enclosed and blessed. At set seasons the king takes his mowings. Lately, beyond any other time in my life that I remember, the King has been taking his mowings in and around the church, of which he has made me overseer. One has spent many hours at the bedsides of the dying, and in trying to console the bereaved. Our loss, if I may venture to call it a loss, as a church, at the opening of this year was extremely heavy. The King has been taking his mowings among us, and has cut down here one and there another. When churches commence with a great many young members there naturally would not be so many deaths; but, as we all grow old together, there must be a larger proportion of removals from this world into the land above. I purpose to speak a little upon that subject, and I shall do so in a threefold way:—First, by way of *consolation*; then, by way of *admonition*; and, then, by way of *anticipation*.

I. First, by way of CONSOLATION. It is a sorrowful matter that our beloved brethren should be taken from us. We were not more but less than men if we did not sorrow. Jesus wept, and by that act he sanctified our tears. It is not wrong, it is not unmanly, much less is it sinful, for us to drop the tear of sorrow over the departed; yet let us help to wipe those tears with a handkerchief of sacred consolations.

First, seeing, "All flesh is grass, and all the comeliness thereof as the flower of the grass," dost thou lament that the King has been mowing? Then let this thought chide thee. The King himself has done it! There is no such abstract thing as death, an unloosed monster devouring the saints at will, "drinking the blood of men, and grinding

their bones between his iron teeth." This is a poet's raving. No destroying angel is sent forth to slay the Israel of God. There is a destroying angel, it is true; but he comes not near those who bear the blood-mark. It is not in the power of disease, or accident, to kill the children of God except as instruments in the divine hand. No saint dieth otherwise than by the act of God. It is ever according to the King's own will; it is the King's own doing. Every ripe ear in his field is gathered by his own hand, cut down by his own golden sickle, and by none other. Every full-blown flower of grace is taken away by him, not smitten with blight, or cut down by the tempest, or devoured by some evil beast.

> "When mortal man resigns his breath,
> 'Tis God directs the stroke of death;
> Casual howe'er the stroke appear,
> He sends the fatal messenger.
> The keys are in that hand divine;
> That hand must first the warrant sign,
> And arm the death, and wing the dart
> Which doth his message to our heart."

The Lord has done it in every case, and, knowing this, we must not even think of complaining. What the King doeth his servants delight in; for he is such a King, that, let him do what seemeth him good we will still bless him: we are of the mind of him who said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,"

Again, those who have been mown down and taken away are with the King. They are the King's mowings: they are gathered into his stores. They are not in purgatory; they are not in the *limbus patrum*, much less are they in hell. They are not wandering in dreary pathways amidst the stars to find a lodging place. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, the glory which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me from before the foundations of the world:" this prayer has fixed their abode. We shall enter into no questions now about whether heaven is a place, and where it is, or whether it be a state merely: it is enough for us that where Jesus is there his people are—not some of them on lower seats or sitting outside or in lower rooms, but they are all where *he* is. That will certainly content me, and if there be any degrees in glory you who want the high ones may have them. The lowest degree that I can perceive in Scripture is, "that they may be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," and that lowest degree is as high as my most vivid imagination can carry me. Here is enough to fill our souls even to the brim. And now do you sorrow? Do you not almost blame your tears when you learn that your beloved ones are promoted to such blissful scenes? Why, mother, did you ever wish for your child a higher place than that it should be where Jesus is? Husband, by the love you bore your wife you cannot grudge her the glory into which she has entered. Wife, by the deep devotion of your heart to him who is taken from you, you could not wish to have detained him a moment from the joy in which his soul now triumphs with his Lord. If he were gone to some unknown land, if you could stand on life's brink, and hear the roaring billows of a dread mysterious ocean and say, "My dear one has gone, I know not

whither, to be tossed like a waif or stray upon yonder tempestuous sea," Oh, then you might mix your own tears with the brine of that ocean. But you know where they are, you know with whom they are, and you can form some idea by the joy of Christ's presence here on earth what must be their bliss above.

> "Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
> Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
> Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
> Joyfully, joyfully bring the saints home."

It is a sweet reflection, too, that although our dear friends have been cut down like flowers by the scythe, yet their lot is better than ours though we are standing and blooming to-day. Life seems better than death, and the living dog is better than the dead lion; but take into account the everlasting state, and who will dare say that the state of the blessed is worse than ours? Will not all assert that it is infinitely superior? We are suffering still, but they shall smart no more. We are weak and tottering here, but they have regained the dew of their youth. We know what want means, and wipe the sweat of toil from off our face, but they rest in abundance for ever. The worst of all is that we still sin, and have to wrestle hard with doubts and fears; Satan still besets us, the world is around us, and corruptions within us. But they are where not a wave of trouble can ever break the serenity of their spirit, beyond the barkings of the hell-dogs, and beyond the arrows of hell's quiver; though there be archers who would shoot their darts into heaven itself if they could. The ingathered ones are supremely blest; they are far beyond what we are in joy, and knowledge, and holiness; therefore, if we love them, how can we mourn that they have gone from the worse to the better, and from the lower to the higher room?

And, moreover, brethren, although some of you sorrow very bitterly, because God has taken away the desire of your eyes with a stroke, let me remind you that you might have had a worse sorrow than this concerning them. Ah, the mother that hath to mourn over a grown up son who has become a profligate, has a bitterer pang a thousand times over than she who sees her infant carried to the grave. The father who knows that his sons or daughters have become a dishonour to his name, may well wish that he had long ago seen them laid in the silent tomb; and I have known men in the Church whom I would sooner have buried a thousand times over than have lived to see what I have seen afterwards in them. For years they stood as honourable professors; but they lived to dishonour the Church, to blaspheme their Lord, to go back into perdition, and prove that the root of the matter was never in them. Oh, ye need not weep for those in heaven; weep not for the dead, neither bewail them; but weep for the spiritually dead; weep for the apostate and backslider; weep for the false professor and the hypocrite, "the wandering stars," "forwhom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." If ye have tears, go and shed them there; but for those who have fought the fight and won the victory, for those who have stemmed the stream and safely landed on the other side, let us have no tears; nay, put away the sackbut and bring

forth the clarion, let the trumpet ring out jubilantly the note of victory. It is to them the day of jubilee; why to us should it be the hour of sorrow? They put on the crown and wear the palm branch, wherefore should we don these funeral weeds? There is more to rejoice in infinitely than there is to sorrow for: therefore, let our hearts be glad. The Lord hath said to them, "Well done," and rewarded them according to his grace, and this is infinitely better than that they should have lived to slip and slide.

"But this is poor comfort," you will say, and therefore let me come back to the text, and say the King has taken his mowings. Sorrowful as they may be, it is not the worst sorrow, but whether or no we must not grudge the King. All the friends we have are lent us. The old proverb says, "A loan should go laughing home," that is, we should never be unwilling to return a loan but cheerfully give it back. They were lent us—and, dear ones, what a blessing they have been to us. The lamps of our house, have they been the joy of our day? The Master says, "I want them back again," and do we clutch at them and say, "No, Master, thou shalt not have them." Oh, it must not be so. Our dear ones were never half as much ours as they were Christ's. We did not make them, but *he* did; we never bought them with our blood, but *he* did; we never sweat a bloody sweat for them, nor had our hands and feet pierced for them, but *he* did. They were lent us, but they belonged to him. Your prayer was, "Father, let them be with me where I am," but Christ's prayer was, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am." Your prayer pulled one way and Christ's another. Be not envious that Christ won the suit, for if I ever enter into the Lord's court of chancery, if I find that Christ is on the other side, my Lord, I will not plead. Thou shalt have thy will, for I and thou and thou and I are one; and if it be thy suit that all I love be with thee, so be it, for I shall be with thee too, ere long. and I would not quarrel with thy wish. The King has let out this church like a pasture to us, and he says, "I must take my mowings sometimes." Well, he has so watered us and given us the smell of a field that the Lord God has blessed, that when he comet and takes his rent, we may not stand at the gate and forbid him, bus say, "Good Master, come and take which thou wilt. Take thy quitrent, for the field is all thine own. Thou hast dearly purchased it, and thou hast tilled it with much diligence: take what thou wilt, for it is thine."

And, let us add, to increase our comfort, that the King took his mowings at the right time. Out of those whom he has taken away from us, I think we must all confess that the Lord took them when they should be taken. In one case, a venerable sister, who, if she had lasted longer would have been the prey of weakness and of pain. 'Twas well she fell asleep. In another case, a dear young friend was pining under that fell disease, consumption. Her throat was scarcely able to receive nourishment. I think those who loved her best must have felt relieved when at last she fell asleep. Two brethren rise before my mind's eye—the one struggled through life, and wondered often that he did not sink before, for he was like a ship unfit for sea, which every wave threatens to engulf—it is a wonder that he survived so long as he did. He served his Lord up to the last, and when all was over it was well. Another, whom I saw with

an afflicting disease about him that had brought him very low, had led so gracious a life that he did not need to utter any dying testimony. Brethren, beloved, also who were once with us in the College have fallen asleep, having finished their course and kept the faith.

I may add that, not only did the king take his mowings at the right time, but in every case I have now before my mind he took them in the easiest way. He took them gently. Some have a hard fight for it at the last, but in these cases though there were pains and dying strife, yet at the last their souls were kissed away by the dear lips of him who named them by their names and said they were his. They fell asleep, some of them, so sweetly, that those who looked on scarcely knew whether it was the sleep of life or the deeper sleep of eternity. They were gone; they were gone at once to their Lord and their God. Putting all these things together, reflecting that the King has done it, that those he has taken away he has taken to be with himself, that their present lot is an infinitely better one than anything beneath the moon; considering, too, that we must never grudge the King the heritage which he has so dearly bought, and that he took his mowings at the right time, and took them in the happiest manner, we will no longer repine, but we will bless the Lord.

II. And now, brethren, suffer me for a few minutes to use the subject by way of ADMONITION.

I hardly know whether under this head I have grouped together thoughts that are quite admonitory. The first one to me is very joyous. It is this, that as we belong to the King, our hope is that we shall be mown too. We are sitting on the banks of Jordan, especially some of riper years, waiting for a summons to the court of the Eternal King. It grows a wonder sometimes with aged Christians, why they stay so long. John Newton, methinks, used to marvel at his own age; and Rowland Hill used to say he half imagined they had forgotten him, and hoped they would soon recollect him and send for him. Well, we have not quite got that length—we who are young—but still we entertain the hope that some fair evening, calm and bright, the angel-reaper will come with the scythe. Then shall we, having fulfilled, like the hireling, our day, lay down our tools of labour and take our rest. Then shall we put down our sword, and take off our breast-plate, and unloose the shoes of iron and brass, for we shall fight no more, but take the palm and claim the victory before the throne. Never let us look forward to this with dread. It is wondrous that we should do so, and we could not if our faith were stronger. When faith vividly realizes the rest that remaineth for the people of God, we are tempted to long to be up and away. Then why should we wish to linger here? What is there in this old musty worn-out world, worm-eaten and full of holes, with its very gold and silver cankered that can satisfy an immortal spirit? Let us away to the hills of spices and to the mountains of frankincense, where the King in his beauty stands with "helmed cherubim and sworded seraphim," and all the hosts that serve him day and night, to behold his face, and evermore adore him. Let us anticipate cheerfully the time when the King's mowings shall include us also.

Brethren, the admonition that rises out of all this, is—let us be ready. Should not every Christian man live every day as if he were going to die

that day? Should we not always live as if we knew our last hour to be at the door? If a man in his right state were informed on a sudden, "You will die to-night," he ought not to alter his mode of life one atom; he should be so living that he had nothing more to do but to continue his course. It is remarked of Bengel, the great critic, that "he did not wish to die in spiritual parade, but in the ordinary way: like a person called out to the street door from the midst of business: so much so that he was occupied with the correction of his proof-sheets at his dying season, as at other times." To me it seems to be the very highest kind of death to die in harness, concluding life without suspending service. Alas, many are unready, and would sadly be put about if the midnight cry were suddenly heard. Oh, let us see that every thing is in order! Both for this world and the next nothing should be left to be hurried over in the last few hours. Christian man, is your will made? Are your business affairs all straight? They ought to be, everything ought to be as near as you can keep it in perfect order, so that you are ready to go at any minute. Mr. George Whitefield used to live so in anticipation of death that he said, "I never go to sleep at night with even a pair of gloves out of place." Oh, that we could be habitually ready and in order, especially in higher matters, walking before the Lord, as preparing to meet him!

Then, dear friends, this departure of many friends, while it admonishes us to be going, at the same time teaches us to do twice as much while we are here, seeing that our numbers are being thinned. A brave soldier in the day of battle, if he hears that a regiment has been exterminated by the enemy's shot and shell, says "Then those of us that survive must fight like tigers. There is no room for us to play at fighting. If they have slain so many, we must be more desperately valiant." And so, to-day, if one is gone here and there, a useful worker from the Sabbath-schools, from the street preaching, then it is time our broken ranks were repaired. O you young men, I pray you, fill up the gap; and you young women who love the Saviour, if a Sabbath-school teacher is gone and you are teaching, teach better, or, if you are not teaching, come and fill the place. My dear brethren, I pray for recruits, I stand like a commander in the midst of my little army and see some of the best smitten down, here one and there one, and what can I do, but, as my Master bids me, lead you on, and say, "Brethren and sisters, step into their places; fill the gaps in the ranks." Do not let death gain upon us, but even as one goes into the golden city, let another cry "Here I am: I will fill up the place and seek to do the work until the Master shall call me also to my reward." As for us who are at work we must labour more zealously than ever, we must pray more fervently than ever. When a certain great man suddenly died in the ministry, I remember in my young days an old preacher saying, "I must preach better than ever I did now that Mr. So-and-so is gone." And you, Christian, whenever a saint is removed say, "I must live the better to make up to the church the loss which it has sustained."

One other thought, by way of admonition. If the King has been taking his mowings, then the King's eye is upon his church. He has not forgotten this field, for he has been mowing it. We have been praying lately that he would visit us. He has come, he has come!

Not quite as we expected him, but he has come, he has come! Oh yes, and as he has walked these aisles, and looked on this congregation, he has taken one and then another. He has not taken me, for I was not ready: and he has not taken you, for you are not quite ripe; but he has taken away some that were ripe and ready, and they have gone in with him. Well, then, he has not forgotten us, and this ought to stimulate us in prayer. He will hear us, his eye is upon us; this ought to stimulate us to self-examination. Let us purge out everything that will grieve him. He is evidently watching us. Let us seek to live as in his presence that nothing may vex his Spirit, and cause him to withdraw from us. Beloved, these are the words of admonition.

III. And, now, a few more words by way of ANTICIPATION. I hardly know under what head to place them. What anticipations are there that come out of the mowing? Why, these. There is to be an aftergrowth. After the King's mowings there came another upspringing of fresh grass, which belonged to the King's tenants. So we expect, now that the King has been mowing, that we shall have a fresh crop of grass. Is there not a promise, "They shall grow as the grass, as willows by the watercourses"? Fresh converts will come, and who will they be? Well, I look around, and I will not say with Samuel, as I look at some young man in the gallery, "Surely the Lord hath chosen him;" neither will I look down here and say, "Surely the Lord hath chosen *him;*" but I will bless God that I know he has chosen some, and that he means to make this fresh grass spring up to fill up the waste caused by the King's mowings. Do you know who I should like to come if I might have my preference? Well, where the daughter died, how glad I should be if the father came, or the brother came; and where the father died, how would I be rejoiced if the son should come; and where a good woman has been taken away, how glad would I be if her husband filled up the place. It seems to me as if it were natural to wish that those who loved them best should occupy their position, and discharge their work for them. But if that cannot be, I stand here to-night as a recruiting sergeant. My king in his wars has lost his men, and the regiment wants making up. Who will come? I put the colours in my hat to-night, but I will not stand here and tempt you with lies about the ease of the service, for it is hard service; yet I assure you we have a blessed Leader, a glorious conflict, and a grand reward. Who will come? Who will come to fill up the gaps in the ranks? Who will be baptised for the dead, to stand in their place of Christian service, and take up the torch which they have dropped? I will put the question round, and I hope that many a heart will say, "Would God the Lord would have me. O that he would blot out my sins and receive me!" He delighteth in contrite hearts; he saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. He will have whom he will have, but the way to be enlisted is plain, "Oh," say you, "what must I give to be Christ's soldier?" To be the queen's soldier you do not give any thing; you receive a shilling. You *take* to be a soldier of the queen, and so to be Christ's soldier you must take Christ to be your all in all, holding out your empty hand and receiving of his blood and righteousness, to be your hope and your salvation. Oh that his good Spirit would sweetly incline your wills, that one after another were made willing in

the day of his power. May he thus do, and our hearts will greatly rejoice.

As I read the passage in Amos, which we have taken for our text, I noticed something about caterpillars. It is said that after the King's mowings there came the caterpillars to eat up the aftergrowth. Oh, those caterpillars! When the poor eastern husbandman sees the caterpillars, his heart is ready to break for he knows they will eat up every green thing. And I can see the caterpillars here to-night. There is the great green caterpillar that eats up all before him; I wish I could crush him. He is called the caterpillar of procrastination. There are many, many other worms and locusts which eat up much, but this worm of procrastination is the worst, for just as the green blade is beginning to spring up this caterpillar begins to eat. I can hear him gnawing, "Wait, wait, wait; to-morrow, to-morrow; a little more sleep, a little more sleep, a little more sleep." And so this caterpillar devours our hopes. Lord, destroy the caterpillar, and grant that instead of the fathers may be the children, instead of the King's mowings may come up the after-grass which shall be a rich reward to the husbandman and bring glory to the owner of the soil.

We have reason to pray that the Lord would send the dew and the rain to bring forth the aftergrowth. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass." Now this congregation is like mown grass. God has mown it—a rich mowing has the King taken from us. Now, my brethren, we have the promise; let us plead it before the throne. All the preaching in the world cannot save a soul, nor all the efforts of men; but God's Spirit can do everything, and, oh, that he would come down like rain upon the mown grass now. Then shall we see the handful of corn upon the top of the mountain multiply till its fruit shall shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth. The Lord send it, the Lord send it now.

If any would be saved, here is the way of salvation: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." To believe is to trust. What you have to trust in is this—that Jesus is God, that he became man, that he suffered in the sinner's place, and that whosoever believes in him shall be forgiven because God has punished Christ instead of believers. Christ bore God's wrath instead of every sinner that ever did or ever shall believe in him, and if thou believest in him thou wast redeemed from among men. His substitution was for thee and it will save thee; but if thou believest not thou hast no part nor lot in this matter. Oh, that thou wert brought to put thy trust in Jesus. This would be the pledge of thy sure salvation to-night and for evermore. God bless you for Christ's sake. Amen.

PREPARE to die whilst you are in health. It is an ill time to calk the ship when at sea, tumbling up and down in a storm: this should have been looked to when she was in port. And as bad is it to begin and trim a soul for heaven when tossing on a sick bed. Things that are done in a hurry are seldom done well. Those poor creatures, I fear, go in an ill dress into another world who begin to provide for it when they are dying . . . . but alas, they must go, though they have not time to put on proper clothes.—*Gurnall.*

Signs of Revival.

A PAPER READ AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1872,

BY PASTOR LAUDERDALE, OF GREAT GRIMSBY.

WE sincerely wish this subject, so full of interest, and of profoundest meaning to every minister and follower of Jesus Christ, had fallen into other hands, or had been allotted to one with wider experience and richer heart. We scarcely hope, after what has been written and spoken upon the theme, to say anything beyond what is already known. But if we can give utterance to a word that may elicit the views, or remarks of our brethren, and thereby our own heart, and perhaps the heart of another, be refreshed and stimulated, we shall feel repaid for our labour, and thankful that our thoughts were guided in this direction.

The word revival, when used in reference to religion, has about it a certain amount of distaste, no doubt created by the excitement of those who possess zeal without discretion. We candidly confess that we share in the aversion felt by many earnest workers in the kingdom of our Lord to the spirit and mode of action of a large portion of modern revivalism. We believe, however, that there is as much difference betwixt an organised or got-up revival and a genuine work of the Holy Spirit, as there is in the contrast of midnight and noon. Revivals there have been which have been created and sustained by a mere fleshly excitement, an imposing ceremony, a wild excitement, a fanatical oratory, or some other flash of human fireworks; but on the other hand there have been "times of refreshing," seasons of divine visitation, and great spiritual birthdays in the Church of Christ, when she has exclaimed, "Who hath begotten me these?" The slumbering Zion has been aroused, quickened, revived, and clothed in beautiful garments, and addressing herself joyously to her reclaiming work, she has with silver trumpet and high-sounding cymbal, together with the singers and players on instruments, kept her jubilee. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing, then said they among the heathen the Lord hath done great things for them."

Revival implies a deadness, and if regarded in the light of a resurrection, a burial. But it also implies life, for that which does not exist cannot be revived. It is not, therefore, a new creation, but a re-creation, or re-kindling, of the altar fires burning so dull and low. A revival is to the Church of Christ, what spring is to the world of nature. In spring we are favoured with genial showers, gentle breezes, and quiet, cheering sun-light. The landscape is flooded with beauty, and the sombre hues of an unkindly winter give place to the richer tesselations of summer, when the whole is changed to emerald and diamond; buds unfold their blossoms; birds chant their morning hymn; and by the gentle gales are wafted the odours of a thousand flowers from hill and dale. "For, lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on earth; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with tender grapes give a good smell." Thus, in the Church of Christ, when there is a multiplied power of divine life, the Holy Spirit being pleased to shed forth his benign and gracious influence, like the morning breeze or the showers that water the earth, the renewed fragrance of holy life is felt and acknowledged by all. Every heart beats high with joyous hope. Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Lord. Then fathers with grateful hearts tell of the prodigal's return, and the shepherd comes bounding into the fold, saying to his friends and his neighbours, "rejoice with me for I have found the sheep which was lost." What meltings of heart and brokenness of spirit, and combination of effort mark such a sacred summer!

Then from hearts filled with joy, though bowed in humble adoration because of overwhelming favour, like the yellow corn bending for very ripeness and fulness, there arises the anthem of praise, until the wilderness is made glad for them, and the desert rejoices and blossoms like the rose. But when shall these things be, or what shall be the sign of their coming? The answer is at hand. "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come, for thy servants take pleasure in her stones and favour the dust thereof." What then are the signs of a true revival?

On the threshold of our investigation we are met with the words of Christ, reminding us that his kingdom cometh not with observation, but like all other great forces at work in the universe, acts softly and silently. This coming has been compared to the day-dawn; and what so gentle as the morning light rising mutely in the drowsy east, falling upon the sleeping flowers and kissing them till they open their bright eyes for joy! Yet what more powerful than that selfsame noiseless dawn, driving back the darkness, chasing the mist beyond the distant hills, and setting wide open the gates of the day. Not with observation, yet are there signs, and guided by history and observation we cannot fail to trace the invariable omens and signals which appear before all great religious awakenings.

The signs which we expect are; 1. *Deep and extensive anxiety for the welfare of the church, and for the glory of God in the salvation of man.* As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children. Whatever may be the features of this anxiety, it will never lack sadness of heart on account of abounding wickedness, and an earnest overwhelming desire to see the aboundings of grace. There have been times when the church has relapsed into a state of carelessness; when she has ceased to be jealous of her Lord's honour, and become unconcerned with reference to the regeneration of the ungodly; when the channels are no longer flooded with the life-giving waters; when worldliness, backsliding of heart, and sin, have choked up all the inlets of the streams which make glad the city of God, and her life has become like the little driblet creeping beneath the village bridge, with no power to cleanse or wash away accumulations of pollution. In such times the world lying in sin gives the church of Christ no trouble. More anxiety has been caused to the holiday rambler by a little cloud in a summer sky, than has been awakened in the church by the floods of ungodliness which destroy the souls of men. We surely can have no hope of a revival when this stolidity prevails. But, if the wickedness of the wicked lead to humiliation of spirit, confession of sin, and wrestling with God; if there be deep and extensive yearning of heart and vehement desire for souls, and the language of the lamenting prophet express the anguish of the church when he exclaimed, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people," then we see a sign of "Revival." This is the standard lifted up in the breast of the advancing flood. Such we believe to be attested by all renewing or reviving seasons, from Paradise to Pentecost, and times following. We see it in the upper room where the disciples were met, waiting the sign and fulfilment of the promise; and, coming down the history of the ages, we find the like in connection with the "times of refreshing" experienced by the Waldenses, the Lollards, and the Reformers, who struggled hard to keep the lamp of divine truth burning in a dark world. The like may be said of the great awakening in Germany under Luther and others; of Zwingle, in Switzerland; in Geneva under Calvin; in England under Latimer and others; in Scotland under Knox and Henderson; and, then again, in the astounding revival which attended the labours of Whitefield and Wesley; or, that under Jonathan Edwards. One writer, referring to this latter movement, writes:—"Part of the previous night had been spent in prayer for the divine blessing. The soul of the preacher was oppressed with the burden of the Lord. The calm man of God announces his text. 'Their foot shall slide in due time.' Sinners in the hands of an angry

God is his alarming theme. His descriptions of the doom and danger of the impenitent are awful. 'Oh, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Edwards, is God not a God of mercy?' exclaimed one of the ministers, laying hold of his skirts. The result was what might be expected. Sinners were crying for mercy on every hand. But who can tell what pangs and soul-travail went before the delivery of that message?"

Do we not find the like at home? "Some three months ago," writes one who has a dwelling-place in the heart of this assembly, having newly risen from a sick bed, "our heart felt heavy for the souls of dying men. Our ministry has never been without large results in conversion, but we were discontented and ill at ease, because to such multitudes the Lord Jesus appeared to be without form or comeliness. Especially did it burden us to see so many of our regular hearers undecided. After so much preaching were they, after all, to perish? Were they to find no savour in the Gospel but that of death unto death? These questions pricked us in our reins, and gave us no rest."

Other signs invariably followed. Take one from the case of the same beloved friend. A brother wrote to him, saying: "That fire which God has lit up in your soul for the conversion of sinners has become apparent to every one. It has increased from a flame to a glowing heat; that fire has kindled a flame in others; glory be to God for this. I am convinced that the Lord is about to work mightily among us. When I heard Mr. C.'s prayer last Monday evening, that prayer told out all that I had been passing through. His troubled soul, his restless hours, and his cry in the night watches, were like mine. At one, two, and three in the morning, I have been constrained to cry unto the Lord."

Then followed a large ingathering of the saved, the harvest of the first-fruits, the results following the signs.

If the hyssop on the wall may stand beside the towering cedar without being asked, What doest thou here? we may add, the like has been felt more than once by the writer. Cast down in spirit, and restless, because many who listened appeared to be unmoved by persuasion or appeal, he was led to mourn over unfruitfulness, and with weeping and supplication to seek the favour and smile of God. More especially did the burden lie heavy on account of the senior classes in the schools. Having spent nearly the whole of one night in wrestling for a blessing, he was surprised to find, a day or two after, that the like feelings had been pressing upon the whole school, and also some of the parents were found to be unusually anxious about their children. "I cannot rest," said one, "without a blessing. I have laboured so long without conversions." "Oh, sir," said another, "will you try and get hold of my dear boy. I am alarmed about his state before God." The very next Lord's day (can you wonder when I tell you) we wept tears of joy at the teachers' prayer meeting, as we heard one after another breaking out in sobs, while one dear friend, with strong cries and tears, continued to cry, "Lord, how long? How long?" Since then we have had the joy of receiving several into fellowship. Many more incidents and facts could be presented in proof of what we have stated, that a revival may be expected when there is deep and extensive anxiety for Zion's prosperity and the glory of God. Deep yearning of heart and brokenness of spirit, and overwhelming desire to see men saved, like the cloud of sadness which passed across the face of the ancient cup-bearer of Artaxerxes, are heralds of coming good; as even the silent tongue, the harp resting on the willows, were prophetic of the coming joy, the bringing out of captivity, and restoration to former privileges.

II. Produced by such anxiety there will be *an extraordinary spirit of prayer*. This we have implied in our foregoing remarks, but another word may not be without interest. We know by sad experience that at times the life of prayer is very feeble. The form of prayer may to some extent be kept up, and the public prayer-meetings well attended, still the prayers are languid, formal, monotonous, and spiritless. What weary work it becomes to drag over the

hour set apart for the purpose of pleading with God! But how different when praying men realise their need, and cannot rest until the blessing of God descends; who truly say, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Then prayer is no longer regarded as a weariness and a duty, but a privilege and a delight. Such prayers, like John the Baptist, announce the coming of the Son of God. Pentecost was preceded by a prayer-meeting.—"These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." And again, we read, when the disciples were gathered together to hear from Peter and John what had been done unto them at Jerusalem,—"And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." In all subsequent movements, we find the like testimony. Here is one, "A spirit of prayer which is really wonderful to behold has possessed the Lord's people." Take another, "The spirit of prayer poured out upon the church has greatly surprised us." These are facts which speak eloquently. They require no comment. We see in them God's own appointed sign. For these things will I be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessing God designs to give."

Prayer is like unto the ladder on which the angels of God ascended and descended, or the amber light on the distant hills, bright harbinger of the morning. If we would keep our pentecost we must hold our prayer-meeting.

Other signs suggest themselves, but our time is limited, and therefore only one more.

III. *When those who are engaged in the work of Christ are led to expect a revival*, and feel constrained to seek the salvation of the ungodly and prosperity of Zion. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Some seeds are placed in water to steep and swell, to be tested and set upon germination before sowing. The seed we sow has already germinated, if our tears have fallen upon it. A tearful sowing ensures a joyous reaping. Such seed should always be thrown with a careful hand and an anxious heart. "I hardly ever knew him (writes Cornelius Winter, referring to Whitefield), "go through a sermon without weeping more or less, and I truly believe his were the tears of sincerity. His voice was often interrupted by his affection, and I have heard him say, 'you blame me for weeping, but how can I help it when you will not weep for yourselves?'" At times this man of God is said to have been so aroused, and so utterly overcome with emotion, that for a few seconds you would expect he never would recover, and when he did so, nature would require some little time to compose herself. In the presence of such men some of us stand speechless, but feel no surprise at the marvellous results which followed their ministry. What was their preaching but the language of a burning, passionate desire for the souls of men. They agonized to see the unsaved brought to Jesus. Paul said, when speaking to the Ephesians, "Remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." "Oh, those tears," said an ungodly youth, to a pious mother, "You will break my heart if you weep." And "Jesus wept."

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?"

Let all who labour and are leaders in Israel take this to heart. Much of the matter rests with us. Not that we are forgetful of the various agencies God is pleased to employ; for like as the water oozing through some hidden fissure of the mountain side, glides quietly on in tender rill, giving moisture to one little wild flower after another in its onward flow to the silvery sea; and

often refreshes the weary traveller when wider streams are far away, even so the Lord, by means of his unknown and humble follower, may bless and refresh his weary heritage. Yet we speak to the leaders, because surely on them must rest the heavier responsibility; for, are they not the watchmen who are expected to announce the signs which light up the sky? When those who labour in the kingdom of Christ are led by the Spirit's gracious influence to expect and seek the salvation of the ungodly, we consider it is a grand "Sign of Revival." Are these not the men who turn the world upside down? When they move onward will there not be progress?

The signs indicated we believe to be what the church requires before she can have any hope of being a blessing to the world; her face must shine like that of Moses, or better still, must reflect the glory of her Lord.

In the deep and extensive anxiety for the prosperity of Zion and for the glory of God, we see something of him who looked up to heaven and sighed. By the praying church we may be led to remember, that Christ went up into the mountain to pray; in the anxious energy and effort for the salvation of the ungodly, we may see him who came to seek and save that which was lost. Such signs may not be much valued, nay, will not be recognised by the mere professor; but, to the man whose soul is all aglow with the divine fire, whose mind is on the ring and ready to hail the faintest trace of springtide in the church of the ving God, such signs are like unto salvation. Despise not the faintest sign; or, as the modest flower, peeping out from behind the snows of winter, announces the approaching spring, so a single conversion, or one earnest heart, may be the beginning of a fruitful season, the first sign of revival. Then, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign." When the sleeping church, and the dead world shall have been silently transformed into the loveliness of life, the Lord shall indeed appear in his glory.

On Vicarious Preaching.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

SOME time ago a ministerial conference was held in a provincial town and the large attendance of the clergy excited the surprise and wonder of the simple rustics of the neighbourhood. Many uttered the question, "What does it all mean?" and very varied were the answers received. We have been favoured with two which are stamped with an originality quite their own. One sage rustic remarked that, "*The parsons be out on strike.*" What the object of the strike might be: whether it was to secure an advance of pew rents, to oppose episcopal control, or to reduce the number of sermons per week, was of no concern to the bucolic mind. The answer was regarded as satisfactory by those who had not considered the chances of a clerical lock-out. Another wondrously wise individual was persuaded that "*The parsons be met to change sermons;*" and this solution of the problem was followed by the ready rejoinder, "Our parson gets the worst of it every time." However absurd these dialogues appear to our readers, they suggest the two-fold suspicion with which ordinary mortals regard the clergy, viz., that they are "ambitious of preferment for its gold" and preach other people's sermons. That the clergy have done much to provoke and even justify these suspicions, few will deny. The antipathy of the working classes to religion will retain its hold until their minds are disabused of these beliefs. Our regret is that all ministers are made to suffer in this way, as it is believed they are all tarred with the same brush. This is manifestly unjust and highly detrimental to the cause and progress of truth. Our business in

this paper is to deal with the question of vicarious preaching, not for the purpose of confirming the suspicion that many ministers preach what they never wrote, but to indicate the extent and the pernicious influence of the practice, and to call upon ministers to make as little use of written sermons as possible. We know that many men who can preach an effective written sermon are bewildered into the utterance of the merest twaddle if they attempt an extemporaneous address. When the habit of reading has been acquired the preacher is easily deluded into the belief that he cannot do without his manuscript; and so becomes the slave of his paper, but that this is a delusion many have proved. The most efficient preachers are those who think out their subject in the spirit of prayer, and allow their thoughts to clothe themselves in appropriate language under the inspiration of the hour. The man who talks to his people has the key to their hearts. Our own experience has taught us which method of preaching is the most effective. The ethical essay, polished in diction, may charm the intellectual few, but it is calculated to induce sleepiness in the many, whereas the "cut and thrust" sermon commands the attention of all, if only to parry the blows. Our immediate purpose is not to condemn the practice of reading, but to expose a class of delinquent preachers who, without acknowledging the obligation, piratically appropriate the labours of other men.

There are several sources of supply which are resorted to without any qualms of conscience by those who regard the Christian ministry in its professional aspect only. There are "Helps for the Pulpit" of every variety, and "Stems and Twigs" of the tree of doctrine. There are "Homilists," "Analysts," and "Lanterns," for pulpits and preachers, and there are "Hints" and "Outlines" in rich profusion. This ready-made material would supply the ministers of our churches for the next century if the art of sermon-making were lost to-day. We do not complain of the legitimate use of these helps any more than we should complain of an artist for gaining suggestions from the etchings of the masters: but when they are employed to such an extent as to supersede the study of the Bible, and to check the inventive faculty, we regard them as pernicious in the extreme.

Sermons of remote or obscure authors have been made to do duty in modern pulpits. It was the custom of a noted minister in London to treat his people occasionally to a sermon by the Reformers or the Puritans; but as he made no secret of the authorship his congregation were satisfied. Not many years since the fame of a new preacher was heard in all the churches. His sermons were regarded as masterpieces of pulpit eloquence, but his career was brought to an abrupt termination by the discovery that his preaching was vicarious, and that he was the living mouthpiece of divines who had lived generations back. A minister may presume that the members of his congregation, are ignorant of ordinary sermon literature, and if he be unscrupulous he will turn their ignorance to account. I have before me a sermon which a learned D.D. of the Establishment has both preached and published as his own, though he has taken it from a volume by a Baptist minister. Probably the doctor was pleased with the effort of his obscure Baptist brother, and thought his sermon worthy of being rescued from the comparative obscurity of a dissenting constituency, and, therefore, he delivered it to his own flock in the ordinary course of his ministry. When he resolved to publish a volume he must either have forgotten the authorship of this particular sermon or ventured to run the risk of detection. In either case the doctor must be held blameable.

American and foreign sermons are in great demand by some preachers who do not scruple to preach them as their own. The chance of detection is slight, and the certain gain counterbalances the risk. Doubtless, in one respect, the congregations are the gainers, for no man would preach a stolen sermon inferior to his own. Three instances of gross plagiarism have come under our own notice. In the first, an Independent minister not only preached a sermon from the "American Preacher," but sent it for publication to a weekly religious

paper. It went forth to the world bearing the name of its English foster-parent, who must have feared detection from the moment he saw it in print, if he had any conscience. The publisher, being a personal friend of the preacher, refused to expose the gross deception when his attention was called to it. In the second instance a rector obtained his last sermon from the same source and preached it to his congregation. After his death it was published, with his name on the title page, as an appropriate memento. In the third instance, a clerk in holy orders delivered a sermon taken from the same volume to an audience in South London, and afterwards published it, with several flattering testimonials from the local clergy. Is it unfair to assume that such instances might be multiplied? We think not.

The occasional exchange of sermons by friends is a source of supply of which some avail themselves. We do not complain of this, provided due acknowledgement of the mutual obligation be made, but when this expedient is adopted, because men have not the industry to make all their own sermons we charge them with gross deception and forgery.

An advertiser, who styles himself a "Beneficed Clergyman" offers to "lend his weekly sermons," which he describes as "original, earnest, evangelical," to any fellow cleric for "half-a-crown a-piece, or four for a post office order for ten shillings," but he adds an additional demand for "mutual confidence." This proviso suggests that the transaction will not bear the light, for if the business be legitimate why should he insist that it must be carried on with the utmost secrecy?

The demand for ready-made sermons has created a corresponding supply, and a thriving trade is carried on in these sacred wares. Circulars are issued soliciting subscriptions for single copies or a quarter's supply. Sermons, doctrinal, practical, and experimental are sent to order, also special sermons for anniversaries, and the successive festivals of the ecclesiastical year. Every variety of style is adopted to suit the élite of a west-end congregation or the unlettered ploughmen of a rural parish, and all the intermediate gradations of society, social and intellectual. In a circular before us we are offered sermons by "clergymen only of known ability and long parochial experience" at the following rates:—

	£	s.	d.
"A Quarter's Sermons	0	15	6
Or if paid at the commencement of the Quarter ...	0	13	6
A Specimen Sermon	0	1	6
Missionary Society, National School, Church Building, each	0	2	6
School Feast, Rifle Corps, Church Music, each ...	0	5	0
Visitation Sermon	1	1	0

Special Sermons as required."

A guarantee is given that "no duplicates will ever be sent into the immediate neighbourhood of a subscriber," and it is strictly enjoined that "no subscriber may lend any copy of a sermon, nor preach it out of his own parish without the consent of the editor." Thus the parties to the transaction mutually bind each other to prevent exposure of the deception. The sermons are lithographed in imitation of a plain hand-writing which is easily read, and which prevents the occupants of the gallery from indulging the suspicion that their pastor is preaching a discourse purchased for the occasion. We heard recently a Nonconformist minister make the following confession of one of the most daring expedients ever adopted. He said that, in his early days, he was a slave to his manuscript. On one occasion he found himself when some miles from home committed to an engagement to preach a special sermon. Not being provided with the usual sixteen pages 8vo. in deep mourning, and failing in his efforts to find a substitute or gain a release from his engagement,

he entered a bookseller's shop and selected a sermon by a popular divine which he purchased for a penny, and delivered to an admiring congregation with as much of energy, if not of satisfaction and comfort, as he would have done had it been his own. The trick was discovered, and, for several days afterwards, the study table of the delinquent parson literally groaned beneath the weight of the copies of the identical sermon sent anonymously through the post.

There is no absolute guarantee of originality in an extemporaneous discourse, for we knew a minister who repeated from memory a sermon published by the Religious Tract Society in one of the largest chapels in London. The imposture being detected, the Secretary of the Local auxiliary duly supplied the members of the congregation with copies of the same sermon to the surprise of those who heard it.

We blush to record these facts, but their exposure will do no harm, and possibly may induce some young aspirant to the ministry to confirm the resolution to eschew manuscripts altogether and preach with as few written notes as possible. Earnest preaching is the great want of the age. Polished diction and florid rhetoric, if destitute of the unction which comes from conscious sincerity and divine assistance, will fall powerless on the ears of the congregation. No wonder the weakness of the modern pulpit has proved an attractive theme for social gossip and newspaper articles. The charge of weakness is easily sustained, and it is our firm conviction the secret lies in the fact that much of the preaching is vicarious. The questionable expedients to escape detection stamp the efforts of these plagiaristic parsons with the brand of insincerity, and conscious insincerity is a barrier to their usefulness. God cannot hold fellowship with those whose ways are not clean in his sight, nor smile upon their efforts. Those who regard their pulpit reputation as the primary consideration are actuated by a false motive, and must signally fail, sooner or later.

The Conquest.

BY JOHN NORRIS, OF BEMERTON.

IN power or wisdom to contend with thee
Great God, who but a Lucifer would dare?
Our strength is but infirmity,
And when we this perceive our sight's most clear:
But yet I will not be excell'd, thought I,
In love, in love I'll with my Maker vie.
I view'd the glories of Thy seat above,
And thought of every grace and charm divine,
And further to increase my love
I measured all the heights and depths of Thine.
Thus there broke forth a strong and vigorous flame,
And almost melted down my mortal frame.

But when Thy bloody sweat and death I view,
I own—dear Lord—the conquest of thy love.
Thou dost my highest flights outdo,
I in a lower orb, and slower move.
Thus in this strife's a double weakness shown,
Thy love I cannot equal, nor yet bear my own.

Reviews.

New Cyclopædia of Poetical Illustrations adapted to Christian teaching, embracing poems, odes, legends, lyrics, hymns, sonnets, &c. By Rev. Elon Foster. Dickinson and Higham.

Messrs. Dickinson and Higham are cultivating a specific field of literature with great spirit. They are the minister's friends. After giving us a Dictionary of Illustrations, they now issue a Cyclopædia of Poetical Extracts. We greatly prefer Henry Southgate's "Many thoughts of many minds," but then its price puts it beyond ordinary reach. The volume before us is a goodly tome of seven hundred pages crowded with matter, sufficient to set up certain poetry-quoting orators for the next five and twenty years. In the study this will be a handy book of reference, a repertoire of telling things. Some of the poetry is of the Poet Close order, and a few pieces will be better appreciated in America than in England, but, upon the whole, this is a very useful book and both the compiler and the publishers deserve our thanks. What advantages preachers now possess, or might do if their people made them a regular allowance for books, in addition to their salaries. Every deacon should make a point of urging the church to give the minister an annual present to be spent in books; we refer, of course, to poor churches where the pastors are often rather starved than supported. If they give the man little bread they ought to find him plenty of books out of sheer selfishness, for what the preacher reads comes back to his hearers.

Footprints of the Saviour. By the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, M.A., Vicar of St. James, Holloway. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

In this attractive little volume we commence at Bethlehem, Cana, and other sacred spots, and close at Emmaus and Olivet. The discourses are full of a mild, quiet poetry of holy thought; not the torrent of Kishon, but the waters of Siloah which go softly. Very many will be instructed, comforted, and encouraged, by these holy words.

Songs from the Woodlands and other Poems. By Benjamin Gough, author of Kentish Lyrics. S. W. Partridge.

Mr. Gough sings very sweetly, and his notes were never more tuneful than upon this occasion. His verses are not always poetry, but they are generally harmonious. The volume is most tastefully got up.

The Theology and Theologians of Scotland, chiefly of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, being the "Cunningham Lectures" for 1870-71. By James Walker, D.D., Carnwath. T. and T. Clark.

Those flippant gentry who have so much to say about Scottish Sabbatarianism, melancholy Puritanism, and Presbyterian bigotry would be all the better for a course of such lectures as these; for they would then know something upon their favourite subject, and in all probability would alter their opinions. We do not wonder that in their delivery Dr. Walker's lectures excited great interest, we should have wondered far more if they had not done so.

Thus Saith the Lord. By O. Winslow, D.D. John F. Shaw and Co.

A small book in many ways. The gospel is fairly stated and scriptural truths are advanced, but the style of thought is weak, and the composition hasty. The little volume is composed of short annotations and texts with the usual verses at the close, and will suit a class of readers who need "milk for babes."

Labourers together with God. By Rev. S. Calthrop, M.A. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

An earnest and practical appeal to Sunday-school teachers, touching on many points of vital interest to their work. The book is quite worth a perusal. The writer is a member of the Church of England but does not obtrude his peculiarities unduly: this fact may make the book more valuable to his co-religionists whose forms and practices he most fully understands, and in some points thinks to be capable of improvement.

The Third edition of Ward on Investments, being a popular treatise on all classes of investments. By R. A. Ward, Solicitor. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This work is out of our department, but being sent for review we are free to say of it that it seems to be a very sensible book. Those who have first contributed to the college and orphanage, and then feel that they have money to invest will find a judicious counsellor in this treatise. Baptist ministers, except in miraculous cases, never need to consider the subject of investment. Their small incomes are generally invested in large families and slender libraries.

Special Unconditional Grace Vindicated: a Pleading for Union on the basis of the Westminster Standards; including a Refutation of Opposing Views. By the Rev. Alex. C. Rutherford. Livingstone, Edinburgh: Simpkin, London.

We most respectfully acknowledge the dedication of this work to ourselves; for it affords us pleasure to live in the esteem of any gracious man. To appreciate fully this treatise, one needs to be acquainted with the Morrisonian controversy and the (so-called) Evangelical Union. Mr. Rutherford, in his early days was a defender of the views of the party of Mr. Morrison, but with fuller light and riper experience, he returned to the old ways, and became valiant for the truth in Israel. The treatise before us assails vigorously the anti-Calvinistic and unscriptural views of the Evangelical Union party, but it does so in an excellent spirit, and as much as possible avoids personalities. There were evils existent in the days of Morrison, which drove men to extremes. There was much to be regretted on both sides, and the sooner the smoke and dust of the controversy are forgotten the better; the good results will abide for ever.

The Golden Mill; a Tale of Filial Piety. Translated from the German. Sunday School Union.

Quite a gem. A story worthy to become a favourite with young people. We confess ourselves charmed with it. It is prettily got up; indeed, unusually so.

The Philosophy of Christianity. Blackwood and Sons.

"The Christianity of Philosophy" would have been a more appropriate title, as the design of the book is to show that Christianity is a development of moral philosophy suited to the present condition of man. One sentence will give the substance of the whole. "We must love him (God), as conscious that he alone has blessed us with every good gift that we enjoy; and through this love trust in him as the alone source from whence all future blessings are to be derived." One other sentence will show from whence this "philosophy" comes. "It is only as intelligence has progressed in more recent times that the true character of the Christian scheme has begun intellectually to dawn upon the world." We should like to know where this immense progress in intelligence in recent times, of which modern theologians are constantly speaking, is to be found. They give no example of it in themselves, nor inform us where it is to be found in others. Upon this assumed premise the whole theology peculiar to the present age is founded; but until it has been proved, we prefer to adhere to the old gospel.

The Bible Plan Unfolded. By James Biden. Elliot Stock.

This is not the plan which we see in the Bible, but one with which we have no sympathy because we believe it to be false. The author repudiates received evangelical views, and appears to us to be far gone in the direction of Unitarianism. His book has our hearty disapprobation.

The Golden Remedy for Moral Disease; or, Counsels and Consolations in Affliction's Chamber. By the Rev. E. Balley, of Staplehurst. Partridge and Co.

A well intentioned earnestly-written little book, which will, we trust, do much good. The zealous piety of the author, and the directness with which he aims at the conversion and edification of the reader, place the work beyond criticism. Instead of indicating weak points, we are far more inclined to pray the Holy Spirit to accept the loving labours of his servant and own them for the good of many.

Hymns of Penitence, Prayer, and Praise. By Rev. W. A. Essery, Marlborough Chapel. Hutchings. 5, Bouverie Street.

We do not remember hearing the music of our respected neighbour's harp before, but it is so well-tuned and touched so skilfully, that we hope to hear it again and again. There are hymns in this delightful little volume which the church will be sure to incorporate in her select psalmody, and with them are other pieces which the thoughtful and godly will read with profit and remember with pleasure. Mr. Essery is no mere rhymer of platitudes, jingling confused metaphors, with doubtful rhythm. He has not "attained unto the first three" of the sweet singers of Israel, but he has pushed beyond respectable mediocrity, and has produced many verses which will be echoed by the walls of Zion when their author has joined the choirs above. We quote six verses of especial sweetness:—

Flowers droop, and fade, and die,
Laugh to scorn the loving eye,
Heeding not the mournful sigh:
Rose of Sharon, joy to see,
Be not thou like them to me.

Sunbeams wane and sink away,
Ending all the joys of day,
Making men of gloom the prey:
Sun of heaven, hear my plea,
Be not thou like them to me.

Stars grow pale, and hide their light,
Leave to blackness all the night,
Full of terror and affright:
Star of morning, never flee,
Be not thou like them to me.

Rocks, though strong, do not abide
Ebb and flow of rolling tide,
Keep no place in which to hide:
Rock of Ages, stronger be,
Be not thou like them to me.

Fountains dry, and never rise,
Grieving many longing eyes,
Causing loud despairing cries:
Fount of water, living, free,
Be not thou like them to me.

* * * * *

Friends wax cold, and soon forsake,
Each alone his path must take,
Careful lest his heart should break:
Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
Be not thou like them to me.

Gladness in Jesus. By Rev. W. E. Boardman, author of "The Higher Christian Life." Morgan and Scott.

Of this writer's desire to vindicate the power of grace to conquer sin and confer joy we cannot speak too highly; but we demur very greatly to many of his statements. He assumes an interpretation of Paul's memorable language in Rom. vii., which is neither consistent with the text itself nor with Christian experience. Persons of gentle spirit, placed in comfortable circumstances, and little tempted, are very apt to mistake their superficial experience for a high degree of grace, and to look down upon those veterans who have done business on the great waters of soul trial; we do not say that Mr. Boardman is of that character, but we make bold to assert that had we not seen his name upon the title page we should have thought parts of his book to be the production of a mere beginner in the divine life, who mistook his own elevated conceit of himself for growth in grace. We are sorry to seem to dispute upon points of experience, but neither Mr. Boardman nor all his cloud of witnesses will never testify us out of our own consciousness; we know of a surety that the Christian life is one of conflict, and a far greater and less cloudy set of witnesses than any of Mr. Boardman's company bear witness that it is more or less so with believers till their dying hour. It is our firm conviction that any person who should accept Mr. B.'s theory would almost inevitably become the victim of carnal security, or if not, the contention which his spirit would assuredly experience would soon awaken him from his pretty dream, for Mr. Boardman's theory is no better.

Thoughts of Christ for Every Day of the Year. By Lord Kinloch. Tract Society, Paternoster-row.

The design is good, and the texts are good, while the expositions and brief prayers are such as would at once arise without any previous meditation in any ordinary devout mind. Edited by a lord and published by the Tract Society, the book will find many readers.

Facts, Letters, and Documents concerning William Huntingdon. Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street.

Mr. Hooper here continues his honest compilation, nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. He appears to have been savagely assailed for his former work upon the same subject, but we see no sort of ground for it. Few know as much about the celebrated Coalheaver as Mr. Hooper does, and fewer still would be as impartial as he has been. Nothing, however, will suit some people but prostration before their idol, and the acceptance of infirmities and mistakes as virtues and inspirations. Mr. Hooper's book costs one shilling and sixpence. We are always willing to mention the prices of books when publishers take the trouble to inform us.

Kidd on the Eternal Sonship of Christ; with an Introduction by Dr. Candlish. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

This is a calm, forcible, and impregnable defence of the Eternal Sonship of Christ. We would recommend those who deny this Scriptural doctrine, and those who have any doubts respecting it, and those who have no clear and strong views concerning it, to give this treatise a careful and prayerful perusal. The distinction of personalities in the Godhead, the connection essentially subsisting between them, and the manifestation of this peculiar constitution of the divine nature in the accomplishment of human redemption, are here placed in the clearest light. The union of two natures in the God-man, which is scarcely less mysterious than the union of three persons in one nature in the Godhead, is maintained with equal clearness and power.

The union of the personalities of God and man in Christ Jesus is shown to be as real as the union of the natures. The divine personality assumed the human, and thus became the Christ of God. The human nature had no personality of its own apart from that of the Eternal Son, and hence there was no new separate person of whom a new sonship could be predicated. It was the same Son of God, both before and after the incarnation, and the manifestation of him as such is all that is intended by his being then styled the Son of God. The same may be said of his being "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." On such a subject an Author must be allowed to speak for himself: "If men," he observes, "be sometimes called sons of God, they have human personality; and there was a time when they were not the sons of God. But the human nature of our Lord never had personality of itself If our Lord be called the Son of God, he can only be so in that nature which possessed sonship in the proper sense of the term. It must, therefore, be with respect to his divine nature that he was and is the Son of God. That nature was of itself capable of personality; of this his human nature never was and never could be capable. Hence, our Lord is the Son of God with respect to his divine nature, which alone was capable of sonship. Our Lord, therefore, with respect to his divine nature, ever was and ever will be the Son of God." The human personality of Christ, it is here affirmed, is never to be considered apart from the divine. There never was such a person as the Man Christ Jesus considered, simply as a man; and hence, the whole fabric of theology founded upon the model manhood of Christ, his sympathy with all that is human, and his example of self-sacrifice, as the chief design of his person and work, is based upon mere fiction. It is possible to behold *A* man, but not to behold *The* man without beholding God in him. Let us hear the author once more: "The question to be decided is, what object was termed the Son of God? Was it the human nature considered by itself? This it could not be, seeing that his humanity never existed of itself without inhering in the Divinity. Was it the humanity and Divinity when united, which in consequence of their union, obtained this as a new appellation? We apprehend that it was not. We conceive that the peculiarly appropriate name of our Lord's divine person is the Son of God; that his person was not changed by the assumption of humanity; and that it was his eternal person in the complex natures of divinity and humanity, which is denominated Son of God." It will be obvious from these remarks that if

Christ became the Son of God at his birth, or at his resurrection, it could not apply to his divine nature, because that could not be changed in its relation to God; and it could not apply to his human nature, because there was no separate personality, as such, to which it could apply; and it could not apply to the union of the two natures in one person, because that person, substantially, had been from everlasting. There was a new relation, in fact, of the second person in the Trinity to man, so that he could be styled the Son of Man, but not to God, so as to become by virtue of that relation the Son of God. We must refer to the treatise itself for a critical and logical examination of all the Scripture teaching upon the subject. Dr. Candlish has conferred a great benefit upon the present age by the re-appearance of this treatise under his sanction, and with an introduction descriptive of the life of the author, and in harmony with his theological views.

Leaving School, a Crisis: containing Friendly Counsels to those who have been taught in Sunday and Week-day Schools. By A. Langley. Elliot Stock.

This book is what it professes to be, and is likely to impress the young by its earnest and affectionate voice of warning.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin are reissuing their *Popular Educator*, of which we have four parts before us, varying in price from 7d. to 8½. We do not know a better investment for working men who desire to educate themselves and their sons. Here they are presented with condensed knowledge in the best form. Their *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* in 6d. parts will also be obtainable by cottagers and the humble poor, though beautiful enough to adorn the tables of the rich. Their *Doré Bible* is even more of a miracle. The engravings, though not always accurate as illustrations of the text, display transcendant ability. It is a marvel to us how four such plates, with letter-press can be sold for ninepence. The plates alone must, we conceive, have involved an expenditure of twenty thousand pounds.

Little Folks; a Magazine for the Young. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A new volume of "Little Folks," price three shillings. The king of juvenile books.

Acceptable Words: being choice quotations and Scripture Texts for every day of the Year, collected and arranged. By S. M. L. Religious Tract Society.

Surely we have now almost enough collections of this character. They are no doubt useful in themselves, but are mainly so because they direct attention to the authors' quoted. The compiler of "Acceptable Words" has executed her work with piety, discretion, and industry. She has not torn out a number of paragraphs, pinned texts to them, and thrown them into a heap, but has judiciously extracted, appropriately headed, and suitably arranged them. We suppose S. M. L. means Selected Most Lovingly, and our advice to every reader concerning the authors quoted is Study More Largely.

The Truth in Its Own Light. By Rev. John Cooper. Melbourne.

The title of this book supposes that Christianity has not yet been seen in its own proper light, and the book professes to supply that omission. The old orthodox theology went too far, and the school of modern thought does not go far enough. Christianity, if not interfered with by man, will produce its own effects. The revelation of God's love to man, and of his own Son's in their mutual self-sacrifice on man's behalf, cannot fail, if duly considered, to remove all enmity from the heart of man to God. There is a certain contemplation of the truths of revelation which will give them a reflex influence upon the whole character and destiny of man. We do not profess to comprehend the whole design of the author, and readily admit that many excellent sentiments may be found in his voluminous production; but we cannot commend the production, for the distinguishing peculiarities of the gospel have not the first place in it, and it presents truth in a borrowed light and not in its own.

The Voice of Inspiration on the Seven Last Things of Prophecy. Lectures by Rev. Joseph Wilkins, of Brighton. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Our friend argues his case with his usual clearness and ability, but we do not agree with him. Far as we are from delight in speculations, and frenzied predictions, we are quite unable to shut our eyes to the teaching of Scripture, which we believe to be dead against the post-millenial theory of the advent and its attendant doctrines. Friends who like to see what can be said on the wrong side will find it popularly stated in these lectures.

Memoranda.

Our Colportage Work prospers in many parts of the country, and we hope this month to establish fresh agencies in Southsea and Sunderland, the friends in each of these localities having promised £30 a year towards the expense. This will make a total of fourteen districts supplied, but increased subscriptions will be needed to enable us to maintain this number. Will our friends bear this in mind, and share in supporting this most excellent work. Earnest Christian men of business habits are needed for Colporteurs, and any such desiring to be so employed can apply by letter to Mr. Frederick A. Jones, at the Tabernacle.

We have received the following note from our friend Mr. Orsman, whose good work commands our admiration and sympathy :—

Sir,—Above two years ago we received a notice to quit our Mission Hall, in consequence of the owner's determination to convert it into a warehouse. As the hall is only part of a large lodging-house, which is heavily mortgaged, we thought it advisable to raise the funds for a new building: and we have now in hand for this object above £1,400.

No suitable site can be obtained, and at present we are in our old premises, paying double rent. As we cannot afford to pay rent in this style, I have hired the old Charity Schools in Golden Lane for four years, with a prospect of being able to purchase at the expiration of that time. The rental is easy, and the position is eligible. Our friend, M. M. Glover, Esq., architect and surveyor, certifies that they can be adapted to our use for £100.

As I do not wish to touch the New Building Fund, but use the interest of it for rental until a site can be obtained, I shall be glad if some of your benevolent readers will assist me in preparing for our Exodus in September next.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. J. ORSMAN.

75, Oakley Road,
Islington, N.

During this month the Orphanage has been the cause of great anxiety, but the Lord has graciously averted the evil. We believe that many have been praying for us, and hence our escape. A virulent fever visited us, and carried off one boy, but it has as suddenly left us, and we have almost a clean bill of health. It was a very sorrowful duty to us to stand with our bigger boys around the open grave, but we believe the death of one will be the means of spiritual life to others. Will those who have helped us pecuniarily be so good as to remember us in prayer, that out of the Orphanage may come hundreds of young disciples.

We are very grateful to an esteemed friend for the promise of 100 boys' shirts at Christmas; this is a noble beginning. Will not other ladies help to make us the 500 which are required each year? We cannot ask in vain for our orphans. If not in large instalments, we hope this department will be supplied in tens and twenties.

The College will re-assemble in the first week of August; may the studies of the young men be a great blessing to them and to the churches.

We have received most cheering letters from Messrs. Forth, Lennie, and Emmerson, who are located near each other in Canada. Good brethren they are all. May Canada be the better for their immigration.

Mr. Grant also writes from Ballarat. May he prosper. Our brethren are now in all our colonies, and are multiplying in the United States. The College is answering, we hope, the Lord's design in the earth.

The workmen have commenced to dig the foundations of Wandsworth Road Chapel. If the strike comes to an end we hope this long delayed work will go on vigorously.

Mr. Bool, of our College, sails for Nova Scotia with our best wishes.

So soon as land can be procured we intend to erect suitable buildings for our College. They are greatly needed. We have received munificent aid from one ever earnest helper, but have not full liberty to say more.

Our excellent friend, Mr. Wigner, writes to say that the amount received for the widow of Mr. Davis is £1,431. At this we greatly rejoice. Our lamented brother died in the moment of victory, when his life-work was achieved. It is good to

see his widow and children so well cared for.

With the deepest regret we record the death of our late student, Mr. Kew, pastor of the Baptist Church, in Loughboro' Park, Brixton. What gaps death makes!

Mr. Turner has settled at West Green, Tottenham; and Mr. Skingle at Whitchurch, Hants. Our friend, Mr. Ennals, has removed to West Hartlepool; and Mr. Walter of Whitehaven, to Soho Street, Liverpool; while Mr. Pearce has a probationary invitation to Greenwich.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—June 20th, seven. By Mr. J. T. Wigner:—July 4th, sixteen. By Mr. George Goldston:—July 15th, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Lewin	0	5	0
B. S.	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	20	0	0
Mrs. Ann Harris	0	10	0
Messrs. W. Fisk and Son	5	0	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Luke x. 2	1	0	0
Rev. Thomas King	5	0	0
Mr. G. Fairey (Leamington) per Mr. J. T. Dunn	1	0	0
Mr. F. Battam	0	10	6
Abbey Road Chapel, per Mr. T. E. Davis	1	1	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Messrs. W. and R. Salmond	25	0	0
Mr. Jeanerett	1	1	0
A Sister	0	4	0
Miss Holloway	0	2	6
Mr. T. J. Redgate	5	5	0
Rev. J. Owers	0	10	0
Mrs. Dick	1	10	0
Messrs. Wrigley and Son	31	10	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Clifton	0	5	0
Mrs. Bydwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Kemp	0	10	0
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0
G. M. R.	0	5	0
Collection at Ridgmount, per Rev. W. Julyan	2	17	0
Collection at Princes Risborough per F. J. Benskin	3	4	6
Collection at Congleton, per Rev. T. E. Rawlings:			
Friends at Wheelock	1	0	0
Ditto Congleton	0	10	0
Mr. T. G. Sheldon	1	0	0
	2	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., June 23.	33	5	8
" " " " " 30.	36	7	0
" " " " July 7.	30	2	9
" " " " " 14.	12	3	8
	£138	1	4

Special Fund for Medical Missionary.

Mrs. Robertson, £50.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 21st to July 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Richardson, per Rev. G. W. White	1	0	0
A friend at Retford	0	10	0
E. H. H. T.	0	1	0
A Sister in the Lord	0	5	0
Mrs. Padley	0	5	0
A reader, Tain	0	6	0
Mrs. Moore	0	5	0
Mrs. Underwood	0	5	10
Miss Underwood	0	1	3
In Weekly Offering Box	0	13	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
D. J. C.	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
J. D.	0	5	0
Mr. G. N. Bliss	1	0	0
Legacy of the late Maria West	22	10	0
W. J. L.	0	1	6
W. G.	0	1	0
Mr. S. Pearce	0	2	0
C. E. M.	0	3	0
Lurgan	0	1	8
Per Mrs. Pottenger:—			
Collected by Mrs. Pottenger	3	2	0
Mr. T. D. Paul	1	0	0
Mr. Whitmore	0	10	0
Small Sums	2	8	0
	7	0	0
A Churchman	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Edis	0	5	0
E. W. Outwell	0	10	0
Miss Paterson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Arres	1	0	0
G. G., Glasgow	1	0	0
E. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Denner	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Danes	0	15	0
Falkirk	0	10	0
Mrs. Gamble, per Mrs. Campbell	25	0	0
R. P. B.	0	1	0
Mr. A. Leech	0	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mrs. Smithies	4	10	0
Miss Smithies	0	10	0
Collection at Minster, Oxon, after sermon, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	25	0	0
Rev. T. Curme	1	0	0
F. K.	0	2	6
S. N.	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Cowell	0	2	6
E. H. R. T.	0	2	0
Mrs. Kelly	0	10	0
Mrs. Ann Harris	0	10	0
K. E. A.	0	2	0
Fine Box in a Ladies' College	0	13	0
The late Mr. Mulligan, per Rev. H. Smyth	2	0	0
Mr. E. Morris	2	0	0
Messrs. W. Fisk and Son	5	0	0
A constant reader	1	0	0
Liverpool	0	5	0
Collection at Frogmoro-street Chapel, Abergavenny	4	10	0
J.	0	10	0
The Misses Johnson	2	0	0
Mr. Marshall	10	10	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. T. King	4	0	6
Mr. Coppin	3	10	0
Miss Spurgeon	0	17	4
Mrs. Coulson	0	11	1
A Friend, at Deal, per Mrs. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bantick	1	1	0
J. C.	0	2	6
M. P. S.	0	5	0
Friends at Folkstone, per Rev. W. Sampson	0	8	6
A Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Mr. A. Debenham	1	1	0
Mr Kent	1	0	0
Norwich	0	5	0
G. T., Junior	0	2	0
Miss Purcell	0	2	6
Mr. J. W Punch	2	10	0
C. H.	1	10	0
Mrs. Burcher	0	12	0
Mrs. S. Parkin	1	0	0
Ellen	0	4	0
A Churchman	5	0	0
A Widow	0	2	0
Mr. C. W. Dalton	2	2	0
Messrs. W. and R. Salmond	50	0	0
Mrs. Goslin	1	0	0
Friends at Great Broughton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	5	0
Mr King	0	10	0
Mrs. Dick	0	12	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr A. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. Rennie	0	10	0
Miss Simpson, per Mr. J. Agnew	1	1	5
Mr. Thomas Jones	1	0	0
Mr. S. Chew	5	0	0
Mr. James H. Macrae	20	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	12	0	0
W. J. B.	1	1	0
Mrs. Stevenson	5	0	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Collection at Battersea Park Chapel, per Rev. J. T. Wigner	3	17	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. Charles C. Harris	5	0	0
Three Domestic Servants	0	12	6
A Friend, Leighton	4	12	4
Mr. William Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. Ranford	1	1	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0
Part Collection at West Croydon, per Mr. J. Allder	5	0	0
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. F. R. Wood	2	0	0
Mr. J. Lock	0	10	0
Miss Bloodworth	1	10	6
Mrs. Berry	0	3	8
Mr. T. A. Smith	2	0	0
W. B.	1	0	0
R. E. Sears	0	5	0
Every little helps	0	1	9
Collection at King's Road Chapel, Reading, per Rev. W. Anderson	15	3	0
J. B.	0	10	0
E. H. R. T.	0	2	0
A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	0	2	6
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Brough	1	0	0
Rev. H. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vast	0	5	0
A Teacher	0	7	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Aunt Nancy	0	1	0
C. L. Rowe	0	2	0
Lotty	0	0	4
A thankful reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	0	2	6
Mrs. Jas. Porter	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	18	5
Mr. Ponsford	1	1	0
Subscriptions:—			
Mr. William Stiff	3	3	0
M. D.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Smith, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mr. Parnell	1	0	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Mrs. Gibbs	1	0	0
	£368	6	7

Lists of Presents for the Orphanage.—PROVISIONS:—36 Quartern Loaves, Mr. Suggett; A Cheese, Mr. Lane; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

CLOTHING:—3 Cotton Shirts, Anon.

FOR SCHOOL:—Parcel of Old Books, Mrs. Cowdery; a Hamper of Waste Paper and odd numbers of Magazine, Anon.

SUNDRIES:—Load of Firewood, Mr. Keen; 30 Dahlias for the garden, Anon; Parcel for Saleroom, Anon.

G. M. R. is thanked for his Donation, and informed that it appeared last Month as E. M. R.

SPECIAL FUND FOR MRS. DAVIES' BOYS AT THE ORPHANAGE:—Mr. Silverton, Nottingham, £5; Messrs. W. and R. Salmond, £5.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. Walmsley	1	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
E. B (Quarterly)	25	0	0
W. B. (Quarterly)	7	10	0
Eythorne District, per S. Clarke, Esq. (Quarterly)	7	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (Quarterly)	7	10	0
Burnley District, per Rev. G. W. Oldring	15	0	0

Donations:—	£	s.	d.
S. C.	0	3	6
A. B.	5	0	0
Messrs. W. Fisk and Son	5	0	0
G. M. R.	0	5	0
Mr Cockrell	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibbs	0	5	0
	£76	2	6

Stockwell Orpha...

Dr. GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st MARCH, 1872. *Cr.*

RECEIPTS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Donations :—			
General	2,954 9 7		
Collecting Boxes and Books... ...	455 19 1		
		3,410 8 8	
„ Legacy		40 6 2	
„ Annual Subscriptions		148 4 10	
„ Balance of Interest and Rents		1,285 11 9	
„ Total Receipts during the year			4,884 11 5
„ Balance to Credit on 31st March, 1871 :—			
For Completion of Infirmary		423 16 7	
„ General Purposes		689 4 4	
			1,113 0 11
			£5,997 12 4

EXPENDITURE.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Maintenance and Education :—			
Salaries and Wages	556 1 0		
Provisions	1,908 4 8		
Clothing	614 13 0		
Washing, Soap, &c.	174 13 0		
Fuel	170 1 6		
Gas and Water...	131 5 1		
Books	31 15 5		
Gardening, Excursion and Sundries	71 1 9		
Medical Expenses and Extra Nursing	65 12 3		
Infirmary Home at Margate ...	52 17 10		
		3,776 5 6	
„ General Expenses:—			
Stamps, Office Expenses, &c.		133 0 5	
Additions, Repairs, Alterations, and Insurance...		516 0 10	
Poor and General Rates		93 13 4	
„ Property :—			
Completing and Furnishing Infirmary		421 15 10	
„ Total Expenditure during the Year			4,913 15 11
Transfer to Foundation Fund			800 0 0
Balance to Credit 31st March, 1872...			253 16 5
			£5,997 12 4

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, comparing it with the Books and Vouchers, and find the same correct.

July 11th, 1872.

J. HERBERT TRITTON, } *Auditors.*
S. HOPE MORLEY, }
WILLIAM HIGGS, } *Trustees.*
W. C. MURRELL, }

CHARLES BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*

FOUNDATION FUND.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Investments :—		
Debentures and Debenture Stock	13,111 0 0	
Freehold Houses, Islington	1,400 0 0	
Freehold Ground Rents	5,822 4 1	
India Four per Cent. Stock	2,800 0 0	
Reduced Stock	1,000 0 0	
Deposit Account at Bankers	500 0 0	
	£24,633 4 1	
By Balance 31st March, 1871		23,608 4 1
Transfer from General Account		800 0 0
Cambrian Railway, arrears of Interest converted into Debenture Stock		225 0 0
		£24,633 4 1

Examined and found correct :

July 11th, 1872.

S. HOPE MORLEY, } *Auditors.*
J. HERBERT TRITTON, }
WILLIAM HIGGS, } *Trustees.*
W. C. MURRELL, }

CHARLES BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1872.

Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher.*

WE remember a book bearing the title, "The Model Preacher," at least we remember the title of it, and that is sufficient for our purpose; for we question greatly whether there ever lived but one "Model Preacher," and whether the process of modelling in connection with preachers be not among the "many inventions" which man has found out since he lost his uprightness. Let every man called of God to preach the word be as his Maker has fashioned him. Neither Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas are to be imitated by John; nor are John's ways, habits, and modes of of utterance to be the basis for a condemnation of any one or all of the other three. As God gives to every seed its own body as it rises from the soil, so to each man will he grant his own appropriate development, if he will but be content to let his inner self reveal itself in its true form. The good and the evil in men of eminence are both of them mischievous when they become objects of servile imitation; the good when slavishly copied is exaggerated into formality, and the evil becomes wholly intolerable. If each teacher of others went himself to the school of our one only Master, a thousand errors might be avoided.

With the previous paragraph before his mind's eye, the reader may safely accompany us as we take a survey of the ministerial history of

* Incidents and Anecdotes of Rev. Edward T. Taylor, for over Forty Years Pastor of the Seamen's Bethel, Boston. By Rev. Gilbert Haven and Hon. Thomas Russell. London: R. D. Dickinson.

a greatly useful, but highly eccentric man—"Father Taylor," the Sailor Preacher of Boston, in the United States. Not Father Taylor of California, who is a considerably younger man, but Edward Taylor, of the Bethel,—the man whom Charles Dickens thus described in the well-known passage in his "American Notes":—

"The only preacher I heard in Boston was Mr. Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow, old, waterside streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. In the gallery opposite to the pulpit were a little choir of male and female singers, a violoncello, and a violin. The preacher already sat in the pulpit, which was raised on pillars, and ornamented behind him with painted drapery of a lively and somewhat theatrical appearance. He looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty; with deep lines graven as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern, keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable.

"The service commenced with a hymn, to which succeeded an extemporary prayer. It had the fault of frequent repetition, incidental to all such prayers: but it was plain and comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathed a tone of general sympathy and charity, which is not so commonly a characteristic of this form of address to the Deity as it might be. That done, he opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Song of Solomon, laid upon the desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: 'Who is that that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved'?

"He handled this text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence, well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seaman's life; and was often remarkably good. He spoke to them of "that glorious man, Lord Nelson," and of Collingwood; and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose, naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way—compounded of John Bunyan, and Balfour of Burley—of taking his great quarto Bible under his arm and pacing up and down the pulpit with it; looking steadily down, meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Thus, when he applied his text to the first assemblage of his hearers, and pictured the wonder of the church at their presumption in forming a congregation among themselves, he stopped short with his Bible under his arm in the manner I have described, and pursued his discourse after this manner:—

"'Who are these, who are they, who are these fellows? where do they come from? Where are they going to? Come from! What's the answer?' leaning out of the pulpit and pointing downward with his right hand: 'From below!' starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: 'From below, my brethren, from under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That's where you come from!' a walk up and down the pulpit: 'and where are you going?' stopping abruptly; 'where are you going? Aloft!' very softly, and pointing upward: 'Aloft!' louder: 'Aloft!' louder still: 'That's where you are going, with a fair wind, all taut and trim, steering direct for heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' Another walk: 'That's where you're going to, my friends. That's it. That's the place. That's the port. That's the haven. It's a blessed harbour—still water there, in all changes of the winds and tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea, there: Peace, peace, peace, all

peace!' Another walk, and putting the Bible under his left arm: 'What! these fellows are coming from the wilderness are they? Yes. From the dreary blighted wilderness of iniquity, whose only crop is Death. But do they lean upon anything—do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?' Three raps upon the Bible: 'Ah, yes. Yes. They lean upon the arm of their beloved,' three more raps: 'upon the arm of their beloved,'—three more, and a walk: 'Pilot, guiding star, and compass all in one, to all hands—here it is'—three more: 'Here it is. They can do their seaman's duty manfully, and be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and danger, with this'—two more: 'They can come, even these poor fellows can come, from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their beloved, and go up—up—up,' raising his hand higher and higher, at every repetition of the word, so that he stood with it at last stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange, rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse.

"I have cited this, rather as an instance of the preacher's eccentricities than his merits, though, taken in connection with his look and manner, and the character of his audience, even this was striking. It is possible, however, that my favourable impression of him may have been greatly influenced and strengthened, firstly, by his impressing upon his hearers that the true observance of religion was not inconsistent with a cheerful deportment and an exact discharge of the duties of their station, which, indeed, it scrupulously required of them: and, secondly, by his cautioning them not to set up any monopoly in Paradise and its mercies. I never heard these two points so wisely touched (if indeed I have ever heard them touched at all), by any preacher of that kind before."

We are not so enamoured of Charles Dickens as to consider his verdict upon a preacher to be of any very material consequence with reference to the man's real usefulness: but as a judge of vivacity of manner, and power of style no better critic could be found. He, above most men, knew what would win the attention and touch the heart. For the innermost music which belongs to the world of the regenerate he did not claim an appreciation; his judgment exercised itself in another court, where we regard its dicta with respect.

This extract at once marks out Mr. Taylor as eccentric, and renders it all the more imperative that he should not be made a model. He was a man of his own order,—a glorious order too, but an order of one. He who should imitate him would not become a copy but a caricature. Mr. Taylor commenced his preaching while a prisoner of war in the hands of the English, at Dartmoor, and his discourses as a captive gave prophetic intimations of his future style. They were racy, and overflowed with mother wit. The sermon in which he mixed up George III., and the Prince of Darkness was such as none but an original preacher could have delivered. The text was "a poor and wise child is better than an old and foolish king."

"The youth began, blundering and tangled, but with the root of the matter in him; which root suddenly burst forth into rich blossoms and fruit. As he poured forth the river of his speech, and described the old and foolish king, with burning words of sarcasm and illustration, they all trembled for themselves and their youthful preacher; for his Boston —Richmond blood was up. The king their fathers had fought, for eight weary years, from whom they had wrested their independence, was then, though an idiot, 'old and foolish,' waging war against the sons of their fathers, and holding him and his associates fast in his

cruel chains. He blazed in similes, describing such a character. He fired broadside after broadside of wit and seriousness into the sinking craft. Seeing the peril in which his epithets were placing him, he cried out: 'You think I mean King George, I don't, I mean the Devil.' This hit was worse than all that preceded it, and set him down at once for being as adroit as he was bold, as capable of firing Parthian arrows as advancing shots. The officers could have found no fault with such a retreat, and the prisoners exulted in its tact and point. He was instantly voted their chaplain; and a note was sent to the Commandant petitioning for the privilege of having their own praying and preaching done by their fellow-captive. It was granted. Thus he began his life-work among his own brothers of the sea, in the hold of a prison-vessel, himself a prisoner."

When he obtained his liberty, and returned to his native land, he itinerated in the double capacity of pedlar and preacher,—a sort of spiritual Dr. Marigold, buying old rags, and extolling the robe of righteousness, selling tin wares and blowing the silver trumpet. In those days, one of his famous texts was, "Buy the truth and sell it not." His first regular recognised official holding-forth was before a quarterly Methodist Conference, assembled to judge whether or no he should receive a license to preach. It has been reported that upon this occasion he had the coolness to select as his text the words, "By the life of Pharaoh, surely ye are spies;" but his biographer says that although those words might have been worked into the sermon, the real text was a more humble but equally singular one, "I pray thee, let me live." He adds, that the triers saw that his fervour and talents were more than an offset for his defects: and, in answer to his prayer, they "let him live." We do not see how they could have done otherwise, for no Conference would have been strong enough to kill him. His tongue had been touched by a fire which no critics could quench; and had their verdict been against him the flame would but have burned the more fiercely.

After itinerating for some few years, the man and his mission met, and Father Taylor took up his abode in Boston, as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, specially set apart to labour among sailors. His chapel, at first, held about five hundred hearers, and was immediately filled to its utmost capacity. He began in 1828 in full revival vigour, frequently preaching four times a day. He was then young, full of animal spirits, ardent, daring, and at the same time intensely desirous to do good. To him it never occurred to polish his style, and prune away its power; he spoke as his heart prompted him, and wrought as the Holy Spirit moved him. He did work enough for two men, and had a double blessing upon it. In a very short time Boston felt his power, and its wealth and culture were at his feet as well as its poverty and roughness. A noble Bethel was built for him, a house of large dimensions, a fit sphere for his operations. At the opening services, he said, "America is the centre of the world, and the centre of America is Boston, and the centre of Boston is North Square, and the centre of North Square is the Bethel." No man succeeds who has a mean idea of the sphere which he occupies. If a true man should find himself placed by Providence in Little Mudlicot, he would soon discover some peculiarities in the position which

would entitle it to his best exertions. Mudlicot to Father Taylor would have been the hub of the universe. As it was, "he made 'the Bethel' famous in all lands. He made that familiar name his own, so that, since Jacob, no one has arisen with whom that word was so closely identified as with Father Taylor. 'The Bethel' was no other seaman's chapel. It was his alone. He and it were almost synonymous terms. He was the Bethel, the Bethel was he. If a sailor in any part thought of one, he thought of the other. The blue and white flag that floated over it seemed to dance before the wandering eyes of mariners under every sky. The mighty man of God who preached beneath its folds equally presented himself to those floating souls at every port."

It was not at all wonderful that sailors especially, and other classes of the community in proportion, should flock to hear Mr. Taylor, for he was a man of great human sympathies, manly, bold, honest, childlike and outspoken; and, withal, a man on fire with love to Christ and perishing souls. His preaching never could be dull, the intense white heat of his nature prevented that. He was in earnest beyond all measure, and commanded the attention of all around him for that very reason. No ideas of propriety, or notions of delicacy, hung about him like fetters; he spoke to sailors, not to squeamish pomposities, and to "the sons of Zebulon" he poured out his great heart in a homely eloquence, which was all on flame. One who heard him in 1835, said of him—"His eloquence was marvellous: his control over the audience seemed almost absolute. Tears and smiles chased each other over our faces, like the rain and sunshine of an April day. Two characteristics gave tone and power to his marvellous eloquence. He had one of the most brilliant imaginations that ever sparkled and burned. His sermon was all poetry, though it came in bursts and jets of flame. It was like the dance of the aurora, changing all the while from silver flame to purple, and back again. But the secret of his magnetic power was not here; it was in his overflowing sympathies, that leaped over all barriers, and had no regard for time or place. There was no wall of formality between him and his hearers, any more than if he were talking to each one of us in a private room. He would single out a person in his audience, and talk to him individually, with the same freedom as if he met him in the street. 'Ah! my jolly tar,' turning to a sailor who happened at that moment to catch his eye, 'here you are, in port again; God bless you! See to your helm, and you will reach a fairer port by-and-by. Hark! don't you hear the bells of heaven over the sea?'"

The ludicrous was allowed considerable play in his discourses, and we think rightly so. Many count the use of humour to be unlawful in the pulpit, but our belief is, that the exclusion of it is far worse. There is no more sin nor virtue in a laugh than in a cry. To the pure mind, none of the powers of our manhood are common or unclean. Humour can be consecrated, and should be. We grant that it is a power difficult to manage, but when it is under proper control, it more than repays for all the labour spent upon it. Children do sad damage with gunpowder, but what a force it is when a wise man directs its energy. Mr. Taylor made men laugh that they might weep. He touched one natural chord, that he might be able to touch another;

whereas, some preachers are so unnatural themselves, that the human nature of their hearers refuses to subject itself to their operations. O ye who are evermore decorously dull, before ye judge a man whose loving ministry conducted thousands to the skies, think how immeasurable above you all he soared, and remember that with all his violations of your wretched regulations, he was one whom the Lord delighted to honour. Farthing candles rail at the sun for his spots, while they cannot be sure that those spots are not excessive light; and may be quite sure of another thing, that, spots or no spots, ten thousand such glimmers as theirs are not worthy to be compared with the stray beams of the great orb of day.

At the prayer-meetings Father Taylor was most at home, and, like a father in his family, cast off all restraint, and unveiled his inner nature with child-like unguardedness. Here we have a string of strange odd bits, such as must have made the meetings all alive.

His ejaculations were not always flattering. "Everyone has heard of the wealthy gentleman who, in the midst of a very warm meeting, made a speech, telling the sailors how much had been done for them, and how grateful they ought to be to the liberal merchants for all their goodness. As he sat down, with a feeling that the church would run itself for that year on this condescension, he was surprised by the enquiry, 'Is there any other old sinner from up in town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting.'

A visitor who was telling at a meeting an appropriate anecdote, which had appeared in all the religious newspapers of the country, was startled by Father Taylor's singing out, 'Lord deliver us from stale bread!' And still another, who was slow and dry in speech, was encouraged by the prayer, 'Lubricate, Lord, lubricate.'

One of his most remarkable displays of this kind was after an address by a visitor, who related the death of a very wicked man, a hardened sinner, who was blown up a few days before in one of his own powder-mills at Wilmington. He came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God; and now who would not say with the holy man of old, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?' Father Taylor rose at one. 'I don't want any trash brought unto this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honouring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. *Perhaps you will never be blown up in a powder-mill.*' 'That holy man,' he continued, 'that we heard of was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we shall never hear anything more from Balaam, *nor from his ass.*'

Upon another occasion a brother in the meeting was suffering from severe temptation, and after a full account of his exercises, was advised to take courage from his own experience: 'For,' says Father Taylor, 'the devil was never known to chase a bag of chaff! You may be sure that there is pure wheat in your heart, or the Old Serpent would not be after you so hard.'

As he was going away to Europe, he gave the church a charge, and said, 'Brethren, you'll of course have some quarrel while I'm gone. Now, begin to quarrel with your sins. I give you full scope. Begin

now, and keep it up till I come back, or till you haven't one sin left.' When a brother from another church, who was afterwards associated with the Bethel meeting, and attended on Father Taylor through all his last hours, had spoken in meeting, Father Taylor introduced him by saying, 'He's an old navigator; he has given the devil the slip a thousand times, and worked dead to the windward of him, with the leeboard of grace from the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

His own prayers were at all times most original, and were more like the utterances of an Oriental, abounding in imagery, than a son of these colder western climes. Think of his prayer at the dedication of a new church, "If any man attempts to sow heresy in this pulpit, or to preach aught but Christ and him crucified, Lord drive him out of the house *and sweep his tracks off the floor*." The Sunday before he was to sail for Europe, in his prayer he was entreating the Lord to care well for his children during his absence, meaning the Church. All at once he stopped and ejaculated, "What have I done? Distrust the Providence of heaven! A God that gives a whale a ton of herrings for a breakfast, will he not care for my children?" and then went on, closing his prayer in a more confiding strain.

Father Taylor, despite his willingness to pursue any and every reform which promised benefit to the poor people among whom he laboured, did not make the ordinances of Christ subservient to Total Abstinence, but kept things in their right places. His opinion of those abominable mixtures styled "unfermented wines" by some people, but more properly called "*Essence of Stomach-ache*," was exactly our own. He called the stuff "raisin water," which errs as a title in the direction of being too complimentary. So deeply did he lay this to heart that one of his last addresses contained the following admonition:—"When I am laid in the grave, I want the ordinance of the Lord's supper administered in the very same way in which the Saviour was not too good to administer it. I want the emblems of the body broken and the blood shed just as they came from my Master's hands; and, in my name, cast from this church any man who would come up to the altar with his dye-stuff."

Upon Father Taylor the common plague of ministers fell with its usual force. He was the victim of callers and gossips. He says himself that his "life was very much like that of a bear climbing a greased pole. He had his study and his books, and he was often among them; but, by the time he had opened one his door-bell would ring, and he must go down, hear a long yarn, and then bow the interrupter out as gracefully as possible, and then return to his books; but by the time one is again fairly opened, the door-bell jingles again, and down he goes scratching is head, and often not a little out of humour: and thus his life is spent in going from his study to the door, and from his door to his study."

"His work in one peculiar field is not generally known. Living at the North End, near by the lowest haunts of vice, he was often called to attend the sick-bed, the death-bed, and the funerals of the most wretched and abandoned of women. Protected by his eccentricity and his purity alike from any shadow of suspicion, shielded from all danger by his utter ignorance of fear, he always obeyed such a summons. At

all hours of the day or night he visited the foulest haunts of crime in this noble service; never with one harsh word for the fallen, never with any apology for their crime. A record of his prayers on such occasions would add vast treasures to the wealth of the Christian world. His warnings against trusting to a death-bed repentance were reserved for vigorous and prosperous offenders; but, when the sinner's life was ending in agony, he never forget that the first convert of his Master's cross was a thief, and that his first promise of pardon was given to a harlot.

He received many warnings, some anonymous, against venturing on such errands. The only notice that he ever took of such warnings was to lay aside his cane, which was elsewhere his constant companion, but which he never took with him when he visited the cellars and garrets of North Street. This was simple courage in the Christian soldier; but it was also the wisest prudence."

It grieves one's heart to relate that after many years of glorious service Father Taylor gradually withered. He faded by degrees during ten long years, losing slowly all his powers. It was as the Lord would have it, but, indeed, it seemed a sad way of ending a glorious career. To drift about as a poor hulk, with the armament removed, and the light in the binnacle extinguished, was very grievous both to the old man and his friends, and we sympathise with the Rev. Mark Trafton when he said, "How I wish he could have gone down after one of his tremendous broadsides, shaking the ship from kelson to truck, every spar quivering, and her colours nailed to the mast! or that a spark might have reached the magazine, blowing her in a moment to invisible atoms! or that in one of his adventurous flights to the upper regions, in full career, putting spurs to lightning, in his own startling phrase, he could have slipped in out of sight while we stood gazing after him, like the prophet of old."

So passed away one whom Emerson called one of the two greatest poets of the United States. He was a Pœdobaptist, an Arminian, and a man of a thousand divergences from our line of things, which we believe to be more Scriptural than his, but, for all that, upon the coffin of a good man and true, with no grudging hand we cast a funeral wreath, and say, "Would God there were others who could fill his place!"

C. H. SPURGEON.

The Chained Enemy.

WE looked into the Botanical Gardens at Rome, and saw a leopard walking to and fro upon the terrace. He appeared to be quite loose, but we were morally certain that he was chained in some way. We saw no chain, but we were as much at ease as if we could, because we were sure there must be one somewhere. So is it with Satan, affliction, temptation, or trial,—there is a divine restraint upon them; whether we see it or not, the tether is there. Let us trust and not be afraid. God will take in the enemy a link or two if he becomes too malicious. Dread not the foe, but bless God for the chain.

"The Thorough Business Man."*

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

WHEN, in 1852, the Rev. Thomas Binney delivered a Lecture in Exeter Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association, and a year afterwards elaborated it into a book, a great deal of criticism was provoked by the title he adopted—"Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" The very question savours of selfishness, but the reverend essayist did not intend to encourage this vicious weakness in the professors of Christianity. Mr. Binney premised, that "on the theory of two worlds, many suppositions and possibilities are conceivable. It is supposed, for instance, that it is possible to make *the worst* of both; to go through the present to future wretchedness; turning this life into a preliminary hell. Then, again, it is supposed to be possible to make the worst of this by *folly and sin*; to destroy and waste it; and yet, by God's mercy, to gain a favourable footing in the next: to "lay hold on eternal life," and to secure that it shall be spent after an improved model. It is supposed to be possible to make *the worst* of this by *heroic virtue;* willingly to lose it, to spurn, and sacrifice, and throw it away, and count it as nothing in loyal service of the true and the right; and, while doing this—making the worst of the present world—to be securing and making the best of the next; the one being the price for the other, or being willingly and cheerfully given up for the sake of it. It is thought to be possible to make *the best* of this (or to appear to do so), to secure and multiply its varied satisfactions, to enjoy it in all its resources and extent, but to do this in such a way that the next life is the price of the pleasure, the future being sacrificed to the present. All these alternatives are supposed to be possible. But the question with us is, whether there is not another supposition, another possibility; whether, in fact, it is absolutely necessary for either one world or the other to be sacrificed; or whether it may not be possible to make the best of both?" Walter Powell is one of those who proved the existence of this last class, for while maintaining a Christian character in its integrity, he achieved very considerable success as a "Thorough Business Man."

To "get to live" is the divine order of our existence here: to "live to get," is a perversion which is attended with perilous consequences to our present well-being and future prospects. In an artificial state of society, it is difficult to draw the line with sufficient distinctness which separates between the two classes. By an easy stride men pass from the first into the second class, before they are themselves conscious of the fact. The spirit of emulation is one of the most prominent features of humanity, and one of the most potent factors of modern society. Few like to be out-distanced in the race for gold, the pursuit of pleasure, or the ambition for fame; and in these facts lie the perils with which the Christian profession is fraught. The dread to encounter the perils of

* "The Thorough Business Man. Memoirs of Walter Powell." By Benjamin Gregory. London: Strahan & Co.

the ocean of life has constrained many to choose the monastic cell as a convenient harbour of refuge; this is fatal to the manly development of Christian character, which, like the oak, strengthens by contact with the fierce winds which test its stability. Christianity contemplates us as men "in the world," and commands us to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." In submission to the discipline thus imposed, it defines for us the conditions of true success here, and the secret of the imperishable hopes which shall find their full realization in the world to come. We heard an earnest Christian say some time ago, in justification of the course he was pursuing, "Grace has not made a fool of me." This remark has the vigour of an epigram and the force of truth.

Born at Tottenham, in the year 1822, the subject of the memoir before us, while yet an infant, became an emigrant, with his parents, who sought to improve their circumstances in Van Dieman's Land. "The bitter mortifications of moneyless gentility" were some of the lessons of his early childhood. "Having few play-mates or school-fellows, he grew into close commpanionship with nature. He became an intense watcher of the habits of insects and forest birds, spending hours in an admiring study of their various forms of life. He loved to wander amongst the stately gum-trees, rising like cathedral columns, straight and round, for a hundred or a hundred-and-fifty feet without a branch, and crowned with feathery foliage; and the superb tree-ferns with stems twenty feet in height. . . . One of the earliest forms of self-help which the young Tasmanian developed was the manufacture of his own playthings. One day, while superintending the hardening of some clay marbles in the fire, Walter, then only five years old, watched his work too closely and one of the heated pellets flew out of the fire, and hit him in the wide-open eye, depriving it for this life of all power of vision."

While still a boy, he was out shooting with his brother, and came into contact with the keeper, who, not knowing they had permission for a day's sport, shot their favourite dogs. By a merciful providence young Powell was saved from committing murder, for the gun which he levelled at the keeper's head was happily unloaded. At the age of twelve he secured a situation as clerk in a merchant's office, and resolved to retrieve the fortunes of his family by his all-conquering energy. He remained with his first employer three years, when he left to take another situation in the office of an auctioneer. "A young man of eighteen," says his biographer, "he has learnt self-help and self-reliance from the necessities of his position, self-respect and self-control from the glaring miseries of those who wanted both; he has acquired physical fearlessness amidst a normal state of danger, and from the enforced companionship of men who had little else to teach; he is by temperament high-spirited, and feels in his veins the blood of an English gentleman; he is lovable, attractive, musical. He has in him the makings of a noble character. One can scarcely fail to feel some interest in this frank, generous youth, whom filial love has chained to the desk ever since he was twelve years old. What will become of him? Will he make the best of himself, the best of life, the best of both worlds? Let us see."

"Walter Powell's conversion was attributed to the gracious influence of a Wesleyan minister, who visited him after a severe illness, during which his life trembled in the balance; and from the time of his admission he remained a consistent member of the Wesleyan Society till his death. The same energy which he manifested in his devotion to his business, characterized his efforts to attain 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' He reduced everything to system, and was emphatically a 'Methodist.' He kept a journal, in which he recorded his experience, and which, at his death, had reached to eleven folio volumes. The persistent self-scrutiny and rigid introspection which this suggests, would, in some, savour of a sickly pietism, but in our hero bespoke the reality of his determination to live a Christian life. He records his failures with unflinching fidelity, and regards no attainment as a ground of boasting. With laudable consistency he adopted the various expedients of Wesleyanism to foster and develop the divine life in the soul. The class-meeting, the band-meeting, the love-feast, the covenant-service, and the prayer-leader's plan, furnished the means he found helpful to his soul's prosperity. Whether or not he would have succeeded equally well without the aid of so much machinery, we do not care to enquire; but think it possible that, with greater freedom from self-imposed restraints, he might have found 'a more excellent way.'"

In 1845, Mr. Powell found it necessary to leave his employer, whose daughter he had married eight months before, in order to seek at Melbourne a sphere in which his energies would find ampler scope. After recording his deep sense of the goodness of God in his preservation, he adds, "Lord, grant that since Thou hast extended such mercy to the unworthy, I may live and work for thy glory." A year later we find him taking office in a Sunday-school, and shortly after he records his appointment to other offices in connection with the society. To recruit his health, and open up accounts with manufacturers, Mr. Powell came to England with his wife, and on the voyage their second child was born. Having purchased a large stock of ironware, he returned to Melbourne, and found ready customers for his ware amongst the people who were flocking to the diggings. His success was as great as it was sudden, for he had, by his forethought, anticipated the necessities of the emigrants. His liberality kept pace with his prosperity. He was very regular in his attendance at the means of grace, although he was working at high pressure. "This swift deluge of care, perplexity, and prosperity, utterly unforeseen, did not carry him off his feet. He still daily exercised himself unto godliness. This sudden summer of prosperity, after the long winter of anxiety, did not blight his kindly, generous sensibilities, but made them blossom as the rose." In 1856 Mr. Powell came to England a second time, and in ten months made a complete tour of the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, and enjoyed a seven weeks' trip to the United States. Returning to Melbourne, he found his business "quite snug," and soon after he took the two young men who managed it during his absence, into partnership. This arrangement gave him greater facilities than ever to labour for the good of others, for he "reduced his attendance on business to two hours daily."

The business principles of Mr. Powell, as detailed by his biographer, furnish not only an interesting chapter of biography but an instructive lecture to Christian men of business. "Sincerity was the root, consistency the stem, and benevolence the flower" of his character. "Business was to him not simply a department of duty; success meant enlarged facilities for spiritual and mental cultivation, the means of helping the needy and deserving, and contributing to the material resources of the kingdom of God, and the speedier attainment of such an income as would justify his retiring from business, making way for younger men, and devoting himself to the humble offices of Christian philanthropy. . . . . He never attempted a compromise between the interests of this world and the next. No one could detect in him two interchangeable characters—a man of business and a religious man. The whole mass of his secular dealings and duties was leavened by the spirit of Christianity." In writing to a young friend he says: "I think the right way is to give business our attention, to work at it with manly energy, to do all honestly, and in the fear of God, but resolutely to avoid corroding care, and the perpetual scheming how to make a a shilling out of ninepence; to cheerfully ask God's blessing on one's business, shunning everything on which his blessing cannot be confidently asked; and, withal, to let our business influence be for the good of others." Mr. Gregory enumerates the following as business characteristics possessed by the subject of the memoir: "Conscientious shrewdness, astuteness, firmness, energy and push; laboriousness, concentration, intelligence; foresight, insight, promptitude, and regularity; prudence, caution, judiciousness, and vigilance; frugality, fairness, contentment, and moderation." Nor, judging from the quotations in proof, do we think the biographer has overstepped the boundary of truth. He regards his subject as a paragon of commercial virtues, and writes accordingly. He very truly remarks, "There is no subject on which such a cloudiness and confusion of ideas, and such a diversity and divergence of opinion, exists amongst sincere Christian people, as with reference to the just action and the true limits of those qualities which conjointly constitute business talent; such as intelligence, foresight, sagacity, promptitude, and energy. What is the fair field, and what the just commercial advantage of these gifts and virtues? That business is not merely a sphere for the action of truth and fairness, but is also a legitimate arena for the triumph of acuteness and forecast over muddle-headedness and thoughtlessness; of a brisk, prompt regularity over a sleepy, shuffling, mooning negligence, and a *happy-go-lucky* improvidence; of industry and concentration over indolence and inertness;—all this is admitted: but what are the exact restrictions which the former qualities should impose on the latter? There's the rub."

During the last few years of his life Mr. Powell resided in England, and while directing his Colonial interests, he acted as the managing partner of a London firm. His constant liberality kept his wealth well pruned, so that it never grew beyond manageable limits. He fixed a tenth as the *minimum* proportion of his income to devote to the cause of God, but during most years he gave more largely. On his orphan nephews and nieces he spent nearly £1,200 a year for many

years; and gave, in benefactions to individuals, during the decade 1850-60, on an average £1,600 a year. To Mr. Hargreaves, the discoverer of the Australian gold fields, he sent an anonymous donation of £250. "This was accompanied by a graceful letter representing the donation as a scant offering of simple justice." He paid the difference between the rent of a small and ill-situated cottage and that of a good-sized house in a pleasant locality for the minister who had been instrumental in his conversion. To a lady in New York embarrassed by difficulties, he sent £60 to pay her passage to Australia. These, and many other examples which might be quoted, show that he regarded giving not only as a principle but a passion, the indulgence of which afforded him unmixed pleasure. He had discovered one, at least, of the lessons the Saviour sent his disciples to the lily to learn. The lily as it blushes in quiet beauty, and breathes out its life with its fragrance, does not grow and bloom for itself.

"The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses,
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it freely loses.
No choice for the flower but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny Is to die,
To give Is to live."

Such an example of manly industry and Christian generosity illustrates the truth of the divinely uttered proverb—"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." What we *are*, not what we appear to be: what we *do*, not what we say: what we *give*, not what we hoard—these are the true tests of life. Bailey has given expression to the same truth, in language as true as it is chaste—

"We live in deeds, not breaths.—
In actions, not in figures on a dial.
We must count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The world could ill afford to lose such a character as Walter Powell. He was "in the world," and made his mark as a "thorough business man;" but he was "not of it," for he realized a higher destiny, and lived to make his "calling and election sure," by singleness of purpose, purity of motive, and by methods of dealing with his fellow-men, which bore the impress of a Christian character. The church militant could not well spare him, for by the influence of his example, and the aid of his purse, he fostered and developed every noble scheme which sought to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. At the age of forty-five he ended his mission, and fell asleep in the Lord. In one of his last letters he writes—"My crime is that I have tried to do too much. I have wrought in my business and in the church like a strong man, when I ought rather to have nursed myself. I could not believe my doctors that I was killing myself, till one day head and hand refused to do any more." During his illness he gave utterance to his convictions and experiences, which proved the reality of his religion, and

expressed the joy and peace of his soul in the prospect of death. Grasping a friend by the hand, who sat by his bedside, he said—"I have not to go to heaven to be with Christ; he is here" (laying his hand upon his heart); "*He is here*—it is Christ *in you*—heaven within. I have him here." "O mamma," said he one morning, addressing his wife, "such a glorious night! Such a baptism of love! Christ is in me, the hope of glory!" On another occasion he said, "If God spare me, I shall be very happy to work a little longer for Him; but if not, I shall depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

There can be but little doubt, we think, that his constitution, never strong, was impaired by the wear and tear of brain and muscle, and that, humanly speaking, his end was hastened by his unceasing devotion to his calling. His life, however, was not frittered away in folly nor squandered in sin. It was spent in the exercise of that godliness which "hath the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." We do not know a more healthy and bracing piece of biography than that which records the toils, the struggles, and the achievements of "Walter Powell, the Thorough Business Man." It should be in the hands of every trader, and it would prove of incalculable service to those who are setting out in life. Its perusal will bring to the front the three most potent motives of human industry—wealth, pleasure, fame; and assist the reader to estimate them at their proper value. It is not money we should covet, and call it wealth; character is wealth, and the highest type of character is that which reaches nearest God's. It is not pleasure we should seek, and call it life; we live only as we realise the end of our being, and discharge our duty in the world. "'Tis not the laurel wreath or the name emblazoned on the scroll of fame, which compensates for years of hard toil, but the epitaph written by the recording angels, with a pencil dipped in sunlight,—

'He walked with God,'

and the commendation of the Judge of all the earth—'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Extracts from Dr. Raleigh's "Little Sanctuary."

"IT has been said a thousand times, I say it once again as though it were the revelation of the present hour, that *if we do not come as we are*, 'hungry and thirsty, our soul fainting in us,' profitless workers in our utter weariness, sinners in our sin, we shall never come at all. . . . Would a man be considered very kind and hospitable, who, knowing that some travellers were coming to his house, along rocky paths and across burning sands, should send a message to them while yet they are miles off, to say—'Do not come any nearer until you have washed and made you clean. Come; by all means come: I am not inhospitable: but be sure you come with ointment on your head, all fragrant

with myrrh and spice, and clad in rich evening dress, ready for the banquet.' What would the pilgrims think of receiving such a message? They say in a moment—'He doesn't want us. This is a message to say we are not welcome. We must seek some other gate than his.' My brethren, the case is ever so, as between us and God. He does not send a mocking message to frail, disabled men, in this dusty, defiling, wilderness world, sinful although they be, by the offer of salvation to them under utterly impossible conditions. He does not say, 'Come to me for salvation, but be more than half-saved before you come.' He comes to us with a *whole* salvation, with healing, cleansing, vivifying grace, which will grow in us, and develop us into perfectness. It is not the finger of direction, but the hand of help he gives us. We are not pointed to the Mount Zion which is high and far from us, and to which we could never climb. But he builds a sanctuary for us just where we are, and as we are, into which, the moment we feel ourselves in distress, we may enter, and *in* which, the more we desire and ask, the more we shall behold, receive, and have."

"FAITH IS BETTER THAN DOUBT. We are never encouraged in the Scriptures, nor are we justified by any of the dictates of natural wisdom in cultivating, as an inner habit, an intellectual or moral scepticism. We are encouraged to ask questions of God and man, to read books, weigh evidence, reject fallacy, in one word, to 'prove all things;' but all this with a view to the ending of hesitancy, to the settlement of faith, and the holding fast of 'that which is good.' So that to say we are encouraged to doubt, is only another way of saying we are encouraged to believe. The one is the means; the other the end. The means, as such, have no value apart from the end; even become injurious if the end be lost sight of, or missed, or too long delayed. To rest on the sure ground of ascertained truth, is to be in a state only second to that yet more perfect condition, which is described as 'dwelling in love.' But, to be in a state of perpetual equipoise—to be conducting an eternal examination into 'evidences'—to be still vaunting what is called 'the spirit of enquiry'—to be 'ever learning, and yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth'—is to spend a life not only of personal discomfort, where there is any sincerity, but really of little credit or honour to him whose life it is; while, to glorify doubt as some do, and set up a cultivated sceptic as a kind of demi-god, a paragon of all the intellectual virtues, is, to say the least, extremely foolish. What would be thought of a chemist, who should conduct an experiment, day after day, making a number of little variations in his method, but always withholding the deciding element from the crucible, or else persistently refusing to look at the result? Or, what would be thought of a merchant, always reckoning up his figures, but never writing down the final sums? Or, what of a captain who should sail his ship in a circle? Or, of a traveller always on the road, never reaching home or inn? But such is he who gets as far as being a bearer of the message, 'Art thou he that should come?' but who never reaches Christ's presence to deliver it; or who, when he comes into that presence, does not wait for Christ's answer, or else does not receive, or perhaps understand it when it is given."

"INDWELLING OF THE WORD OF CHRIST.—'Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly.' 'The exhortation is to *let* it dwell, to dwell 'richly.' There is plenty of it to fill the mind, to furnish and adorn, and light up every room in the large and wonderful house. Down to the deepest base of life it will go, where the passions lurk and slumber, and, flowing round them and through them, it will purge away what's hateful and unhallowed, leaving only wholesome forces, to do their part in the strengthening and perfecting of the character. Into the rooms that lie more open to common day, and more level with the world, where many busy feet come and go—where knowledge gathers her stores, and prudence holds her scales, and judgment records her decisions, and diligence plies her tasks, and acquisition counts her gains, and foresight watches the opening future; into all these rooms this living Word will enter, and at her ingress the darkening shadow melts, and the wrinkles of a gathering care are smoothed, and sinuous and slippery things cease their blandishments and pass out more quickly than they entered, and injustice and unkindness, ashamed, hide their heads. Up higher yet the Word will flow, where imagination lights her lamp, and invention stirs her fires, and desire bends the knee, looking upward, and hope sits watching with nothing between her and the stars. This living Word fills alike the deepest and the loftiest rooms. Inspired by him whose word it is, it gives the old salutation of the first gospel messengers, 'Peace be to this house,' and, like them, it there abides. 'Let the Word of Christ dwell in you.'"

"Go among the mountains, and you will see that it is the living spring that flows away. And where it flows the grass is green, and the flowers bloom, and the cattle drink, and the children linger to dip the foot, and hear the sweet song of the little rill. Yet the spring itself is in no way exhausted by all this. Exhausted? It never will be. It is fed by the drawing sun, by the condensing mountains, by the bountiful clouds, by the great and wide sea. When the sea is empty, and the heavens are dry, the little fountains of the earth will yield no more. Well up without stint, ye springs sent into the valleys, which run among the hills! Give drink to every beast of the field, let even the wild asses quench their thirst! Go murmuring into rills of laughter, and rolling into rivers of song, and never be afraid or give one backward look! You have the sun above you and the hills around you, and the great oceans of the earth behind you, all holding themselves bound and ready to serve you, if you continue to serve others by your flow. Christians, let your inner life, fed and nourished by the indwelling word of Christ, have not ostentatious, or self-confident, or noisy, but yet natural, continuous outflow and expression."

"You cannot carry the Bible from Genesis to Revelation in your memory every day, and all day long. No man can do that. Nor is there need. We do not need *all* the Bible every day. The world needs it all. Individually we need it as we need corn in the granary; as we need clothes in the wardrobe; as in a journey we need the hostel, or wayside house to rest in, when we come to it; as we need the boat to take us over the broad river which we can neither ford nor swim; as we

need the lamp to go through the wood by night; as we need the guide across the mountains, to the distant city. There is many a chapter, and many a precious verse, in the Bible, which lies thus in reserve for us. We glance at them to-day with a sincere, but with only a general interest, as knowing that they form part of the great treasure of divine truth given to the world; but the day will come, and may be near, when perhaps those chapters will be better unto us than thousands of gold and silver, and we shall read them through our tears."

London Thieves.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

[PART II.]

THE experience of the Mission has shown that there are numbers of thieves in London who only want an opportunity and they would gladly turn to honourable courses. One declared he would live on bread and water if he were able to obtain it honestly, and when taken to a reformatory he proved his sincerity. Many reformed thieves, assisted to emigrate to America, have led useful lives; but without such an agency as the City Mission they could not have amended. Indeed those who earnestly desire to reform find in this agency a last resource.

A poor lad called on a Westminster missionary, and in craving assistance, explained that he had already used all available means to help himself. He had sought out members of his own family—mother, sister, and brother—but they refused him countenance, and would not even see him. "I have been three days without food rather than steal," he said; "I have been thrice taken off the street insensible, and placed in the hospital through want. I cannot describe what my sufferings have been. I wish to be honest. Do something for me for my soul's sake." This boy, after passing a season in a reformatory, prospered in America; and when writing home described himself as "one saved from ruin."

The following example of grateful reformation also comes from Westminster, a locality notorious for the shelter it has afforded to professional thieves.

In a low lodging-house a lad was met with who begun thieving at nine years of age; and thus early he also tasted prison discipline. The father being a disreputable character, sons and daughters were trained in crime or shame. This boy's earliest recollections were of ill usage: for unless he procured money or money's worth, he was refused even the shelter of his miserable home and turned into the street. On this account he forsook the parental roof and slept in the lodging-house, where he was first spoken to by the missionary and taken into a reformatory. News of his son's amendment reached the worthless father, who called on the missionary and said he wished to take his son away to work; but well knowing the bad character of his parent, the lad refused to see him till otherwise advised, and then what he uttered

might have been the complaint of hundreds of other Westminster youths: "You know that I have been obliged to steal for my living for months, and during that time you had never looked after me; but now that you have heard I have got into this institution to try and do better you want me out again. When I was at work you took my wages on Saturday night, went to a public house and sat down, and did not leave until you had spent all: and then during the week I might get lodgings how I could. No! I am admitted here. I want some education, and if the missionary will allow me to remain I will not leave. You want me to go back to my crimes and get transported. I will remain." On hearing this speech the man stormed and swore, but to no purpose. The boy, after landing in America, found himself in a brighter world, and soon obtained a desirable situation. His letters sent home abounded with expressions of gratitude; for words, he said, could not express the affection felt for the London City Mission; and he prayed daily for the agent who had been instrumental in reclaiming him from the dominion of sin. Were Christians more active, such triumphs might oftener be achieved; for the society whose agents thus bear the burden and heat of the day merits the support of the universal church.

There are numbers of publichouses specially used by thieves, where they meet as in a common home. A separate room is occupied, where, undisturbed, they hold what are called "Secret jaws" or private meetings. Sometimes they assemble in small companies at houses comparatively respectable, but, in such cases, Mr. Landlord is carefully kept in ignorance of his customers' profession. A publichouse missionary has been known to take part in a thieves "jaw," and one such adventure will be worth recording.

Early one evening, while passing along the street, he met a youthful thief, and entering into conversation, learned that several fellows were going "to have a little jaw together" at a house specified. Such an opportunity of carrying the gospel to lost characters was by no means novel; for this kind of work had frequently been done before; but the present promised to be a more than ordinarily choice occasion. Something stirring or exciting was in the wind, and was about to be discussed, so that perhaps more eagerly than usual, the evangelist walked straight to the place of meeting, which happened to be an apartment in a low beer-shop. Entering the bar, now nearly deserted, he passed through a forbidding looking passage, leading to the taproom: but, the landlord, fearful of evil consequences, and perhaps ill-pleased at the bold intrusion, called out peremptorily, "Don't go there!" Though well comprehended, this warning was not heeded, and with an object to attain, the intruder proceeded immediately to place himself in the midst of a company of ordinary and extraordinary thieves, or as they would have called themselves, sneaks and magsmen. It appeared that some special grievance brought them together, it being just about the time when public indignation prevailed on account of the atrocities connected with garotte robberies, and because of the increase of garotting in general. On that same day, a severe article graced the "Times" approving a more than usually heavy sentence passed on certain of the thieves' fraternity. When the missionary entered,

suddenly and unbidden, a start of surprise or apprehension was observable, and some to whom he was unknown desired he would retreat, in rather disrespectful tones; while others, seeing no fear, gave a friendly nod of recognition. It was a critical conjuncture, needing much discretion. "Pretty fellows, indeed, to hold a secret meeting," cried the missionary, "I could not come down the Marylebone-road without hearing about you." There was a brief silence. Who could have turned traitor? How could their movements be thus blazed abroad? But none spake until the speaker again continued: "Well, you know I am safe; and I have come to do you a good turn—the best that one man can do another." Prejudice was now overcome, and the conversation proceeded, the grievance of the hour being freely discussed, while on the beer-stained table lay the current number of the "Times" containing the obnoxious article. Was not England deeply disgraced by judges, who, in the name of justice were obviously oppressing unfortunates, and treating men as though they were savages?

Of course, in company like this, the wisest policy is to avoid giving opinions, and, if possible, it is well ingeniously to direct the conversation into another channel. The missionary, therefore, told his auditors of a certain French gaol, where there lived a smith, whose daily business consisted in rivetting fetters on the limbs of prisoners. They were surely unfortunate creatures whoentered that prison, for once there, there was no escaping the shackles. But there were others, such as those before him, who wore fetters of their *own* forging, and were so lending themselves to the service of sin that misery would follow. "Seven hundred years before Jesus Christ was born," continued the speaker, "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." These things and the exhortation to repent and believe were listened to in silent attention, till the conversation touched on the hard experience of thieves who abandon evil courses and strive to live respectably. In showing his appreciation of the work of the missionary, one present named a late comrade who became a real convert under his friend's instrumentality; and this afforded an opportunity to the visitor of recounting the events of "Rattling Bill's" conversion and of his triumphant death. After thus spending an hour in a meeting arranged to abuse the authorities, and to devise means of protection in lawlessness, some of the men followed the missionary to the street for further conversation, and three afterwards called at his house for Christian advice. Thus the gospel may profitably be taken into the lowest dens. The darker their surroundings the greater the need of reformation.

But adventures in public-houses among dishonest characters are not always propitious; for though most publicans receive the missionary with courtesy, some will treat him very roughly. One agent, on being appointed to tavern visiting in an East-end district, like his compeers under similar circumstances, trembled at undertaking the task. When he commenced the round he was well received in a number of places, and probably began to regard former fears as phantoms, until walking into a certain bar, Mr. Landlord, on accepting a copy of the "Sunday

at Home" dipped it in beer and threw it in his face. This was soon compensated for, however. Two or three hours afterwards there came encouragement. The city missionary, more than any other toiler, should accustom himself to forget what is unpleasant, and gratefully to welcome what is genial. But even public-houses are not always forbidding, for some landlords close on the Sabbath, and will allow nothing improper to run riot on their premises, their procedure arising from Christian feeling. What is perhaps a little more common is to find the Christian wife of an unbelieving husband gratefully welcoming the missionary's message, and sending his tracts to relatives abroad. But what has this to do with thieves? Nothing more than this: places good, bad, and indifferent, are frequented by thieves; and there the missionary must follow them.

Speaking of tracts, how varied are the adventures of those little messengers among loose characters in public-houses. Once, in a crowded bar, an old man who refused one, directly after, as if repenting, held out his hand, and then converted the paper into a pipe-light. "That's not the best use to make of a nice little tract," quietly said the missionary; "Now I want no talk, so just be off," said the man in reply. But the on-lookers were not satisfied. "What behaviour," one called out, "Is it not time you were beginning to think of your soul?" The offender knew he was wrong, but rather excited sympathy by confessing, "I am downright hungry, and I know none of you fellows will give me a penny." "How do you know that?" replied the missionary; "there's a penny; go and buy a loaf, and may the Lord bless you."

But the agency of the London City Mission extends much farther than merely seeking the dishonest and the depraved in their homes and chosen haunts: it follows sinners even to the bar of justice; to the ante-rooms of police-courts. Alas, those who invade these dismal precincts for Christian purposes, have many stories to relate of the ruin following on the wake of transgression.

In the ante-rooms of a court like that at Bow-street, the missionary finds a miserable company congregated, each awaiting his turn to appear before the magistrate. The scenes in such a place are heart-rending to a Christian mind. From one direction come noisy and profane words, and from another, what, under the circumstances, are dismal jokes. All here do not belong to the degraded class. Had one looked round the ante-room at Bow-street, on a certain morning some time ago, he would have seen in one corner a crouching figure, with shame and remorse written on her countenance. He could have told by a glance that her present trouble was a first acquaintance with the magistrate; for the clouded brow reflected honest shame. One thoughtless act of indiscretion brought her there. Going out with some companions she drank too freely, to find herself when sober in charge of the police. Now, in answer to what is said to her, she promises to reform her ways, to relinquish drink, and lead a new life. Beside this unfortunate culprit is another offender of a far prouder spirit. She reads the Bible, and knows quite as much about it as the parson can tell her: even a cautious body may be overcome; but once bitten twice shy; that demon drunkenness caught her in his meshes, but not again will she be a ninny and listen to the tempter.

Among such companions the professional thief will also hear a word of exhortation. There, too, stand the trained beggar, the begging-letter writer, and the would-be suicide, all awaiting punishment, or at least rebuke, at the hands of the representatives of law and order. Besides these, behold that pseudo-gentleman, who, with folded arms, consequentially strides up and down the inner court, conversing with a comrade in misfortune. His features express rather forcibly that only by inadvertence did *he* get into a place like this. Those abominable policemen interfered, as he, merely for diversion's sake, reeled brawling homeward at three in the morning, and thinking to do both the neighbourhood and him a kindness they lodged him in a cell of the court, and by their pains aroused his indignation. It is a morally dark and unattractive place; for here, says the visitor, are met, "The married and the single; the fallen, and the female of generally pretty good repute; the servant and the mechanic; persons occupying respectable positions, and others in the lowest scale of society; the shrewd sceptic, and the dull thick-headed animal kind of being; the bigoted Romanist and the reckless Protestant; the swearer, the thief, the murderer, the embryo gambler, who spends his Sabbath in 'pitch and toss,' instead of going to school, or to public worship; the mother with the innocent babe in her arms, and the woman who has lost all sense of shame. Here they come week after week in ceaseless succession, to pay the penalty of their folly or their crimes, and to each a word in season has to be spoken."

The constituency of the police-court is largely composed of women. There is seen the unyielding countenance of the crone, hardened in sin; and there also appears the wretched unfortunate, summoned by some shameless profligate for a petty robbery. These are commonly willing listeners to a friend, who having attended the death-beds of many such, can point to their untimely graves. Then, yonder, is an old one-armed man, with a gaudily coloured picture of the battle in which while fighting for his country he became maimed for life; but as begging is illegal, he has presently to answer for the offence. All classes of offenders crowd the police-courts. Side by side stand the fallen woman and the "respectable" wife, who scared and trembling can scarce tell how the fit of intoxication originated which brought her to this disagreeable place. Many other sin-deluded creatures are here visible; for the syren they have followed leads to destruction! On one seat is a specimen of the saddest spectacles which even police-courts can present—a young man with a countenance expressive of anxious pain, who, just after starting in trade, has too soon arrived at ruin. He might have prospered, but he walked with the foolish; and to support expensive gaieties forged a draft, which brought him within the grasp of the law, and now he awaits committal for trial. Not far away is another forger, whose appearance bespeaks the man of education and of social position. "Ah," he says, "I know all about it." Yes, he knew better; but mere knowledge could not shield him from "drink and bad company." The above is a slight picture of what may be daily witnessed in a London police-court. One prisoner will turn an indifferent ear to what is spoken, because lost to a sense of shame; another in a freak of drunkenness has lost character—his all.

Yet the whole assembly will, if pressed to do so, confess to the missionary, "If we were to take *your* advice we should not come here."

Step from the police-court into a district like St. Giles's, and you are on the criminals' acre. The judge punishes while the vicinity of his court is a school of iniquity. The embryo housebreaker practises his art within bow-shot of the hall of justice; and young pickpockets are converted into expert hands on the same training ground. These have to find shelter in districts where the inhabitants are huddled together without regard to decency; and, therefore, we may remember that sanitary reformers are the proper pioneers of city missionaries. Crime must be rampant where life's highest enjoyment is gin-drinking, and its sweetest music tavern brawling. Were it not for our itinerant missionaries, who would direct these sin-blinded people to present peace and an eternal refuge?

It is surely a work partaking of the spirit of Christ to seek the criminal in his haunt, and to transform contaminators of others into exemplary citizens. Such is the work of the City Mission; but so widespread is its influence for good among thieves, that a difficulty of selection naturally arises.

A critical time with a thief, and especially with a young member of the fraternity, on being discharged from prison, is the first few days of liberty. Without friends, or prospect of honest employment, he is sure to find sympathy among old companions, who clustering around, will reintroduce him to their abandonedways. One youth of this class had the fortune to meet with a missionary before he could be again inveigled by vicious comrades. His position was as low and deplorable as any to which human beings can descend. Being without money, and with a wardrobe only extending to a scanty suit, he in the course of conversation, expressed a longing to escape from the thraldom of sin which had sunk him into degradation; yet he saw no alternative but that of returning to thieving until offered refuge in a reformatory. Here he staid about half a year, and only left it through a singular adventure. His family were comparatively well-to-do, but had lost sight of him about four years previously, and enquiries and searches in various directions had been alike in vain. One day, when out walking, the lad met his sister, and she manifested no less surprise than emotion at the sudden appearance of the prodigal. One strange part of the story was that, when this sinner, after voluntarily forsaking the parental roof, would have returned, he could not recover the address. Thus he had been "lost;" but now "the gladdened father received him as one risen from the dead." Leaving the reformatory, the late convict laboured for the support of his parents; and all hearts concerned overflowed with gratitude for the blessing conferred upon them by the mission. When such are led back to honesty, they regard themselves as repetitions of the Prodigal Son; and happy indeed are the results springing from their reclamation. Instead of contaminating others, a youth becomes an example of industry and rectitude; instead of preying on others, he assists those who require assistance. Multiform are the benign fruits of Christianity.

The evangelist among the thieves is frequently cheered by hearing of good springing from tract distribution; for thousands of tracts are

speaking in places where the voice cannot follow: and when one dropped by the wayside brings forth a holy harvest, there is reason to believe others also bear fruits unseen. The following has been often told, but the facts are sufficiently striking to bear repeating.

A missionary once observed a man standing in the street in that hulking manner which betrays the idler who cares not for honest labour. "Have you no work, my friend," he asked: "I am out of work," replied the man. This answer appeared to be an evasion of the truth, and while expressing a belief that he was living disreputably, the evangelist solemnly asked whether such a course was a happy one. The man confessed he was not easy, but would gladly become respectable. "To tell the truth I am not happy," he went on drawing from his pocket a dirty little pamphlet, "That makes me, unhappy." The cause of disquietude was a tract given by an unknown itinerant some time before, and the word had made a sure lodgment. This man, being originally a thief, had become so familiar to the police that he dared not practice in the profession; all he now did was to sneak out at night and train boys for pickpockets. No less than five hundred youths, he considered, had passed through his curriculum. "But I can never keep the young 'uns long," he said, "for as soon as I have made them clever at the business, if they are not taken by the police, they leave me and start for themselves; so that I am obliged to look out for new hands."

This character, who must have cost the public annually the entire cost of twenty missionaries, was taken into a reformatory, where the care bestowed on him excited his gratitude, and he soon gave evidence of having experienced a change of life. So much for the influence of one tract!

The action of the missionaries among thieves is the divinest form of charity, and is often a lasting blessing. Some young persons at the crisis of taking the first step in a downward course are stopped; others who have just committed their first indiscretion are helped to regain a respectable standing.

An affecting incident under the last head was once witnessed at the Central Criminal Court, where a poor girl was going through her trial for stealing. Knowing it to be a first theft and a yielding to sudden temptation, the missionary stood by the prisoner at the police-court examination, where she begged him to write to her father and crave his forgiveness. Exposed in open court upon a disgraceful charge, the culprit indeed seemed to be friendless and despised; but one friend would not forsake her in the ordeal of facing judge and jury. The missionary went to the prosecutor, and persuaded him not to press the case too hardly; and when the question was asked, "Does any one appear on behalf of the prisoner?" the same advocate stepped forward and said, "I do." This action produced surprise in court, if not something better; for the judge passed an encomium on a philanthropic society whose agents showed this sleepless assiduity.

As before observed, professional beggars are thieves also. What shall be done with our swarms of mendicants whose numbers are annually augmenting?—is a question which social reformers would be thankful to have satisfactorily answered. It is time the public relinquished

indiscriminate almsgiving; for nothing is more certain than that the majority—and all but a very small minority—of persons practising street begging are impostors. A charitably disposed gentleman one morning offered a comfortable meal to an apparently famishing wretch who craved money for a breakfast. The conditions were easy and reasonable. A heap of manure being in process of removal from the road to the garden, the supplicant was required to take a few loads to their destination, and earn relief like an independent man. Not liking directly to refuse, the fellow seized a load, but presently retaliated for the insult offered by overturning the barrow and its contents, prior to running away!

These shameless impostors crowd the rookeries of London and other large towns, emerging thence into country lanes and villages to drain those sources of charity which should flow for worthier objects. The more clearly to show what kind of thing is sanctioned by indiscriminate almsgiving, a passage from the life-experience of an inmate of Sherborne workhouse may be given.

When young, George Atkins Brine attended the charity school of Sherborne, and at the guardians' expense was apprenticed to a butcher; but early discovering that restlessness, or repugnance to regular labour, characteristic of vagrants in general, he relinquished industrial pursuits and adopted a roving life. Dorchester gaol he called his town house, and so well were the prisoners treated that George would occasionally break a window, or maim a street lamp to secure the hospitality of the prison. He always retained a partiality for his native air; and the master of Sherborne poorhouse stood high in his favour. The freedom of a vagabond life soon came to be highly relished; for he attended fairs and races, and as much as possible associated with the higher classes on the ground. What is surprising in the instance of such a character is the fact of his being endowed with good mental gifts, and a tolerably liberal education. He made a leading figure in a Blue Book on vagrancy, presented to Parliament in 1848. Even now, though in his sixty-third year, he is rather unsettled; for the late master of Sherborne Union having found another sphere, George, at the date of writing the subjoined letter, was anticipating one more ramble. The document, it may be explained, was prepared at the request of the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society:—

July 3, 1871.

"Honoured Sir,—Apologising for not having replied to your courteous note earlier, I beg to answer some of Mr. R. T.'s inquiries respecting me. In the first place, Mr. R. T. desires to know what induced me to adopt such a mode of livelihood; 2ndly, how I have supported myself in my wanderings; 3rdly. the casual wards I have visited, and my opinion of them; and 4thly, the gaols in which I have been incarcerated, with the cause of these incarcerations. Now in reply to the first question, I left Sherborne to seek employment at my trade (that of a butcher), and not succeeding for a time, I soon discovered that more money could be got without work than with it. What knowledge I lacked was soon instilled into my mind by professional vagrants.

2ndly. How I have supported myself during my wanderings. Now, I mean to make a clean breast of it, I will candidly declare that I have stuck at nothing. I have worked (but very little) at my trade; I have been a cattle drover; I have been salesman with three different Cheap Jacks; I have been a pot

hawker; I have been a vendor of pens, paper, razors (Peter Pindar's), spectacles, laces, etc.; I have been a distributor of religious tracts; I have been in the employ (for two years together) of manslaughtering quack doctors—four different ones (I am more ashamed of this than any other of my follies, for the majority of them are not robbers only, but homicides). I have sold cards at all the principal races in England. I also attended for many years all the principal prize-fights. I have been a "shallow cove" (*i.e.*, a member of the land navy); also a "highflyer" (*i.e.*, a begging letter impostor); a "lurker," one who is 40 different trades, and master of none. My favourite "lurk" was butcher, tallow chandler, or currier; and, to crown all, I have been a preacher! This game pays well in remote village streets on Sunday evenings, provided you are well stocked with tracts; but I was not fit for it; my risibility is too easily tickled; and once when I was invited to "hold forth" in a small chapel, I was in no little danger of grinning in the pulpit at my own roguery. This was at Rothbury, Northumberland. I must also tell you, in short, I have been a rogue, impostor, and vagabond of each and every denomination. I say this because it is true, and because I am now heartily ashamed of it.

"3rdly. Mr. R. T. wants to know my opinion of the casual wards I have visited. Now I have visited but very few—I think I could swear that I never was in twenty different ones during the 22 years I was rambling—but I am fully convinced that they all tend to foster vagrancy. Even such places as Oxford, Cambridge, Bath, Rochester, Norwich, and Hastings, do more harm than good; for out of every ten tramps there are nine impostors, or professional tramps. You may think this saying is too much, but I am sure it is the truth. If there was no relief to be had, there would be no vagrants. The difficulty lies in distinguishing between the honest working man and the rogue. Now, the distributors of Watts's Charity in Rochester seem to pride themselves upon their own sagacity on this point. I have been a recipient of Watts's no less than eight times, so I leave you to guess whether they relieved a deserving customer in me or otherwise. In Norwich, at St. Andrew's Hall, it is the same. I once gave my ticket, which I had obtained there, to a poor blacksmith who had been refused one. The reason he had been refused was because he was not so consummate a liar as I was. This is truth. If he had been a trading liar he would have gotten his bread, cheese, beer, and bed, valued at eightpence.

Again, Mr. R. T. and his colleagues will never deal effectually with vagrancy unless they begin at the right end. Let them, or the Legislature, suppress two-thirds of the common "padding kens," or low lodging-houses. These are the great receptacles of vice in its its most repulsive aspect. It is there the supply of vagrants is manufactured, aye, in the very womb; it is there they dispose of their ill-gotten gains, for great numbers of them are regular "fencing cribs;" and great numbers of them will not lodge a working man at all, if they know it, lest he should divulge their secrets. And all lodging-houses ought to be under strict police surveillance. Again, sir, you know, or ought to know, that the greater the villain the more plausible is his tale; and the more assured, invincible impudence he possesses, the likelier is he to attain his ends, at least with people who are little acquainted with these mysteries, for rogues don't care to deal with rogues—in truth, they will never trust each other; and I assure you, sir, the gullibility of the British public is so great, and their hearts so finely susceptible to what they believe to be a tale of genuine distress, that their generous benevolence is unbounded. They don't like to be imposed upon, but, as I said before, the rogue, liar, and impostor, practised as he is, soon convinces them that he, at least, does not belong to the cadging fraternity. And now, fourthly, how many gaols? This is a poser. Well, here goes. I have been in gaol more than one hundred different times! There are but two counties in England that I have escaped "limbo." I have also been in several in Scotland and Wales. In the great majority of cases drunkenness

has been the cause; I have never been convicted of felony or larceny, but I have for obtaining money under false pretences, and several times for hawking without a licence, many times for vagrancy, smashing windows, and other offences, for the whole of which I richly deserve hanging. To this, I presume, sir, you will say Amen.—I am, honoured sir, your unworthy servant,

G. A B."

Though the above extraordinary document speaks for itself, the following comments of the *Daily News* are sufficiently to the purpose to warrant quotation:—

"The obvious moral to be deduced from this narrative is that no piecemeal legislation will ever extirpate vagrancy. The conditions under which relief is given in casual wards must be rendered more stringent. Vagrants are for the most part, if not criminals, at least on the verge of crime—deserters from the army, runaway apprentices, and idle vagabonds who prefer any form of life, no matter how debasing, to any form of work. On the lowest possible calculation more than forty per cent. of our vagrants actually belong to the criminal classes; fifty-eight per cent. at least are only waiting for some opportunity to commit crime without detection; and only two per cent. can be fairly estimated as being really poor, honest men, in search of employment. That there are occasional *bona fide* wayfarers, we do not deny; but they are so rare that as a general rule, it is safer for the lymphatico-benevolent almsgiver to hold his hand instead of putting it into his pocket. If, however, the benevolent man be at the same time active and anxious to assist deserving cases of distress, let him send or take his *protégé* to the nearest workhouse, and obtain food and lodging for him, whilst he sets on foot enquiries regarding him. But let him, above all things, take care that any poor man or woman in whom he be interested is not lodged in the casual ward. Next to the common lodging-houses, the casual wards attached to workhouses are the most fruitful forcing-houses of our criminally-inclined population. In them begging is taught as a profession, and many a man or woman who has without evil intention entered one of these hotbeds of vice and sloth has left it hopelessly demoralised.

But to turn from professional beggars and trained thieves, whom the City Mission seeks directly to benefit, this chapter may be closed with a brief reference to another branch of Christian labour among the criminal classes.

Statistics reveal the disagreeable if not startling fact of there being some four thousand discharged or ticket-of-leave female convicts abroad, most of whom reside in London. Of late years, since the authorities have shrunk from executing women, a murderess occasionally turns up among the number—being at large, with a ticket-of-leave after serving about twelve years of the awarded punishment. The valuable society which seeks to benefit and morally to reclaim this vicious multitude by inculcating principles of truth and decency, is called the Discharged Female Prisoners' Aid, the chief establishment of which has been described by a morning journal:—

"Near to the Nine Elms Station, and adjoining a bridge over the South Western Railway, is a brick house, standing within an enclosure, which has evidently seen better days. On one of the gateposts are inscribed the words, "Registry for Servants." Over what had been the entrance to the kitchen are painted these letters—"D. F. P. A." The interior of the house is rather dreary and uninviting. There is no trace of luxury in the apartments. On the left-hand of the entrance hall is an uncarpeted room, in which several wooden

chairs are placed in rows, giving to it the look of a school-house in a poor neighbourhood. Here instruction, chiefly of an elementary-religious kind, is imparted to adult women, by ladies who eschew preaching or lecturing, and confine themselves to imparting religious truths to those of their sex who are not only degraded in character and appearance, but are morally no better than heathens. On the right is the office. This is the apartment of Miss Lloyd, the zealous and indefatigable Lady Superintendent. It contains two small writing tables, a few wooden chairs, and cupboards filled with printed forms, tracts, tickets-of-leave, and prison photographs of female convicts, these photographs being affixed to documents like passports, and containing particulars of the names, ages, personal traits of the faces represented on the margins. Appropriate texts of Scripture, written in large letters on strips of paper, are pasted on the walls of these two rooms. In the office is a placard with the heading, "Nine Elms Laundry," and underneath it are the following rules:—'The inmates of this house are women who have undergone penal servitude, and on discharge from convict prisons are received here to earn a character. Inmates must do all the work required of them in order to earn their food. No intoxicating drink allowed. Inmates can have no money in their possession. Purchases can be made to the extent of each woman's allowance, at the discretion of the Superintendent. Inmates are only to go out and come in by leave of the Superintendent. Any woman coming in intoxicated, or refusing to obey the rules, will be summarily dismissed.'

"At the back of this house, in what had formerly been a good-sized garden, are long iron sheds, in which clothes are disinfected, washed, mangled, and ironed. In the space left vacant the wet clothes are dried when the weather is fine; when rain falls they are dried in artificially heated chambers. The clothes of families suffering from infectious disease are washed in a shed set apart for the purpose. The washerwomen are female convicts who have been discharged from prison. Some of the women reside in the Home, but the majority of the workers come at eight o'clock in the morning and go away at six in the evening, bringing their dinners with them. Tea is provided in addition to their wages. These women earn, on an average, 1s. 6d. a day. A lodging can be obtained for them at a place in connection with the Home at the cost of fourpence. Thus they are able, if they please, to maintain themselves, with the prospect of improving their condition should they conduct themselves well and give promise of continued amendment. The work performed is of a two-fold character. On the one hand, regular and not unhealthy employment is provided for the women, who, on leaving prison, cannot easily find any means for gaining an honest livelihood. On the other, the difficulty which the poor experience in getting washing done at home is overcome. It is not enough to provide public washhouses for the poorer classes, inasmuch as the majority cannot always leave their homes in order to do the washing at the public establishment. When forced to do it in their own small rooms they have many obvious difficulties to contend against. A working man, living in a narrow street, pithily stated the case when he said that he 'dreaded a clean shirt, because he had to go into bed to give it to his wife to wash, and she was generally knocked up by the exertion, while he never escaped a severe cold, for it had to be hung over his head to dry.' Visitors to the poorest neighbourhoods know that it is not uncommon for women to be seen sitting up in their sick bed ironing clothes, and that such a spectacle as a room twelve or fourteen feet square, occupied night and day by seven or eight persons, hung round with wet clothes, is no unusual one. When disease attacks the stronger members of a poor family, and wholly incapacitates them for labouring with their hands, the suffering is intensified. The ravages of infectious diseases are increased in virulence and duration by the impossibility of the infected clothing being properly purified and washed on the spot. For the small sum of 6d. the dozen articles, the soiled clothes of the poor are here disinfected, if necessary, are washed, mangled, ironed, and made ready for being worn again. In other

districts the same work is being performed through means of the same agency. It is highly appreciated by the poor. They readily purchase washing tickets, and thankfully accept them as gifts.

These women, who are the chosen constituents of a band of devoted ladies, present a type of the human genus which is quite repulsive. Specially designed by her Creator to be winning and attractive, woman, when she sinks into degradation becomes the most repugnant object in creation. Too often unacquainted even with the rudiments of knowledge, and reared from infancy in criminal courses, the subjects of the society retain only dim notions of right and wrong, and frequently no conception at all of Christianity. It is difficult for ordinary persons to realise into what a low condition the soul may lapse when deprived from childhood upward of all knowledge but the learning of wrong doing. On their first hearing it read, the Bible will be listened to as a book of stories to interest, instead of being reverenced as a rule of life, and childish or heathenish comments will be made. The young hands are often found peculiarly obdurate and insensible to good impressions; and well may they be so when "Planning and performing a robbery are as exciting and agreeable to these women as a pic-nic party or a ball is to fashionable young ladies." It were well could such agencies become more aggressive instead of being cramped in their operations for want of funds. The benevolent ladies who undertake to reclaim, or rather, perhaps, to civilise these outcasts, no less than the missionaries who go wider afield, deserve the countenance and gratitude of all who desire to see the safeguards of society preserved and strengthened.

Clergy and Laity.

THERE are three main ways in which the relations between minister and people may be adjusted. The first is to reduce the minister into a condition of utter dependence, subjection, and servility to his flock, by taking him from the position of a leader and turning him into a mere fag. A picture in the Royal Academy's exhibition of a season or two ago not unaptly represented the nominal leadership, but real slavery, wherein many a holy man is well nigh tortured to death. A guide was portrayed in the act of conducting a party of soldiers over a trackless swamp. He is a little in advance, picking his steps with evident painfulness and precision, while the band of armed men press on close behind with bayonets pointed in dangerous proximity to his bending, jaded person. He is a guide, he looks like a fugitive. The next is to make the minister a master, a lord of God's heritage, by investing him with sacerdotal supremacy, enthroning him in an authority absolute, uncontrollable, and unapproachable, and reducing the people of his charge into a blindly submissive flock of followers. The third is to regard both the minister and the church as respectively possessing inalienable rights, which are not of themselves antagonistic, and may be exercised in their different spheres with perfect harmony, and without

the one impairing or curtailing the other. This last method at once strikes every judicious mind with a sense of equity, and appeals to every practical man as an arrangement capable of contributing to the highest good of all. Instead of setting one oar to work, and keeping the other inactive, it puts both the right and the left oar into fair and equal motion, that from both sides the propelling force may come to speed the good boat by an even course over the waters.

In the bustle and hurry of church activity, or in the apathy and obstruction of church stagnation, it is impossible always to maintain this theoretical balance of power. The "come" and "go," the "give" and "take," the ceaseless action and reaction of countless influences ever stirring in church life, are sure to tilt for a while the authority of the pastor or the church into undue preponderance. The vast variety, too, of the circumstances of the churches, the diversity of the gifts and temperaments of the pastors, preclude the possibility of laying down any hard and fast law with regard to their individual functions. Love is the only divinely given bond to bind every man in his appointed place, and all in one harmonious whole. Nevertheless, it cannot be disguised, and must never be overlooked, that the very absence of precisely defined rules has allowed such scope to the designing and ambitious, that the powers safely entrusted by the people to the sincere and honest have been turned by the unscrupulous into whips of scorpions; and the liberties and prerogatives frankly and cheerfully accorded to the meek have grown, through the manipulations of the tyrannical, into iron bands. The successors of presbyters have sunk into prelates, and the successors of pastors have degenerated into popes. The fact of such a development, or rather degeneracy, having been possible, doubtless points to an inherent fault in the churches themselves. No such steps as these could ever be taken did there exist in the churches a strong consciousness of freedom, an intelligent view of their rights, duties, and responsibilities. No error could be thrust upon them did they themselves uphold the truth. No strange ritual could be instituted among them did they maintain the primitive simplicity of worship. No doubtful practices could be started in their midst did they cherish in their hearts and lives the wholesome precepts of Christ and his apostles.

But here is the very pith of the difficulty. The vast crowd of church members do not independently investigate the evidences, principles, doctrines, and facts of our faith. Many, and these often the most amiable and beautiful in their lives, are led rather by a Christian *instinct*, than by an enlighted Christian *intelligence*. Could the average members be well instructed, thoroughly grounded in the great leading truths of our common Christianity, so strong a breakwater would hereby be formed that the waves of clerical aggression might beat against it in vain. But when church members cannot give a reason for "the hope that is in them," even "the lame" can make them an easy prey. Yet the real strength of the pastor resides in the vigour of the people. Wherever the pastors have gained head against the people, wherever they have succeeded in centralising the power in their own hands to the silencing or weakening of the voice of the people, wherever they have grown through combination into the conviction and practice that *they* constitute the church, at that point poison has touched the body,

as the angel smote Herod, and the thews and sinews of its strength for holy enterprise have shrunk into feebleness and corruption.

In sharp contrast with this elevation of a class to the detriment of the whole, the unwearied tenderness of apostles and apostolic men towards the individual members of churches rises before us. Throughout the New Testament there are descriptions scattered here and there, which, could the reality underlying them be reached and fully brought into view, would appear in many respects to the easy going ecclesiastics of the present day, novel and extraordinary. The very names and epithets, fresh gathered from the social, political, or, in one or two instances, from the religious world around, which the first pastors appropriated to themselves, denote a depth and intensity of self-abnegation and devotedness to the kingdom of Christ and to the meanest of his followers, that would startle and scandalise the common-place piety of the day. When the apostle took up the epithet δουλος, *slave*—which is rather euphemistically rendered *servant* in our version—and applied it to his relation, position, and service in the churches as well as in reference to Christ, we seem to forget that it was in those days, as in our own, a word steeped in the dark dye of degradation, connected with all that is most despicable, low, and benighted in our race. The word ὑπηρέτης, *minister*, is certainly a step above *doulos*, but still connected with drudgery, servility, and the most menial offices, hardly ever rising, except in princely and imperial households, to a degree of moderate respectability. It by no means blunts the edge of these epithets to say that in princely households servants reflected some beams of their master's dignity, and consequently Paul must have been invested before the eyes of others with highest honour as the *minister* of Christ. Alas! Christ was then a prince unacknowledged, despised, unknown; the world had executed him; and his *minister* was accounted the *off-scouring of all things*. Yet the apostle and his fellow workers took kindly, cheerily, loyally to the usage they received, and to the names that best of all described their services. Nowhere in their writings is there found a single hint, except in condemnation, of that arrogant ambition which soon afterwards sprouted forth, and bore such fatal fruit among the churches of the East and West. Even when they assume the titles bestowed upon them by the Lord, they wear them in a spirit so meek that they seem jealous lest a single spark of pride should be visible in the exercise of their authority.

As "Pastors," they take heed to *feed* the flock; as "Overseers" or "Bishops," they abstain from the very appearance of being *lords* over God's heritage; as "Ambassadors," they *beseech*; as "Fathers," they *carry* their spiritual children in their arms. How easily the thorough ecclesiastic could find in these epithets, even in the mildest of them, a pretext for the most unbounded pretensions, is seen by a single example. Chrysostom is discoursing with great fervour in his treatise *De Sacerdotis*, concerning love to Christ as the noblest of all passions that can animate the human breast, when in a moment he glances off with the proud prelatic words—after saying that he who has the oversight of souls must be like Saul among the Hebrews—"*Not only must I seek here for the measure of head and shoulders, but as great as the difference is between rational men and irrational animals, so*

great let the distance be between the Pastor and the people of his charge, not to say even greater." But another magic word is needed, and the only equipment needed by the shepherd is a *staff*; the clearest mark of a bishop is a *mitre*; the most conspicuous feather in the ambassador's character is his thirst for homage due exclusively to his master; and the infallible sign of the spiritual father is his strenuous endeavour to keep all the Christian world in a state of spiritual babyhood. Of these encroachments on the liberties of the people, the words *clergy* and *laity*, remain in our tongue to this day, as unmistakeable proofs. They are both derived from a Greek source, *clergy* from κληρος a *lot* or *inheritance*, and *laity*, from λαος *the people*. Throughout Christendom the ministers of religion styled themselves the heritage of God—his peculiar treasure. With equal modesty and hardihood they termed all others *laity*, and in process of time, ingenious minds, finding that *laos*, *people*, was too respectable an origin for this word, they added insult to injury by inventing a new paternity for it in *laas, a stone*. Concerning the influence of these words, we are not disposed to set on foot any new theory, like that of the philosopher, who attributed all the diseases, to which human flesh is heir, to the universal use of salt. Yet the trite observations that the world is ruled by names, and I suppose the Church too, receives a singular illustration in the history of the words in question, for the men who wielded them succeeded in turning the Church upside down. Even in our own day the spell and glamour of *clergy* and *laity* are not quite broken, but hold fragments of their ancient mystic force over some who lay claim to an eminent share of the intelligence and religion of the community.

At present the general question is one of most vital importance to all sections of the church of Christ. For it is impossible to close the eyes to the strong tendency setting in in several quarters to isolate ministers of the gospel more and more from the people, and to invest them with at least some of the characteristics of a distinct class or caste. By such means it is easy to perceive important ends would be secured. The official might be trained into a better official, and a closer solidarity between individuals of the same profession might awaken and sustain a more enthusiastic *esprit de corps*, their interests might be more sedulously advanced and protected, and in some respects a more imposing array might be presented, and a stronger influence might be brought to bear upon the external phases of society. But these are not such unalloyed good things as to hinder one from looking their decidedly pernicious consequences straight in the face. For the ground cannot be widened between minister and people without the people taking less interest in his work, and giving him less sympathy and help. Isolation from the people produces in the pastor ignorance of their mental and spiritual condition, their habits of thought and life, and takes out of his hand one of the main keys wherewith the door is to be opened for his appeals to their reason and conscience. The attitude of separate classes to one another is ever that of rule or subjection—division destroys equality. But the relation of Christian to Christian in church fellowship, and especially of the Christian minister to his people, is founded on brotherhood, and everything that makes him less a brother renders him less fit to be a minister. Finally, it is impossible to sever from such a

class the semblance and some of the traits of sacerdotalism. Their natural development is more of the *priest*, less of the *pastor*.

Happily, *our* churches are well constituted to resist and repel all pretensions of this kind, should they ever approach our borders. The church members are not helpless before the majesty of an Act of Parliament or a judgment of the Privy Council: they have a sharp and effective remedy always at hand. So strong, so omnipotent, are they in their control over their own affairs that it almost seems that excess of jealousy regarding their individual rights makes them shy of combining to secure the common objects of the denomination. Were this extreme narrowness of spirit abandoned, and ministers and delegates entrusted by the churches with distinct powers, then the manifold empty and irresponsible discussions of Association and Union meetings might give place to grave and fruitful deliberations, which would tend to call forth to a greater extent the latent resources of the churches for the practical advancement of the kingdom of Christ. While thus far concessions might be wisely made to the exigencies of the time, no one need unfasten his hold of these four truths which ever stand as immutable supports of the rights of the disciple and the liberties of the church:—First, that no *vicarious* function is committed to the minister which is not equally allowed to the humblest disciple; secondly, that no *mystic secrets* are entrusted to him which are not open to all the faithful; thirdly, that no *superior sanctity* belongs to him, which is not also attainable by all; and, fourthly, that there is no *divine favour* exclusively shown to him which is not the portion of all those who truly seek God's face.

DEMOS.

The Toe of the Laocoon.

AS we stood looking upon the famous Laocoon at the Vatican, a friend uttered the singular remark, "Look at that eloquent great toe." We did look, and confessed the eloquence of anguish which it indicated. The unhappy father, perishing with his two sons by the "blue venom" amid the crushing folds of the monstrous serpent, labours in his anguish to tear off the hideous coils. In his agony every member of his body participates; not alone is the countenance full of misery,—every vein, nerve, and sinew reveal his death-pangs. The man's agony burns in every limb.

Possessed by other and happier influences, our soul's paisson should manifest itself in our entire being. We ought to be so filled with the love of God, that the minor actions of our life should reveal its power. Preaching with a view to God's glory and the salvation of sinners, our action should evidence our fervour; each several utterance should thrill with emotion. Or, if we be unable to ascend the platform, our prayers, our words, our walks, our recreations, should all be vocal for Jesus. In our life-statuary there must be "that eloquent great toe." When the bush in Horeb was a-glow with Deity, each separate twig was a-blaze with the mystic fire; so should our whole being burn with zeal. Spirit, soul, body—all should participate in the celestial ardour. Would to God we were all thus!

C. H. S.

Obedience the True Test of Love to Christ.

A SERMON BY THE FAMOUS ROBERT ROBINSON, OF CAMBRIDGE.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John xiv. 15.

"IF ye love me!" "*If* ye love me!" O cruel "IF," why is this? Is it possible that this can be a matter of doubt? Love *thee*, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person!" all my hope—all my joy; life of my life—soul of my soul. *If I love thee!* why, it would be better for me to have my love to my wife, my children, my parents, my friends, my dearest enjoyments, doubtful, than to have this so; and is it possible thou shouldst be in earnest, to preface such an expression as this with an "*if?*" Ah! my brethren, however deplorable the case, let us even now enter into our own hearts: let us do Jesus Christ justice, and let us acknowledge, that if on the one hand there be the highest excellence in him, which is the greatest reason of man's love to him, on the other there is the deepest depravity in us; and it is matter of fact that though this should be the clearest of all things, it is, most of all things, with relation to man, that which may and ought to be doubted of. O this word "*if!*" O that I could tear it out of my heart! O thou poison of all my pleasures! Thou cold, icy hand that touchest me so often and freezest me with the touch! "*If! If!*" Would to God we might all to-night be desirous with the whole soul, and determined by grace to get rid of it! Hear your divine Master, Christians; he does not mean to put your soul to shame; he is the skilful Physician, telling you the worst of the case, but with the kind intention of restoring you to health. "*If ye love me*"—if ye would put your love to me out of all doubt, "*keep my commandments.*" May God write this word upon our hearts in all its sacred imports! Let us enter upon the subject.

You know this was a part of Jesus Christ's final address to his Apostles. There is something very affecting in this last discourse, and particularly in one word of it; no pencil can describe, the finest fancy can hardly imagine, how Christ looked when he stood before the twelve and said, "I have many things to say to you." Who can doubt it? He was an ocean of knowledge, and he loved dearly to impart it; why did he not then? "But ye cannot bear them now." Accordingly, therefore, as Jesus Christ's disciples could bear, when he came to die he opened his heart to them, and gave them the fuller display of his inward love the nearer he came to the verge of life; and thus, in some respects, all his servants imitate him, for they each begin, if I may so speak, with a ray, and, to use an expression of Scripture, "shine more and more to the perfect day," and most of all, many of them, upon their death-beds.

Christians, go home to-night and feast yourselves with the chapter. Think how happy the men were that asked and had, who could put all their scruples to Christ, and who found in Christ a tender master, not above answering the weakest of them. A great part of this chapter, particularly the verses just before the text, seem to be love; and without detaining you longer in the context, my text is a sort of conclusion from premises, and it contains the whole: "*If ye love me, keep my commandments.*" And, indeed, though I am not able to bear in this life all my Saviour could tell me—though I could not stand under the weight of that wisdom that he could impart to me—though my passions are not able to apply, and exercise, and work out the ideas he could give me—though I have no penetration so deep, no love so high, no passion so strong, that can carry on the great employ—yet surely here is one, and that is love. His love to me, and mine to him. Here is one interwoven idea that I will even stretch my soul to come at, yea, I will turn out half the inhabitants of my soul to make it room. But, in order to give our subject a sort of method, we will observe to you, in the

First place, that Jesus Christ merits the highest love of all his people. Who

can doubt this? Need I stand a moment to prove it? I say—hear it—Jesus Christ merits the highest love of all his people.

Secondly, I am forced to add, which is also too clear, notwithstanding all this merit of Christ, there are in his disciples such things as render their love to Christ—what shall I say—suspicious? Suspicious? Is that the word? Yes—suspected.

Lastly, we will point out to you the method proposed by the Lord Jesus to get rid of all that renders our love to him suspicious. O hear the words that say to you to-night, Christians, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." It is equal to saying, "If you would put your love and obedience out of all doubt, go into his gospel as a man goes aboard a ship, all in all—body and soul." God grant these truths may be impressed upon your hearts! I will speak a moment on each.

I. I said, first of all, that "*Jesus Christ merited the highest esteem of all his disciples.*" You see I change the word "love" for "esteem," and the truth of the matter is, I do not know any word equal to the just idea we wish to convey by it: love is the noblest passion of the human soul, but it often appears the most ridiculous, because it often blindly pursues objects least of all fit for it. We are afraid, therefore, when we speak of such an object as Jesus Christ, to talk of loving him, lest the miser should think we mean that regard to Christ which a wretch has for his money; or lest the man who lives only to love himself should think that the regard we have to Christ resembles his love to himself; or lest the parent should think that the regard we have to Christ is such regard as he has to his children. It is all that is good in each of these, and it is infinitely more. It is something refined and heavenly; it is something free from gross sense and matter; it is something we call love for want of a better word, but it is something which others call attachment, a cleaving to an object, just as when any object seems to suit entirely your apprehension, and you are fixed at it; and some call it esteem and veneration: call it what you will, it is a sacred passion, a bond that unites the soul to Jesus Christ: it is raised by Christ's Spirit himself in the heart; it has for its object Christ; and it has this mark of its divinity—it outlives mortality, it never, never dies. And does any man to-night say, "I know Christ as well as you do, for you know nothing of him but what the Bible tells you; and, for my part, I do not think he deserves any esteem"? No, not one of you can say so. We cannot say so as men; for if it were necessary to-night, we could prove that mankind are better for Christ's coming: we cannot say so as members of the community: if it were necessary we could prove that servants enjoy service instead of slavery—which was common when Christ lived—through his doctrine, the benefit of which all this nation has felt in that respect; nor will we say how many mercies the nation has received in answer to the prayers, and on account of the gospel that is given to the people of God; we will not say all this; but, my brethren, there are two or three words we will say.

In the *first* place, Jesus Christ merits our love, because he is himself independent of all the benefits flowing from him, the most lovely of all objects. Read his life, and see what kind of a person he was; how just, how kind, how prudent, how punctual, in all cases how full of affection; nothing escaped his notice, nor was anything beyond the reach of his humanity and benevolence. Christ! O if I were never to derive a benefit from him, I should think it a blessing to me at present even to read his history, and I should congratulate humanity that such a person ever stood upon the earth; but it is upon this account I mention a *second*.

2. The disciples of Jesus Christ have received from him a body of sound, comfortable instruction. When Christ came into the world, he came with wisdom; he was God, and the Godhead filled the humanity as the powers of the humanity could receive it, so that "He grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favour both with God and man." And one great part of his life, and one great business of his life, was to communicate his own knowledge concerning God, and the truth

concerning man, a future state, the present world, and hell, and heaven; in a word, Christ opened to us—oh, how we are indebted to him for it!—the invisible, the, till then unknown and impenetrable to the angels, heart of God. My brethren, have you ever thought of that saying of Christ among others, "God so loved the world"? And who could be sure of that? especially that he should love it so as to produce the effects which followed: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life"? Is not that opening to us the most impenetrable of all places? if I may use an improper word when speaking of God. Is not that opening to us the most desirable of all objects? Is not that telling us all we want to know—the mind, the intent, the heart of God toward wretched man? And what, my Divine Master! after I have sat at thy feet and been instructed in this encouraging doctrine, after I have got rid of my darkness and ignorance, and been led into the comfort and truth of the gospel, shall I rise up and say thou art not the object of my esteem? Ah! go all that is written upon any other subject; take away all that has been said on any other branch of knowledge; take away all my own reasonings, for here I find rock; here I build; the testimonies of Christ are the true sayings of God; and we are indebted to Christ infinitely for his doctrine.

3. As his person is lovely, and his doctrine lays us under one obligation, so his infinite merit lays us under another. I shall not enter to-night into this doctrine. I thank God it is no news in our churches, it is taught every day; as Moses of old was read in the synagogue every Sabbath, so is Christ, blessed be the good providence of God, preached in our churches; and preached how? preached as a Mediator, an only and sufficient mediator between God and you guilty men. The merit of his blood, the excellency of his righteousness, the glory of his priesthood, all this summed up in one word—"a days-man," one who can lay his hands upon both parties, great and pure enough to speak to God, kind and meek enough to speak to men; and by the merit of his life and death able to bring both together—this is the Christ that is daily preached among you, and if any of you have received by faith the testimony that God has given of his Son in this respect, if the load of guilt has gone off your minds, if you have gone to a throne of grace, and seen the face of a tender parent, if you have ever tasted matchless mercy and redeeming love—love that shuts hell—love that opens heaven—love that calms a reproaching conscience—love that sets all the soul at ease, and says "Peace, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven!" Can you, after all this, rise up and say we are not obliged to love Christ! Who loved us in the garden? Who loved us upon the cross? And who said there—"It is finished"? Shall we, after all this profusion of goodness, shall we say *we* are not obliged to love him?

4. We are obliged to love Jesus Christ for his laws. It is wonderful to see the perverseness of the human mind; we avoid Christ, left to ourselves, as we would a tyrant, and we are as much afraid of his service as we are of sickness or a misfortune, and when any of us are pressed into it (I speak of unconverted people) we are very uneasy under it, and glad when it is over; while we are held to it we are birds kept in the unnatural heated place of a human hand, and when we are let go and the service is over, we are birds in the natural expanse, flying hither and thither, this way and that way, to and fro, and everywhere rather than into the hand that once held us. But, Lord Jesus, is it true that thy yoke is slavery? Hast thou indeed enacted a body of laws that distract people to obey? And dost thou need rack my soul to bring it right? Ah! my brethren, let us own it is a great truth, that sin was not made for man, or, which is the same, that man's soul was not made for sin; and when he practises sin he disturbs himself, and does what his nature is not fitted to; he is a kind of large, complicated machine, all the wheels go placidly, and smoothly, and easily when he works righteousness and holiness; and the wheels are racked and torn, spoiled and distorted, when he works the works of sin, for which he was

never constructed. I appeal to you, you know what it is to be angry. The Devil's law is this, "Fire at him, revile him, revenge yourself on him, hate him. Hate him when you go to bed, hate him when you rise. Keep it rankling in your soul all your life, and do not forgive him when you die. Pursue him with your last will and testament, and harass him, if it be possible, many years after your death." That is the Devil's law. Is that like the law of Christ, which says "Forgive him"?—forgive him, and be happy—forgive him and do as I do. Be settled and steady, so that sin itself cannot disturb your pleasure. I ask, in which case is a man easiest and safest? Yes, you are infinitely obliged to Christ for bringing you under his laws. I think I hear one say within himself, "Indeed I am, for if I had not been brought under the laws of religion, I had been dead and damned under my crimes long before now." And another says, "If thou hadst not brought my soul under the law of hope, I had killed myself through absolute despair: I owe my life to my obedience to Christ." And another will say, "And I owe all the *comforts* of *my* life to him. If I had continued following in the same course I set out in, I had poisoned my children; but I love Christ, for Christ made me obey him, and I train my children in the fear of God, and now I have the pleasure that every man cannot enjoy, of seeing them, not only as olive-plants around my table, but as plants in God's house, sitting around his table. I have seen them put off the world, I have seen them put on Christ. O my God, these things my eyes have seen, in consequence of the blessing on my obeying the laws of thy Son." Well, then, to sum these reflections up, Christ in himself is a person infinitely lovely, both as God and man. Christ has laid us under obligations to love him, by teaching us a body of comfortable knowledge. He has obliged us to love him by giving his life, his blood, a ransom for our souls. He has obliged us to love him by giving us his laws, and giving us the grace to obey them; so that I think our first part is sufficiently clear—"Christians are bound to love Jesus Christ."

II. We have now to remind you that *many professed Christians so act as to cause serious doubts as to their love to Jesus.* Great God! to bring the creature to be insensible to the Creator, the child to his parent—why what has been done to him? Ah, my brethren, the subject is too melancholy; proofs would be too easy; and I must leave this part of my subject to your meditation, only hinting two or three things by way of clue. We do not imagine that our love in the sight of God is doubtful to him—no such thing; no clouds can conceal the real state of man from him; it is impossible that any artifice, or hypocrisy, any form, any words, any professions, any reputation, can hide man from God, or put him off for what he is not. God pries into the heart of a sinner, and sees that, with all his pretences, he *does not* love him. God pries into thy heart, thou fallen saint, and sees that, under all thy infirmity, thou *dost* love him. God is not deceived, and our love to him is not suspicious; there is nothing so to him: all things are certain, as "all things are naked unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." I do not say that Christians' love to Christ should be suspicious one to another. It is an ugly disposition, contrary to Scripture, and contrary to the spirit and genius of Christians, to be always watching their brethren, and taking occasion, from the least infirmity, to suppose their hearts are not right. Ah! spend your days who will in so unprofitable, so inhuman a work; I will not spend mine so. I will hope the greatest sinner among us has, at least, a sincere desire to love Jesus Christ. I speak of such, when I call them great sinners, as are real Christians in all appearance, and yet cause suspicions by their conduct almost incompatible with Christianity. No; I will not suspect you. Do not let my soul say, if you should be absent on a Lord's-day (perhaps confined by sickness), "His heart is cold, or else he would be here." Do not let me say, when you hang down your head like a bulrush, "You are a man that does not enter into the spirit of Christianity." I will suppose you are sick; I will suppose there is something amiss in your family; I will suppose a thousand things rather than this unnatural, abominable thing, that you do not love Christ. But after all the false

suspicions that we speak of, when we have dealt the most impartially we can, some good man perhaps will be obliged to say, "I must own that there are many things in me that render my love to Christ doubtful. O Lord Jesus Christ! if I loved thee, could I be so backward to read my Bible? If I loved thee, could I be so reluctant to speak to thee in prayer?' I should feel thee surely in my closet, should I not? and hold communion with thee, if things were as they ought to be, and as thou hast a right to expect they will be. I should not need to be pressed to hear the word of God, if I loved thee; surely I should embrace every opportunity to hear of Christ, the great object of my esteem. Ah! if I loved thee, I should not have my passions agitated with every little affair. If I loved Christ, I should not be so startled at the sound of death." Brethren, permit me to say this, that though all these things render love suspected, yet I *do* think a distinction ought to be made between life and the growth of life in the soul. Permit me to shorten the matter by a plain simile. Suppose I have a fruit-tree in my orchard, that I expect should produce, of a favourite kind of fruit, a large crop; I go round it, and round it, and I say, "What could I have done more for my tree, that I have not done for it? The soil is suited to the nature of the tree, it has been kept guarded from injury by beasts. Yea, what could God have done more for my tree, that he hath not done for it? He has given it rain as if he nursed it, and was gardener unto me, and attended to my mean affairs; he has given the sun to shine upon it; he has averted blasts that have fallen elsewhere. I hope my tree will bear fruit. I go round it, and round it, in the spring, and I see it bud. Alas! I have full proof it is alive, but the buds are *so* weak, the progress of the growth *so* slow, so *very* faint, that I have great doubts whether it will blossom; and when it blossoms, they seem *so* discoloured, *so* languid, and fall off at such a gentle breeze, that I have still great doubts whether it will bear fruit; and after all, perhaps with all its advantages, it brings forth one or two where there should have been a great crop to fill my wishes. Just thus is it with Christians; they have reason, great reason, to acknowledge that God could not have done anything more consistent with his own perfections, to make them holy and happy; and alas! is it not doubtful if we have love when we do not bring forth fruit as we ought? I mean, in plain style, if the Christian has proof that he has love to Christ, he has reason to doubt whether that love be so strong and vigorous as it ought to be from a man who has received so many mercies from Christ! Let me set before you a train of self-examination. I have faith in you that you will realise it.

One will sit down and think with himself—"I was born of godly parents, I was taught the sweet name of Christ at my mother's knee. As soon as I could understand, I was carried to hear the gospel, and every friend that surrounded me turned my little eye to Christ crucified, and said, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' My father, my dying father, endeavoured to seal—with his departing breath, and with a look that I shall never forget, endeavoured to seal the gospel upon my heart, and when he had done speaking with his mouth, with his looks and the pressure of his hand he did as much as say, 'Never leave him, nor forsake him.' One would have thought that this was enough to make me embark entirely in Christ's cause. Have I done so?" Why, such a man will compare his advantages with his fruitfulness; he will adore God for the first, and will be shocked with himself on account of the last.

Well, brethren, I leave this part of my subject, for I declare I cannot at present, bear to investigate it. I do not think to-night I could have strength and courage to go into a minute history of the actions that cause suspicions of the Christian's love to Christ. Who can think of a neglected Bible? a slighted Christ? a forgotten or insulted God? Who can speak of the wretch that can rise of a morning, follow his pleasures, and never return thanks for the mercies of life? Who can speak of the wretch who once said, "Thou art fairer than the sun, with thee I will live, and with thee I will die, and with thee I will spend an eternity of song and praises," and the next day "forgot his works"? No,

go into your closets and think of it yourselves. It is a solemn truth: There is much in all Christians to render their love to Christ suspected.

III. And what am I doing? Am I exciting undue fears in your souls? No, I am not; at least I would not, and for that reason I have distinguished between the *being* and *growth* of love. And I have wished that not only we might know we love Christ a little, but that we might know we love him so much that our little love was comparatively strong—yea, that we had full proof, without a doubt, that we loved him beyond every other object in the world. Come, let us hear his voice. Christ looks on you, ye timid souls, you, who durst not die, and start from the sound of death when it is uttered in your ears—Christ looks to you, ye timorous creatures, who durst not draw near to a throne of grace, and he pities your condition, and says to you, "If you would put your love to me out of doubt, *keep my commandments*"—keep my commandments. Do not ask if there is any other way; this is the King's high-road, the straightforward way—shall I take the liberty to say to-night the common-sense way, "If ye love me keep my commandments"? I call it the King's high-road because in this way all who enjoy Christianity live; but let us hint at particulars.

If you will put your love to Christ out of doubt, you must keep his commandments *universally:* one cause of doubt, is that we keep them but *partially*. My brethren, in what light do you view yourselves when you look at Christ's commandments? Are you a sort of a gentleman, to whom Jesus Christ proposes his law as a matter of complimentary invitation, and you take the liberty to reject some of it, as if you had as much right to reject his invitations as he has to give them? But you should not do so, it is a wicked spirit that makes us pick Christ's commandments, keep this, and leave that, remember this, forget that. Some people will go to hear God's Word, but not to the ordinance of baptism; some to that of baptism, not to the Lord's Supper; some to all these but give nothing to the poor, though they can afford it; others to all of them we have mentioned, and yet not to the doctrine of humility—a command of Christ, when they have done all to say, "We are unprofitable servants." Keep Christ's commandments universally, and then you will have proof of your love to him. I will tell you why we are all inclined to keep some of Christ's commands. We are all of us inclined to keep some of Christ's commandments by constitution. Now, if I only obey what suits my constitution and make, it proves nothing, but if I keep all his commandments, and those that go against my constitution and habits, why then I give proof that I act, not upon selfish but on Christian principles, not upon my own ideas, but upon those of Jesus Christ. For instance, one person loves retirement, and to be alone, it is with him a constitutional turn. Jesus Christ commands Christians to be in their closets, to pray, and to search the Word; that man retires, reads and prays, but must I say all this alone proves nothing? That same person is disposed to be mean and covetous:—but now, if that person while observing the other commandment, observes also those which go against his disposition, if he becomes bountiful, benevolent, open-hearted, "a liberal man who deviseth liberal things," I call that man a strong Christian, for he acts not upon his own ideas, but upon those of Jesus Christ; he thereby proves that he has imbibed the gospel, and that the spirit of it lives in his soul. What right have I, wretch that I am, to pick and choose which of Christ's laws I will keep? I dare not treat my friends so; I dare not treat my parents so; I dare not treat my master so; what right have I to treat Christ so? Am I not bound to observe all his commands, by the same ties that I am bound to observe one? And therefore Christ says, If you would put your love to me out of doubt, keep my commandments *universally*.

Secondly, if you would put your love to me out of doubt, keep my commandments *constantly*. Some keep Christ's commandments in the meeting-house, and in good company. Ah! but out of the meeting-house, with friends, and in other company, and alone too—whose men are you then? Can you from your soul say, I am most sincerely Jesus Christ's. When I am alone I think of

him; my meditations of him are sweet. I pray to him, though it be but ejaculating, as I turn the corner of the street, as I am going about my business, as I am lying in my bed, when I am concerned in the things of the world; often in a day my soul aspires to him, and by one word—but that one word keeps the way open between me and my only Friend—I say, "Lord, be merciful to me. Lord, quicken me. Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon me. Lord, keep me from evil." Am I in the clouds while I speak thus? The Christian's heart will reply, No; you are in my very experience. Why, then, you are men that are in the high-road to obtain, by a holy, universal life of love, a full testimony that you love Christ sincerely.

Brethren, I conclude. Lastly, if you would put your love to Jesus out of doubt, keep his commandments *when you lose by keeping them*. Do not let us keep Christ's command only when we gain reputation by it, but let us keep his commandments in those articles in which we are sure to lose. I will give you an instance or two. If you enter into the modern virtue of charity, and put your hand into your pocket, and give nobly to a charitable plate, by that you will gain reputation; all will applaud you (supposing all along that you are well able to do so); but if that be your rule of action, and you only serve Christ where you gain approbation from men, believe me your love to Christ will be accounted precarious and suspicious. Certain duties are out of fashion, and there are certain virtues that the bulk of men, even formal, decent Pharisees, agree to run down. Now, if you can go into the practice of these virtues, and agree with all your heart to give up as well as to acquire for Christ's sake, undoubtedly you have the mark of genuine Christianity, that love to Christ which rises out of an attachment to him, and leads you into courses where your own interest could not possibly guide you.

Let us depart—and let us bear upon our minds this word. We are going—whither? some of us to leisure, some of us to business; some of us to prosper; some of us to decay; some of us to health and prosperity, friendship, joy, and long life; others of us to poverty, sickness, long and wasting illness and pain; and in the end, death. And to us all does not the Prince of Peace say, "If ye love me, keep my commandments"? I know some of you are going to affliction: "If you love me, be submissive to me and patient under your afflictions." Others of you are going into prosperity and joy: "If ye love me, do not be elated with these, they are but momentary and worldly things." Love me, your Lord and Redeemer, above all. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If ye love me, love me to the last moment, for even then I command you "to commit the keeping of your soul to me in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." And we ministers of Christ, shall we not pay a special attention to this word of our Saviour? What obligations are we under to love him? What obligations are we under to adore him? and, being under these obligations, have not we in our least infirmity, stronger arguments to doubt of our attachment to Christ than our fellow Christians? Lord, forbid it that our love to thee should be doubtful. Let our love to everything in the world be doubtful, but not this; let us love him, and love him so as to keep his commandments; so as to keep all his commandments, and those particularly which respect the teaching and manifestation of his doctrine; those doctrines particularly which are the most contemned, and the most out of fashion. Happy men! to whom Christ will at last say, "You are they who have followed me in the regeneration. You have continued with me in my temptation, and now I appoint you to a kingdom." May God bless this subject to us all!

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY G. ROGERS.—(*Continued.*)

TALKATIVE.

WHILE Pilgrim and Faithful were conversing upon the good things of the kingdom, a man whose name was Talkative suddenly accompanied them. "There was room enough for them all to walk." This is very suggestive. It is seldom that the Christian is so entirely governed by faith that there is no room to profess more than he feels. He walks by faith, but faith does not always take up the whole road. Sometimes his path is so narrow that there is room for faith only, at other times there is room for another to join them. As Pilgrim and Faithful were in a wide path, and were conversing freely with each other, "Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name was Talkative, walking at a distance, beside them; for in this place there was room enough for them all to walk. He was a tall man, and something more comely at a distance than at hand." "Faithful as he chanced to look on one side saw a man whose name was Talkative." It is the province of faith to look either far backward upon Christ on the cross, or far forward upon Christ on the throne, but never to look on one side. It is this which makes room for Talkative. Faithful could talk well, but here was one that far surpassed him. He could talk fluently upon all subjects, sacred and profane. He was sound in doctrine, and could give a hundred texts in support of his opinions. "What a brave companion have we got!" whispered Faithful to Pilgrim. Ah! said Pilgrim with a smile, you do not know him. I know him well; he comes from our town, his name is Talkative, and he belongs to those who "say and do not." He is a saint abroad and a devil at home. Well, "I am bound to believe you," said Faithful, "and I see that saying and doing are two things." Try him, said Pilgrim, put some heartsearching questions to him, and keep him to the point, and he will soon withdraw from you. The trial was made, and the result was as Pilgrim foretold. Think it not strange that a Christian should know more of Talkative than his faith, because, as it is here said, they come from the same town, but "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is by faith that the Christian tries the spirits whether they are of God. If Faithful were a fellow pilgrim who had gone from the same town he could not have been so entirely ignorant of Talkative. Faith may be ignorant of him, but there is no Christian to whom he is unknown.

The character of Talkative is invariably regarded as independent of both Faithful and Christian. They are considered, in fact, as three separate persons. In our view the whole three are contained in one. The name of Christian includes the other two; and in giving that name to his Pilgrim, Bunyan intended that all others should be included in that one. None of the others are comprehensive of an entire character, but are attributes only, and as such are here applied. Talkative, therefore, is not an entire character like to that of Christian, but a part of Christian's own experience, and naturally resulting from the imperfection of his faith. "I believe," said one of old, "and therefore speak." "We also believe," says an apostle, "and therefore speak." There are times, however, in the experience of believers when they speak more than they believe, when they should think more and talk less, when from mere habit they speak in word only, not in power. The profession of faith, on the whole, comes better from the life than from the lips. Do preachers of the gospel believe from the heart all they say? Do they never preach the faith of others instead of their own? Is their own faith in the whole sermon? Is there no room for Talkative to come between them? Is it not when their faith looks on one side that they see a man whose name is Talkative close by them, and others see him too? Bunyan, no doubt, knew what it was to give utterance in the pulpit to more than he

really felt, and after the most profitable conversation to fear that he had led others to suppose that he was better than he really was. He needed not, and no Christian needs, to go far to find out who this Talkative is. The use which Bunyan would have us make of the interview with Talkative is admirable. "Let us," he says, "assure ourselves that at the day of doom men shall be judged according to their fruits. It will not be said then, Did you believe? but were you doers, or talkers only?" This shows that Bunyan's aim, in the instruction which he gives to his own faith, is to teach "that faith without works is dead."

VANITY FAIR.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." The faith of Pilgrim had now to be put to this test. He had conquered Apollyon, and the fear of death, and had now to conquer the world. This, too, he encounters in its strongest form. As he had passed through the Valley of Humiliation and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, so he must needs go through Vanity Fair. "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." Why? "Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Evangelist meets Pilgrim again before he undergoes this new trial, to prepare him for it. It is the opposition of the world that has to be encountered at Vanity Fair. Its allurements are afterwards presented in Mr. By-ends and his numerous companions. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." They, therefore, who suffer no persecution of any kind from others on account of their religion, are not of those who live godly in Christ Jesus. It is his faith that exposes the Christian to the reproach and opposition of the world. If it be strong and courageous, if faithful to itself, it will excite the enmity of the world. "He is not of the world. If he were of the world, the world would love his own. Because he is not of the world, therefore the world hateth him." Hence the opposition of the world in all ages to true godliness. Circumstances alter, but principles remain the same. The distinction between the church and the world is ever the same in reality. The iron and the clay will not mix either in the furnace or out of it. Neither mechanically nor chemically will they combine. In Bunyan's time, the fusing process was tried; in ours, the colder method prevails. Dr. Cheever gives a full and just description of the change. The passage through Vanity Fair he tells us is "a copy of Bunyan's own life, not less than the passage through the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death." True, say we, of his own life only, and not of another who, in the person of Faithful, becomes the chief character in the scene. Apart from Faithful, Pilgrim is neither condemned nor tried. It was the trial of his own faith, and its victory over the world. Dr. Cheever tells us also that, in the trial of Faithful, Bunyan "draws his picture from real life, from his own life." Why not then of his own life entirely? Why introduce another character who figures chiefly in the exhibition, and throws Bunyan himself into the shade? Had Bunyan no faith of his own to be tried by persecution? If this were not the trial of his own faith he has none. He is tried in the person of another, and not in his own.

How, then, put to death? it may be said. How could Pilgrim continue his pilgrimage without faith? Ask how his faith in heaven could influence him upon the earth? and the answer is obvious. He who walks by faith, and not by sight, is not without faith, because it has gone to heaven before him. There is a period in the experience of eminently devout and eminently tried believers in which their faith is wholly and permanently fixed on heavenly things, and this is the fact in their history which Bunyan, in his own vivid and powerful way, here records. His design throughout the whole Allegory is to exhibit each feature of Christian experience, at that period and under those circumstances in which it becomes most prominent, or may be set forth to the greatest advantage. According to this arrangement, the power of faith is shown where it has

most opposition to contend with, and where its triumph is most complete. Such had been the trial and the triumph of faith in Bunyan's own experience. The cruel treatment, the long imprisonment, and the continual exposure to a violent death, which he had received from the world, removed his faith entirely from earth to heaven. He looked, ever after, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. His citizenship was in heaven. Thus the faith of the Patriarchs desired a better country, that is a heavenly, and their true descendants in Apostolic times took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves, that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." Bunyan's treasure was now all in heaven, and therefore his whole heart was there also. How there, but by faith? There is such a view of the vanity of the world that separates the faith of the Christian entirely from it, and forces it up "through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate." This is Bunyan's meaning in the trial of Faithful at Vanity Fair, and his translation by martyrdom to heaven. Compared with this, the mere participation in the sufferings of another, and the witness to his faithfulness unto death, has little to do with a Christian's own experience. In the principle of interpretation which we have adopted, the whole Christian experience, in fact, comes out on a larger scale, in bolder outlines, on a broader platform, in loftier pinnacles and deeper glens, in purer colours, and in stronger light and shade. The whole forces are concentrated, instead of being weakened by isolation, as heretofore.

It is interesting to mark still more particularly the course which faith takes, in the character of Faithful, throughout this whole Allegory. It leaves the City of Destruction after Pilgrim, and arrives in heaven before him. When he falls into the Slough of Despond and passes through the Wicket-Gate, faith, though near, is still behind him. When in the Interpreter's house, it is not with him. While resting in the Palace called Beautiful, and enjoying the society of Discretion, Piety, Charity and Prudence, faith passes by him. Even when his burden falls at the sight of the Cross, he has not overtaken it. Through the valleys of Humiliation and the Shadow of Death, it goes before him. He at length overtakes it, and they travel some distance in loving and profitable intercourse side by side. At Vanity Fair, during a time of severe persecution, it goes before him to heaven. This last act we have already explained. Those that precede are similarly instructive. It is not the existence of faith, it should be remembered, but its prominence in Christian experience, which is here pourtrayed. In leaving the City of Destruction, fear is more prevalent than faith; therefore, faith lingers behind. Faith has to do, first of all, with things behind, with the law and its terrors, and with a way of escape. It has to do with the burden on the back rather than with the journey to be performed. It is sometime before faith can say, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." It has at one time most to do with things behind; at another time, with things present, as the present enjoyment of the word and ordinances; and, at another time, with those things which are before. But how is it that Pilgrim's faith is not with him, but a little before him, when his burden falls at the sight of the Cross? Is not that a sight of faith? And is not the removal of the burden the effect of that faith? He does not come to it, be it observed, for the removal of his burden, but his faith has gone before him for that end, and he is not at that time without faith. He has faith, but he has it not in full realisation. In his view of the Cross it is mingled with penitence and tears. It has for its object deliverance from hell, rather than the enjoyment of heaven. This is true faith, but not strong; or if strong, is known to be such, less by experience at the time than by its subsequent effects. It is the "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief," before which the burden of sin falls. This first act of saving faith is the most important, as it is the seed of the whole faith that purifies the heart.

and overcomes the world, and works by love; and yet it is the experience of these fruits that most reveals its reality and power. A little faith in Christ, though but as a grain of mustard-seed, if it be sincere, will remove mountains of sins; and, then, when it becomes a tree, the birds of heaven will sing in its branches. We err when we suppose the first act of saving faith must be the purest and strongest of all. It is the object at all times that gives faith its virtue, and never more so than when a feeble act of genuine faith draws from the Cross of Christ its whole atoning and justifying power. Bunyan studiously avoids the mention of either penitence or faith when, at the sight of the Cross, Pilgrim's burden falls. He says, "he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the Cross should thus ease him of his burden." Then tears began to flow, and then when three shining ones went to him and explained to him the benefits of that look at the Crucified One, "he gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing." To describe that act further might have discouraged some. Imperfect views there must be at first, and consequently imperfect faith. "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." There must be a mixture of faith in a look at the Cross of Christ for salvation, but however small it may be, compared with the penitence and fears, if it be but sincere, it will not be in vain. It was an indistinct view of the Cross by which many were saved in ancient times; and, by an indistinct view, many are saved now. Yet the Cross of Christ, in some aspect or other, must be in sight. Faith in a substitute of God's own appointment was indispensable under the Old Testament Dispensation; and faith in Christ, as that substitute, is indispensable under the New. Such faith in the smallest degree includes the renunciation of all personal merit, and leaves room for mediation and the whole operations of grace. It was enough, therefore, for Bunyan to tell us that Pilgrim lost his burden by one sight of the Cross, without even mentioning his penitence or faith. It is an act which speaks for itself. "They looked unto him and were lightened." "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Look and live.

(*To be continued.*)

Reviews.

The Little Sanctuary, and other Meditations. By ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D., Author of "Quiet Resting Places," etc. Strahan and Co.

DR. RALEIGH is in many aspects the greatest living preacher among the Congregationalists. He does not at all times express himself satisfactorily to the orthodox ear, but we believe that the main current of his teaching runs forcibly in the right direction, and the eddies are as nothing compared therewith. Any way he is a great preacher. To hear a sermon from him must be a high intellectual enjoyment, and something more, for there is food for the soul as well as the mind in his discourses. In the present volume there are sermons which will rank as masterpieces for many a year to come. We give elsewhere a few extracts which struck us in reading.

Divine Footprints in the Bible. By FOLEAND. James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet-street.

A VERY convenient little work on Christian evidences. Not so scholarly in style nor evidencing so much research as some treatises on the subject, and yet a very useful and simple set of papers for young people on a question which needs to come under their notice. A good book for a youths' class.

The Children's Harmonist. By DAVID COLVILLE. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., Edinburgh.

WE like to hear the youngsters sing, and welcome any book which helps them to be joyful in harmony. We are not much impressed by this special collection of juvenile part songs, though some will be popular, and quite worth the outlay for the whole number.

Education and Nonconformity: a Lecture. By EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A.: and *The British School; a Speech Expository and Defensive.* By THOMAS BINNEY. Both pamphlets published by Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEN we read the pamphlet by Mr. Rogers, of Clapham, we admired his trenchant style, and especially the manner in which he impaled our unworthy self upon our own words. Still, what we could not answer we also could not accept as true. All the instincts of our soul revolt against the unreligious teaching which certain Nonconformists would impose upon this nation. It may be we are illogical, inconsistent, and so on, but we cannot help it; the more we study the problem the more our heart recoils from the Manchester solution. At the same time there is so wide a space for difference of opinion, and the secular party have apparently such clear arguments upon their side, that we don't wonder that the mass of our brethren go in that direction; and we heartily wish that we could feel justified in going with them, for the cave of Adullam is not a favourite resort of ours. Logic, we believe, led a man to break his neck over a precipice because he would not be so inconsistent as to descend by a zigzag path; we decline to be so severely logical. We could argue the nation upon our opponents' premises, into a Parliament sitting on Sundays so as to avoid all religious favouritism, or into the compulsion of the Civil Service to labour seven days a-week because any preference shown to the Christian religion by the State would clash with *nonconformist principles* (?) By the way we hear the term "Nonconformist principles" harped upon by innumerable minstrels, but really nonconformity and this question have no relation whatever. The Puritans were, undoubtedly, most thorough Nonconformists, but they had not reached even our own position, much less had they even so much as dreamed of the Manchester principle. We hold the very nonconformity of Nonconformists, and defy our opponents to justify their filching of the term "Nonconformist principles," and their application of it to views which are not and never were the principles of all Nonconformists.

The pamphlets by Eustace R. Conder and Thomas Binney are worthy of serious consideration, and are not readily to be answered. We are especially glad to find our venerable friend, Mr. Binney so nearly of our mind. We should not wish to err even in the best of company, but we are glad to be right with Thomas Binney; and that we are right is none the less, and none the more, our conviction because we are in a small minority.

The Veil Lifted from all Nations: Discovery of the Long Lost Tribes of Israel. Israelitish Origin of the English and Prussians. By T. K. DE VERDON. Elliot Stock.

WE do not believe it. One of our author's arguments to prove that we are Israelites, is founded on the fact that we as a nation are sadly given to murmuring like the Israelites in the wilderness. He very rightly says that among the English we look in vain for the contentment of the Turk or the quiet plodding of the German; yet in another place he tells us that the Turks are Israelites of the tribe of Dan, and the Germans of the tribe of Manasseh. Then why do not the Turks and Prussians murmur as much as the English, seeing they also are Israelites? There is not an argument in the book worth the trouble of demolishing.

The Lord's Prayer. By J. W. LANCE. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A small volume of sermons on the Lord's Prayer, by one of our brethren. A pleasant ripple of refreshing streams. The water is sweet and clear, if not deep, and thirsty ones can easily drink, and will certainly be comforted.

Prayers for Private use, especially of the Aged or Infirm. By the author of "Thoughts on Private Devotion." Hodder and Stoughton.

PRINTED in large type, this book can be read by the aged—but should it be? We say, No. As little sermons full of devout feeling we like these prayers, but we dare not recommend any persons to use forms of prayer. If they are unbelievers, the forms will be a mockery; and, if believers, they will be a hindrance to the free Spirit.

The Midsummer Morning Sermons to Young Men and Maidens, from their commencement to their close; preached at Bloomsbury Chapel by the Rev. W. Brock. Elliot Stock.

Some men we admire, and others we esteem, but William Brock we love. The man himself is to us more precious than his work; and yet it would not be difficult to prove that his advent to London marked an era in the history of the Baptist denomination from which it dates its prosperity. His long ministry at Bloomsbury has been full of blessing, and it ends nobly: the valiant soldier retires from the front, not because necessity compels, but because wisdom advises. Many an aged man has spoiled the work of a lifetime by pertinaciously clinging to his position when its vigorous occupancy was beyond his power; Mr. Brock has set to all time an example worthy of imitation in this respect. The present volume is a fitting literary memorial of a happy pastorate in which young people always had a large share of the pastor's care. Those Midsummer mornings were grand times. The dew was on the preacher's words, though there remain no grasses or blooms in Bloomsbury to be jewelled with the sparkling drops of the morning: the great house was full to the ceiling, and outside was Mr. McCree, the Bishop of Seven Dials, scattering morning manna among the surplus hundreds who could not get near the chapel doors. Of course every lover of Dr. Brock will purchase a copy of the "Morning Sermons," and, as these are legion the publishers, will no doubt, secure a splendid sale. Wherever our friend W. Brock spends the remainder of his days, may his cup overflow with the blessing of the Lord.

Letters to the Scattered, and other Papers. By Thomas T. Lynch. Strahan and Co.

Too much noise was made concerning this author while alive. He became notorious by accident, and was forced by opposition into a prominence which neither his merits nor his demerits deserved. We have not patience to read through this volume, but what we have read has just enough "tincture of error" in it to give it an ill odour.

A Battle about the Book. By One who saw the Fight. Dickinson.

A pamphlet, not very trenchant, but somewhat amusing. It describes the Congregational debate upon the banishment of the Bible from the day schools. The portraits of the Congregational leaders are very fair pen and ink sketches. Our friend Mr. Rogers, of Clapham, and his paper, are very well etched in the following lines:—

And then, at last, the Bible fight began:
(The hour had come, and with the hour the man!)
Around, and from this point, the contest ran,—
"How may religious teaching be supplied
In schools to which the Bible is denied?"

Up rose great Rogers, golden glass on nose,
And all the house was hushed when Rogers rose!
With hand on rustling manuscript, the mood
Imperative in breeches sternly stood!
The manuscript! he scorned to keep to it!
And so he wandered from his pondered wit.
What did he say? This was the aptest bit,—
That wealthy ladies, dying for some work,
About the doors of daily schools should lurk.
Till strikes the hour, then prompt and all sedate
Should seize the urchins from the book and slate,
And lead them up to Bible truths if they
The weary little urchins would but stay.

The Doctrine of Christ Developed by the Apostles. Edward Steane, D.D. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.

We have listened to the sweet melody of this experienced leader in Israel with no small pleasure and profit. The theme is "the Offices of the Redeemer and the Doxology of the Redeemed." It is a master's hand which sweeps over the strings, and most tenderly does he draw forth strains of praise to Him whom he has long and faithfully served.

In life's eventide, to sit with powers mellowed and not yet impaired, to sing "Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end:" is surely like unto heaven itself. Anyhow, we have found it good to linger by the Ancient Harpist and drink in his love-song to the "Altogether lovely" Lord his Saviour. We need not speak of the scriptural chaste and loving musings of our much-esteemed friend. The book is like his ministry, of which it is indeed an embodiment. We need add no more in praise.

The Training of the Twelve. By Rev. Alex. B. Bruce. T. and. T. Clark, Edinburgh.

Our Lord's preparation of the Apostles for their work is the subject of this book. It is a grand production, somewhat ponderous, but with the weight of gold and not of rubbish. A perusal of this thick volume will convince anyone that the Master's prescribed course for his students was ample and appropriate. Ours will be the better for reading the record, if they can catch its spirit.

Ante-Nicene Library. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

Two more volumes, closing this exceedingly valuable series. The index volume, which will conclude the issue, alone remains; and then we shall possess the most correct and complete collection of the writings of the early Fathers which is available for general readers.

The small book of "Early Liturgies" is very interesting, and well worth a study, as throwing light on the condition of the church when the clouds of superstition and priestcraft were just about to brood upon her with their pestiferous gloom, shutting out the clear light of divine inspiration in which she at first basked as in noonday.

Every minister's or church library will be greatly the richer for the addition of this elegant series of books. It is poor spiritual food, but will help us to bless God for a Bible so free from the follies and superstitions of the early days, and it will suggest the reflection that the former times were not better than these. We hope that the works of St. Augustine will be so much in demand as to repay Messrs. Clark for their spirited undertaking.

Biblico-Theological Lexicon of New Testament Greek. Herman Cremer. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

No Bible student should overlook this book, it is priceless in the hands of a scholar. We have studied it and deemed it an addition of no mean order to our collection of works throwing light on the letter of God's Word. We cannot, in our limited space point out the two or three instances which came under our notice detracting from its worth, through what seems a theological bias or unaccountable oversight. We like the book so much as a whole, that we most heartily commend it.

"*Man's Immortality Proved.*" By Rev. George Peill. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A praiseworthy attempt to aid in the confutation of some of the modern theories of annihilation. We have read the book carefully, and are pleased with many of its arguments, but should scarcely like to defend the positions taken up in others. Students of the subject will peruse it with interest as a valuable contribution to the defence of the faith now so openly assailed.

"*Human Power in the Divine Life.*" By Rev. Nicholas Bishop, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

God works by means and not by miracles; and this book aims at the display of the nature and extent of human power in relation to the work and growth of God's grace in the heart—a very important line of study, ably pursued. Where we do not agree with the writer we respect his force and clearness of thought. Much research and mental vigour are clearly manifest, and the book will amply repay a careful study.

Memoranda.

Friends will please note that the Orphanage funds have gone back this month about £100.

The orphans have returned from their vacation in good health. Many thanks are due to those friends who found a happy home during the holidays for those who have no mothers and no friends. Our friends at Southport are especially thankworthy for having entertained eight boys. Everybody was kind to them from the Mayor downwards. Mr. Lang did us good service in this matter.

Mr. Dougharty took all the boys out in vans August 21; Mr. Priest received them at his farm at Lower Morden; and Mr.

Tebbut, of Melton Mowbray, sent a pork pie for every boy.—Thanks, worthy gentlemen, thanks to you and your ladies, from more than two hundred glad little hearts.

Will friends take note of the following:—Mr. W. Mayers, of Battersea, is forming his Senior Girls' Class into a Society to make shirts for the Orphanage; and his generous people have resolved to give the material for 100 shirts to be made before Christmas. In this way how much could we be helped. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Mayers and his friends.

The annual meeting of the Orphanage will be held in the evening of September 18, at the Orphanage, when we shall be glad to see our friends and subscribers.

The College is pushing on. We hope to break fresh ground in many places. The Lord is with us indeed, and of a truth we are more than ever sure that the work of training young men for the ministry is the most important to which we can set our hand. Those who love the souls of men will we hope more than ever aid us in it.

The autumn is now upon us, and the winter hastening on. Should not all pastors be preparing their people's minds for special services? The winter is usually our spiritual harvest time, and a little arrangement may make it all the more successful. We commenced on the 23rd with a most hopeful meeting.

We have been deprived of the aid of another deacon this month—viz., Mr. John Brown. Thus, one by one, our dear fellow helpers are removed. Brethren, pray for us.

Mr. Hillier, late of Shields, has removed, with the kind farewells of his friends, to Ridgmount, Beds. Mr. Julyan, of Ridgmount, has removed to Cheltenham.

Mr. J. A. Spurgeon opened the new iron chapel at Shoreham, August 26. May Mr. Harold and the brethren there be prospered of the Lord.

Churches needing pastors will find us ever willing to assist them with supplies.

We are glad to see that Mr. Glover has laid the foundation-stone of new schools at Coombe Martin, Devon.

The Baptist church at Irvine has experienced a resurrection under the ministry of Mr. Short. All brethren around have been kind. The Lord send prosperity.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—August 1, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August, 19th.

	£	s.	d.
Battersea Park Chapel, per Mr. T. E. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. F. Pool	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. Simpson	3	0	0
Lillah	1	0	0
Mr. Norwood	0	10	0
C. J. W.	0	1	0
Mrs. Lambert	0	5	0
Mr. Thorne	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bennett	3	0	0
Editors of Readings for Leisure Hours	6	5	9
Miss Heath	2	5	0
Mr. S. Willson	2	2	0
M. A. W——d	2	10	0
Mrs. Hull	0	10	0
Mrs. C. H. Price	0	10	0
Mr. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mr. D. Bourne	3	3	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0
Mr. Duncan	100	0	0
Collected by Mr. Wilkins	6	0	0
Mr. Turner	0	7	6
Mr. Collis	1	0	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	10	0
Friends at Elgin and Peterhead	2	8	1
Mr. J. Atkinson	0	10	0
Mr. Dowson	1	1	0
Mr. Clark	20	0	0
Miss Clark	2	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. E. Ryder	0	15	0
Miss Du Pre	10	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., July 21.	50	3	10
" " " " " 28.	36	7	0
" " " " Aug. 4.	40	0	5
" " " " " 11.	20	11	1
	£318	0	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
H. J.	0	10	0
Mr. Romang	3	0	0
Mr. J. Whitehead	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
A Highland Girl	0	4	0
Friends, (Milnathort)	0	8	0
W. M.	0	1	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Per Mr. Smith:—			
Mr. Bancher	0	10	6
Mr. J. Smith	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mrs. J. Smith	0	10	0			
Mrs. H. Smith...	1	0	0			
Mr. H. Smith	1	0	0			
Mr. Smith's Box	1	0	6			
				5	2	0
E. D.				0	2	6
Mr. J. J. Smith				1	1	0
Miss King (Sale of Spade Guinea) ...				1	6	0
Mr. P. McFarlane, per Mr. Cruickshank				5	0	0
Mr. W. Chater				10	0	0
Mr. A. Pearson				1	1	0
J. S.				25	0	0
W. S.				25	0	0
Mrs. Evans				0	10	0
Mr. Wilsor				0	5	0
D. C.				10	10	0
Mr. A. Macdougall, per G. C.				2	0	0
Irvine				1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates				1	0	9
Mrs. Shiripps and Friend				0	15	0
Miss Field				2	0	0
S. M. Robinson				2	0	0
Aberdeen				0	5	0
Mrs. Birkmyre				10	0	0
Mr. J. Harper				1	0	0
Mrs. Margaret Smith				0	9	0
Mrs. Henderson				0	5	0
Mrs. Miller				0	10	0
Mr. B. Chapman				0	4	0
Mrs. Lambert				0	2	0
A Poor Woman				0	2	6
W. T.				0	5	0
A Presbyter				0	5	0
E. H.				0	12	6
Mr. J. Cubey				3	10	0
R. G.				0	1	0
Forres				1	0	0
Miss Buxton				1	11	0
Mr. R. T. Thomas				0	5	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Walker				0	4	0
Mrs. J. Brine				1	0	0
Mr. J. Bennett				1	0	0
W. A. M.				0	4	0
Mrs. Fowle				0	10	9
A Friend, per Mr. W. Groser				0	1	0
Aberdeen				0	10	0
A Brother in the Lord				0	5	0
A Northern Reader				0	6	0
A Reader of Sermons				0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Redman				0	10	0
Mr. R. Mills				0	7	0
Friends nr. Manchester				0	10	0
A Working Man and his Wife				0	2	0
Mr. S. Wilson				2	2	0
Per Mr. Goldston:—						
Mrs. Fripp	0	10	0			
Mr. Shaw	0	10	0			
Miss Shaw	0	10	0			
Miss Turner	0	5	0			
Mr. Franklin	0	2	6			
				1	17	6
M. A. W——d				2	10	0
Mr. G. Emery				2	2	0
Mr. H. Carr				0	10	0
Mr. P. Bainbridge				0	10	0
Mrs. Huntsman, per Rev. E. Leach ...				10	0	0
Rev. E. Leach				1	0	0
Mr. E. Danes				0	10	0
Mrs. Hull				0	10	0
Mrs. C. H. Price				0	10	0
Mr. A. Benest				0	6	0
Mrs. Mackrell				1	11	6
Mrs. Smith				1	17	6
Mrs. Mills				0	10	0
Mr. E. Ryder				0	15	0
Mr. Gunnell (Subscription)				1	1	0
Mrs. Green „				5	5	0
Per F. R. T.:—						
Miss Chick	0	5	0			
Mr. D. Bourne	0	5	0			
				0	10	0
Orphanage Boys' Collecting Cards, per List				36	3	9
				£195	11	0

A Constant Reader, Tweedside, is informed that his donation was thankfully received and is acknowledged in the last magazine—"A Constant Reader," £1.

Orphan Boys' Quarterly Collecting Cards.—Aves A., 10s; Allen W., 3s. 6d; Apted F., 2s 6d; Amey H., 7s; Abbey J., 10s 4d; Baker J., 5s 1d; Ball C., 1s 0d; Bramble H., 3s 10d; Brownlie William, 2s: Brown J., 3s; Bourne A., 3s 2d; Bligh F., 2s; Barclay H., 7s; Brick E., 1s; Brazendale J., 2s 6d; Blakelock J., 1s 8d; Court A., 1s 6d; Cockerton J., 5s; Coles G., 10s; Corke L., 2s 8d; Charlwood A., 6s; Campbell C., 7s 2d; Chapman M., 1s 11d; Cockerton A., 10s; Christmas J., 3s 1d; Davis J., 5s 6d; Dunn C., 2s; Dixon R., 5s 6d; Digby C., 4s 2d; Daniel J., 5s; Day A., 6s 4d; Dalby W., 10s; Ellis H., 2s; Edmund B., 4s; Ehlers R., 6s 2d; Emmet S., 7s 2d; Evans T., 3s; Eve W., 10s; Ellis G., 10s; Fourness E., 5s 2d; Fleming G., 1s 2d; Fanner W., 10s; Furby A., 2s 6d; Fairchild F., 6d; Gatten J., 3s 8d; Glassborow J., 7s; Gill G., 6d; Godsmark R., 6s; Gregory B., 3s 6d; Heath A., 2s; Herriet Thomas, 10s; Hitchcox S., 3s 6d; Hart F., 5s; Hedges W. 5s 6d; Harper A., 10s; Horley B., 10s; Harris A., 6s; Hinckley J., 3s; Hanks J., 9s 8d; Jones C. 3s 1d; Jacobs A. 6s 6d; James E., 5s; Jones A., 7s 3d; Johnson G., 10s; Kentfield E., 9s; Ladds F., 6s 3d; Leak F., 6s 6d; Laker A., 6s; Lee E., 10s; Martin F., 5s; Matthews F., 9s; Mee M., 3s 6d; Morley H., 5s. 2d; Mckenzie W., 5s; May G., 5s; Nicole E., 3s 9d; Nicholls M., 1s 5d; Okill W., 4s 6d; Osman C., 4s 3d; Phipps H., 7s 4d; Parker G., 10s; Plant E., 1s; Peck G., 2s 3d; Passingham —., 11s; Pidee F., 5s; Pendry W., 5s; Pearson W., 5s 9d; Parry L., 3s; Perry F., 1s 6d; Reed J. 6s; Roberts J., 5s; Record A., 11s; Randall W., 6s 4d; Rogers W., 2s 7d; Richardson A., 4s; Smith H., 1s 4d; Semark H., 12s 6d; Simmons C., 10s; Saunders D., 6s 1d; Schneider F., 10s 4d; Sceats W., 7s; Stratford J., 10s; Semark C., 11s 5d; Sharpe A., 2s 6d; Simmonds J., 10s; Simms W., 8s 1d; Simpson J., 5s 3d; Stuart J., 2s 4d; Spanswick G., 5s; Sullivan J., 9s 2d; Thornton H., 5s; Townsend W., 4s; Tatum F., 2s 8d; Vickery T., 2s 10d; White A., 5s; Wheeler A., 5s 7d; Walton H

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER 1, 1872.

Opening the Campaign.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE next six months are, in many churches, the period of harvest. Our richer friends will have returned from their sea-side vacation, and our poorer brethren will, during the long evenings, have better opportunities for attending our meetings; and therefore we look for larger meetings and less distracted thoughts. In the country, the harvest operations no longer engross attention, and in the town, for the most part, evening services have more attraction. Between this month and the spring, much may be accomplished if pastors and churches have a mind to work. The time has come: are the men ready to avail themselves of it? We judge it seasonable to give a word of exhortation this month, and we trust our readers will not only suffer it but accept it. No one can prescribe rules for other men, yet those who have actual and large experience may give useful hints.

We take it for granted that all are resolved that the season should be improved to the utmost, and all done that can be done to secure the blessing. Let this be spoken of publicly in the pastor's discourse, and regarded as being as much a settled fact as the gathering in of the harvest in its due season. It is important that ministers should at once call special attention to the usual prayer-meetings, by mentioning them from the pulpit, with a special request that they may be well attended, or, better still, by a sermon upon the topic; stirring up the pure minds of the brethren by way of remembrance. It may be exceedingly

beneficial to hold a special meeting after one of the Sabbath services, or to impress the minds of the people with the commencement of the winter campaign by some extraordinary meeting for prayer and exhortation. Men's minds are exercised with many reflections when they see that the pastor is setting himself in a zealous manner to the work of God, and like a man in earnest is availing himself of the opportunities of the season. Their own proverbs teach our people to make hay while the sun shines, and they judge of the sincerity of our efforts when they see us with common-sense prudence seizing the most profitable occasions. Every one of the members of a congregation should be made to feel,—"Whether I help or hinder, whether I unite in effort or am idle, whether I get a blessing or remain indifferent, the minister in God's name has summoned the church to seek a gracious visitation of the Holy Spirit, and he acts like a man who will not rest without it." Let the trumpet give a certain sound that every warrior may prepare himself for the battle. A lively, hopeful, prayerful commencement will give tone to all that follows.

Thus, having cried unto the Lord for strength, the church should each week make some distinct inroad upon the territory of the arch-enemy. We assume that her Sabbath schools, her Bible classes, preaching stations, tract districts, open-air evangelisations, and so on, are all maintained in first-class vigour, and that grace rests on all the workers; what we have to propose is extra and beyond all this;—we suggest that some new effort beyond all that is already done should be made every week between Sabbath and Sabbath, or on the Lord's day itself. For instance, in the department of tract distribution, could not a number of selected tracts be produced at the meeting for prayer, paid for by the gifts of all, and then distributed to all for dissemination all over the district during the week. Upon these might be printed the name of the place of worship, and the time of the services, and thus a double end might be answered. To give publicity to our services would greatly tend to increase our congregations. In large towns tens of thousands do not even know of the existence of a chapel which may stand within a street or two of them. Handbills of a striking character could be issued in the same manner, to be placed in shop windows, pasted on walls, or nailed up on gate posts, or elsewhere. By this means the church might bear testimony to the truth each week. If no other good came of it, the duty of witness-bearing would have been performed, and a sin of omission prevented. Of the first handbill given away at the Tabernacle we give a copy at the close of this paper. Funds for this would surely be forthcoming, every one would do something, and much would be accomplished. Or take another instance of what we mean. Is there yet room for more children in the Sabbath school? Then let the meeting for prayer, at one of its gatherings, consider mainly the school, and plead for a blessing upon it, and let the godly persons there present agree to scour the neighbourhood and bring in all the stray children. If the pastor and superintendent would come prepared with a map or plan, with districts marked out, they would probably find sufficient persons volunteering to do all the needful child-hunting, and the whole meeting would feel a far greater interest in the Sabbath school than it has ever done before. Or, to carry our plan into

another department, if rooms in cottages, parlours in larger houses, and such halls as can be hired, were engaged as advanced posts for evangelists' services, so that fresh ground were broken up by all the preaching power of the church, and such services were held here one week, and there another, in each case assailing a fresh part of the enemy's wall, we little know what good would follow. We must not be deterred by the idea that we should be thinning the congregation at home, or diminishing the central power. God has ways of recompensing, and takes care that the liberal church shall be made fat. We have had too much of centralising; God means us to divide, and so to increase and conquer. We fish one pond till there are no more fish left that are ever likely to be caught, while the same amount of effort elsewhere would, humanly speaking, be far more remunerative. We must launch out into the deep. We have dragged the shallows again and again, with much wear and tear to the net and very small results; who knows what shoals of great fishes are swarming in the waves further from the shore?

Each week, then, we suggest some distinct effort in advance, publicly announced and prayed over, and recognised as the effort of the church, or of that part of it which answers to the pastor's call, and gathers at the council of war held weekly at the prayer-meeting. Real work should be *done*, not talked about.

Meanwhile the congregation should be, by God's help, vigorously plied with the gospel. Within her own suburbs the church should make it hard for sinners to be at ease. Appeals should not only come from the pastor, but from all the members. Whichever way the unconverted turn they should be confronted with expostulations, entreaties, invitations, and warnings. Frequent seasons should be set apart for enquirers: the pastor and officers should lay themselves out to converse with all persons under concern of soul. No one should find it difficult to unbosom his doubts, or relate his struggles after pardon: all experienced believers should be upon the watch to lend their aid. If the undecided will not come to us we must go to them; the members of the church must individually see to them one by one; but the bulk of them will come to an interview if properly invited, and if their first venture should prove profitable they are pretty sure to desire a second. Love all on fire with holy zeal must make the meetings pleasing, and induce the timid to take courage, the retiring to be less backward, and the self-condemned to be more at ease in the company of believers. What sweeter work is there than to speak to an audience gathered on purpose to learn the way of salvation? Sweet as it is, few find it easy to discharge the work aright. One goes away from such gatherings sighing and crying because one's heart is not more tender and one's mind more wise in soul-winning. No one can calculate the personal influence of a beloved minister when he comes side by side with a seeker and pleads with him alone. Under God it is like one of our old three-deckers lying side by side with an enemy's man-of-war and pouring in broadsides of red-hot shot; you may see the vessel under fire quiver from stem to stern, and its attempts at reply grow fainter and fainter at every round. Ministers who hold no such meetings, and give souls no opportunity for private discourse, are surely unaware of their duty, or ignorant of their power.

During the sacred crusade a course of sermons upon the first truths of the gospel would be peculiarly appropriate, and if all hearers were urged to bring friends with them it would be well. For the seat-holders to give up their seats occasionally, and to make it public that working men were welcome, would be a hopeful experiment. If this were done once a month, and all the seats could be filled with a new set of hearers, what a blessing it might be. Where it has been tried it has been attended with the most admirable results. At any rate the preacher must dwell largely at this time upon arousing and soul-saving topics. He must preach Jesus most distinctly, and the plan of justification by faith as clearly as words can put it. The more advanced truths can wait awhile, but the rudiments of the gospel *must* be laid before men's minds, if peradventure they may believe and live. Every sermon should have a warm side for sinners, and never be concluded without the proclamation of free grace. This, backed by believing prayer which secures the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, will not be without its effect. After each sermon, announce that enquirers will be immediately seen, and encourage them to stay behind. Also publish frequently the way of joining the church, and urge secret believers to confess their Lord. Let no one say, "I wish to be baptised, but do not know where to apply." Keep the church agencies above board, and make plain paths for the feet of seekers. More lies in this than some would suppose.

It will be well that the young should have peculiar attention paid to them. Mothers' prayer-meetings should be in full force, and why not fathers' prayer-meetings too? These last must be held at very convenient times or they will be a failure, as our experience has shown. Meetings for prayer for the young themselves, if well conducted, will be eminently beneficial. There are young believers in the church who would feel at liberty to pray at such meetings, and their example would, by God's blessing, influence other youths. Addresses should also, at this season, be given to the schools by other than the regular teachers, and the pastor or qualified persons should undertake this task. The little ones must be made to see that they are lovingly cared for by the church. If meetings could be held at which two or three lively, affectionate exhortations should be given, and opportunities offered for private conversation afterwards, it would surprise some to see how many of the young would gladly come forward to tell their gracious feelings and receive further instruction. In this field we reap not because we do not sow, or because we sow without faith. If day schools could be visited also by the minister to tell out the common salvation, precious souls would doubtless be his reward. Private seminaries, as well as the more public schools, should also have a visit from the workers in the church.

The church-officers and all the leading workers should come together often during this time of Zion's travailing, both for mutual encouragement and united prayer: the pastor's presence would be a stimulus at such meetings, and therefore should not be lacking so long as time and strength hold out. One such assembly held an hour before the regular prayer-meeting, has just been convened at the Tabernacle, and it has made our heart sing for joy. The church members also should come together alone, and stir each other up to increased love and good works. Why not more of such meetings? Why is not the

church-meeting utilized to a far greater extent? It might be and must be. To break bread together at such times would also be very profitable, and tend much to the sustenance of spiritual strength.

Every believer should be doubly on the alert in watching for souls. None in that congregation should be able to say, "We attended that place, but no one spoke to us." There should be much hand to hand battling with unbelievers, for this mode of wrestling with sin is greatly blest, and it is the duty of all who are themselves partakers of the divine life. If all members of the church became seekers of souls they would, with God's blessing, all become winners of souls. This would yield a season of increase such as our present experience has not enabled us to realise.

O that the Lord would send forth real power into our midst! We need not great talents or intense excitements; with what we already have the battle may be won if the Lord will put his Spirit within use. The ox-goad, the jawbone, the sling-and-stone, and the ram's-horn trumpet, have each been made an irresistible weapon; with God the instrument is little, his might is everything. Only let us be strong in faith, full of zeal, and very courageous for the Lord our God, and the Lord will bless us.

Brethren, our marching orders are—FORWARD!

Copy of Handbill distributed on September 16th, at the Tabernacle—

A

QUESTION!

Where wilt thou spend Eternity?
Nay; don't tear down the bill;
This question means but good to thee,
And will be answered still:
To shun the light, or shut the sight,
Thy Cup of Wrath may fill.

Eternity where wilt thou spend?
Don't say—"I cannot tell."
The life thou leadest now will end
In Heaven or else in Hell.
O Friend, bethink thee well!

The above may be had of Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings. Size 20 in. by 15 in. Price 3s. per hundred.

The Evangelist in Greenland.

THROUGH many ages Greenland has been regarded by persons living at a comfortable distance from its snows and blasts, as a land of interest and of wonder. The long dark winter, the brief summer of rapid vegetation, the vast rocky cliffs, ice-bound river courses, frozen fiords, and weird phenomena such as the aurora borealis, have imparted to the country a reputation for excelling in the marvellous and romantic. Our own interest in the diminutive and formerly degraded inhabitants of this region has perhaps been enhanced by the comparatively recent fate of English Arctic explorers.

The idea of carrying the gospel to so inhospitable a clime would have done honour to the first ages of Christianity; but for a long time the scheme appeared to be utterly impracticable. The heroic self-denial which the project entailed when actually carried out, has given to the originator of the first northern mission a name worthy of being held in everlasting remembrance.

It happened in the beginning of the last century that a strong desire to plant Christianity among the Greenlanders took possession of Hans Egede, a pastor of Norway, whose future experience fills a singular chapter in the annals of self-sacrifice. How such a desire came to invade the pastor's peaceful hearth cannot easily be explained, as he was comfortably settled over a people in his native land. It appears that at first he chased away the unsettling thought, and even prayed against being led into temptation. Friends to whom the scheme was mentioned laughed at the insanity of entertaining so crazy a proposal. Hans looked at it again; again he revolved it in his mind, and as the mission still looked wild and visionary it remained for a time in abeyance.

Nevertheless, Hans was troubled in mind. The bounds of his humble pastorate were too narrow for one of such aspirations of soul. He felt that he must accomplish something, and able for the present to do nothing more effective he memorialized the King of Denmark, and explained to the sovereign how destitute and degraded was the condition of the Northmen. The pastor now drew comfort from supposing that he had conscientiously done his utmost; but soon after, old feelings returned in force, and his impulse was at all hazard to prosecute a plan which friends denounced as fool-hardy and absurd.

Through ten long years Hans clung to his ruling idea. Neither difficulties nor the evil report which ultimately overtook him could quench the enthusiasm impelling him forward, so that obtaining the consent of his wife he resolved that he *would* go and proclaim Christ to the despised Greenlanders. The cure in Norway was resigned, home was forsaken, and he started for Bergen, thence going to the College of Missions at Copenhagen to plead the importance of the labours he proposed undertaking. He succeeded in procuring an interview with the King, who professed to be favourably impressed with the heroism of the whole scheme. In obedience to the royal commands enquiries were instituted as to the advisability of establishing a trading station on the Greenland coast; but as the Danish officials magnified difficulties and

manufactured objections, nothing was then attempted, and the promises of subscriptions which Hans had procured were also withdrawn.

But though the man might be discouraged and depressed, the energy which dwelt in him could not be conquered. Disappointed and repelled by the action of others he shaped out another and a more independent course. A meeting was called of certain persons who were still friends to the scheme, and Hans prevailed on these to subscribe sufficient capital to establish a trading settlement on the Greenland shore; for unless this were done it would be impossible to maintain a missionary station, as provisions would have to be supplied from the mother country.

At length Hans appeared to be victorious. His scheme, wild as it looked at first sight, was now partially accepted and patronised. He and a small company who were to constitute the Arctic colony set sail; but once on the ocean they began to taste those hardships which others had prophesied; and after a horrid passage, during which they were threatened alternately with shipwreck in the fog and with annihilation among the ice, they landed on a shore scarcely more attractive than the ocean they had traversed. The adventure, however, was not void of excitement. Surprised, if not alarmed, at the phenomenon of so large a vessel, the natives hurried down to the beach to inspect, and as far as signs would enable them, to interrogate the strangers. Supposing them to be temporary visitors only, the Northmen at first gave many friendly tokens; but on discovering the real object of the intruders they manifested considerable alarm, and signified that hardship and death would alone reward any endeavour to settle on their coast. Finding that the strangers persisted in their resolution, and not being able to conceive how citizens of another clime could be influenced by philanthropic motives, the people set their conjurors to work, thinking that thereby they could harass the missionary party. Finding this of no avail they ultimately became entirely friendly, and learned to love the good man who for their sakes had sacrificed the comforts of civilization.

The subsequent experience of the missionary was fraught with hardship. The trade did not flourish, because the Dutch maintained almost a monopoly in trafficking with the natives. Then the language had to be mastered, besides which, faith was occasionally sorely tried by the unpunctual arrival of vessels from home with necessary supplies. All these circumstances were sufficiently discouraging, and made the work of evangelization exceedingly toilsome. What appeared still more depressing was the filthiness of the people, their habits in this respect seeming even to engender dulness of intelligence. Though they would not presume to question the truths taught to them they laughed ominously when aught struck their fancy as peculiarly strange. To add to the perplexity the people were not always accessible. In the brief warm summer, they would not come to be taught, for they were drawn away by the superior attractions of fishing and hunting. Yet a lasting impression for good was produced, though nothing so great as the enthusiasm of Hans expected and deserved.

Thus the trials of the emigrants were more abundant than their successes, and bitter sufferings often sprung from a lack of needful supplies. At one time the pressure of famine became so great that the Danes associated with Hans Egede resolved to return home because no ship

appeared, and their stores of provision were gone. At this trying season the missionary's wife manifested the spirit of a heroine. Come what might she would stay, she declared, and, accordingly refused to make any preparations for departure. The colonists' want of faith, she added, would yet be rebuked—a prophecy which was speedily fulfilled; for as the party were just about embarking for Denmark ample supplies of provisions arrived, though a second vessel despatched to their relief was totally lost.

The apostolic zeal of Hans Egede not only helped him to labour contentedly in his self-imposed exile, but it taught him to endure willingly whatever hardship attended the prosecution of his great design. His travels over hill and glacier, sea and fiord, were so fraught with danger that only the courage of the hardy Norseman tempered by Christianity could have enabled him to undertake them. Such an unusual display of heroic devotion and self-denial struck King Frederic the Fourth of Denmark as being worthy of recognition. Having already allowed the missionary a small income, his Majesty sent out additional assistance. A number of soldiers and workmen embarked for Greenland with orders to erect a small fort, and to encourage the trade between the as yet untamed natives and the merchants of Copenhagen.

This prosperity heralded unexpected troubles. A mortal sickness which broke out rapidly thinned the colonists, and to his other trials the missionary had now added the reproaches of the suffering and the dying, he having been instrumental in bringing them to a frost-bound region. More than this, in 1731, Christian the Sixth ascended the Danish throne, and having little sympathy with an undertaking which yielded no adequate commercial profit, the king ordered the dissolution of the settlement.

This seemed to be the severest trial as yet experienced, and the death-blow to the missionary's most cherished hopes. Hans was, however, fully equal to the crisis. Whoever might choose to return to home and comfort he would remain, and such was his spirit and energy that he persuaded a few others to copy his example. Still receiving occasional supplies from Denmark, hopes were raised that the trade would be permanently revived. But what are royal smiles? Too often no more lasting than an outburst of April sunshine; beautiful in its warmth for the minute, the contrast makes the succeeding gloom only the more damp and chilling.

It so happened in the experience of Hans Egede. The fickle government abandoned the trading station, and the missionary was left to shift as best he could for himself. Dark days set in; and still heavier troubles awaited the devoted evangelist. The small-pox was introduced from Denmark, and appearing on the virgin soil of a country where hitherto it had been unknown, the disease swept myriads into the grave before finishing the work of devastation. During this season of anguish Hans appeared to more advantage than he had ever done before. Besides himself, his son, and some Moravians, who had joined the party, were untiring in their efforts to sooth and mitigate the sufferings of the stricken country. Some attended the sick in the distance, while others who remained at home transformed the mission station

into an hospital. "Thou hast done for us what our countrymen would not have done;" exclaimed one grateful Greenlander with his expiring breath and from the gratitude of his heart. "Thou hast fed us when we had nothing to eat; thou hast buried our dead who would otherwise have been devoured by the dogs, the foxes, and the ravens; thou hast instructed us in the knowledge of God, and told us of a better life to come." It was computed that two thousand persons fell victims to the disease, an enormous number when deducted from a scanty population. Tenantless homesteads on the face of the country affectingly testified to the appalling desolation.

In 1735 Hans lost his wife by death, a stroke he felt the more keenly because her faith in seasons of trial had frequently surpassed his own. Thus afflicted he laboured through another year, and then returned to Copenhagen, where his influence with the king led to the founding of an academy for the training of future missionaries. Thenceforward Greenland and her spiritual needs interested Christian persons in the Danish metropolis. A son of the missionary translated the New Testament into the native tongue, and other religious books were also prepared for the natives' especial use. Since those days religion and education have extended their reign in Arctic regions, and have exercised their usual beneficent influence. Among those hardy Northmen many are now found, who, by their exemplification of Christian graces, show how the faith of the Cross can impart cheerfulness to the dreariest wilds.

Prior to the retirement of Hans Egede from Greenland the Moravians entered on the field. These people, whose ancestors treasured the doctrines of Christianity before the Reformation, attracted some attention in England during the reign of George the Second, having been protected and largely patronised by Count Zinzendorf, a nobleman of considerable ability and zeal in propagating religion. Some of their number, including the preacher Christian David, volunteered to serve in Greenland, and the King of Denmark encouraged them with the promise of a free passage. This was so far well; but certain satellites of the court were not sanguine about hearing of any considerable success. "How will you provide for your wants in Greenland?" one nobleman misgivingly enquired. "By the labour of our hands and the blessing of God," was Christian's ready answer. "We shall cultivate the ground and live upon the produce. We shall take seeds, plant a garden, build a house, and be burdensome to no one." "There is no timber in the country, how can you build a house?" answered the other; "Then we will dig a hole in the earth and live *there*," returned Christian. "No!" cried a nobleman, "Take timber with you and build a wooden house, towards which I will contribute."

This brave band of Moravians went forth to experience hardships identical with those which had been tasted by their predecessors. Their heaviest trials sprang from pestilence, and from shortness of provisions; famine at one time having threatened the colony with extinction. They often travelled among the neighbouring islands while in want of the barest necessaries. Frequently they could procure no better fare than shell-fish, seals, or sea-weed; and when wanting train-oil to mix with their oatmeal they substituted melted tallow candles! While the missionaries were in this extremity such natives as were opposed to the

gospel manifested a spirit which happily is not very usual even among heathen tribes. Despising the poverty of their instructors these creatures refused to supply them with necessaries, or would only do so at exhorbitant rates. They would spend whole nights in revels, dancing, and gluttony, and then turn into merriment the hunger and sufferings of their best friends. It was a time of severe trial. The earth seemed, indeed, to be of iron, and the skies of brass. Long did the Moravians labour without visible results, and subjected to the jeers of the baser sort among the natives. But faith and perseverance of the order described never fail of ensuring their reward. While the evangelists were suffering, God's work was quietly progressing. The seed had been faithfully sown, and he who alone can quicken it into life was secretly working. Several of the poor Greenlanders being touched in their hearts made a profession of faith in Christ, and the first Communion of the Lord's Supper celebrated on the Greenland shore is described as having been a remarkable service.

The faith and self-denial of men and women who thus undertake the roughest work in the Master's vineyard, should not only strike us as singular, they should stimulate us to emulate them. If the prosperity of a nation is best advanced, as Macaulay says, by the units of the populace doing the best they can for themselves, the area of the kingdom of righteousness will also be widened by everyone doing a little. What examples are here! Evangelists through love of their work voluntarily transporting themselves to a land where the climate is fraught with horror. Occasionally, as in 1752, the winters are severe beyond description, the reigning frost entailing an amount of suffering, even on the natives, such as cannot be imagined by southerners; how much heavier must have been the missionaries' sufferings! The iron-bound earth would be shaken by hurricanes, while the sea, far beyond the horizon, appeared as a mass of unyielding ice. If the scene had its horrors, it was grandly picturesque when reflecting the rays of the Aurora Borealis, or when illuminated by vivid flashes of silent lightning.

Through many dreary years, down even to our days, have the Moravians taught Christianity to the Greenlanders, who but for such untiring solicitude would have remained uncared-for outcasts. At present the converts are many, and the few among the people who are not nominally Christian inhabit well-nigh inaccessible regions. There is abundant hope for a country where Christianity cares for its youth by educating them in the oracles of heaven. Greenlanders have had the credit of being dull and heavy intellectually, but this does not appear to be strictly true. The children, if taken care of early, are rather quick at learning. Yes, doubtless, there is hope for Greenland. In their original savage state the inhabitants were abjectly miserable, and practised many repulsive customs; but after conversion they are affectionate, grateful, and contented. The church in Greenland seldom attracts any particular notice in our comfortable clime; yet as belonging to the same fold and the same Shepherd as ourselves, our brethren of the frigid zone deserve our sympathy and countenance.

G. H. P.

God's Work in the Army One Hundred and Thirty Years ago.

WE have been so greatly interested in reading "The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers," published in six volumes by the Wesleyan Conference, that we cannot persuade ourselves to refrain from quotation. Though well known among Wesleyans, we believe that these lives will be as new to most of our readers as they were to us. Our extract is from the life of Mr. John Haime, a soldier of King George, but far more a soldier of Christ. The scene of his gallant labours for the Lord was the English army in the Netherlands:—

After a long and tiresome march, we arrived at Dettingen. Here we lay in camp for some time, very near the French; only the river Mayne ran between us. June 16th, I was ordered out on the grand guard with all expedition. When we came to the place appointed, I saw many of the French army marching on the other side of the river. It was not long before I heard the report of a French cannon. I said, "We shall have a battle to-day;" but my comrades did not believe me. Presently I heard another, and then a third: the ball came along by us. Many of the French had crossed the river, and many more were in full march towards it. We had orders to return with all speed. The firing increased very fast: and several were killed, or wounded; some by the cannon-balls, some by the limbs of the trees which the balls cut off. Meantime we marched on one side of the river; part of the French army on the other. The battle was soon joined with small arms as well as cannon, on both sides. It was very bloody: thousands, on each side, were sent to their long home. I had no sooner joined the regiment than my left-hand man was shot dead. I cried to God, and said, "In Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded." My heart was filled with love, peace, and joy, more than tongue can express. I was in a new world. I could truly say, "Unto you that believe He is precious." I stood the fire of the enemy seven hours. And when the battle was over, I was sent out with a party of men to find the baggage-wagons, but returned without success. In the meanwhile the army was gone, and I knew not which way. I went to the field where the battle was fought, but such a scene of of human misery did I never behold! It was enough to melt the most obdurate heart. I knew not now which way to take, being afraid of falling into the hands of the enemy. But as it began to rain hard, I set out, though not knowing where to go; till hearing the beat of the drum, I went towards it, and soon rejoined the army. But I could not find the tent which I belonged to, nor persuade them to take me in at any other. So, being very wet and much fatigued, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and lay down and fell asleep. And though it still rained upon me, and the water ran under me, I had as sweet a night's rest as ever I had in my life.

We had now to return from Germany to Flanders, to take up our winter-quarters. In our march, we were some time near the river Mayne. Twenty miles from the field of battle, we saw the dead men

lie in the river, and on the bank, as dung upon the earth. Many of the French, attempting to pass the river after we had broken down the bridge, were drowned, and many cast upon the banks, where there was none to bury them.

Being in Ghent, I went one Sunday morning to the English church at the usual time. But neither minister nor people came. As I was walking in the church, two men belonging to the train came in, John Evans and Pitman Stag. One of them said, "The people are long in coming." I said, "Yet they think, however they live, of going to heaven when they die. But most of them, I fear, will be sadly disappointed." They stared at me, and asked me what I meant. I told them, "Nothing unholy can dwell with a holy God." We had a little more talk, and appointed to meet in the evening. I found John Evans a strict Pharisee, "doing justly, and loving mercy," but knowing nothing of "walking humbly with his God." But the cry of Pitman Stag was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" We took a room without delay, and met every night to pray and read the holy Scriptures. In a little time we were as speckled birds, as "men wondered at." But some began to listen under the window, and soon after desired to meet with us. Our meetings were soon sweeter than our food; and I found therein such an enlargement of soul, and such an increase of spiritual knowledge, that I resolved to go on, come life or come death.

We had now twelve joined together, several of whom had already found peace with God: the others were earnestly following after it; and it was not long before they attained. Hereby new love and zeal were kindled in us all; and although Satan assaulted us various ways, yet were we enabled to discern all his wiles, and to withstand all his power. Several of them are now safely landed on the blissful shore of a glorious immortality; where, as a weather-beaten bark, worn out with storms, may I, at last, happily arrive, and find the children whom God has been graciously pleased to give me through the word of his power.

One night after our meeting, I told the people we should have the room full before we left the city. We soon increased to about twenty members; and love increased so, that shame and fear vanished away. Our singing was heard afar off, and we regarded not those who made no account of our labours. Such was the increase of our faith, love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, that we had no barren meetings. Such was our love to each other, that even the sight of each other filled our hearts with divine consolation. And as love increased among us, so did convictions among others; and in a little time we had a large society. So that now (as I had told them before) the room was too small to hold the people.

May 1st, 1744, we marched from Ghent, and encamped near Brussels. Our camp lay to the side of a hill: we set up our standing on a hill just opposite. We were easily heard by the soldiers in the camp; who soon began to "fly as a cloud, and as doves to the windows." Here I gathered together my scattered sheep and lambs. They were the joy of my heart; and I trust to find them again among that "great multitude that no man can number." O what a work did God put into my hands! And who is sufficient for these things? But God had given

me such a faith, that had I continued steadfast in the grace of God, neither things present, nor things to come, nor any creature, could have hindered my growing in the knowledge of Jesus Christ unto my dying hour.

I took great delight in the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews. I read it over and over, and prayed much for faith. This was first in the day, and last at night, in my mind; and I had no more doubt of the promises contained therein, than if God had called to me from heaven, and said, "This is My word, and it shall stand for ever." When I began preaching, I did not understand one text in the Bible, so as to speak from it in (what is called) a regular manner; yet I never wanted either matter or words. So hath God, in all ages, "chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." I usually had a thousand hearers, officers, common soldiers, and others. Was there ever so great a work before, in so abandoned an army? But we can only say, there is nothing too hard for God! He worketh what, and by whom, he pleaseth.

I was now put to a stand. I had so much duty to do, the society to take care of, and to preach four or five times a day, that it was more than I could well perform. But God soon took care for this also. I looked for no favour from man: I wanted nothing from man: I feared nothing: God did so increase my love and zeal. Light and heat filled my soul, and it was my meat and drink to do the will of my heavenly Father. I cried earnestly to Him to clear my way and remove all hindrances. Glory be to his name! He did so: for two years after this time I was entirely at my liberty. I found means of hiring others to do my duty, which proved an unspeakable advantage. The work was great before; but we soon found a greater increase of it than ever. If Christianity consist in love and obedience to God, and love to all men, friends and enemies, we had now got a Christian society: we had the good land in possession. But this was not enough: still there was an earnest cry in our souls for all the mind that was in Christ, as there was in David for "the water of the well at Bethlehem."

Our general method was, as soon as we were settled in any camp, to build a tabernacle, containing two, three, or four rooms, as we saw convenient. One day three officers came to see our chapel, as they called it. They asked many questions: one in particular asked me what I preached. I answered, "I preach against swearing, whoring, and drunkenness; and exhort men to repent of all their sins, that they may not perish." He began swearing horribly, and said, if it were in his power, he would have me whipped to death. I told him, "Sir, you have a commission over men; but I have a commission from God to tell you, you must either repent of your sins, or perish everlastingly." He went away, and I went on, being never better than when I was preaching or at prayer. For the Lord gave such a blessing to His word, that I thought every discourse lost, under which no one was either convinced or converted to God.

We had now three hundred in the society, and six preachers, besides myself. It was, therefore, no wonder that many of the officers and chaplains endeavoured to stop the work. But it was altogether lost labour. He that sitteth in heaven laughed them to scorn. And I

doubt not but He would have given me strength to suffer death, rather than have given them up.

It was reported by many that I was utterly distracted. Others endeavoured to incense the field-marshal against me. I was examined several times; but, blessed be God! He stood by me, and encouraged me to go on, to speak, and not to hold my peace; neither did He suffer any man to set upon me to hurt me. And so great were my love and and joy in believing, that they carried me above all these things which would otherwise have been grievous to flesh and blood; so that all was pleasant to me—

> "The winter's night and summer's day,
> Fled imperceptibly away."

I frequently walked between twenty and thirty miles a day; and preached five-and-thirty times in the space of seven days. So great was my love to God, and to the souls which He had purchased with His own blood. Many times I have forgotten to take my refreshment for ten hours together. I had at this time three armies against me: the French army, the wicked English army, and an army of devils. But I feared them not; for my life was hid with Christ in God. He supported me through all: and I trust He will be my God and my guide even unto death.

While the work of God thus flourished among the English, He visited also the Hanoverian army. A few of them began to meet together, and their number increased daily. But they were quickly ordered to meet no more. They were very unwilling to desist. But some of them being severely punished, the rest did not dare to disobey. It is clear the devil and the world will suffer any man to be anything but a real Christian.

My present comrade was an extremely wicked man. He came home one day, cursing and swearing, that he had lost his money. He searched for it, and, after some time, found it. He threw it on the table, and said, "There is my ducat; but no thanks to God, any more than to the devil." I wrote down the words, and complained to our commanding officer. After a few days he was tried by a court martial. The officer asked what I had to say against him. I gave him the words in writing. When he had read them, he asked me if I were not ashamed to take account of such a matter as this. I answered, "No, sir: if I had heard such words spoken against His Majesty King George, would not you have counted me a villain if I had concealed them?" His mouth was stopped, and the man cried for pardon! The captain told him he was worthy of death by the law of God and man; and asked me what I desired to have done. I answered, I desired only to be parted from him, and I hoped he would repent. Orders were given that we should be parted. This also was matter of great thankfulness.

From camp we removed to our winter-quarters at Bruges. Here we had a lively society; but our preaching room was far too small to contain the congregation. There was a very spacious place appointed for the public worship, called the English church. General Sinclair was now our commanding officer. I went to his house, and begged to have leave to speak to him. He told me if I had business with him, I

should have sent my captain, and not come to him myself. I told him, I had the liberty of speaking to the Duke of Cumberland. He then asked me what I wanted. I said, "Please your honour, I come to beg a great favour: that I may have the use of the English church to pray in, and exhort my comrades to flee from the wrath to come." He was very angry, and told me I should not preach or pray anywhere but in the barracks. He asked, "But how came you to preach?" I said, "The Spirit of God constrains me to call my fellow-sinners to repentance." He said, "Then you must restrain that Spirit." I told him, "I would die first." He said, "You are in my hand," and turned away in a great rage.

I cried to the Lord for more faith, that I might never deny Him, whatsoever I was called to suffer, but might own Him before men and devils; and very soon after, God removed this hindrance out of the way: General Sinclair was removed from Bruges, and General Ponsonby took his place. I went to his house, and was without difficulty admitted to his presence. Upon his asking what I wanted, I said, "I come to beg your honour will grant us the use of the English church, that we may meet together and worship God." He asked, "What religion are you of?" I answered, "Of the Church of England." "Then," said he, "you shall have it." I went to the clerk for the keys; but he said the chaplains forbade it, and I should not have them. The general then gave me an order under his own hand, so that they were delivered. I fixed up advertisements in several parts of the town, —"Preaching every day, at two o'clock, in the English church." And we had every day a numerous congregation, both of soldiers and townsfolk.

We had some good singers among us, and one in particular, who was master of music. It pleased God to make this one great means of a drawing many to hear the word. One Sunday, the clerk gave out a psalm: it was sung in a hymn tune; and sung so well, that the officers and their wives were quite delighted with it. The society then agreed to go all together to church every Sunday. On the next Sunday we began; and when the clerk gave out the first line of the psalm, one of us set the tune, and the rest followed him. It was a resemblance of heaven upon earth. Such a company of Christian soldiers, singing together with the spirit and the understanding also, gave such a life to the ordinance, that none but the most vicious and abandoned could remain entirely unaffected.

The spring following, we took the field again: and on May 11th, 1745, we had a full trial of our faith at Fontenoy. Some days before, one of our brethren, standing at his tent-door, broke out into raptures of joy, knowing his departure was at hand; and, when he went into the field of battle, declared, "I am going to rest in the bosom of Jesus." Indeed, this day God was pleased to prove our little flock, and to show them His mighty power. They showed such courage and boldness in the fight as made the officers, as well as soldiers, amazed. When wounded, some cried out, "I am going to my Beloved." Others, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" And many that were not wounded earnestly desired "to be dissolved and to be with Christ." When W. Clements had his arm broken by a musket-ball, they would have carried him out

of the battle; but he said, "No; I have an arm left to hold my sword; I will not go yet." When a second shot broke his other arm, he said, "I am happy as I can be out of paradise." John Evans, having both his legs taken off by a cannon-ball, was laid across a cannon to die: where as long as he could speak, he was praising God with joyful lips.

For my own part, I stood the hottest fire of the enemy for about seven hours. But I told my comrades, "The French have no ball made that will kill me this day." After about seven hours, a cannon-ball killed my horse under me. An officer cried out aloud, "Haime, where is your God now?" I answered, "Sir, He is here with me; and He will bring me out of this battle." Presently a cannon-ball took off his head. My horse fell upon me, and some cried out, "Haime is gone!" But I replied, "He is not gone yet." I soon disengaged myself, and walked on, praising God. I was exposed both to the enemy and to our own horse: but that did not discourage me at all; for I knew the God of Jacob was with me. I had a long way to go through all our horse, the balls flying on every side. And all the way lay multitudes bleeding, groaning, or just dead. Surely I was as in the fiery furnace; but it did not singe a hair of my head. The hotter the battle grew, the more strength was given me: I was as full of joy as I could contain. As I was quitting the field, I met one of our brethren with a little dish in his hand, seeking water. I did not know him at first, being covered with blood. He smiled, and said, "Brother Haime, I have got a sore wound." I asked, "Have you got Christ in your heart?" He said, "I have, and I have had Him all this day. I have seen many good and glorious days, with much of God; but I never saw more of it than this day. Glory be to God for all his mercies!" Among the dead there were great plenty of watches, and of gold and silver. One asked me, "Will not you get something?" I answered, "No; I have got Christ. I will have no plunder."

New York Waifs and Strays.*

WHAT plan of action will best ensure that our dangerous classes shall be reclaimed and transformed into useful members of society? How shall we utilize for purposes of good what is now depraved and corrupt? What processes of purification have we within our reach? These questions concern not only Christians, they are of moment to all social economists, who desire to preserve intact the safeguards of civilisation against the powers of evil—against those existing forces which, though now lying dormant could, if awakened and united, speedily lay waste many cherished monuments of this cultured and wealthy age.

Only endeavour to imagine the moral condition of our own great capital. Though, doubtless, yielding in a measure to the mighty efforts put forth for its renovation, London is still the feeder of a stream of

* The Dangerous Classes of New York, and Twenty Years' Work among them. By Charles Loring Brace. (New York: Wynkoop and Hallenbeck. 1872.)

vice and crime, broad enough and deep enough to inspire our philanthropists with anguish or even with alarm. The combustibles of human depravity hidden in the slums of Paris have more than once ignited, and in their explosion have carried desolation and death into what were but a few hours before, peaceful streets, alive with industry or gay with scenes of pleasure. Therefore is it that experience teaches us the wisdom of exercising a becoming vigilance over what are justly styled the dangerous classes. The outbreaks in Paris of revolutionary mobs are matters of history: the sorrows of London are before our eyes; and now an author comes forward to affirm that New York is cursed with plague-spots which have "the unhappy fame of containing more human beings packed to the square yard, and stained with more acts of blood and riot, within a given period, than is true of any other equal space of earth in the civilized world!"

New York has peculiarities which need not be mentioned—traits of national character not common to great cities of the Old world. From her insular situation have arisen some evils, not the least being the excessive crowding to which the poor are subjected. We are told of a close packing together of human beings exceeding what can be witnessed even in London: and a prolific source of crime and immorality is the practice of men, women, and children, herding in rookeries where pigs would sicken and die.

Happily New York is well served by earnest philanthropists and charitable societies; but the authorities have yet to learn something from our own sanitary measures, and from such little concessions to the poor as the English institution of workmen's trains. The city, it is true, is exposed in an exceptional manner to many adverse influences. It is a central receptacle for the offscourings of society in other countries, and the contaminating mass, working like an evil leaven corrupts and then destroys what is pure and good. New countries have to contend against special disadvantages. Persons resorting to them may lapse into criminals, or into a lower condition of life than they have been accustomed to lead at home, because moral restraint grows weaker when temptations become more numerous. Among the crowds who seek homes on the American shores, ignorance asserts her ascendancy in an alarming degree; and about a third part of the criminal population are unable either to read or write! Another source of evil in New York has been bad local government. Frauds and official robbery have become rampant as they could not have become in any other place, and not a small share of the penalties thus entailed on the community come home to the poor. It is also observable in new, rich and rapidly rising communities that an impatience to be rich settles down on all classes of the industrial population. We hear about the "increasing aversion of American children, whether poor or rich, to learn anything thoroughly; the boys of the street, like those of our merchants, preferring to make fortunes by lucky and sudden 'turns,' rather than by patient and steady industry."

Mr. Brace, whose long experience in Christian labour among the degraded classes renders him an authority in many departments of philanthropy, offers some pertinent remarks on the relationship existing between crime and excessive drinking. Like other far-sighted friends

of true temperance, he does not hope to abolish drunkenness by sweeping acts of Congress, but would have light wines supersede the strong and harmful drinks which are too much appreciated by Americans as well as English. However beneficial the adoption of the temperance pledge may prove in numbers of instances, we may believe that Christianity rather than teetolalism is the only cure for what has become a national sin.

It was in 1852 that Mr. Brace and others banded themselves together as labourers in the work of rescuing the vagrant children of New York. These it was proposed to Christianise prior to making endeavours to raise them socially by providing them honourable situations in commercial houses, or by the preferable procedure of removing them into the country and settling them on the land. Said the introductory circular :

"As means shall come in it is designed to district the city, so that hereafter every ward may have its agent who may be a friend to the vagrant child. 'Boys' Sunday Meetings' have already been formed, which we hope to see extended until every quarter has its place of preaching to boys. With these we intend to connect 'Industrial Schools,' where the great temptations to this class arising from want of work may be removed, and where they can learn an honest trade. Arrangements have been made with manufacturers, by which, if we have the requisite funds to begin, five hundred boys in different localities can be supplied with paying work. We hope to especially be the means of draining the city of these children, by communicating with farmers, manufacturers, or families in the country, who may have need of such for employment. When homeless boys are found by our agents we mean to get them homes in the families of respectable needy persons in the city, and put them in the way of an honest living. We desire, in a word, to bring humane and kindly influences to bear on this forsaken class—to preach in various modes the gospel of Christ to the vagrant children of New York."

Such a society was not likely to die for want of subjects on whom to exercise its charity. Like all great cities, New York has to bewail the existence of notoriously wicked localities, and to these the agents at once directed their attention. In one quarter was found a colony of depraved Germans, called the Rag-Pickers' Den, where "the houses were flaunting with dirty banners," and the yards in the rear were "heaped up with refuse." In another direction was a similar settlement, where even little children were vicious. Nor were lodging-houses for professional thieves wanting. Through one street where rogues fraternised, it was currently believed that droves of cattle could not pass without one or more of the animals being stolen! Other plague-spots existed where human depravity, native and imported, reigned and rioted.

The reclamation of street-boys was begun with an earnest faith which promised good results. It was found that a certain amount of tact and circumspection was needed ; for New York Arabs, like their counterparts in London, are not without a sense of independence. They relish what they pay for far better than if the same were gratuitously bestowed ; and hence, it is always judicious to cherish the faintest spark of self-respect. Helping the poor to help themselves is the truest charity. Judicious assistance has often ennobled, while mere almsgiving has

only fostered vagrancy. These considerations were well understood by those who in 1854 begun collecting funds for a Boys' Lodging-house. Difficulties and discouragements sprang up apace; but they yielded to the perseverance and enthusiasm of Christian enterprise, *e. g.*:

"An excellent superintendent was found in the person of a carpenter, Mr. C. C. Tracy, who showed remarkable ingenuity and tact in the management of these wild lads. These little subjects regarded the first arrangements with some suspicion and some contempt. To find a good bed offered them for six cents, with a bath thrown in, and a supper for four cents, was a hard fact, which they could rest upon and understand; but the motive was evidently 'gaseous.' There was 'no money in it'—that was clear. The superintendent was probably 'a street preacher,' and this was a trap to get them to Sunday-schools, and so prepare them for the House of Refuge. Still they might have 'a lark' there, and it would be no worse than 'bumming,' *i.e.*, sleeping out. They laid their plans for a general scrimmage in the school-room—first cutting off the gas, and then a row in the bed-room. The superintendent, however, in a bland and benevolent way, nipped their plans in the bud. The gas-pipes were guarded; the rough ringleaders were politely dismissed to the lower door, where an officer looked after their welfare; and when the first boots began to fly from a little fellow's bed he found himself suddenly walked out by a gentle but muscular hand, and left in the cold to shiver over his folly. The others began to feel that a mysterious authority was getting even with them, and thought it better to nestle in their warm beds. Little sleeping, however, was there among them that night; but ejaculations sounded out—such as 'I say, Jim, this is raythor better 'an bummin'—eh?' 'My eyes what soft beds these is!' 'Tom! its 'most as good as a steam gratin', and there aint no M. P.'s to poke neither.' 'I'm glad I aint a bummer to-night!' A good wash and a breakfast sent the lodgers forth in the morning, happier and cleaner, if not better, than when they went in. This night's success established its popularity with the newsboys. The 'Fulton Lodge' soon became a boys' hotel, and one loft was known among them as the 'Astor House.' Quietly and judiciously did Mr. Tracy advance his work among them. 'Boys,' said he one morning, 'there was a gentleman here this morning, who wanted a boy in an office, at three dollars a week.' 'My eyes! Let *me* go sir!' 'And—*me*, sir!' 'But he wanted a boy who could write a good hand.' Their countenances fell. 'Well, now, suppose we have a night-school, and learn to write—what do you say boys?' 'Agreed, sir.' And so arose our evening school."

This institution was soon supplemented by a savings'-bank and Sunday-school, and now the boys who are benefited by passing through its doors number several thousands annually. The large sums saved to the community by preventive agencies like these cannot be calculated; and, for such reasons, many of the truly wise cheerfully subscribe the necessary means for carrying on the work, though a large proportion of the current expenses is provided by the boys themselves.

But while making praiseworthy efforts on behalf of boys, girls were not overlooked. Tender hearts were drawn towards the crowds of little slatterns, who shoeless and ragged roamed about the chosen haunts of vice and typhus, and a scheme was matured which should first rescue and then raise them to happiness and usefulness. The plan adopted was similar to what others are carrying out in London. A ragged-school, served both by paid and voluntary teachers, was organised, many of the best families in the city not only sending in subscriptions but entering into the work with heart and hand.

It needed no sagacious foresight to perceive that work so auspiciously inaugurated would prosper under the blessing of heaven, though the harvest reaped in good effected and in evil prevented probably exceeded the expectations of the modest evangelists. They read a lesson which many could learn with profit—to expect as well as to pray for great things. It was not long before an agency was in action which brought hundreds of children under a Christian discipline prior to placing them out in respectable situations—children who otherwise would have grown up into moral pests by sinking to the lowest condition to which women can descend. Though hard-working enthusiastic Christians were at work they became surprised at their own success. Wonderful did it appear when surely and rapidly, by the favour of God, the good seed of truth took root in rough wild natures, or in the hearts of street rovers who already betrayed the impatient American temperament. Ragged-school work is doubtless fraught with discouragement, besides being in a measure unpleasant; but, is it not a fact that little girls, however unfavourable their surroundings, are often peculiarly susceptible of good impressions? When separated from wicked homes and abandoned companions of their own age, they are easily moulded into reformed or even attractive characters. Very cheering is the testimony which comes from New York: "Though living in the same houses with the gay dance-salooners, they (the scholars) had no desire for the company of these bold girls, or to earn their living in this idle and shameful manner. They felt the disgrace of the abandoned life around them, and were soon above it. Though almost invariably the children of drunkards, they did not inherit the appetites of their mothers, or if they did, their new training substituted higher and stronger desires."

Schools of a similar character were also provided for the poor children of the German population. Here the results were quite as encouraging as in other departments, the numbers rescued from lairs of vice and careers of life-long depredation having been very large. Total failures, though necessarily occurring, were few, for out of two thousand scholars, who from time to time were subjected to the Christian and industrial discipline, only five were known to relapse into vicious courses.

What will be their future? the Christian moralist asks himself as he looks over the classes of a ragged-school. In a new country like America there is more likelihood of Romance being mixed up with the fortunes of a street waif than there can be in our older established and perhaps more prosaic England.

"A few years ago (says Mr. Brace) I remember an old shanty on 'Dutch-hill,' where a wretched-looking man lived with his pigs and goats, called K——. He was considered a bad man even among his bad neighbours, and the story of him was, (I do not know how true), that he had committed murder, and had escaped the law by some legal quibble. He was a swill-gatherer, and had two little bright-eyed daughters to assist him at home. These came to our Fortieth-street school. They improved very fast, and one used to attract much attention from the ladies by her pretty face and intelligent answers. Nellie finally left the school, and was sent by us to the West. She improved much there, and, after some time spent in different families, came back to the city, where she became 'an operator' on the sewing machine. While at this business and living in a respectable boarding-house, she attracted the attention of a gentleman

of some means and position, much older than herself, who at length offered himself to her in marriage. She declined on the ground that she was so much inferior in position to him, and that his family would object. He insisted, and declared that he wished to please himself, not his family, and they were married. He took his wife away to a foreign country, where his business lay, and there she has been a number of years, gradually improving in manners, taste, and education, living like a lady of fortune, with her maid and carriage, and making herself, in every way, a most suitable wife for one who had been so much above her. We had often heard of her good fortune. But during our Christmas festival at the East-river school, she herself came in to see it again and thank those who had been so kind to her. We all knew her at once; and yet she was so changed—a pretty, tasteful-looking young lady, with a graceful manner and a Spanish accent now—all the old stamp of 'Dutch-hill' quite gone, even the brogue lost, and replaced by foreign intonations. She was perfectly simple and unaffected, and thanked us all for our former kindness with the utmost heartiness; and told her story very simply, and how anxious she still was to improve her education, seemingly not ashamed of her poor origin. It is a pleasant circumstance that she has taken out her beloved teacher, Mrs. Hurley, a number of times to drive in her carriage."

Parents among the very poor in New York, however, are far from being all vicious like the denizens of "Rag Pickers' Den" or the mysterious swill-gatherer. The Capital of the New World shelters many who are able to show surpassing examples of faith and patient endurance. One sempstress, after being deserted by a worthless husband, toiled for the support of her little household until overtaken by the weakness of approaching death. Amid the frost and snow of the fierce American winter she used to go forth to a store to fetch bundles of shirts, and on returning, perhaps wet and exhausted, would still toil at the sewing until the small hours of morning, and until the blood which came from her lungs spoke of overtaxed strength. This was all done out of love to her children, two of whom sickened and died only a little time before the mother herself lay upon the bed of death. Her bearing in what appeared a forlorn condition, drew tears of delight from beholders; for the poor needlewoman presented a rare example of simple and rejoicing faith. She spoke of her youth—of its sunny days, and of how differently the world had turned out to the promises of early life. Like a fatigued traveller she lay resting at the end of the mortal journey with such songs in her mouth, as—

> "Oh how glad I am to die;
> His rod and His staff they comfort me."

In addition to other foreign colonists New York has a number of Italian musicians at Five Points, and to the juveniles of this settlement the attention of the Children's Aid Society was attracted in 1855. The Italians lived in crazy shanties and were the subjects of filth and ignorance, though they were not cursed by the more flagrant sins of great cities. Their heaviest misfortune consisted in living from year to year unnoticed by the charitable and unreached by any Christian agency. This school, when opened, was vehemently denounced by the Romanists until their opposition opportunely ceased. A priest, after projecting a counter-scheme in the interest of popery, suddenly decamped to Italy with the funds he had collected.

The good results of this school soon made themselves manifest. Unwashed little faces which hitherto had usually come in contact with soap-and-water only once a week suddenly brightened into cleanliness, if not into intelligence. Sanitary reforms will always appear in the wake of Christianity; for when in due time these children married and had families of their own, their homes appeared as oases in the squalor and misery which abounded in their vicinity. Many who were thus rescued went abroad into the States to occupy useful positions in various trades and professions, while others returned to their native Italy.

Efforts made on behalf of foreigners proper, however, constituted but a small part of the aggressive work carried on by what may be called the American Ragged School Union. The crowds of uncared for children belonging to the native poor in general were the Society's chosen constituents. Then having carried on their operations to a certain stage the difficult problem awaited solution,—What shall be done with those whom instruction and discipline have reclaimed for honest labour? In common with other great centres of industrial life New York was over-crowded, and therefore it was not to be expected that suitable openings could be found for an army of Arabs amid the keen competition of an over-stocked labour market. A rich, and judged by its productiveness, an almost limitless country lay Westward. The country was fine and inviting; yet probably it was with some misgivings that the question was asked, might the children be sent thither? What? Collect Arabs from the polluted recesses of the capital and scatter them among the untainted rural populace? Would not the farmers resist, and all honest people declaim against their districts being contaminated by a tide of juvenile depravity? These might be valid objections; but compelled by necessity the committee looked hopefully towards those Western farmers to whom "it is of the utmost importance to train up children who shall aid in their work, and be associates of their own children. A servant who is nothing but a servant, would be with them disagreeable and inconvenient. They like to educate their own 'help.' With their overflowing supply of food also, each new mouth in the household brings no drain on their means. Children are a blessing, and the mere feeding of a boy or girl is not considered at all."

The resolution to try the West having been formed, advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, when it was immediately found that in the far-away rural districts openings really did exist for the willing hands who were waiting to fill them. Hundreds of letters came to hand asking for children such as those described; and though certain fastidious employers could not always be supplied with auburn-haired, blue-eyed maidens, nor with well-shaped, strong-limbed, intellectual boys, such as they desired, they were commonly satisfied in the end, *e.g.*:

"The effort to place the city children of the street in country families revealed a spirit of humanity and kindness, throughout the rural districts, which was truly delightful to see. People bore with these children of poverty, sometimes, as they did not with their own. There was—and not in one or two families alone—a sublime spirit of patience exhibited towards these unfortunate little creatures, a bearing with defects and inherited evils, a forgiving over and over again of sins and wrongs, which showed how deep a hold the spirit of

Christ had taken of many of our countrywomen. . . . . We formed little companies of emigrants, and after thoroughly cleansing and clothing them, put them under a competent agent, and, first selecting a village where there was a call or opening for such a party, we despatched them to the place. The farming community having been duly notified, there was usually a dense crowd of people at the station awaiting the arrival of the youthful travellers. The sight of the little company of the children of misfortune always touched the hearts of a population naturally generous. They were soon billeted around among the citizens, and the following day a public meeting was called in the church or town-hall, and a committee appointed of leading citizens. The agent then addressed the assembly, stating the benevolent objects of the Society, and something of the history of the children. The sight of their worn faces was a most pathetic enforcement of his arguments. People who were childless came forward to adopt children; others, who had not intended to take any into their families, were induced to apply for them; and many who really wanted the children's labour pressed forward to obtain it."

Very effective in producing the best results was the system of first educating and then removing vagrant children into spheres where their labour was valuable. It is said that the agency might even be extended until it superseded all the orphanages in New York, for eligible situations can readily be found for five thousand children annually. The demand for strong active boys is virtually unlimited, though in the first instance the farmers were not entirely free from misgivings. One asked, "'Won't the boys run away?' 'Did you ever see a cow run away from a hay-stack?' was Mr. Tracy's rejoinder. 'Treat him well and he'll be sure to stay.' And the bland and benevolent manner in which he would reply to an irritated employer, who came back to report that the 'New York boy' had knocked over the milk-pail, and pelted the best cow, and let the cattle in the corn, and left the young turkeys in the rain, &c., &c., was delightful to behold. 'My dear friend, can you expect boys to be perfect at once? Did'nt you ever pelt the cattle when you were a boy?'"

In the course of all these endeavours among the roughs of New York the experiment was tried of providing free news-rooms for the working-classes—rooms where light refreshments could be had, but no intoxicants. This did not at once succeed; for though comfortable well-supplied apartments were secured, the institution had to be regarded as a failure, and was therefore closed. Subsequently, the scheme was revived, and the superintendence was intrusted to a man who had been a celebrated prize-fighter and notorious profligate. It may not often be well for such characters to fill places of publicity and trust; but this man's conversion was so sincere that his may be spoken of as an exceptional case. Under his care the free news rooms were blessed with much success, and hundreds of persons of the classes intended to be benefited, found good by coming into contact with the converted pugilist. Eventually, the superintendent was compelled by circumstances to relinquish his situation, and the rooms were closed, though others of a similar character were opened in different parts of the city.

Another important branch of work undertaken consisted in offering help and encouragement to such friendless and homeless girls as had not wilfully strayed from virtue, and were under eighteen years of age.

A kind of lodging-house was opened, the accommodation of which the inmates paid for, or received gratuitously according to their condition. The subjects especially sought were the unfortunate and destitute rather than the vicious, though some who were actually fallen found their way into the institution.

"The plan seemed at once to reach its objects: the doors opened on a forlorn procession of unfortunates. Girls broke out of houses of vice, where they had been entrapped, leaving every article of dress, except what they wore, behind them; the police brought wretched young wanderers, who had slept on the station floors; the daughters of decent country people, who had come to the town for amusement or employment, and, losing or wasting their means, had walked the streets all the night long, applied for shelter; orphans, selling flowers, or pedling about the theatres; the children of drunkards; the unhappy daughters of families where quarrelling and abuse were the rule; girls who had run away; girls who had been driven away; girls who sought a respite in intervals of vice,—all this most unfortunate throng began to beset the doors of the Girls' Lodging House."

Having reached the classes intended to be benefited, and in regard to admission, having drawn the line where prudence dictated, another grateful harvest of good results was reaped. The gospel knowledge imparted was supplemented by instructions in housewifery and other useful arts. Then, as they became competent, or as situations opened for their reception, these girls, in many instances picked up from the streets, were made comparatively happy for life, and became a blessing instead of a curse to their generation.

Occasionally some real romance enters into the history of these young creatures; for an old scholar has reappeared as a lady staying with her husband at a leading hotel; and naturally she would call at the institution and tell her experience since leaving the friends by whom she was first put in the way of prosperity.

In ten years many thousands of girls passed through the lodging-house, not a few of whom must have been benefited. "Among this number there are many cosily sitting by their own hearth-stones; others are filling positions of usefulness and trust in families and stores; some have been adopted in distant towns, where they fill a daughter's place; and some have gone to return no more. A large number we cannot trace. During this period, three thousand one hundred and one have found employment and gone to situations, or returned to friends. Fifteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine garments have been cut and made, and distributed among the poor, or used as outfits in sending companies west."

Some worthy success was also achieved in a quarter of the city where the youthful population were exceptionally bad, the boys in particular, becoming a terror to peace-loving people, and known to the police as street-rats. Notorious robberies, and even murders, were committed by characters known as "the nineteenth street gang." In this department the work of the evangelist was uphill indeed, and might have been relinquished in despair, on account of the apparent impossibility of producing any good impressions. Yet faith and perseverance were rewarded, when boys, who seemed incorrigible up to the time of going Westward, were led to see the error of their ways, to repent and to reform.

Thus numbers of schools were established in different parts of New York, and each drawing its constituents from slums and rookeries, drafted them off into the labour market of the rural districts. It is cheering to see that our transatlantic friends are not sufficiently engrossed with dollar-earning to become blind to the evils springing from ignorance. So far from being indifferent to the alarming dangers which threaten large empires, when the vicious and ignorant are allowed to multiply and to attract whatever is impure and criminal, the Americans are as ready as ourselves to support any agency which Christian philanthropists may propose for lessening sin and misery. It is well it is so; for in the United States there are five millions of persons over ten years of age who are unable to write, and of this demoralized and demoralizing crowd New York has an undue proportion. "The demagogues of this city would never have won their amazing power but for those sixty thousand persons who never read or write," says Mr. Brace; "It is this class and their associates who made these politicians what they are."

Americans who are working heartily in that noblest of callings—the carrying of the gospel to the very poor, are setting an example which we, on this side of the Atlantic are glad to hear about, and by which we hope to profit. Such a record as the one written by Mr. Brace, as well as the Reports issued by our own Ragged-school Union should teach the kind-hearted among us in what true charity consists. Such reports loudly condemn street almsgiving. Experience has shown that charity may commit mistakes. While hoping that she is relieving the necessitous she may really only be encouraging the idle and vicious. Indiscriminate almsgiving becomes a national moral curse, for it overlooks the poor, who will not parade their poverty, and it encourages the unprincipled, who by cunning and deception gain liberal incomes, and too often live comparatively luxurious lives. Let us be discreet even in our philanthropy. We work in vain if we do not foster self-respect and independence in the poor, by teaching them to help themselves in the true spirit of Christianity.

A Welsh "Sassiwn."

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE stately old town of Carnarvon, visited by tourists in North Wales mainly to gaze with pleasure and astonishment at the noble ruins of the historic castle—(the first Edward's castle, birth-place of the first Saxon Prince of Wales, won and lost and lost and won during the wars of the Roses, and sharing a like fate in the conflict between Charles I. and a liberty-loving people, and afterwards dismantled)—was for nearly one whole week in the month of August, 1872, possessed in a peaceful but complete manner by a band of Welsh Calvinistic Methodists that grew to nearly twenty thousand strong—some said more, some less. Such a crowd might in England be gathered to witness a race, or to patronise a low fair in which stimulants, largely drunk, might

create a lively emulation in foolery and rowdyism. But the mild dissipation of hastily-digested sermons succeeding each other with a rapidity requiring a theological Hercules to sustain, was the only attraction to the large numbers that poured into the town from villages and hamlets miles around. English visitors to the neighbourhood might well enquire with some astonishment what this extensive pedestrianism meant, and a little intelligent use of the tongue might have elicited much information calculated both to amuse and instruct. One good old Welsh soul who had lived in a village not very far from that charming haunt of jaded brains and busy landscape painters, Bettws-y-Coed, had never travelled far beyond the scene of her birth, marriage, re-marriage, and other and many domestic incidents, but she would not miss the "Sassiwn." All through one part of the journey, which by a visitor's considerate thought, was performed less tiringly than was originally devised, the gossip talked familiarly of the residents of every house and villa and mansion that was passed—giving details painfully minute of how the money was won, the property bought, or held, with sundry uneventful events and ordinary domestic incidents of each family and family's family. The receptive brain well stored with this lumber of the memory of men and things in a number of the parishes passed *en route*, came to a dead halt a little further on, and the confession was practically made that here was the end of all her knowledge, and now she was indeed in a foreign land, although not many miles away from home. The old dame had evidently earned a well-deserved popularity in her native district, and the recognitions she received and the greetings offered on the road, were the best proof of this; although if she knew much of everybody's affairs, everybody knew much of hers, so that both parties were doubtless quits.

A pleasant thing it ever seems to see a labouring man in a suit of black. If the cut be inartistic and the manner awkward, through the tailor having learnt his art from an inapt sackmaker, it is comforting to know that the luxury of "Sunday black" can be indulged in by the working poor. Some day, when farmers are more enlightened and less burdened, and some small share in agricultural profits is given according to the plan just proposed by Mr. Brand, the Speaker of the House of Commons—and some such plan must one day be adopted—we may live to see agricultural labourers dressed in the recognised Sunday attire. These stalwart looking Welsh miners who are on this "Association" day airing their best black, present a scene worth witnessing. You may see them leaving the slate quarries at Llanberis, as clean in person and attire as if instead of blasting and carting they had quitted some extensive flour mills. Now, however, their white jackets and trousers are dispensed with, they are at a loss to know what to do with their hands, which they endeavour to hide in coat or trouser pockets. Their wives and daughters, not dressed as in photographs and other pictures in tall chimney-pot hats, wear bonnets locally described as carefully covered within the folds of their kerchiefs. There was also a large representation of the agricultural interest, and ministers and deacons and elders in good numbers. The Welsh take kindly to open-air gatherings; among them they are an institution much beloved. We English are said by them to be of too lively a tempera-

ment to hold a large solemn religious meeting. "One denomination of English Dissenters" writes a local journal, with a touch of quiet humour, "in a spirit of emulation of Welsh zeal and enthusiasm, hold their love-feasts. But the love-feast was as an exotic among cool English minds, and has never claimed national importance." Several reasons conspire to render such gatherings in England somewhat unpopular; and if we have been spoiled by the facilities which our large buildings afford, we have few of those attractions of scenery, association, and passionate love of language which so powerfully affect our Welsh neighbours. Whether that decadence of the language, the suggestion of which arouses passionate indignation on their part, which is going on, will greatly affect the disposition to hold these peculiarly Welsh meetings cannot be determined; but the Calvinistic Methodists, with other bodies, are still very tenacious of their time-honoured practice. If, then, they were wont to take long pilgrimages to the place of meeting, which they reached weary and footsore, the convenience of railway locomotion will rather aid than retard their popularity. Anyhow, the concourse this year was noble and imposing. "The orderliness of the great crowds," says an independent witness, "was striking, and when it is considered that the principal element in these crowds is that of the commonality, composed of labouring persons from the quarrying and agricultural districts, the absence of unseemly conduct, and the decorum observed do infinite credit to Wales, and speak highly of the religious tone which pervades the country and which goes so far to purify the moral atmosphere, and to present light criminal calendars and empty Welsh prisons." This eulogium is not in any way exaggerated, as anyone will believe who has observed with gratification the almost general religious observance of the Sabbath-day in the country from which we are this month writing. And as the Calvinistic Methodists have had a considerable share in producing this grand result, and have a history pregnant with lessons, we purpose devoting a couple of chapters to their work.

The Association meeting at Carnarvon was confined to the North Wales branch of this denomination. It was in the northern portion of the Principality, as we shall see further on, that the Methodist revival had wonderful success. The general conference of ministers and deacons deals with matters of detail in the working of the synod and the churches composing the same. The ministers' fund for granting proper assistance, to aged and disabled preachers and the widows and orphan children of ministers' received a promise from one gentleman of £2000 on condition that £8000 were collected in the next four years; and although it will be a struggle to raise the required amount, the feeling in the connexion is very decided. Welshmen have good grounds upon which to plead their poverty, but perhaps the rule of systematic giving requires a much more hearty and general acceptance in their churches. It was stated by one layman that it was only now that some churches were beginning to understand the principle of maintaining the ministry, and hitherto justice had not been done to their ministers, and that was a blot upon the connexion. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists share too much in the failing of some of our Baptist churches—strangely inverting the divine order, and practically

holding that it is more blessed to receive from the ministry than to give to the ministry that which is its due. It was the conviction of a Yankee wit that "what the world wanted was less talk and more do:" more of the silence which is golden might bring into the treasury of the Lord more of the money of the same value. It was stated that the funds of the home mission were very low, although the great work of forming new mission churches on the border demanded liberal aid. Yet the sum of £700 had been subscribed towards a memorial column in memory of one of the most useful preachers in Wales—who had the honour of suggesting a Bible society for Wales, which the late Joseph Hughes urged should be for the United Kingdom—we refer to the Rev. Mr. Charles, of Bala. We suppose Welsh and English Christians are quite at liberty to get enraptured with monumental art, statues and obelisks: but we are practical enough to sink the æsthetic in the useful, and whatever may be the progress of architecture in these modern days, sculpture has not shared it in this country at least. Would not a professorship in Bala College have been a better memorial of this honoured minister? There has been recently started a fund to erect chapels and establish English causes in Wales; but as yet the committee confine themselves to making grants of £30 or £50 towards such churches. Many of the churches labour under very heavy debts; and buildings can hardly be said to belong to the Lord that are mortgaged to man. It was even stated as a cause for congratulation that the present worth of the property of Methodism in Arvon was twice the amount of its debts; scarcely, as we think, a matter for ovation, since the hearers number about forty per cent. of the population, and the spiritual progress is so cheering that in churches numbering from one hundred to one hundred and fifty members as many as fifteen or twenty young people were received into full communion at the same time last year.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists are very closely allied in church polity and doctrine to the Presbyterian churches. For years the denomination had no constitution, and at first the brethren were indisposed to regard themselves as Dissenters from the Episcopal sect. Now, however, it has become a modified Presbyterianism, which has thus been described:—"Every church manages its own affairs, admits or expels its members by the vote of the majority of those who belong to it; so far it is Congregational. But there is an appeal from the decision of the individual church to the monthly meeting of the county to which it belongs, and then there is an appeal from the decision of the monthly meeting to the Quarterly Association of the province. Matters relating to South Wales are finally disposed of by the South Wales Association, and so of the North; but, a few years ago, a General Assembly of the whole Connexion was established, and the two Associations may agree to refer matters to that body, which meets once a year, for final decision. Churches *nominate* their own deacons or elders by the vote of the majority: but they can only be *appointed* with the sanction of the monthly meeting of their county, and by delegates sent by that body to the place for that purpose. *Monthly meetings never interfere with the internal affairs of individual churches unless their members fail to agree among themselves, or permit some manifest irregularity.*" This latter arrangement is what congregationalism, both among the Baptists

and Independents, is striving after, and the writer hopes it may be attainable in some measure. Ministers are nominated by delegates of the county in which they reside, and are known, and if approved are ordained at an Association meeting of ministers and deacons. All the chapels are the property of the whole Connexion, and not of the congregations using them. As to doctrine, their Confession of Faith, comprising forty-four articles, is a compilation from the Westminster Confession and the articles of the Episcopal Church of England. A very close bond of fellowship unites the Presbyterians and the Calvinistic Methodists together, and the same may be said of the Independents, who, in Wales, have adopted some of the peculiarities of Methodism. Their attachment to Presbyterianism is, perhaps, warmer. Thus, at this Carnarvon Association, in introducing a deputation from the Irish and English Presbyterian churches, one of the members of that numerous family in Wales, the Joneses, gave expression to a common feeling that they felt united to that church as it now "presented to the world a more faithful and true copy of Reformation principles than is to be found in any other Christian church." This speaker added, that "he believed that, when the time shall come when they in Wales would be forced, so to speak by Divine Providence, to look out for their natural allies and to amalgamate themselves in mere self-defence in view of coming contingencies with churches most akin to them, they should find those churches in the great Presbyterian family." This sentiment was received with the heartiest applause. It is useless, however, to divine the future—what if our brethren should reach a higher stage of effort towards perfection, and become Baptists? Would the Rev. Joseph Jones, of Menai Bridge, like as well to be called a Presbyterian Methodist Baptist? We liked his frank and outspoken rebuke of the Irish Presbyterians for prostrating themselves before the State for such a paltry thing as the Regium Donum; and he was cheered to the echo in referring to his Irish brethren on the platform as liberated men. The deputation seemed to wince a little, but they were compelled to admit that the change had been for their benefit. We commend to the attention of any of our readers who may nurse a little doubt as to the advantages of disestablishment and disendowment, the following very important part of the Rev. Mr. Elliot's speech:—

The Established Church in Ireland was the richest in the world, and yet it was a case of nine men paying for the religion of one man. The Presbyterians took the ground first, and said they were prepared to give up their livings at once. Disestablishment came, and the greatest possible benefits had followed. First of all to the Episcopal Church, because the people now had to choose their bishops and ministers, and the choice fell upon men full of the Spirit of God, and most anxious for the salvation of souls. He gave an instance also in his own place of the cordial relations which existed now between Episcopalians and Presbyterians—the rector of that parish having during his (Mr. Elliott's) absence shut up his own church on a Sunday, and prayed and preached extemporaneously in the Presbyterian chapel. Then, as to the Presbyterians, the change was beneficial to them, and their revenue was twenty-three per cent. higher than when they received aid from the State. Their ministers had done very nobly: instead of commuting their life interest for their own benefit and that of their families after them, with very few exceptions they commuted, but

did not invest the money for themselves, but threw the whole of that money into a common fund for the good of their church in Ireland. The result was that they had now nearly £600,000 invested, with good security at four and a half or five per cent. interest, yielding a very considerable annual sum for the endowment of the church. That was the endowment by the ministers. Then the people were asked to pay at the rate of sixpence per month per family, or six shillings a year, and that produced £28,000; sothat, as he had said, the consequence was they had an endowment of twenty-three per cent. more than they had under the grand, favourable circumstances of connection with the State.

English and Welsh sermons rained thickly upon the people during the Congress, especially on the last day, when everyone seemed to rejoice in the surfeit. We are not greatly surprised to find even a local on-looker, accustomed to such gatherings, expressing his belief that he must have been a good Methodist, and blessed with a tough constitution who could rise at five, attend a sermon at six, rush off to a church meeting at eight (that lasting nearly two hours), and then set off to the field by ten. Enjoy two sermons; bolt a dinner; get two sermons in the afternoon; manage a hasty tea; reach the field by five; digest two sermons more: go again into one of the chapels at seven, listen to one or two sermons. And yet to the close the interest and the enthusiasm were sustained. Welsh oratory fires the soul. You may not understand a word, but you must feel with those who know all that is being said and are swayed by such impassioned vigour and powerful earnestness. Understand!—Who would venture to understand anyone who was introduced as from Penrhyndeudraeth, or who lived happily in either Llyynnggffwwdraur, or Llechcynvarwyddvach.* After spelling out these lively names in despair of acquiring their pronunciation it was more than a poor Saxon could bear to be gravely told by a jolly old Welsh gentleman that the language was so simple!

Living Water.

FOR this must be remembered, that as the herb that is planted or seed sown, needs watering with continual showers of the mountains; so our graces, implanted in us by the Spirit of grace, must also be watered by the rain of heaven. "Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof." Hence he says that our graces shall *grow*. But how? "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; and the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. . . . Without this water of life communion is weak, flat, cold, dead, fruitless, lifeless: there is nothing seen, felt, heard, or understood in a spiritual and heart-quickening way. Now ordinances are burdensome, sins strong, faith weak, hearts hard, and the faces of our souls dry, like the dry and parched ground.—*Bunyan.*

* The printer might wish to strike for higher wages if more such charming names were quoted; we forbear.

The Watchful Eye and Listening Ear of God.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry."—PSALM xxxiv. 15.

MUCH that is beautiful in poetry is not true. Things are often conceived as they might be, and under poetic inspiration men have been tempted into writing their conceptions as though they really existed in fact. Have you not been charmed into admiration of the poet's genius as you read, spell bound, the easy flowing verse? And, anon, has not your admiration cooled into disappointment as the question struggled for utterance, "But *is it true?*" A proposition is not true because it wears the beautiful garb of poetry. Were the poetry of some of the greatest poets narrowed down to the limits of sober truth, the ponderous volumes on our shelves would assume different dimensions; and what we had thought, or fondly hoped, to be golden ore, would prove worthless as clay, or, at best, but glittering tinsel. It is to be lamented that truth is too often trimmed to suit a rippling rhythm, and that error is adorned with truth-like beauty to complete a stanza.

Now, this may apply to human poetry, but to divine, never. You may search the Bible through and through for its poetry, and though each page eclipses in its beauty and grandeur the loftiest reaches of the most gifted poet, you will never find the shadow of an error distorted into a seeming truth, nor truth exaggerated into undue proportion. The drapery in which inspired writers presented truth does not constitute the chief charm of divine song. Holy men of old, under the spell of inspiration, saw divine truths in the halo of divine light, and in their true proportions; hence, the sublimest language in which their souls struggled for expression proved an imperfect instrument, and, at best, but inadequately set forth what they saw and felt. It is thus with the verse of poetry which furnishes our theme for meditation: "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry." Here we have a profound truth set in an exquisite gem of poetry: not beauty at the expense of truth, but beauty and truth combined by the jewelled clasp of poetry. Had not a divinely-inspired penman recorded such a truth by such metaphors, we should have shrank from the task ourselves as, at least, very daring; but since it came by a divine inbreathing, we gratefully receive the truth, and admire the wisdom which planned the mode of its admission.

That God, being a Spirit, has an eye or an ear correspondent with those organs, as possessed by man, we do not for a moment contend; but the figures enable us to realise those truths which an unslumbering, ever-watchful eye, and an ever-open, listening ear suggest. If God's eye is ever-wakeful, tracking our every step, watching our every act, and searching the inmost recesses of our hearts, reading all our motives; if his ear is ever turned to earth, catching our every word, and listening even to the thoughts of our hearts as they throb, instinct with life, then his knowledge of us is intimate, his interest in us unfailing, his anxiety for us intense, his love perfect, and his provision for our wants will be adequate. Oh, let us rejoice and be glad that "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry;" and that "This God is our God for ever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death." It encourages and consoles us to know that,—

> "There is an eye that never sleeps
> Beneath the wing of night:
> There is an ear which never shuts
> When sink the beams of light."

"The righteous"—not those who claim creature perfection, an inherent righteousness, for in this sense "there is none righteous;" but those who by

faith are looking to Jesus and are "Made the righteousness of God in him," and who, by the power of the indwelling Spirit, "are striving to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." These are the righteous of the Bible, the righteous of our text.

I. The first truth which our text suggests is, God's *intimate knowledge* of his people, their character, their conduct, and their circumstances. The organs of sight and sound are among the most wonderful with which God has endowed us, and what we see and hear we may be said to know. It is impossible for the eye, disciplined to seeing, and the ear to listening, to fail of receiving and communicating knowledge to the mind. It is the man whose eye the light touches, but fails to penetrate; whose ear the wave of sound strikes, but fails to impress, who is destitute of knowledge. He may touch, and taste, and smell, but oh! how little *does* he know, *can* he know, while those avenues of the soul, the eye and the ear, are closed!

But human knowledge has its limitations. No man can observe everything, nor hear all the records of knowledge, though he spend the lifetime of a Methuselah as an attentive observer and a patient listener. Yea, the more a man sees and hears, the more is he impressed with a sense of the vastness of that unexplored region beyond which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. It is true the prophet exclaims, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," a declaration which accurately describes the restless striving after knowledge of the present day; but when men have grown blind and deaf with age, when the pen is still because the hand which held it is paralysed in death, when all the libraries of the world are brought to completion, as tired thought folds the wing and owns her goal is reached, the sages of a thousand generations shall own in chorus, what they severally held to be true: "Now WE KNOW ONLY IN PART."

But, to God's knowledge we can affix no such limit. Nothing escapes his notice. He tracks the path of the rolling planet, the burning comet, and the flashing meteor. He sees the eagle as he cleaves the sky, the insect as it floats in the beams of the summer sun, the fish as it steers through the trackless deep, and the beast as he prowls through the pathless wood; he tracks the ways and wanderings of his creature in every part of the world, and observes the workings of nature's secret and mysterious laws; yea, *all that happens*, from his throne in the centre, to the utmost limits of the universe is seen by God, and comes within the range of his knowledge. Oh! believer in Jesus, if this be true in the comprehensive sense, how true must it be in all that concerns you, seeing that the text narrows down the sphere of observation—"The eyes of the Lord are upon the *righteous*, and his ears are open unto their cry." Nothing, my brother, affects your character—nothing comes within the range of your experience—nothing enters within the circle of your half-defined desires even, which evades the knowledge, or escapes the notice of "your Father who is in heaven." "The Lord is a God of knowledge." That dark cloud which overhung your sky, refusing a passage through its sable folds of one recreant beam from moon or star, and which seemed to shut you up to a gloomy individuality while you felt alone in the world; yes, that dark cloud did not intercept the vision of Jehovah, nor prevent your faintest utterance from reaching his ears. He knows the sorrows of your lot, the difficulties of your path, and the struggles of your heart. He knows that questionable transaction in which you engaged, and that secret sin in which you indulged. He knows, what men can never know, the thoughts of the heart and the motives which inspire your conduct. You may be misunderstood, maligned, persecuted, but God's judgment is just; for, "man judgeth from outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart." Let this truth impress our hearts and influence our lives. It sounds a warning note to all who are not walking in fellowship with God, and whispers heavenly peace to those who do his will.

II. The second truth which meets us is, the *interest* which the Lord takes in human affairs. If by an unslumbering eye and an ever-listening ear, the Lord

makes himself acquainted with us, the inference is just, He is interested in all that concerns us. That fond parent, watching with earnest eye the faintest motion of her infant charge; listening, with bated breath, for his feeblest call, evinces an interest in her babe which none can mistake. And if the infant be in danger, what to her is all the beauty of nature or of art? What the sweetest sounds which ever broke, musical, on human ears? Her interest begets a blindness and deafness to all besides, and inspires a devotion sublimely heroic. The fact that "the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry," proclaims the unceasing interest which the Lord ever feels in the way and welfare of his people. Have you not felt, my brother, as the psalmist did, when a sense of loneliness overcame him, and he uttered that bitter wail, "No man careth for my soul"? Oh, let me tell you, God cares, and your individual wants press as really upon him as though you were the only living being in the universe. Do not plead your poverty, your insignificance, your worthlessness even: tell me, are you "righteous"? Then the heart of Jehovah beats with an undying interest in your present and eternal welfare. You can say with the psalmist, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." How often do men mention, with a glow of pride, the name of some titled patron who is interested in their welfare; but, Christian, you can outreach them all, and, pointing to the Creator and sustainer of the universe amidst the splendours of his throne, say, "The Lord careth for me." If God is interested in you, take courage, go confidently forward, "casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

III. Another and a deeper truth is present in our text—God is *anxious* for his people. Anxiety is something more than knowledge or interest. A crowd may be interested in the search for a lost child, but only one heart knows a mother's anxiety. The Lord is anxious for us. His knowledge ripens into interest, and his interest issues in anxiety; not an anxiety which distresses the heart, but which gets while it gives happiness. The record of God's dealings with his people, in all ages of the world, is the record of a Father's anxiety. O Christian! while you are anxious for your own welfare, anxious for the issue of your thorny path, there is *one heart* which is anxious for you. Call yourself an orphan no more (John xiv.); never cherish the thought that you are alone in the world, and must fight single-handed the battle of life. While it is true "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry," it must be true that the Lord is anxious about *you*. Anxious when you are rich, lest upon the mountain top of prosperity you should forget your dependence upon him, and assert your self-sufficiency. Anxious when the chilling wind of poverty strips you of your comforts, and leaves you friendless in the gloomy vale, lest you should lose your hope and sink into despair. Anxious when in health, lest the pleasures of the present world should absorb your affections and wean you from the better home above. Anxious when in sickness, lest you should faint under the affliction and forget to utter the language of submission: "Father, not my will but thine be done." Anxious when the hour of trial comes upon you, and your feet are well nigh gone, lest you should stumble and fall. YES, ANXIOUS EVER!

If God is anxious for us, we should be anxious for one another. There is too much of self in our religion. The gospel binds us together in the bond of a holy brotherhood, and bids us bear one another's burdens.

IV. Another truth which meets us in the text is, *God's love is set upon his people*. He would never acquaint himself with us, interest himself in us, and maintain a constant anxiety for us, did he not love us with an unbounded love. If we ask the secret of that eye which watches us unceasingly in our going out and our coming in, in our rising up and our lying down; if we ask the secret of that ear which listens to our every cry, the answer must be "LOVE." "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry," is only LOVE spelled out large. Ah! methinks God's eye would have turned from earth to gaze upon the splendour and purity of heaven; that his ear would have

proved deaf to earth's discord while it listened to the music of the skies long, long ago, had not his love been set upon us. It must have been a touching sight to witness the aged father of the parable pacing the roof day by day, his eye scanning the horizon, and his ear bent, to catch the earliest glimpse, and to hear the first footfall of the returning prodigal; and the secret of that paternal solicitude was love. He loved his boy, though he had grievously wronged him, and had well nigh broken his heart with grief. This is but a faint picture of the love of God. Oh, how intently does he watch us as we tread life's path-way; how anxiously does he listen to every breathing of the soul after him!

This love is from everlasting. Ere man, the crowning work of creation, came forth from his Maker's hands, ere sin had sullied this fair world, the love of God was set upon the objects of his choice. You cannot point to a moment, through all the ages of a past eternity, and say then love began. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love" forecloses our task, and bids us wonder and adore.

And this love shall never cease. For when countless cycles of ages have run their round, it will still be true, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." Yea, as this love inspires a counsel which shall never cease, commands a wisdom which shall never fail, wields a power which never can be overcome, it shall assimilate all its objects to itself, and find its satisfaction in their everlasting bliss. While the redeemed will gaze adoringly on the glories of their Lord, and chant, in ceaseless strains, his loftiest praise, he himself shall see in the white-robed group, and hear in their thrilling hallelujahs "the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

Nor does this apply only to the living. Those who sleep in Jesus come within the range of the assurance. We have buried our dead out of sight. Their once familiar form is now corrupt in death, and their well-known voice is silent in the grave, but the eyes of the Lord are upon them; their sleeping dust is sacred in his sight, and at his command they shall arise and put on beauty. Weep not, ye mourners, heaven guards the tomb of those who "die in the Lord."

And when the universal church is redeemed and gathered home, oh! how true will be our text then! "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry!" There every trace of sin will be gone, which so often shocked his eye below; every sinful murmur hushed, which so often grieved his ear, for we shall be brought up to the standard of his lofty ideal, and be "presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." The church will then be able to bear the most searching scrutiny. No longer hiding in the dust, and crying, "Unclean, unclean;" but, in the happy confidence of children at home, and perfected in bliss, we shall delight to gaze upon the King in his beauty.

V. The last truth to which I shall direct your attention, as underlying our text is, the Lord's *superintending providence*. The word providence, as you know, means looking before; and when we are told "the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry," does it not mean that the Lord occupies himself in providing for the wants of his people?

Let not any think they are forgotten or overlooked—that a blind chance has ordered their lot—"the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous," irrespective of their circumstances, and whatever be their position or attainments. What a mine of comfort is here for the poor saint! He may be righteous, without being rich or wise or great, and the promise is his. This verse, translated into the language of faith, is, "The Lord will provide." Let a child know the eye of his parent is upon him, that his ear is open to his feeblest cry, and that he knows all his wants; and if he has the assurance that the resources of his father are adequate, he will hush all his fears with the calm reflection, "My father will provide." And shall the child of God doubt his father's ability and willingness to provide for the wants he feels? Impossible.

Sweet thought! The eye of the Lord has gone before us in the road we are called to travel, and his ear has anticipated every cry of need: and will he not prove true to his oft-repeated promises, which find their full expression in the words of the apostle, "My God shall supply all your need"? Yea, verily. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that wait upon the Lord shall not want any good thing." This does not mean that you will be exempt from trial, but that the Lord will prove himself "a very present help in time of trouble." Yes, when the cross is heavy, and the soul is well nigh crushed beneath the awful load, a whisper from the skies shall inspire hope, and impart new strength, "My grace is sufficient." When the road is rough and thorny, and the pilgrim's feet begin to tire, his pace shall be quickened with the gracious promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." When the day of prosperity issues in the night of affliction, with not a single star to shed its benignant smile through the murky gloom, fear shall be banished and hope inspired by the sweet assurance, "Fear not, for I am with thee." And when Death comes, as come he may, and friends bid you a sad farewell this side the valley whose shadows gather blackness, and leave you to meet its gloom alone, the Shepherd shall meet you there; and as you feel the clasp of his loving hand, the joyous strains of the psalmist shall tremble from your lips, and make the valley ring with the echo of your song, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

But what of the sinner? "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good." Oh, sinner, it is no consolation to you to tell you that the eye of the Lord is upon you. But, it is true, you cannot escape it. You may choose the dead of night to commit your sin, you may boast that you are undetected in your crime, but *that eye!* Ah! you cannot escape it. It gleamed upon the guilty pair as they cowered and shivered in the darkened shadows of the trees of Eden. It flashed upon the disobedient seer in his solitary berth in the "ship going to Tarshish." It has tracked you from your infancy till this moment, and you must meet it by-and-by; for "Behold he cometh, and every eye shall see him." How will you meet that gaze? If in penitence, like Peter, it will tell of hope, but if in unbelief it will tell only of despair. Oh, believe me, the Lord waiteth to be gracious! His eye is watching for the kindlings of repentance, and his ear is listening for your cry—"God be merciful to me a sinner." Cast yourself now upon his atoning blood, and you shall rejoice in the assurance, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and his ears are open unto their cry."

"I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road;
Often in the midst of danger,
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress me,
Great and many are my foes:
Anxious cares and thoughts oppress me,
But my Father knows.

Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife;
Although sorrows past endurance,
Follow me through life.
Home in prospect still can cheer me,
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel his presence near me,
For my Father knows.

Yes, he sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love,
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.

Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended—
This my Father knows.

I shall then with joy behold him,
Face to face my Father see;
Fall with rapture and adore him,
For his love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me,
This my Father knows."

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY G. ROGERS.—(*Continued.*)

HOPEFUL.

No sooner has Pilgrim witnessed the translation of Faithful to heaven than Hopeful becomes his companion. As Faithful was the Pilgrim's own faith, so we take Hopeful to be the Pilgrim's own hope. Hopeful was true hope as Faithful was true faith. "Why," it may be asked, "should a Christian's faith be removed to heaven, and hope remain, since of hope we read that 'it is laid up in heaven;' and that it is 'an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into thatwithin the veil'"? The reason is obvious. Hope is the fruit of faith, and as Bunyan here says, "rises out of its ashes," and cannot therefore precede it. Both are fixed above, as it is said, "that your faith and hope might be in God," but, as a matter of experience, it is faith in Christ in heaven that gives us hope in him in our pilgrimage on the earth. All true faith centres, first, in the death of Christ for salvation, and then in his intercession for preservation. Salvation comes by the one; salvation to the uttermost comes by the other. There is a period in the history of every true Christian, in which his faith is transferred from the Lamb that was slain on earth to the slain Lamb in the midst of the throne. It is then that his faith goes before him into heaven, and the hope that springs from that faith accompanies and animates him to the end of his pilgrimage. It is by faith that we are risen together with Christ, and are seated with him in heavenly places. Hope does not give this representative privilege, but is founded upon it. Hope, therefore, is strong on earth, in proportion as faith takes firm hold on Christ in heaven. We "are saved by hope." Hope is our salvation from all the temptations and dangers that beset our path. It accompanied Pilgrim every step of his future course. It followed him reluctantly into By-path meadow, and was the first to sound a retreat. It was imprisoned with him in Doubting Castle, and preserved him from the self-destruction to which he was nearly driven by Giant Despair. It kept him from sinking in the separating flood. This is all in full accordance with Scripture teaching. "If we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." "We desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end." "Be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

BY-ENDS.

Soon as Pilgrim and Hopeful "were got out of the Fair they overtook one that was going before them whose name was By-ends." He came from the town of Fair-speech, and his kindred were My Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech, from whose ancestors that town first took its name;

also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything, and the parson of the parish, Mr. Two-tongues." Other characters are soon afterwards introduced, as Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, Mr. Save-all, and Mr. Gripe-man. Then we have Demas whose great grandfather was Gehazi, and his father Judas. Now are all these separate characters? Are they to be literally interpreted, as so many individual persons? Is Demas, for instance, or his father Judas, or his grandfather Gehazi, or all three together, to be taken in a literal, or in a figurative sense? Is the town of Fair-speech, or the market town of Love-gain, or the county of Coveting, to be literally interpreted? If the men are real persons why should not the towns in which they live be real places? Or are they (which is much the same thing), figurative descriptions of so many different persons and places? How strange that they should have been regarded as different persons professing to be pilgrims, but all agreeing to make the best of this world as well as of that which is to come. View them as different forms of the one sin of worldly-mindedness to which even the best of men are liable, and all becomes forcible and clear. As the effect of the enmity of the world upon Christian experience was exhibited in Vanity Fair so the effect of the friendship of the world is represented here. The several characters introduced afforded an admirable opportunity of bringing out all the subtle pleas and considerations that are usually adduced to justify worldly conformity in those who profess not to be of this world and to have their only treasure in heaven. After a deep experience in persecution or affliction of the vanity of the world, during which faith has been fixed entirely upon heavenly things, and hope has been selected as the only guide, there must be no half-heartedness in the things of God, no more conferring with flesh and blood, no more men-pleasing, no more regard to wordly ease and pleasures. Temptations to these indulgences may return, and many specious considerations on the ground of prudence and even of religion itself may be pleaded in their favour, but they must be firmly withstood even unto death. This is that part of Christian experience which is here fully portrayed; and may be referred to that period of Bunyan's own experience when, after being released from prison, he became exceedingly popular on account of his preaching, and writings, and his sufferings for conscience sake; and opportunities for promoting his worldly interests were placed within his reach, such as he had not known before. It was then that he overtook Mr. By-ends and had a long conversation with him and his numerous companions. The questions which Mr. Hold-the-world put to Mr. Money-love, and to Pilgrim himself, are precisely those which, at this time, must often have been suggested and solved in Bunyan's own experience. The subject is doubtless considerably expanded for the benefit of others, and especially of Christian ministers, who, by yielding to such temptations, have lost much usefulness on earth and much glory in heaven.

GIANT DESPAIR.

What marvellous vicissitudes are there in Christian experience! What heights and depths! What variations of light and shade! What sudden transitions from midnight to noonday, and from noonday to the gloom of night! What frequent and rapid alternations of sunshine and storm! These "are the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth up the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still." The alternations are inexplicable to others, but they are well understood by Christians themselves. In the pursuit of great objects in the things of this life, such changes are common to men. The competitor in the Olympic race, in ancient times, felt the deepest emotions struggling within him. Thousands of spectators were intensely excited on his

behalf, but none knew but himself the dreadful alternations of hope and fear in his own breast. The merchant, whose whole fortune is risked in a single undertaking, is tortured with continual interchanges of confidence and despair. "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Think of the object which the Christian pilgrim has in view, and the awful alternative of missing the prize, and the reasons of his deep and mingled emotions must be obvious to all. They are changes of feelings, or experience, strictly so called; and not of moral principles, or of doctrinal views. In proportion to his desire to seize the prize, will be his eagerness in its pursuit; and in proportion to his striving, will be the agonizing intermission of hope and fear. It is the magnitude of the object which he has in view that demands such anxieties and cares. These are the deep things of God, and are known to those only who are of God. The majestic river, with its foaming cataract, and its resistless flow, now silently reflecting in its deep bosom the glories of the peaceful heavens, and now breaking the silence with the voice of many waters, as the voice of a great thunder, is not to be judged by the murmuring rill. "The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not."—Him, who, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross and despised the shame."

We have now to behold Bunyan's Pilgrim under the cruel and crushing influence of Giant Despair. This is preceded by the pleasantest part of his past pilgrimage. He has walked and slept, in company with Hopeful, by the banks of a river surrounded by green trees, with all manner of fruits, and for several days and nights. The way then becomes rough. In By-path Meadow, a smooth path seems to lay parallel with the rough road before them. Here they pause, and by the advice of Pilgrim, they enter upon it. They have not gone far, before they meet with Vain-Confidence, who falls into a deep pit and is dashed to pieces, just before them. Who was this Vain-Confidence? It was Pilgrim's own vain confidence, without doubt, which had led him astray. He had "asked him whither that way led?" He said, "To the Celestial Gate." "Look," said Christian, "did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right." Now that Vain-Confidence is dashed to pieces, and Hopeful says, "Where are we now?" Pilgrim is silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way. He had been guided by vain confidence rather than by hope. Night suddenly comes on, and amidst rain, and thunder, and lightning, Pilgrim and Hopeful endeavour to retrace their steps. At length they fall to sleep from very weariness, and in this state are discovered in the morning by Giant Despair, on whose grounds they had trespassed, and are taken by him into Doubting Castle. Here they are put into a dark and filthy dungeon, from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without food and without anyone to visit them. The next morning, by the advice of his wife Diffidence, Giant Despair goes into the dungeon, and with a cudgel beats them unmercifully. The next night he recommends them to put an end to their own existence, as the best way of putting an end to their miseries; from which Pilgrim is prevented by the influence of Hopeful. The Giant, soon after returning, is enraged to find they have not taken his advice. The next morning he takes them into the castle-yard to see the bones and skulls of many who had there died, and then leads them back to their dungeon. The next night, after they had prayed, Pilgrim recollects that he had a key in his bosom, called Promise, that would open any lock in Doubting-Castle. "Then," said Hopeful, "that is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try." With this he soon opens the dungeon door, and the door of the castle-yard, and the iron gate; and they run back to the stile in By-path Meadow, and are glad to find themselves, once more, in the King's highway.

It is admitted by all interpreters that Giant Despair and his wife Diffidence are not characters apart from Pilgrim's own experience. They would, doubtless, have given them a separate existence if they could. Their theory demanded it of them, and nothing but the absurdity of carrying it out in this instance prevented them. Dr. Cheever says: "The personification of Despair

is one of the most instructive and beautiful portions of Bunyan's Allegory." Again he says: "All this is related as a story with such natural incidents, with such power of character, and such vivid colouring, that no story of a life could be more graphic; and yet it is allegory, it is the experience of the mind alone; but allegory so perfect, the experience so touched into life, that each becomes either, and may be perfect story or allegory, as you please." It cannot, we think, be "perfect story or allegory," in itself considered. A perfect story may be included in the allegory, but the allegory itself is not the story. We take it to be a perfect allegory, or, in other words, an allegorical representation of literal realities. It is not fiction, properly so called. Fiction is a description of what is literally false, allegory of what is literally true. The allegory itself is not to be literally taken, and yet this, we humbly conceive, has been repeatedly done in the interpretation of this book. The confusion to which it leads is evident in the instance before us. Hopeful is a real person, Giant Despair is not. Why the one and not the other? If Giant Despair be the personification of Despair, why should not Hopeful be the personification of hope? Why should despair and hope, the two conflicting principles in the mind of Pilgrim, be so differently portrayed that one should be his own experience, and the other the experience of some other person, the one within him, the other without, the one his own despair, the other another's hope? Carry out your literal theory to the full, we say, if that be your rule of interpretation. Let a "perfect allegory" be the rule, and no inconsistency occurs. Christian is the only person on this occasion; and his is the only name that could not be a mere personification. By-path Meadow, Vain-Confidence, Giant Despair, the wife Diffidence, Hopeful, Doubting-Castle, the foul Dungeon, are all contained in the one individual experience.

The influence of Hopeful is evidently the part which his hope would take, when tempted first to vain confidence, and then to despair; and without which he certainly has no hope of his own. Hopeful was more inclined than Pilgrim to turn aside to view the silver mine at the invitation of Demas, while Pilgrim was more inclined than Hopeful to choose the path in By-path meadow. The one was in sight, and the other not Hope that is seen is not hope. Hopeful was no great scholar, but was scholar enough to read the inscription upon a pillar by the road side, "Remember Lot's wife," because that spake eloquently of the necessity of fleeing for refuge to the hope set before us. Hopeful was silent during the days and nights they were lying down in green pastures and beside the still waters; because, "if a man hope for that which he sees not, then doth he patiently wait for it." Of By-path meadow, Hopeful says to Pilgrim, "I was afraid of it at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I." Of course, every man is older than his own hope, but not necessarily older than the hope of another. Hopeful takes the lead back, as Pilgrim had done when they went astray. Hopeful is Pilgrim's only companion in Doubting Castle, prevents him from destroying himself, and encourages him to hope against hope, so that he was literally saved by Hope. When the key of promise was discovered in Pilgrim's bosom, Hopeful recognised it at once as the way of deliverance; for hope gives the key of promise its adaptation and power. Thus Hopeful takes the very part which every Christian's hope would take in similar circumstances, and is therefore his own hope, and needs not be that of another.

A Apele for Are to the Sextant.

BY A. GASPER.

O Sextant of the meetinouse wich sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fires,
And lites the gas, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case smels orful—wus than lampile:
And wrings the Bel and toles it, and sweeps paths:
And for these servases gits 100 dollars per annum;
Wich them that thinks deer let em try it;
Gitting up before starlite in all wethers, and
Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlins,
(I would'nt be hierd to do it for no some;)
But O Sextant there are one kermodity
Wuth more than gold, wich don't cost nothin;
Wuth more than anything except the Soul of Man!
I mean pewer Are, Sextant, I mean pewer Are!
O it is plenty out of dores, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to dew with itself, but flize about
Scaterin leaves and bloin off men's hats;
In short its jest as free as Are out dores;
But O Sextant! in our church its scarce as piety,
Scarce as bankbills when ajunts beg for mishuns,
Wich sum say is purty often, taint nothing to me,
What I give a'nt nothing to nobody; but O Sextant!
You shet 500 men, women, and children,
Speshily the latter, up in a tite place,
Sum has bad breths, none of them aint too sweet,
Sum is fevery, sum is scroflus, sum has bad teath
And sum aint none, and some aint over clean;
But every one of em brethes in and out and out and in
Say 50 times a minnet, or 1 million and a half breths an hour:
Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate?
I ask you; say 15 minnets, and then whats to be did?
Why then they must brethe it all over again,
And then again and so on, till each has took it down
At least 10 times and let it up again, and whats more
The same individible doant hav the privilege
Of brethin his own are and no ones else,
Evry one must take wotever comes to him.
O Sextant! doant you no our lungs is bellusses
To blo the fier of life and keep it from
Goin out; And how can bellusses blow without wind?
And aint wind are? I put it to your conshans.
Are's the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs unto an Injun Doctor,
Or little pills unto an Omepath,
Or Boze to gurls. Are is for us to brethe.
What signifize who preeches if I can't brethe?
Whats Pal? Whats Pollus, to sinners who are ded?
Ded for want of breth? Why Sextant when we dye
Its only coz we can't brethe no more—thats all.

And now O Sextant! let me beg of you
To let a little are into our cherch;
(Pewer are is serting proper for the pews.)
And dew it week days and on Sundays tew—
It aint much trouble—only make a hoal
And then the are will come in of itself,
It loves to come where it can git warm,
And O how it will rouze the people up,
And sperrit up the preecher, and stop garps
And yorns and fijjits as effectooal
As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tells
Of.

From *an American Paper.*

Reviews.

The Human Intellect. By NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D. Strahan and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill. *The Elements of Intellectual Science.* By the same Author.

THE latter of these works is an abridged edition of the former, and yet far exceeds an ordinary octavo, both in substance and size. It is not often that we are called upon to review a book of this kind. Such a book, indeed, does not often appear. Writers upon mental science, and especially such as enter thoroughly into the subject, are few and far between. From Plato and Aristotle down to the present time even professed treatises upon the subject have been exceedingly rare. Occasionally some master mind has appeared and ruled with undisputed authority in these distant and obscure regions of thought. Many have looked upon it as cloud-land, where they would not have reigned if they could; and others as superior realms, where they could not if they would. The effort required to turn the thoughts of the mind upon itself with sufficient intensity and assiduity to elaborate a system of laws of mental operations is so prodigious, that we need not be surprised that it should be so uncommon, and that it should inspire those who are unaccustomed to such exercises with reverential awe, and an undue amount of intellectual homage. Few, therefore, have ruled in these realms of thought; but their influence has been great even where their writings have been unknown. The philosophy of Plato and of Aristotle may be traced in the theology of both the Greek and Latin fathers of the early ages of the Christian church. In later times the metaphysics of French philosophers had a pernicious influence upon the religion of the land. In our own country Berkeley and Hume, the former, indeed, unintentionally, gave encouragement to scepticism and infidelity. The more modern metaphysicians, as Reid, Stewart, Brown, and Hamilton, may be trusted with greater safety; but there was still great need of some philosophic genius in this department of literature in perfect harmony with Christianity, and capable of rendering it subservient to the high and holy office of Christian teaching. That need has been supplied in the volume before us. It is not less elaborately scientific than other treatises upon the same subject. It freely criticises the most abstruse investigations of others, and abounds with results of profound and independent enquiry. It would be absurd to suppose that anything like perfection had yet been attained in the philosophy of mind, but we think it may be safely affirmed that the researches of Dr. Porter are an advance in that direction beyond all that has preceded. The peculiarities of his views cannot be here stated. It may suffice to observe, that much of the phenomena which other metaphysicians assign to the organic action of the material senses and of the brain, are here attributed to the mind itself. It is the soul which in the first instance animates the body, and gradually rises from

thence to the development of its rational, emotional, and involuntary powers. Less is attributed to materialistic influences and more to direct soul influences than in theories which have recently prevailed. The law of association, for instance, is to be found, not in the tendency of one object to recall another, or in the tendency of the senses or the brain to reproduce things in combination with each other, but in the tendency of the mind itself to act more readily in the manner in which it has acted before. The science in this respect is simplified, and is more easily acquired, because it is transferred more to the sphere of actual consciousness, and becomes more profitable as an inducement and help to self-knowledge. The author's own estimate of such studies, derived, without doubt, from his own experience, is deserving of special notice :—

"This discipline to reflection, with the habits which it forms, is valuable because it teaches self-control. He that studies his own powers may learn how to direct and use them. He may learn how to fix his attention, how to invigorate and refresh his memory, how to order and arrange his thoughts. He may discover what are his intellectual defects, and the reasons why he can perform some processes with ease, while others cost painstaking and effort. He may acquire the skill to correct his deficiencies and to overcome his bad habits; to make easy that which was difficult, and pleasant that which was disagreeable. It also lays the foundation for moral improvement. He who would improve his character must first know what his character is. He must discover what are his better and what his worse impulses; what are the points at which he is most easily assailed, and by what sensibilities and emotions he can most readily rally his forces and overcome their assailants. With self-improvement self-government is intimately associated. Indeed, the one cannot exist without the other. He that would make himself better must learn to set himself over against himself as his own master, repressing the evil and educing and encouraging the good. But he that would rule himself must first know himself. He must thoroughly understand the subject whom he would regulate and control. 'Know thyself' was written over the portal of Delphi. It was inculcated by Socrates, that pre-eminent teacher of practical ethics, who, measuring every species of knowledge by its tendency to make man better, regarded this maxim as the summary of wisdom. A Christian poet has said, in the same spirit—

'Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how mean a thing is man.'"

To these observations may be added the effect which moral culture has upon intellectual discipline. A testimony is borne to this fact in the following words, which we should like to have seen more fully expanded:—

"The person who habitually scrutinises his motives and examines his feelings in the light of the law of duty and of God cannot but cultivate and strengthen his intellect by the process, however humble may be his calling and illiterate his education. Christianity has trained the intellect of the human race to this activity, and hence has been so efficient in educating and elevating the masses of men, even when it has furnished no special intellectual culture."

This quotation shows that Christianity itself promotes mental discipline by the influence of good moral principles upon the understanding, and by the habits of self-reflection it requires. Who has not observed the intellectual clearness and force of the truly pious cottager who has had no other mental discipline? The mind may be improved without the heart, but not the heart without the mind. "Grace and truth come by Jesus Christ." Let Christianity be first studied experimentally and not theoretically only, and then all other truth in due course. This one study will be the best preparation for all the rest. It is the want of this that has associated mental philosophy with the principles of infidelity. True and healthful Christianity will supersede for a time all metaphysical pursuits, and will lay the best foundation for subsequent acquirements. The first period of intellectual culture, according to the system here advocated, is chiefly spent in the exercise of sense-perception and consciousness; the second in the use of the memory and the imagination; the third in reason and emotion; and last of all in the investigation of mental operations themselves. As we must see before we know how we see, and hear before we know how we hear, and feel before we know how we feel, so we must know before we know, how we know and reason before we know how we reason. The study of metaphysics, therefore, is premature until the mind is well developed by the exercise of all its faculties, and should have the last place in a course both of moral and intellectual training

Lectures on Preaching. Delivered at Yale College. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. R. D. Dickinson, 73, Farringdon Street.

IT would not be possible for Mr. Beecher to speak upon such a theme without uttering many inestimable observations. His versatile genius and vivacious mind naturally find full scope in dilating upon so familiar a topic. Nevertheless, we make bold to say that these sparkling lectures contain much that is very deleterious, and we hope the young men of Yale College will have grace to use the best filter within their reach. Mingled with very much that is excellent, there are passages of the most mischievous kind, which we greatly deplore. The lecturer is far removed from that Henry Ward Beecher whose voice sounded forth "Royal Truths" in years gone by. His allusion to Mr. Spurgeon is worth quoting for its infelicity:—

"*Question.*—Is it not true that Spurgeon is a follower of Calvin, and is he not an eminent example of success?

"MR. BEECHER.—In spite of it, yes; but I do not believe that the camel travels any better, or is any more useful as an animal, for the hump on its back."

Calvinism, it seems, is to Mr. Spurgeon what a hump is to a camel; and Mr. Beecher is of opinion that camels' humps are a mistake. Mr. Beecher's Maker, however, does not think so, or he would not have created camels with humps. Naturalists assure us that the hump is of great importance in the eyes of the Arabs, who judge of the condition of their beasts by the size, shape, and firmness of their humps. They say, and truly, that the camel feeds upon his hump, for in proportion as the animal traverses the sandy wastes, and suffers from privation and fatigue, the mass diminishes; and it is not fit for a long journey till the hump has regained its proportions. Calvinism, then, is the spiritual meat which enables a man to labour on in the ways of Christian service; and, though ridiculed as a hump by those who are only lookers on, those who traverse the weary paths of a wilderness experience, know too well its value to be willing to part with it, even if a Beecher's splendid talents could be given in exchange.

The Life of the Venerable Hugh Bourne. By WILLIAM ANTLIFF, D.D. George Lamb, Sutton Street, Commercial Road, E.

WE were prepared for a great treat upon opening this book, and we have been disappointed. The author quotes with such pertinacity that he has produced a collection of elegant extracts, as well as a biography. The work is interesting, and to Primitive Methodists it will be very attractive; but it is not our ideal of a biography. For so plain, and simple-minded, and unaffected a man as Hugh Bourne there was needed not a mosaic of many coloured marbles, but a grand uncarved monolith.

Upward and Onward: a Thought Book for the Threshold of Active Life. By S. W. PARTRIDGE. Partridge and Co.

WE do not wonder that this volume is in the eighth thousand. It cannot be called first-class poetry, but it very nearly approximates thereto. From a single brief chapter we cull the following lines, right worthy of being quoted:

"Faith is the medicine to unsting our cares."

"Thou standest just where thou hast climbed or fall'n;
And if the credit be not all thine own,
Thine own assuredly is all the blame.
Within the rough rind of thy aging heart
Behold the rings of all thy former years.
Thy past is living still; thou'rt what thou art
Because thou hast been what thou'st been."

"To-morrow disappoints that man alone
Who has despised to-day."

"How old, my brother? Nay, how good art thou?
Tell me thy wisdom, I will tell thy age.
In wisdom many of the young are old,
And many old have not yet learned to live."

Life of Henry Dunster, first President of the Harvard College. By Rev. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D.D. Boston [U.S.]: James R. Osgood and Co.

THE life of a great man, whose reputation passed under a cloud of neglect through his fidelity to God's truth and his own conscience. He dared to become a Baptist, and for this reason he was put out of the synagogue. The author, with such a subject before him, ought to have produced a more interesting volume. What is wanted in this life of Dunster is more of Dunster.

The Book of Genesis and Part of the Book of Exodus; a Revised Version, with Marginal References and an Exegetical Commentary. By Henry Alford, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury. Strahan and Co.

Dean Alford undertook to write a Commentary upon the Old Testament. He was taken from among men when he had reached Exodus xxv. The unfinished volume is published exactly as he left it. It will surely be quite needless for us to call attention to the work. Alford is always instructive, though he needs to be read with discernment. Scholarly men only need to know that he has written, and they will at once procure his work.

The Christian Standard; a Weekly Penny Journal of sixteen large quarto pages. Conducted by James Grant. William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

We are glad to receive information that Mr. Grant will on the 10th of October commence a new penny religious journal. The Rationalistic and Ritualistic parties are so well represented in the religious penny press that it is time the evangelical school should have its organ also. The remarkable ability of the Latitudinarian papers will demand from Mr. Grant his utmost effort to produce a journal which can compete with them. Since he is no novice at the work we look for great things, and so far as jealousy for the gospel is concerned we feel perfectly safe in his hands. We wish any man success who will fight against Anythingarianism, and for this reason we look upon Mr. Grant's enterprise with the deepest interest; no man living is a more determined foe of semi-infidelity than our friend. As the upholder of the *Christian Standard* may his course be triumphant.

On the Religious Truths. By Thomas Leigh, Lesswade. Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant and Co.

Dr. Brodie in a prefatory note to this little volume states that it is the composition of a person in humble life, who has not enjoyed much education. We can only say it is a very great credit to him, for it is a work which a doctor to divinity might have written. It is quite a little hand-book of theology, and might be worked through by Bible classes with great advantage. We hope Mr. Leigh will continue to improve his mind, for his is a mind worth cultivating. Generous friends should encourage such a writer by purchasing the volume.

The Mission of the Holy Ghost; or, the Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption. By Rev. Lewis R. Dunn. Wesleyan Conference Office.

Marred, of course, by Arminian views, this work nevertheless contains a clear testimony to Scriptural truths of the highest importance. We are glad that our Wesleyan friends preserve so thoroughly their witness to the essential necessity of the Spirit's work.

Memoranda.

The Editor's sudden attack of illness was intensely painful and prostrating, but happily passed off without compelling him to relinquish his ministry for one whole Sabbath.

On the 18th Sept. the Annual Meeting of the Orphanage was held, and a right joyous one it was. About £340 was brought in by willing donors, and nothing marred the enjoyment of the friends but the absence of the President through a sudden attack of his old complaint. A testimonial was presented to Mr. J. T. Wigner, of New Cross, as a token of the gratitude of the trustees to him for his generous labours on behalf of the Orphanage. Our readers are requested to read the Annual Report inserted in this number. To all helpers we desire to express our sincere thanks.

We purpose to hold a bazaar for the Orphanage at Christmas, to raise funds for a new infant schoolroom. We shall be glad of much help.

Mr. Charlesworth continues to preach at the North Brixton Hall, St. Ann's-road. We hope a good church will ere long be raised there.

Poor little Dobbin, our dear invalid orphan, after years of great suffering, has fallen asleep at Margate, where we have had an infirmary for our orphans.

The enquirers' meetings at the Tabernacle have been remarkably fruitful; a gracious work is evidently going on among the people.

The Wandsworth Road Chapel is rapidly rising, and will be an admirably commodious structure.

We have to deplore another loss from among our church officers. Our invaluable elder, Mr. Cooper, has speedily followed our friend and deacon Mr. John Brown. God is taking away our mighty men. Brethren, pray for us.

We are sorry to have to call the special attention of our friends to the very small amount of the contributions to the Colportage Association last month. The number of colporteurs has lately been increased to fifteen, for the support of whom about £850 a year is required, of which nearly £500 is contributed in guarantees from the districts, leaving only some £350 to be met by general subscriptions and donations. A good work is being done by these men in all parts of England, and we trust our friends will not suffer it to drop for want of help.

H. T. F., an esteemed Christian brother, writes—"I have had it impressed on my mind for some time that I ought to try to be the means, in the Lord's hand, of helping forward his work in the world; and from what I can glean from *The Sword and Trowel*, the Colportage Association is doing a good work for the Lord. Perhaps if I were to offer to subscribe £15 per year, some other person would come forward and subscribe the other £15." Thanks to this dear friend, and to the other who is sure to come. This will sustain a man for a year. Little enough for so good an end. Is it not?

A Paper called "The National Church" presented in its last issue an amazing instance of what party organs are capable of in the way of wresting words. We said that "a very large proportion of the ministers of all denominations did not earn anything like so much as the men who were laying the stones of that building": this our ingenious but not ingenuous contemporary twists into "with few exceptions Nonconformists in general pay their ministers a most miserable pittance," and draws from it the inference that the voluntary system is an utter failure. This is not lying, but it is as like it as one pea is like another. "A very large proportion" is not "the whole with a very few exceptions;" we think a tenth a large proportion when we pay our tithe—perhaps the writer of the article we refer to is a tithe-receiver, and would think nothing short of *nine*-tenths a large proportion. Then, we did not speak of Nonconformists only, but of *ministers of all denominations*, and we give the Anglican Establishment a prominent place among the denominations, as is her due on many accounts, and especially in reference to the matter in hand. We were thinking of her curates, and the poor clergy, for whom gifts of second-hand clothes are requested by certain societies. When will men write with at least a decent show of honesty? We never saw a prize-fight, but we have always heard that the lowest bullies of the ring are accustomed to strike fairly, and we commend their example to the editor of "The National Church." We shall be glad to read any fair criticisms upon what we have said or shall say, but opponents should as far as possible quote us truthfully, and not make us say what we never thought. No man's character would be safe for a moment if actions and language were to be interpreted after the fashion of "The National Church" writer. It concerns the cause of the church quite as much as it does the injured person, for in the long run such misrepresentations recoil upon the cause which they were intended to promote. Whether Church and State or the Voluntary System be the better principle may be still a question, but among Christian men it should not be a question whether a cause should be sustained by truth or falsehood.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, August 29th, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 19th to September 19th.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	7	0
Rev. C. A. Davis	2	10	0
Mrs. Rutherford	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory	1	0	0
Miss Adair	0	10	0
Willie Clover	1	5	0
W. H. P.	0	10	0
Irvine	0	10	0
A Thankoffering, J. B. E.	1	0	0
J. White (Dawlish)	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Mrs Harris	0	10	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	2	0	0
Miss Challis	0	10	0
Miss L. Challis	0	5	0
Mr. G. Kingerbee	0	10	6
Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
Mr. G. Scivwright	1	1	0
J. L.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Powney...	0	5	0
Rev. A. Tessier	1	0	0
Mrs. Grace	0	10	0
Dinweston Chimers	0	5	3
A Friend	0	0	6
A Friend (Echam)	0	10	0
A Scotch shepherd	2	10	0
Nova Scotian Sermon Readers	2	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Mr. Frearson	5	0	0
West Croydon Chapel, per Mr. T. Davis	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Drummond Road Chapel, per Rev. J. A. Brown	3	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Aug. 18.	32	2	3
" " " " " Aug. 25.	36	7	0
" " " " " Sept. 1.	31	8	5
" " " " " 8.	40	0	5
" " " " " 15.	36	7	0
	£231	7	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 19th to September 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Collecting Cards and Boxes:—			
Miss Helen Edith Phillips ...	4	3	7
Miss Amelia Phillips	4	3	4
Willie's Farthings	0	3	1
Mrs. Roberts	0	11	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	0	0
Miss Crawford	0	10	6
Mr Hawkins	1	0	6
Master A. Straw	0	6	0
Miss H. Barker	0	3	2
Mrs. Culver	0	9	0
Mrs. Bryson	0	1	0
Miss Ellen Conquest	0	7	0
Master George Conquest ...	0	6	1
Miss L. Lovegrove	0	7	0
Mrs. Abbott	1	0	0
Mrs. Allum	0	13	0
Mrs. Osborn	0	3	6
Mrs. Pinner	0	14	6
Miss Jumpson	1	7	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	12	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	16	0
Miss Anderson	0	6	0
Miss Smith	0	10	1
Mrs. Marsh	1	1	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	10	0
Master Perkins	0	10	6
Mr. Gobby	0	10	3
Miss Chilvers	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Jephs	2	0	7
Miss Maynard	0	7	0
Miss Baverstock	2	1	0
Miss A. Road	0	15	0
Miss Austiss	1	5	9
Miss Warden	0	2	2
Mr. Crofts	1	17	0
Miss Woodrington	0	8	0
Miss Cozens	0	4	1
Miss Lancashire	1	5	4
Master J. Lancashire	1	10	1
Miss E. Bonsor	2	2	0
Miss E. Jones	0	14	0
Miss Richardson	0	7	0
Mrs. H. White	0	15	6
Miss Keys	1	10	0
Miss Fryer	2	8	0
Mr. Symonds	0	8	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	0	0
Miss Cockshaw	0	4	1
Miss J. Cockshaw	0	10	0
Miss F. Court	0	16	3
Miss Looseley	0	7	6
Master W. Davis	0	8	0
A Collector, name omitted ...	0	4	6
Master Andrews	0	3	6
Mr. O. Ely	0	14	0
Miss Dunn	0	4	6
Master C. Dunn	0	2	3
Alfred Dunn	0	1	2
Miss Parker	1	8	6
Mrs. Cornell	0	13	9
Mrs. Hose	1	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Luff	1	14	0
Mrs. Read	0	3	0
Mrs. Romang	1	2	6
Master Scott	0	3	0
Mrs. W. Hinton	2	11	0
Mr. Priestly	0	7	6
Mr. Hobson	13	0	0
Mrs. Evans	2	15	0
Mrs. Webb	0	7	6
Miss Gobby	0	6	9
Mr. J. Crombie	0	3	0
Mr. Round	0	13	2
Miss A. Badenoch	0	10	6
Miss Weeks	0	10	7
Master Everett	0	12	9
Master F. Fordham	0	18	0
Mr. Corrick	1	10	0
Miss A. Dowsett	1	2	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	1	0
Mrs. Pope	1	1	6
Mr. Tonkin	0	16	6
Master F. Peters	0	8	0
Miss J. A. Langton	0	11	6
Mrs. Sanderson	0	10	0
Master Robinson	0	1	0
Miss Butcher	0	8	6
Mr. J. Petherick	0	5	6
Mrs. Underwood	0	13	8
Miss Nisbett	0	14	0
Miss E. Padbury	0	15	0
Miss Hughes	0	14	0
Master Day	0	1	3
Miss E. S. Budge	0	8	0
Miss Hudson	0	14	6
Miss E. Brook	0	8	0
Mrs. Foote	0	17	6
Master S. Hillman	0	1	6
Mrs. Bowles	0	10	6
Mr. C. Howes	1	0	0
Miss Narraway	0	8	6
Miss McAley	0	8	0
Mrs. Russell	0	15	6
Miss E. Hughes	0	12	9
Miss Champion	2	0	0
Mrs. Croker	0	7	6
Mrs. Young	1	11	0
Miss Measent	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin Boot	0	6	6
Mr. Harding	1	19	4
Miss Saunders	0	18	0
Miss Ward	0	7	0
Master E. Cook	1	7	6
Miss Charlesworth	1	10	8
Master A. V. Charlesworth ...	0	17	5
Master W. Charlesworth ...	0	8	9
Miss A. Charlesworth ...	1	10	5
Mrs. Tiddy	2	4	6
Master R. Murrell	12	12	0
Master Harry Olney	2	0	0
Mrs. Whitehead	2	5	0
Miss Powell	0	10	0
Mrs. Davis	1	6	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. V. Pe-kett	0	8	0
Miss Sidery	0	11	2
Master F. Watkins	0	0	7
Master F. Bradford, ...	0	1	5
Mrs. Robertson	0	2	0
Master F. Clark	0	1	8
Master F. Turner	0	15	7
Mrs. Butler	0	13	2
Miss Raybould	0	9	6
Master F. Culver	0	6	9
Mr. Doddington	0	4	10
Master E. O. Grady	0	3	2
Master O. Grady	0	4	9
Miss Evans	0	1	6
Master F. Newark	0	7	8
Master Newark	0	6	4
Master B. White	0	17	0
Master A. W. Clover	0	5	11
Master E. C. Boon	0	5	3
Master Stracey...	0	4	5
Master Pankhurst	0	4	4
Miss Farrar	0	11	9
Master C. W. Whitehead ...	0	4	5
Miss A. Conquest	0	4	11
Miss Gubby	1	0	6
Miss Roan	0	8	10
Miss Thomson	0	7	4
Miss Davis	0	4	3
Mrs. Mitchell	0	9	5
Mrs. Carruthers	0	18	8
Master Arthur Ross	0	8	0
Mrs. Gooding	1	5	1
Mrs. Taunton	1	19	0
Mrs. Cockshaw	0	6	0
Master D. Bruce	0	7	2
Mrs. Baldock	0	4	8
Mrs. Wilson	0	3	7
Miss Airey	0	1	9
Miss R. Tomkin	0	5	1
Miss Blake	0	13	10
Master W. Cone	0	15	1
Mrs. Baker	0	10	4
Miss Hubbard	0	6	1
Miss Ellen Tucker	0	7	3
Mrs. Towersey	0	11	6
Miss Annie Dann	0	2	3
Mrs. Kerridge	0	9	5
Master Bu'cnig	0	7	2
Alfred Whillier	0	9	3
Mrs. Scott	0	13	10
Mrs. Ambrose	0	12	1
Mrs. Webb	0	2	2
Mrs. Millar	0	12	0
Master Ralph Padbury ...	0	12	10
Mrs. Mallison	0	3	2
Mr. E. Johnson	1	2	6
Mrs. Perkins	1	4	0
Miss C. Smith	0	11	0
Mrs. Judge	0	6	6
Mrs. Neville	0	8	11
Miss Fairey	0	7	10
Miss Quennel	0	5	2
Mrs. Fairman	0	4	3
Master F. Sanderson	0	1	6
Miss Maria Wade	0	15	10
Master Higgs	2	17	10
Miss Darkin	0	10	0
Miss Holman	0	3	8
Miss Descroix	0	12	9
Mrs Chamberlain	0	3	1
Miss Matilda Jones	0	0	7
Miss Joyce	0	10	6
Mrs. Hertzell	0	4	6
Miss Spatton	0	0	10
Mrs. Wicks	0	3	10
Mrs. Hinton	0	6	4
Miss E. Cooksley	0	12	11
91st Star Bowkett Society ...	0	8	3
Mrs. Waghorn	0	13	0
Mrs. Young	0	5	0
Miss Crowder	0	4	11
Miss Lawson	0	4	5
Miss Poole	0	18	0
Miss White	0	3	1
Mr. Mills	0	7	11
Mrs. Hocking	0	6	11
Mrs. Romang	1	13	2
Master J. G. Romang... ...	0	6	6
Miss Fanny Court	0	6	2
Miss Perrett	1	4	11
Master H. Whillier	0	5	11
Mrs. Willsher	0	6	6
Miss H. Smith	0	2	7
Miss Waters	0	13	11
Miss C. Black	0	10	4
Mr. Steele	0	10	11
Miss Morgan	0	8	10
Miss Super	0	7	8
Miss White	0	3	0
Miss Law	1	12	1
Mrs. Augar	0	5	8
Mrs. J. A. Brown	0	12	2
			177 13 3
Collected by Miss Jesson :—			
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. Rupert Carryer	0	10	0
Mr Pickard	0	10	0
Mrs. C. B. Robinson	0	10	0
Mrs. Hill, Melton	0	10	0
The Misses Bennett	0	7	0
Mrs. Eames	0	5	0
Miss Eames	0	3	0
Mr. Conyers Smith	0	3	0
A Friend, Harbro'	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Cudden	0	5	0
Miss Cooper	0	2	6
Miss Raynes	0	2	6
Mrs. Wardle	0	2	6
Mr. Burrow	0	2	6
Mr. Huckett	0	2	6
Mr. Billson, Watford	0	2	6
A Friend...	0	6	0
Catherine Jesson	1	0	0
			£6 11 0
Mrs. Johnson...	0	5	0
Ebenezer	2	2	0
Mr. Cowderay	0	6	6
Mr. J. Strachan	0	10	0
Mr. Sheffield	2	2	0
A Wesleyan Minister	0	5	0
A Visitor	0	2	0
M. A. H.	0	2	6
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Rev. C. A. Davis	2	10	0
R. P., St. Albans	1	0	0
Contributions from friends at Dinapore, per Captain Pucklo	1	12	0
A Working Man, Reading	0	1	0
Mrs. Rutherford	2	2	0
Miss Adair	0	5	0
M. H.	0	3	0
Mr. F. Justice	1	0	0
Mr. B. Tice	0	10	0
Orders	0	1	10
Sir Thos. Beauchamp	20	0	0
Mrs. Howe	0	5	0
Salop	0	12	0
Collected at Eld Lond Sunday School, Colchester	0	4	9
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith	0	16	6
Mr. A. Hodges	1	0	0
Mrs. Bowling	0	10	0
Miss Lees	1	0	0
Mrs. Turnbull	1	0	0
F. J. T.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Thomson	0	1	6
Irvine	0	10	0
A. G. P.	0	5	0
G. P. T.	0	13	6
Mr. Wobb, Graham's Town	5	0	0
Miss Peckham	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
A Birthday Gift	0	10	0
Mrs. Woollard	1	1	0
A Thanksgiving, J. B. E.	1	0	0
Beckington	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Good Templar	0	5	0
J. and E. Sangster	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Keely	0	10	0
Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0
A Friend, Nailsworth, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	10	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	5	1
Mrs. Harris	0	10	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	2	0	0
A Working Man and his Wife	0	2	0
W. (Tregare)	0	10	0
A Friend	0	4	0
A Friend at Berwick-on-Tweed	0	4	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	6	5	0
M. C.	0	5	0
E. H.	0	2	6
Miss Challis	0	10	0
Miss L. Challis	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wright	0	5	0
A Thankoffering to the Lord for His Gift of a Dear Little Boy	2	0	0
Mr. G. Kingerbee	5	0	0
Daniel Bourne	3	3	0
Miss Winslow	1	0	0
Miss Choat	0	10	0
Miss Choat's Collecting Box	0	13	5
A Friend, per Rev. R. Layzell	0	5	0
Mr. Daintree	1	1	0
A Widow	1	0	0
T. R. S.	1	0	0
Mr. W. G. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hammond	0	10	0
Mr. W. Fleming	1	1	0
Given to Mr. Dunn, at the Orphanage	0	5	0
Mrs. Ambrose	1	1	0
Mrs. Buckingham	0	5	0
Mrs. Turner	0	10	0
Miss A. Vynne	0	4	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Miss Wallington	0	5	0
Miss Jolliffe	1	0	0
Mr. Pidgett	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Rainford	0	10	0
Master A. Parker	0	2	6
Mrs. Croker	2	0	0
Mr. Robt. Gallant	0	5	0
Mrs. Ann Gallant	0	5	0
Miss M. E. Hudland	0	10	0
Rev. A. G. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. Nisbet	1	1	0
Mr. T. Capon	1	1	0
Mr. J. Thorley	1	1	0
Mr and Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
A Brother in the Lord	0	5	0
Mr. Taylor	2	0	0
Torquay	0	2	6
Ryde	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Willcox	0	10	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. Woodnutt	5	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. Thomas Kennard	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Phillips	1	11	6
G. J. R.	0	10	6
A Friend	0	2	6
Mrs. Ludgate	0	8	6
Mrs. Ward	0	5	0
Mr. Reading	0	18	0
Miss Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Mrs. Rutherford	0	7	6
Miss L. Wynne	1	7	0
Miss Walker	0	16	8
Mr. J. Tanner	0	7	6
Mr. G. Packer	0	10	6
R. P. (St. Alban's)	1	0	0
Mrs. Grace	0	10	0
G. W. W.	1	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	2	2	0
Mr. M. Tutton	5	0	0
Mr. G. Scrivright	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. G. James	1	1	0
Collection at New Mill, Tring, per Rev. H. Bradford	6	1	0
Master Robert Years	0	6	3
Mr. C. Verdan	0	5	0
Miss Gillard	0	12	3
Young Ladies of Reedham College	1	10	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	3	10
Mrs. Hill	0	10	0
Amy	0	5	0
Mrs. Tyrer	5	0	0
Miss Sanford	100	0	0
A Friend (Eeham)	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Naylor	0	5	0
R. C.	1	0	0
A Scotch Shepherd	2	10	0
A Friend at Exeter	3	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Court	0	10	0
Sunday School Bazaar, per Miss Passmore	1	0	0
Per London and County Bank	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. Hakstone's Class	1	1	0
Miss Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. Herschell	2	0	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Mr. W. J. Palmer — 2 0 0			
Mr. J. Long — 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Withers (quarterly) — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman — 0 1 1			
	3	6	1
	£527	7	5

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—12 Loaves, Mr. Suggett; 240 Eggs, Miss Jane, Ward; small basket of Ditto, Anon.; A Sack of Flour, Mr. Russell.

Clothing:—100 Linen Collars, Miss Marshall; several Articles of Boys' Clothes, Anon.; 50 Shirts, Miss Dransfield.

Books:—200 Sunday School Hymn Books, The Committee of the Southwark Sunday School Society.

For Sale Room:—Two Parcels, A Friend; A Parcel, Mrs. Tyrer, Liverpool; A Parcel, Mrs. Dunmore.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscription:—			
Mr. J. Haddock	2	2	0
Donations:—			
G. M. R.	0	5	0
Mr. A. Macdougal	1	0	0
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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

Sarah Martin: A Story of a Useful Life.*

WOMEN are out of place when they usurp the position of men. The gentle tenderness of the female nature is a choice jewel, and anything which impairs its radiance is a loss and not a gain. We have seen female evangelists who evidently ought to have been men, and we have been impressed by them, but not with admiration. Their manners have made us thankful that we were not yoked with them in wedlock, and their mode of conversation has made us feel that, whoever might be saved by their ministry, one woman at least was spoiled by it. On the other hand, it has been our felicity to know some of the loveliest, most earnest, and most practical of female workers, and to feel that, take them for all in all, in their own spheres, no men could rival them. Working for Jesus, quietly and unostentatiously, with determination and self-denial, such sisters in Christ are queenly in their modesty, and all the more powerful because they court retirement. That zeal which would brazen the face of modesty, can very well be dispensed with; but the loving fervour which can calmly pursue its own suitable path of usefulness, the church can by no means dispense with.

We have been greatly struck with the omnipotence of woman's influence when sanctified by grace, while reading the life of Sarah Martin, the prison visitor of Great Yarmouth. More than twenty years ago, the Religious Tract Society issued this memoir, and they have done well to send forth a new and improved edition of it, for we feel sure that a large number of readers have never even heard of it: we have

* Sarah Martin, the Prison Visitor of Great Yarmouth: a Story of a Useful Life. Religious Tract Society. Price 2s. 6d.

read pretty largely, but must admit that we have just now met with the narrative for the first time. It is a life which every Christian woman should first read and then imitate. It has been a means of grace to us to peruse it. There are no thrilling incidents, or sensational situations, or amusing anecdotes; the story glides softly along, and never startles the reader: but HOLINESS TO THE LORD is written upon each page, and a sacred influence pours forth from every line. We feel sure that we are doing the Tract Society and our readers a service by giving a short *resumé* of the story, very much of which will consist of extracts from the memoir itself.

Sarah Martin was the child of a small tradesman in the village of Caistor, near Yarmouth. She was born in 1791. Her parents dying, she came under the care of a godly grandmother, whose holy example exercised a powerful influence over her. She commenced life on her own account as a dressmaker, and, to her serious injury, became a prey to the pernicious habit of novel-reading, and to religious doubts, most of which were suggested by a deistical old man resident in the village. Divine grace did not leave her to her own devices, but at the age of nineteen she was convinced of sin, and led to put her trust in the Saviour. Her own words will best describe her deep emotion while her first love was burning towards her Redeemer with abounding ardour: "Having obtained peace, I looked upward, with adoring wonder and grateful astonishment, to my precious God and Redeemer, and at his mighty power, which had actually cast down and overthrown all my deeply-rooted and bitter prejudices, had beaten down all the tyranny of Satan, and had made me alive from the dead. And now, in the glorious liberty wherewith Christ had made me free, I wished to give proof of my love, and desired the Lord to open privileges to me of serving my fellow-creatures, that happily I might, with the Bible in my hand, point others to those fountains of joy, whence my own so largely flowed."

A woman of this spirit could not long remain out of her place. Sarah commenced teaching in the Sabbath School, and ere long the Lord gave her a gracious token of his approval, in the conversion of one little girl in her class. Of her call to Sabbath-school work she gave full evidence, working prayerfully and perseveringly. Soon the Master called her to other service. "A wider field of usefulness presented itself. She found admission to the workhouse, where the poor had no chaplain, the sick no comforter, and the children no instructor. In the hospital of the workhouse a young woman was ill. Sarah Martin was allowed to visit her; and at her death, at the request of a number of afflicted and aged women in the ward, she was permitted to continue her visits, to read the Scriptures, and pray with them. In the course of time, the inmates of all the sick wards solicited her to visit them also, which she did, to their great satisfaction and her own joy.

"Not content with instructing and consoling the sick and aged, she yearned over the poor neglected children in this abode of the destitute, and devoted one day in the week—Monday—to these off-casts. At first they were taught in a confined and unfurnished sleeping garret. After sometime a school-room was built in the yard, but the teachers were selected from the workhouse inmates.

"The master of the house saw the value of her plans, and sought to aid them; but the chief difficulty lay in the impossibility of selecting from the inmates of the house a suitable person to instruct the children regularly. There were no funds supplied by the authorities to procure a competent teacher; and the governor selected to fill the post a poor old man who, by drunkenness, had reduced himself to poverty. John Stagg had one quality, however, that rendered him of great service to Miss Martin. Though not a religious man, he entered fully into her views, was attentive to her wishes, to the utmost amount of his ability sought to carry out her plans, and gave her a hearty reception on the occasion of her weekly visit. To the poor teacher, as well as the children, the instructions of this devoted woman were made useful. After a few years, he became a decidedly religious man, and was wont to give thanks to God that he had ever entered the workhouse school-room.

"For several months before his death he suffered much from asthma; and when the difficulty of breathing prevented sleep, and compelled him to sit up much during the night, he would not desert the children in the day, being no longer the mere mechanical teacher, but the affectionate master, and the friend to the souls of the children. His natural temper was impatient; and, at an earlier period, he had been anxious about the children; but when confined to his bed, and his separation from them entirely effected by the hand of God, and life was closing, he resigned his precious charge to the love of God, and with every earthly care removed, he found rest. On his death-bed he said to Sarah Martin, 'I feel myself to be a guilty sinner, but I cast myself entirely on the mercy of God, in his dear Son.'

"The successor was an old sailor, a man of bad character, and known to be a thief. He was the only person in the house able to teach the children to read. Here was a new difficulty. She feared his temper and disposition would mar all that already had been accomplished. But she gave herself to prayer, and God heard her. This man also became a penitent believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. His changed life presented a strong contrast to what he had been. 'In this school-room God taught me,' she heard him say, 'what I never knew before—that I am a sinner, and that I have mercy in my Saviour.'"

In due time, the social improvements of the period visited even the workhouse, proper school-rooms were erected, suitable teachers appointed, and the work of education thoroughly carried on. Meanwhile, Sarah had ascended in her service of the Lord by descending a stage lower, to seek and to save that which was lost. She, like Elizabeth Fry, became the heroine of the jail; and there achieved great things for her Lord.

Yarmouth Jail was, we suppose, neither better nor worse than other such places at the period. They were all bad, and though we could not have said that any were better, for that would be degrading the adjective, yet certainly some were worse than the rest. Schools of sin, harbours of idleness, dens of iniquity, they all were; probably no other English Institution so much fostered crime as imprisonment in the common jail, unless it were that of public legal strangulation. In those common jails the innocent unjustly immured were speedily corrupted, the

youthful sinner became prematurely old in vice, and the most depraved found an opportunity for diffusing their abominable principles. "Some faint conception of the state of things in prisons may be gained from the language of a Report on their state, published in 1821:—'In thirty gaols, constructed for the confinement of 2,985, there were, at one time in the last year, no fewer than 5,837 prisoners, and the whole number imprisoned in those gaols during that period amounted to 26,703. There are still prisons where idleness and its attendant evils are yet unrestrained; where the sexes are not separated; where all distinctions of crime are confounded; where few can enter, if uncorrupted, without pollution, and, if guilty, without incurring deeper stains of criminality. There are yet prisons which receive not the visits of a Christian minister, which the light of knowledge never enters, and where the truths and consolations of the Gospel are never heard. There are yet prisons, where, for the security of the prisoners, measures are resorted to, as revolting to the feelings, as they are repugnant to the spirit and letter of English law.'"

"Such a gaol was that of Great Yarmouth. The celebrated John Howard visited it in 1776; and in his 'State of Prisons in England and Wales,' thus describes its condition:—'Besides the gaoler's house, in which are rooms for master's-side debtors, there are for felons a day-room and court-yard, both too close; and two lodging-rooms for such as pay for them; two dungeons, or night rooms, down a ladder of ten steps—one for men, the other for women. Allowance, a penny loaf a day [thirteen ounces in weight,] four chaldrons of coal a year [for the prison in general.] They send out a begging basket three times a week. No table. Clauses of Act against spirituous liquors not hung up.'"

At the time Sarah Martin commenced her work in the gaol, the doors were simply locked upon the unfortunate and guilty inmates, who, without restriction, spent their time in gambling, swearing, fighting, in talking over their various exploits, and in planning fresh crimes when released from prison. The only care of the cold-hearted keepers was the safe custody of their prisoners, who in turn stood behind the bars rattling a begging-box, to invoke the charity of the passers-by. Visitors, as bad as the criminals they came to see, were admitted without any difficulty, who joined in the orgies of the place. Sunday and week-day were alike. There was no Divine worship, nor any respect paid to the moral or spiritual need of the horde of wretched beings crammed together within its awful precincts. It was an abode of vice and misery, whether looked at from a religious or sanatory point of view.

There were underground cells, even down to the year 1836, quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation; and an ancient apartment, called 'the Hold,' had iron rings fixed to a great beam, to which, in more rigorous times, the prisoners were chained.

'The prisoners,' says the Government Inspector, 'describe the heat of these cells in summer as almost suffocating; but they prefer them for their warmth in winter. Their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being.' The whole place was 'filthy, confined, unhealthy, and its occupants were infested with vermin and skin disease.'"

"Sarah Martin, when reviewing her labours in after life, wrote: 'My own horror and disgust at these things were far from being less than any other person could have known, especially as I could not even mention my distress to any human being, because my friends, not exposed to the trial as I was, nor requiring strength peculiar to it, might not have felt themselves justified in receiving me from the prison to their houses [as a dressmaker]. I had, however, access to One whose care was over me, in whom I had perfect confidence that I should be preserved from evil, whose laws impelled me to forget all else in the important work; nor did I hope in vain. And then how eagerly did I resort to the Bible, and feed on such assurances as these: 'There shall no evil befal thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling' (Ps. xci. 10). The promises of that beautiful Psalm suited my case, and the support was equal to my requirements.'"

It was not a work which self-love would have chosen, but the love of Christ impelled her to it, and sustained her in it. Her mind was delicately formed, and full of elevated and even poetical thought, and yet she voluntarily dedicated herself to unremunerated toil among the most brutal portion of the community. She visited the prisoners, prayed with them, read to them, instructed them, and even preached to them; and when they left the prison she aided them in commencing life. From the first she acquired a marvellous power over the prisoners, because she evidently loved them, and sought only their welfare. Her prayers, readings, instructions, and advice were received thankfully, or if refused, were declined with a respect which one wonders at in men and women so depraved by vice. Sarah Martin knew how to manage people; she had tact and common sense, as well as zeal. Hence she soon hit upon the blots in penal discipline; and though no Prison Conference had then been held, she discovered nearly all that modern philanthropists have at length brought to light. Had the government made her general inspector of jails, they could scarcely have made a better appointment.

"After three years' perseverance in this, as she terms it, 'happy and quiet course,' perceiving that idleness in the prison on the week days was a fruitful source of vice, she sought to devise plans to employ, first, the female prisoners, and afterwards the men. Having but small means, she showed her ingenuity in doing much with little. Her economical wisdom was equal to her zeal; her common sense shone forth as conspicuously as her piety; for lack of this humbler quality many fervent people make shipwreck of hopeful enterprises.

"In 1823, a gentleman gave her ten shillings, and another, in the same week, a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to her that she could profitably expend it in materials for baby clothes. She did so. Then she borrowed patterns, cut out the materials, fixed the prices for making the various articles, and ascertained the cost of a set, so that they might be sold at a profit. The plan was a great success. By this means many of the women were taught to sew, and had a little money to receive at the expiration of the term of their confinement. 'The fund of thirty shillings for this purpose,' she stated in after years, 'as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase), soon rose to seven guineas; and since its

establishment, above four hundred pounds' worth of various articles have been sold for charity.'

"After some time, she contrived to find employment for the men. Some of them were taught to make straw hats, and others caps for men and boys, the materials (old cloth or moreen) for the purpose being obtained from her friends. Others formed spoons, stilettos, seals, and apple-scoops, from the shank bones of legs of mutton, obtained from housekeepers, whom she laid under frequent requisition. Indeed, she had to exercise her ingenuity to obtain any apparently useless and refuse articles, that she might turn them to account, and keep her work going. It was marvellous to behold the transformations these articles underwent, and the novel purposes to which they were turned. Sarah Martin's aim was to make employment a privilege, and to be kept idle a punishment. 'Do, miss, give me something to do, and I will not offend you again,' was a plea at times made by those who had been refractory. She rigidly enforced order. Her authority was supreme, and at no time did she allow it to be trifled with. On one side of the prison common-room might be seen two or three burly, bronzed-faced smugglers or beachmen, whose clumsy fingers were trying to sew pieces of cotton print together, to form a quilt. Opposite to them, perhaps, were a couple of other prisoners with sheep bones, rasping and scraping them into some useful articles. And in the centre was Sarah Martin, the superintendent of the strange party. In reference to these efforts, she says, 'In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey-cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness, and making themselves useful.'"

It is interesting to note some of the entries made in her day-book of moneys laid out for various individuals upon their leaving the prison. No one can tell the amount of care, thought, and time, which hundreds of such items indicate:

	s.	d.
Bought two yards and a half of stout beaverteen for a jacket for E——; cut it by his old one, and gave it to a poor woman to make; the stuff, lining, thread, buttons, and making, cost	4	9
A Testament for E——	1	0
Two twopenny loaves to E——	0	4
Paid a week in advance for a twopenny loaf to W—— and E——	2	4
J. N——, a donkey	18	0
And 100 herrings to start with	3	0
A shirt to J. B—— as an encouragement to do well	2	8
Three weeks' rent paid for J. M——; bad leg, and no work	1	6
For sticks for him to sell again after his leg is better	1	0
For seven threepenny loaves while seeking work	1	9
For a pair of second-hand shoes	3	0
A pair of scales for R. H—— to sell sprats	2	6
One-pound and half-pound weights	0	9
Stamping ditto	0	1
Basket	1	0
A stone of sprats to start with	2	0
Basket for shrimps for the boy J. B——	1	2
Two measures and cloths to contain them in the basket	1	7

We have seen her care for the morals and the temporal welfare of her poor pupils, but Sarah Martin's great aim was their spiritual good, and upon this she spent her main exertions. We are glad that several outlines of the sermons which she preached to the prisoners are given in the memoir before us, for it enables us to appreciate her teaching. Here is one of them:—

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isaiah iv. 7.

"To presume on the mercy of God for forgiveness at the last, whilst we yet go on in sin, is most daring and dangerous, inasmuch as God is a God of justice. In Christ Jesus alone has he revealed himself as a God of mercy, and invited sinners to himself, whilst no encouragement is given to the sinner who goes on in his wickedness, for unrepented and unforsaken sin cannot but end in eternal ruin.

That the awakened soul, just brought to a sense of his own guilt and ruin by a sight of the holiness of the divine law, may not despair, he is directed by the Word of God to the gracious and glorious scheme of redemption, by which the justice and mercy of Jehovah, our lawgiver, are magnified in the redemption of transgressors.

This blessed passage is most sweet and welcome to the troubled soul under the burden of sin. By it such are invited to Jesus, and the consolations of the Almighty brought to their happy experience. May the sword of the Spirit, God's all-powerful Word, separate every false hope from our souls, cut us off from our errors and refuges of lies, that in our extremity we may be enabled to embrace the remedy, to flee to the gospel of God's mercy in Christ Jesus, and remain in spirit at the feet of Jesus, not only to hear the voice of pardon and of peace, but to receive instruction as to our future course, that we may hear and believe, love and obey him. To this effectual end may the Holy Spirit direct our attention as we proceed.

I. The text points out a character: 'The wicked,' and 'his way;' 'the unrighteous,' and 'his thoughts.'

II. A gracious invitation: 'Let him forsake it, let him return unto the Lord.'

III. The blessed promise of good: 'The Lord will have mercy upon him—our God will abundantly pardon.'"

There is nothing sensational in all this, and yet it is an average specimen of her outline addresses. Her known love to all the assembled sinners no doubt gave interest and power to sermons which from any other lips would have been thought exceedingly commonplace. A visitor in the town thus describes a service conducted by Sarah Martin. We cannot help fearing that it was far better than many a service conducted by appointed chaplains:—

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England: two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much

better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse of her own composition was read by her—admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service the prisoners paid the most profound attention, and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was afterwards read by her to the female prisoners."

All this while Sarah was unpaid. Her only means of support was her dressmaking, and during the days devoted to the gaol she, of course, earned nothing. Often was she called to endure great want, and at last her occupation failed her altogether, for ladies did not choose to invite into their houses a needlewoman who might bring with her the diseases of the prison. However, as her means of livelihood grew less and less, her faith rose in proportion.

"'In the full occupation of dressmaking,' she writes, 'I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported. God was my Master, and would not forsake his servant: he was my Father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that sometimes it seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his people, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy, for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation, so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others. Supported with these views I advanced, still meeting increased disclosures of the Divine goodness."

The Lord did not leave his servant to want. The magistrates of the town proferred her remuneration, and, although she refused it when so presented, they with great delicacy and judgment managed to settle upon her a small monthly income. Friends began to appreciate her labours, and her trials as to temporal things came to an end. Sweet is it to trust in the Lord. The result is always the same, the truster is strengthened and God is glorified.

Sarah Martin spent the latter months of her life in the sick chamber, and she died at the age of fifty-two; but she continued at her self-denying work so long as strength remained, and when she could not go to the gaol the prisoners still lay near her heart. She fell asleep Oct. 14, 1843. We care very little for the fine stained glass window in her honour which adorns the ancient church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, nor for the fact that a Bishop and a Baron contributed largely to that memorial, but we prize beyond all things the fragrant example of a simple, energetic, devout, and humble woman, of whom the Lord himself would have said, "She hath done what she could."

C. H. S.

An Appeal to Justice.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL," AND READ BEFORE THE BAPTIST UNION, IN THE FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

DEAR SIR,—Have I been dreaming or not? If I have not, I have a serious case of moral obliquity among Baptists which I wish to bring before the brethren comprising the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Be it understood that I am a Baptist myself, but shall be almost ashamed to confess it unless my present statement should turn out to be mere imagination.

Sir, I have been, either really, or in fancy, to a country very much like our own, a bright and happy land as like to England as one rose is to another. I thought I was in my own native country till a strange discovery undeceived me. Having occasion to do business with a worthy tradesman of the Episcopalian denomination, who was withal a most intelligent man, I very naturally enquired as to the position and prospects of the Baptists in the district. He answered me with a degree of warmth and severity which somewhat surprised me, for he was a man of very gentle mould and genial disposition. "Why sir," said he, "I suppose they must be prospering, for I have this morning paid £7 14s. 6d. for tithe to their preacher in this parish. I have never even seen the reverend gentleman in the pulpit, for I am satisfied with my own minister. He is, I have no doubt, a very respectable man, but he is certainly none the better for living in part at the expense of those who do not believe in his teaching. Is it not monstrous that in a country which calls itself free, I, who am a law-abiding Episcopalian, paying all my dues to the powers that be, should see another sect set in high places and called the National Church, and should myself be called a Dissenter because I do not happen to agree with the immersion of adults, and other Baptist peculiarities?" I sympathized with the good man with that fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind; and although I said but little to him, I felt so ashamed of the whole business that I resolved to call upon the Baptist pastor, and tell him a little of my mind.

I was exceedingly pleased to find him living in the best house in the village, except the squire's, and I was pleased to notice a neat croquet lawn where a young assistant minister was occupied in a very engaging manner with some young ladies. Having introduced myself as a Baptist, I was cordially received and proceeded at once to my point. The dialogue ran somewhat in this fashion:—

"So, my dear friend, you have turned the tables upon the Episcopalians, and have taken the good things of the State out of their hands."

"Indeed, no. We have always possessed our present property. The Episcopalians are a modern sect, who sprung up some few centuries ago. We are the old Catholic and Apostolic church, practising the ordinances as they were delivered unto us. All other churches are guilty of schism, for it is as clear as anything in history that the

original churches consisted of persons immersed upon profession of their faith."

"And that fact, you conceive, is a sufficient warrant for making the schismatics and the whole nation support your church? Do you conceive the original Baptist churches to have had this privilege and to have exercised it?"

"Well, that is a lengthy question which our divines have long ago settled most satisfactorily, but I am sorry to say that Episcopalians, and other sects, are agitating the question; and those known as Political Episcopalians are peculiarly pestilent. My own opinion is, that they are a set of robbers, and want to take away from our church what was bequeathed to her by pious ancestors."

"Is it true that the Episcopalians have tried to take away property left to you by wills which you can produce?"

"Well, not exactly that. We say that there were pious ancestors all over the country, one in every parish, who left a tenth part of all property to the Baptist Church; but the date is so far back that the documents are lost."

I thought I saw his eye twinkle roguishly as he said this, and as I was convinced that he was not such an idiot as to believe what he was saying, I did not dispute with him. I am afraid we grew a little warm over the point, for I was a good deal nettled to meet with a Baptist who could so disgrace the honourable name of our denomination.

To make a long story short, I found that a few years ago these Baptists compelled the Episcopalians to pay for the baptising gowns of their ministers, and the water in their baptisteries, and that they were very reluctant to part with the precious privilege of presenting robbery to God as a burnt-offering. However, in this matter public sentiment proved too strong for them, and they have been deprived of their church rates. Yet I found that to this day their leading ministers, including Maclaren, the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Minister of Manchester; Mursell, the Lord Minister of Leicester; Landels, the Lord Minister of London; Chown, Lord Minister of Bradford, and others, occupy seats in one of the great courts of legislature, always vote against every measure of progress, and by their very presence insult every Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Independent in the land. It oozed out that many of the pulpits of this lordly community were put up to auction to the highest bidder, or were given by certain Lord Deacons and others to their sons, and called *livings*. The ministers themselves I found all subscribed to the Baptist Confession of Faith, but there were nevertheless three sorts of them, as different from each other as rattlesnakes, lambs, and owls can be from one another. I could not understand how they could all honestly profess one creed, and yet hold scarcely anything in common except their tithes: but there can be no doubt that "they are all honourable men."

Sir, this was not all, I found these strange Baptists in possession of the National graveyards, and as fierce as fighting cocks at the idea of allowing any of the unimmersed to be buried in the same soil. In every cemetery they had a distinct portion marked off for the immersed, as if they were afraid that the faithful would catch the heresy of

Pœdobaptism, even after death, if laid too near bodies which had been only sprinkled.

Everywhere I met with their influence, in the almshouse and in the grammar-school, in the soup-kitchen and in the clothing-club; and I found them everywhere fighting for Baptist ascendency. An attempt at National Education had become a cause of universal dissatisfaction, mainly through their unexpected and unmanly use of a certain clause of the Act. Looking proudly down upon all other Christians as schismatics, these Baptists try to prove their apostolic succession by an utter disregard of apostolic love of the brethren.

Sir, ought these things so to be? Why should a Baptist oppress an Episcopalian? Why should the Episcopalian be blamed if he feels the oppression keenly and struggles to escape from it? Is there any justice in the state of things which I have represented to you? The golden rule that we should do to others as we would that they should do to us, appears to have been entirely ignored. Episcopalians in that country have to support their own ministers, and do so with no little difficulty, because few of the great and noble cast in their lot with them; why should they be called upon to sustain those of a body with which they do not agree, which enjoys, moreover, the patronage of the highest in the land? They ought before the eye of the law to be equal to Baptists or any other religionists. I feel ashamed of Baptists who can occupy such a position of unrighteous vantage. Ask the Baptist Union if they are not also ashamed? Ask the Episcopalians of England if they are not indignant that such gross injustice should be endured by brethren of their own faith and order?

Perhaps, however, dear Sir, it is all a dream.

WILLIAM PLOUGHMAN,
COUSIN TO JOHN.

A Curious Story concerning Ourselves.

WE seldom burden our pages with personal references, though certain readers have frequently requested us to record a little more of our doings; but occasionally we venture to record an incident which is in itself interesting, and we think the following is of that character. We extract from the *Christian Age* the following narration by the Rev. Wm. C. Wilkinson, which is headed, "A Curious Incident in Mr. Spurgeon's Preaching":—

"During the spring of 1862, while in London, I met at breakfast one Sunday morning in my lodgings a number of gentlemen with whom I had formed the traveller's transient acquaintance as their fellow-guest for the previous week. The conversation threatening to become unsuited to the sanctity of the day, I watched my chance and spoke of Mr. Spurgeon, as a kind of compromise topic, that might possibly also bring about some decided transition in the nature of our talk. One after another of those present expressed his opinion or narrated his experience of the famous preacher's eloquence; but a young man, apparently a somewhat 'fast' young man, remained a silent, though very noticeably an attentive listener to what was said. He evidently had a story of his own to tell, and at length he told it. Said he:

'Now I used to brag on Spurgeon a good deal. I went very often to hear him; and I told all my friends there was no preaching like his. But one Sunday, whether he had noticed me before—I am sure I can't say how it was—but he spoke right straight at me, and pointed me out so to the whole congregation that everybody was looking at me. It wasn't right at all. He was downright personal, don't you see; and I've never been to hear him preach since. He had no business to single a fellow out like that, and set people all to looking right at a fellow.'

The young man spoke with sincerity; but I felt, and I judged that my companions all felt, that there was some explanation of his experience that would relieve Mr. Spurgeon of the imputation of actual personality. I said:

'But, isn't it possible that you were mistaken? Didn't you take something particularly to yourself that Mr. Spurgeon meant for a whole class of his hearers?'

'Not at all, not at all,' he replied, eagerly. 'No, sir; there was no mistake whatever about it. He meant me, and nobody else. I don't think he ought to have done it.'

Still unconvinced, I said again:

'You, of course, were looking at the speaker; and, if the speaker turned his face towards where you were sitting, you perhaps took it for granted that he was looking particularly at you, when he was not."

'No, sir; but it was at *me* that he looked. Why, sir, he described my dress. I own I was dressed rather loud; but that didn't make it right. He told what colour my coat was, and my waistcoat, and all that. He ought not to have done it, sir.'

The young man was so much in earnest that we all tacitly agreed to let him have his say, without further question. But I could not persuade myself that his impressions were well grounded.

Seven months after, I was guest at a dinner given by Charles H. Thompson, Esq., an American gentleman, then resident at Paris, to a small party, which included Dr. McClintock, Dr. J. H. Vincent, I remember, and, among others, a young minister whose name I cannot now recall. The conversation happened at one point to turn upon Mr. Spurgeon, and I related the singular experience of this young Londoner to the company. I added that, the young man's confident asseverations to the contrary notwithstanding, of course Mr. Spurgeon could not have done as he represented. All agreed but the minister above alluded to. He said:

'I was present on that occasion, and I sat near the young man. What he said was all true. Mr. Spurgeon did unquestionably point his preaching for a moment directly and personally at him. He said: "That young man sitting under my eye, with such and such clothes on."'

The coincidence was so remarkable that we all had to be convinced.

Such an episode, then, in Mr. Spurgeon's preaching must have occurred. But it must have been extremely exceptional; perhaps it was entirely unique. I have myself been a somewhat frequent auditor of his, and certainly I never witnessed anything at all resembling the incident which I have narrated. Possibly, Mr. Spurgeon having his attention casually directed to that young man, a sudden and irresistible impulse suggested the hazardous experiment of a personal appeal to him in so public a manner, by way of arresting his conscience with an unexpected and unusual impression. The event, so far as appeared, did not justify the preacher's temerity. It was probably an unwise experiment; certainly unwise, one is tempted to say, and probably unsuccessful. But the Judgment Seat alone can disclose the final issue of our actions. It is still uncertain, in the case of that young man, what the last effect may prove to have been of that singular address to his conscience."

Upon this incident we would remark that we do not doubt for a moment the accuracy of Mr. Wilkinson's statements; but, we yet

believe the story told by the young gentleman to be a story in more senses than one, even though a second person supports him in it. Persons are to be met with who saw us slide down the rails of our pulpit stairs, and others will swear that they were present at the same time, and yet nothing ever occurred to give even a colouring of truth to that shameless falsehood. The present piece of imagination is less gross, but is equally fabulous. We have been personal, very personal, and mean to be so still. We do not wish to be "relieved of the imputation of actual personality;" we plead guilty to it, and only wish we had been more chargeable therewith. But it so happens that we are quite incapable of noticing people's garments. When we have been told of some lady's excessive finery, we have betrayed our total oblivion of the fact, and if a gentleman were dressed in the loudest fashion we should never discover it unless it were pointed out. Our preaching and its effect absorb us; we watch faces with eagerness to see if our hearers feel our words, but whether men wear brown or black clothes, we should never notice, for we are gifted with what we may designate an almost absolute incapacity for sartorial observation. We cannot imagine how a description of coats and waistcoats could point a moral or adorn a tale, and we do not believe that we ever wandered in that direction; if we did so, the description must have belonged to some personage in a narrative we were detailing, and could not have been drawn from anyone before us, though it is very possible that it may have corresponded exactly with the dress of some one in the assembly—in so large a congregation it would be remarkable if it did not.

When persons in the congregation are inattentive or ill-behaved (which, by the way, has hardly occurred a half-dozen times in twenty years), we have given them some gentle hints which they could not help appropriating, and which we have no doubt they will never forget, but even these have had no reference to their garments. The whole matter is a misunderstanding. There could not have been the slightest truth in the statement, for the reason named, which is a marked peculiarity of our mind.

Why do not people tell the scores of real instances in which we have painted men to the life, and made them feel that the Lord spoke to them by us? Infinitely more singular than this incident are the cases which have come under our own knowledge, but which we care not to tell, for few would believe them. We aim at speaking personally and pointedly to all our hearers, and they are the best judges whether we accomplish it, and also as to whether we use language at which any man ought to be offended. Very seldom does a week occur without our receiving letters from persons unknown to us, thanking us for advising or comforting them in our sermons, the parties evidently being under the impression that some friend had communicated their cases to us, though, indeed, we knew nothing whatever of them. Frequently we have had apologetic notes acknowledging the justice of the rebuke, and correcting us in some minor details of a description supposed to refer to a special sinner; whereas we were unaware of the writer's existence. We have ceased to regard these incidents as curious, for we remember that the word of God is "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

C. H. S.

Infidelity in London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

[PART I.]

UNBELIEF is continually shifting its ground or altering its professions, to suit times and circumstances, and so retain its hold on the age. Deists of the eighteenth century mould are a comparatively rare genus now-a-days, and pure Atheism is not fashionable, because men who wish to appear before others as persons with minds will not lightly embrace the philosophy of fools. Even those weak natures who may have strayed into the uninviting paths of that modified Atheism which is known as Pantheism, will not be comforted by remembering the aphorism of Mr. Disraeli,—"Nothing can be more monstrous than to represent a creator as unconscious of creating." That horrible and heartlessly cruel lie, which, having an origin in the regions of darkness, gained strength, and stalked abroad in the last century, is becoming in a measure obsolete. Atheism is such an unscientific, boorish sort of belief, that even an artisan with any pretentions to culture and power of mind, will hesitate before avowing among his shopmates that he is only a mere Atheist. The profession carries a degradation with it, with which few who have any self-respect care to become associated. It is, in fact, saying, I am nothing, because I have not the sense to be anything. Thus, in a valuable work,* recently published, we read: "Naked Atheism is a repulsive creed. It is a heart-withering negation. It touches no sympathy; it stimulates no play of intellect; under the deadly chill of its unlighted vacancy, imagination cannot breathe. There is nothing about it refined, or subtle, or profound. It is the barest and hardest form of infidelity, and has been professed by the coarsest minds. It demands no effort to comprehend its one universal negation, and it taxes no skill to expound it. It is an arid and barren, a cold and dreary hypothesis, which no genius, not even that of Lucretius can make attractive. The old illustration is conclusive as to its absurdity. It would be immensely less monstrous to maintain that the Iliad, in its full perfection, might have been the product of the 'fortuitous concourse' of the letters of the Greek alphabet, than that this infinitely wonderful and glorious universe is the result of the 'fortuitous concourse of atoms.' Stark Atheism, therefore, however it may have flourished in the heartless and hopeless France of a hundred years ago, was never likely to take root in the soil of European scepticism as the alternative of Christianity. In England it has had very few votaries."

It appears, then, that in these days even infidelity must not walk abroad clothed in too coarse a habit, unless it would rather disgust than attract votaries. That old beggarly thing, Atheism, in the rags and

* Modern Scepticism. A Course of Lectures delivered at the request of the Christian Evidence Society. Hodder and Stoughton. [Though we may not agree with all the views of the various authors of this work, the result of their labours is, in the main, very gratifying. The book will be profitably studied by those who wish to fortify their minds against the specious objections to Christianity of so-called "scientific writers."]

poverty which presage ultimate decay, may still retain sufficient strength to enounce its absurdities in obscure by-ways, or in repelling "halls of science," but to retain its hold of the more respectable classes, modern unbelief must change both its name and tactics. The contemptible dwarfs who find pleasure in enticing people, more ignorant than themselves, into mere Atheism, will never rise into anything higher than dwarfs—small creatures who account themselves rewarded when complimented on their height by auditors who cannot see.

The street evangelists of London pass much of their time in the society of infidels of all shades and tempers; and even the most intelligent of those who vehemently oppose Christianity, are found offering in its stead only a repulsive substitute. Many cavillers against the Gospel are not wanting in mental power, though such as rail at religion will often also exemplify the meanest attributes of humanity. The creeds of the unbelieving undoubtedly sanction a low standard of morals. When Christianity is reviled and discarded, most of the things which help to make man noble and attractive are sacrificed at the same time, and thus an incidental testimony is borne to the value of truth. A man, for instance, who yields to a debasing Socialism, will necessarily bring his notions of morality down to the same level. One such has been known to abuse a City Missionary for teaching nothing better than Christianity, and then to show his own superiority, by absconding to the Continent and leaving his family to shift for themselves! Oftentimes, all will go well with a working-man until home is invaded by immoral opinions, and their entrance is the forerunner of social ruin. Wives may be found, to whom the surrendering of all religious principle on the part of husbands, has meant ill-usage and neglect, and frequently the workhouse for themselves and their children.

A striking instance of the manner in which Atheism and its work can bring people to the darkness and misery of dire poverty, occurred some years ago in London. A missionary who was visiting in the neighbourhood of Saffron-hill, came to a certain dilapidated house with a broken door; knocking, he entered in response to a weakly spoken "Come in," to find a man and woman living in a condition of shocking wretchedness. Indeed, the spectacle was so utterly horrible that the visitor involuntarily shuddered and sickened at what he saw, familiar as he was with strangely repulsive sights. The man, as an invalid, would have been confined to his bed had he possessed one, but wanting that convenience, he lay on a little straw, beneath a coarse wrapper, with a brick for a pillow! The remainder of the furniture consisted of an old chair and a saucepan. There was no fire, and the woman in attendance being subject to fits, sat in speechless misery, as if resigned to her fate.

It might have been supposed that such a scene was the result of uncommon profligacy, or that ruin had come from the imprudent and false steps which are taken through ignorance. It was not so, however. The man who lay like a beast in that pestiferous hovel was a gifted author! While in health he had worked for an infidel publisher. He had written poems against Christianity, besides publishing a book to disprove the doctrine of the soul's immortality. A more singular example of the blighting nature of immoral opinions is rarely discovered.

When found, such things are worth recording, if only to serve as warnings to others.

At first the sufferer was not disposed to be communicative to the friend who had so unexpectedly invaded a hidden corner in the great city, where a fellow mortal seemingly lay within a few days of death. Yet the two probably understood each other. Perhaps the outcast detected the expression of sympathy on the Christian's countenance; for, as he looked up from his bed of straw, and cast his heavy eyes around the room, he said, "THIS IS THE WRECK OF INFIDELITY!" A wreck indeed! His situation was truly dreadful; for poverty and sickness were far from being the only evils borne. The woman in attendance, when maddened by the fits to which she was subject, raged like a hungry tigress, and would spring at her charge with glaring eyes, biting and scratching with the strength of insanity! Then when the fit passed away she became kind and docile.

Of this strange couple the evangelist endeavoured to make friends. The man was highly intelligent, and with a cultured mind prejudiced against the gospel, it was necessary to begin with the evidences of Christianity. He listened attentively to the relation of the advent of Christ, and exclaimed, "Well, that *is* remarkable." He was then more fully referred to the prophecies pointing to the Messiah, and he said. "They are quite overwhelming. I do not believe any man can contradict them." He was spoken to about the Saviour's sufferings, and it was observed that tears ran down the poor Infidel's cheeks. He was touched in the heart. His faith in Atheism vanished, though the question of miracles seemed still to be associated with some difficulty. "Suppose I read the narrative of the Jew who received sight?" said his friend. "Do, sir, I should like to hear it." The man listened to the passage and then said, "That must be true: it carries conviction on the face of it." He then heard the account of the raising of Lazarus, and on learning how "Jesus wept," he interrupted, "Ah, that was compassion like a God. I cannot help admiring the character of Christ." The poor fellow became more deeply impressed and was greatly affected. "I believe now there is a God," he cried, "though I have for a long time doubted; but I will never write against Christianity again if I recover. I see such a loveliness in the Christian system, since I have been afflicted, that I begin to love it. Infidelity now appears a cold and heartless thing." "Yes," answers the other, "it leaves a man to die like a brute; not so the gospel of Jesus." "No! That blooms with immortality." Still the man remained for some time in gloom and doubt. He admired prayer, though he could not use it; for after such a course as his, it looked like mocking God. He would have given worlds to appropriate as his own a hymn which was read:—

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine," &c.

He was now frequently found in tears, and on his friend's leaving, he would say, "When will you come again?" He also confessed, "My trust in Infidelity is gone. You have no conception of the agony my mind is in. Virtue without Christ is folly." A dark array of terrors passed through his soul, which gradually subsided as he became enabled to

make the coveted gift of prayer his own, and to rejoice in faith. His health was providentially restored. He separated from the woman with whom he had lived in adultery, and returned to his wife and home. After so singular and painful an experience he could well testify, "Infidelity is an aching void, a blank, a blot, a dark and fearful chasm in which hope sinks, and all that renders life desirable is swallowed up; but religion lights up the gloom, and dispels the dark clouds which hang over human destiny."

When men reject the Scriptural doctrine of a personal reigning Deity, superintending all things, whither do they arrive? Certainly not in a land free from difficulties. To make nature our God, as does the pseudo-scientific Pantheism, fashionable now-a-days, is in truth to manufacture difficulties. "Every difficulty," says a lecture in the valuable book, before quoted, "which belongs to the thought of God's existence belongs to this also. This force must be self-originated, must have been from everlasting, must be creative, omnipresent, providential, equal to all plans, purposes, contrivances, inspirations, which have been, or ever will be, in this dædalean and infinite universe; must be the source of all intelligence, though itself unintelligent; of all sympathy, although itself incapable of sympathy; must have formed the eye, though it cannot see; and the ear, though it cannot hear; must have blossomed and developed into personal intelligences, although personal intelligence is a property which cannot be attributed to it; must unquestionably be omniscient as well as omnipresent, or it could not, in its infinite convertibility, anticipate all needs, meet all demands, answer in absolute and universal harmony to every faculty, capability, and tendency, of all things that are and all things that become. Now is it reasonable to object to the doctrine of a personal Deity because of its inconceivability and its stupendous difficulties, and yet to believe in such a primal, essential, immaterial, creative, infinite, blind, and unintelligent force as this? Surely no contradiction could be greater. The conception of God as from everlasting *is* stupendous. But an infinite Protean Force from everlasting, destitute of intelligence and will, yet continually operative as the life, soul, wisdom, and providence of all things, is nothing less than contradictory and absurd."

But unbelief is more than a mere opinion. The infidelity which is spreading its meshes to entangle all classes is a very blighting thing. It would not be difficult to collect evidence illustrative of the degrading tendency of Atheism, Secularism, Socialism, and other follies of human invention. These anti-Christian systems have made many a once promising life become barren of good, and have besides, carried unhappiness and even despair into homes where domestic enjoyment once reigned supreme.

Near Leather-lane there once lived a young married couple, the characteristics of the husband being devotion to Deism and love of drink. This man was conversed with and exhorted to abandon his evil ways. He perceived the state of degradation to which he had fallen, and the superior attractions of Christianity. In tones of pain he said to his Christian adviser, "I wish you could convert *me*." "That is not my province," was the answer "I may by the blessing of God convince you; it is the province of the Holy Spirit to convert men." The man

was then asked if he were happy. Such a question might have been spoken ironically; but terribly serious was the Deist in replying, "I am not happy. I am driven almost to despair. My principles have made me a drunkard, a bad husband, and all that is wretched and miserable. I wish I had had a friend to talk to before. I shall be miserable when you are gone." Such was this man when first found by a true friend. What made matters worse was having broken his arm in a drunken brawl. Then there was no wife to attend him; for beaten and otherwise ill-used, she ran away some time before. All this evil, directly and indirectly, came to its victim as the fruit of Infidel opinions. Loose morals were soon the parents of loose morality, until drunkenness and its train of woe destroyed every prospect of peace and domestic enjoyment. Happier days were in store, however. The wife was spoken to about returning to her hearth, and under the circumstances, she was delighted to do so. The couple were advised to read the Bible for direction, to attend the public worship of their Maker, and so lead a happy life. Judge Christianity by its fruits when it effects such moral and social transformations as these. "What a good thing it was you visited me," said the convert as he set out with the missionary to the house of God one Sabbath morning; "If I had not seen you I should have been drunk all the week. I should have smothered my feelings and senses with drink and have made myself worse and worse." People thus reclaimed are sufficiently grateful; yet there are people in the world who will actually laugh at a man for being a ninny because he exchanges squalor and wretchedness for plenty in the cupboard and peace in his conscience. It was so in this instance. The man's convivial companions would have jeered him out of these new ways, and out of newly-found treasures, but they did not succeed. A light heart, a cheerful young wife, a happy home, and bright hopes for eternity, were things of too sterling a value to be surrendered to those whose approval is after all no more to be regarded than their mirth, which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Even some of the most common-place instances teach the importance of persevering in a good cause. Near King's Cross once lived a man, who, though often warned and exhorted, refused to listen to the gospel message. "I am a Deist, and a Deist I mean to live and die," he said when spoken with concerning religion. Soon, however, he was seized with illness, and when his philosophy gave way, and he felt all the foundations he had builded upon to be sliding from beneath his feet, he could obtain no comfort. Despair took hold of him. He cried, "It is all over I fear;" "I have no hope now either for body or soul." "What?" was the reply, "have you no anchor to cast now the storm is come?" "No!" "You do not find your principles support you in the hour of affliction?" "No!" This once unlikely character became completely changed. Deistical books were superseded by the Scriptures; and in due time he departed this life in Christian triumph.

While learning to wage a relentless war with sin, earnest evangelists also learn from the example of the Great Teacher to act a forbearing part towards the sinner. Were they, on the contrary, to regard the abuse, the rebuffs, and minor insults to which they are sometimes subjected, as anything more than the opposition of the common enemy

they would have to relinquish their work in their despair. Our street itinerants must patiently combat the obstinate cavilling resistance of an oftentimes intellectually weak infidelity.

In a northern district of London was found one of the ignorant species, who for long years resisted all entreaties to lead a more becoming life, and did so in no polite mood. On one occasion he turned his visitor into the street, and told him not to venture there again. But an influence was at work such as the Deist little suspected to exist, or to be of such surpassing potency. Disease overtook him, and he felt that unbelief afforded no resting-place for his soul to lean upon. In dismay he sent for the friend so lately despised. A great change occurred, and the home of this lately violent blasphemer presented a scene surprising even to those who were accustomed to strange experiences. The man's mind was humbled; his face was suffused with tears; and as he stretched out his thin weak arms, he cried, "Do you think there is mercy for such a wretch as I have been?" "Yes," was the answer, "if you give up your unbelief." The sufferer's very soul appeared to be wrung with agony. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" he cried in piteous tones, "Oh, why did I ever doubt? Ah, ah! that was a bad school I went to to learn these opinions." But even in so uninviting a place, and at so unseasonable a time, there is present a Saviour ready to save to the uttermost. How eagerly do subjects like this prostrate Deist learn that the gates of heaven are never closed against those who believe and trust in Christ; and that none but the wilfully impenitent are, or can be, shut out. This is indeed a balm with which the messengers of mercy heal the bleeding hearts of despairing prodigals. "Shall I pray for you?" asked the visitor. "Do!" said the dying man with great eagerness; "Pray that I may have faith in Christ." That prayer was not in vain; for when, a short time afterwards, while the last earthly struggle was taking place, the penitent was asked, "Tell me, can you trust your soul with the Lord Jesus Christ?" he answered, "I can, I can, I am not afraid to die. God bless you for all your kindness." Numbers, doubtless, retain their insane philosophy to the end of their days; nevertheless, many instances occur wherein self-conceited abusive infidels are changed into humble-minded and teachable believers. The blessings they receive come to them at first unsought; but they have only to be tasted to become appreciated according to their proper value. Many will have reason to bless God eternally for the agency which rescued them from swift destruction, whither they were blindly hastening.

The gratitude of people whom the gospel thus encounters and conquers in the streets is very affecting. A few hours before dying a man has presented a shilling to the funds of the City Mission as an acknowledgment of benefit received. At one of the local meetings a young man once attended, who, on being questioned, said, "I have walked four miles, and would walk twenty to see a City Missionary." He and his mother were found out while living in London, and while they cared not for the gospel. Some memorable words had been left with them—words which fastened themselves on their souls—"*There are but two places to go to, and the end of these things is death.*" Those words yielded fruit when those to whom they were spoken became converted. Such

results are a sterling reward, even though the itinerant may sometimes fall in his high service; may—as has been known to be the case—be visiting the poor in the morning, and lie dead in his coffin at night!

Our aim in this article is to illustrate Christian work among a particular class, and also to prove that among all the various systems of unbelief, not one is found to yield satisfaction in life, nor to bear the searching test of death. Some will affect to treat the last enemy with semi-contempt; will seem to be resigned to their doom of "everlasting sleep." Some will even jest with death; but with the stoutest and greatest of infidels, the subterfuge is a very pitiable affair. Could philosophy ensure tranquillity in the prospect of death, surely a philosopher like Hume should have enjoyed a full share of felicity; but what a shocking spectacle was presented to the world, when, standing, as it were, on the very edge of the grave, the historian found nothing nobler wherewith to employ himself than the pastime of joking about "Charon and his boat." What John Foster wrote concerning the death of Hume would apply to a thousand others who have adopted Hume's belief: "We behold him at last carried off, and we seem to hear, the following moment, from the darkness in which he vanishes, the shriek of surprise and terror, and the overpowering accents of the messenger of vengeance!" Invariably, we may say, in the case of infidels, remorse or terror takes the place of bravado, when symptoms of decaying strength set in.

A hard-working and successful missionary in an east-end district found himself greatly plagued by a conceited and obstinate Atheist whose natural temper was no more attractive than his creed. The man announced his disbelief in God, and spoke of the Bible in a manner repelling enough to make the ears of listeners to tingle, and their blood to run cold, as indeed one confessed who heard for himself: "You speak about a soul," he would say, "Man has no soul, no more than my old tom-cat; and then you will talk about after death comes judgment, when we must render an account of the deeds done in the body before a righteous and just God. Why, after death, I shall turn to a cabbage, a dog, or some such thing, I cannot tell what I shall be, nor do I care, either. It does not trouble me!" The infidel continued in this temper until reduced by bodily weakness, and there came a season of terror and misgiving. Through one awful night he lay restless and weary, talking of his lately rejected friend. Never before in his life-experience probably, had he so longingly watched for the morning light, when the gospel could once more be listened to and accepted. Happily, he did not repent too late. He yielded to the gentle influence of religion. The blasphemy of unbelief was exchanged for praise. Wilful disregard of God was superseded by faith in a living Saviour.

The evil fruits of perseverance in infidelity spring up on all sides. Atheism deadens men's finer instincts by removing them from God. It deadens the heart until it becomes hard and still harder, so that it is scarcely surprising if, occasionally, this and kindred systems sometimes lead even to tragic results. In Saint Pancras once resided a man and his wife, both of whom harboured the most degrading sentiments which curse humanity. What made their sin more flagrant was the fact of their knowing better; for the man had been respectably reared by a

father who was a preacher of the Gospel. Now, however, he appeared as a most abandoned character, resisting, with dogged determination, all importunity to amend his ways. A cartload of books should not convert him, he declared. Of the Bible he knew nothing, and did not want to know anything. Though it may sometimes be impossible to produce good impressions on characters like these, hopes of benefiting them are never relinquished until the men or the women are beyond the reach of human agency. This was a very deplorable case. One morning the Atheist cut his wife's throat, and then destroyed himself! A catastrophe doubtless springing from unholy principles, and an awful illustration of the words, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

With such facts to enlighten, and with such examples of infatuation to perplex us, we might again ask, what attractions are found in unbelief, and what difficulties are removed by embracing any one of its many systems? Deism, as half obsolete, retains few attractions and may be summarily dismissed. Atheism, or believing in results without a cause, is too gross a folly to be accepted by any beside grovelling, ignorant minds. But is not a pseudo-scientific Pantheism more reasonable? Is there not at least a kind of fascination, a halo of mystery, about the idea of "God in everything"? Happily, there is no need in this place to reply to such follies. None of our readers are in any danger of sacrificing their high moral attributes, those endowments which exalt man infinitely above all other creatures of God on earth; and the chief value of which consists in the ability they afford us of taking advantage of the unspeakable privilege of drawing near to Him who is the source of all goodness and of all joy. "God in everything," may be a fascinating faith to such as wish in their hearts that there were no God at all. It may suit the "intellectual" and the "cultured" men who have become engrossed in scientific pursuits until they lose sight of the Author of science. These "advanced" sages may go their way; and the only favour we ask from them is that of being allowed to go ours, since the truest philosophers find it far "easier to believe in a personal God than in such an impersonal divinity as this Protean force."

A Sweetheart Sin.

LET me step into your heart, sir, and peep upon its furniture. My hands are pretty honest, you may trust me; and nothing will be found, I fear, to tempt a man to be a thief. Well, to be sure, what a filthy closet is here! Never swept, for certain, since you was christened. And what a fat idol stands skulking in the corner! A sweet heart-sin, I warrant it. How it simpers, and seems as pleasant as a right eye. Can you find a will to part with it, or strength to pluck it out? And supposing you a match for this self-denial; can you so command your heart as to hate the sin you do forsake? This is certainly required. Truth is called for in the inward parts. God will have sin not only cast aside, but cast away with abhorrence. So he speaks: *Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.*—JOHN BERRIDGE.

Lessons from the Life of Thomas Walsh,

ONE OF THE EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS.

THE following pages descriptive of the holy zeal, and powerful preaching of Mr. Thomas Walsh are extracted from "The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers;" they strike us as being so exactly descriptive of what a true minister of Christ should be, that we commend them to the earnest perusal of all who endeavour to preach the gospel. Young men especially may gather much from the quaint but suggestive paragraphs. O that all of us were such men as Thomas Walsh, except his Arminianism:—

"The language of his whole conduct was, in truth, what on a certain occasion he breathed out in the following words:—'O, how does my soul thirst for the salvation of men! How does my heart bleed with desire, that the fulness of the Gentiles were brought in, and that all Israel might be saved!' This concern for the kingdom of Christ, and the conversion of mankind, made him superior to whatsoever hardships and difficulties attended his labours. He watched every opportunity; and was, 'instant in season, out of season,' continually, at all times and places, seeking how he might best accomplish the end for which alone he desired to live.

The intenseness of his desire, and his application to this 'one thing,' kept him continually on the wing, spending and being spent in this behalf: regarding neither reproach, pain, loss, imprisonments, nor death itself. 'I have,' as he said on a certain occasion, 'but one life; and it is a hard case if I cannot readily lose that for His sake, who gave His life a ransom for mine. My soul bleeds for the world which lieth in the wicked one.' He seemed to have continually before his eyes that which the Son of God suffered out of love for man. It was the spring whence proceeded his ardent zeal for the glory of his Lord in the salvation of the purchase of His blood; for he judged that the best testimony he could give of his love to Jesus was to suffer something for His sake. It was his desire to give life for life; and to requite Him, even, if needful, by death itself.

It was owing to this, likewise, that he embraced every possible opportunity of crying aloud, in the most conspicuous places of public resort, and of enforcing the voice of Wisdom, saying, 'How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and scorners delight in scorning, and fools hate knowledge! Turn ye at My reproof: behold, I will pour out My Spirit upon you, I will make known My words unto you.'

Mountains, market-places, highways, meadows, rooms, prisons, and ships, were the frequent theatres of his publishing the Gospel of peace. And herein there appeared in him something next to marvellous, being a living fire, continually burning in the love of God and man; still mounting upwards, and kindling all about him. He seemed as prone to fervour and activity, as some are to coldness and indolence. He was never weary of well-doing, nor ever spoke slightly, and with an indifferent affection, of the great God, and of the things of religion in

general; but with a seriousness and reverence becoming one who, by faith, saw the Invisible, and looked to be shortly with Him.

His warm heart (Luke xxiv. 32) and fervent courage feared no danger in the discharge of his duty; being well assured, that walking uprightly, he walked surely. He dreaded not the faces of men, but, where occasion offered, boldly reproved what he saw amiss in everyone. Wherever there appeared any probability of his doing good, he was never hindered therefrom by the prospect of personal danger. He could truly say—

'To leave my calling I disdain;
Behind I will not stay,
Though shame, and loss, and bonds, and pain,
And death obstruct my way.

'Secure from danger, and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since over me Thy hand hath spread
The banner of Thy love.'

In one place, having preached to a vast number of Romanists and others, and a prospect appearing of doing much good among them, he intended to go thither again. But a report prevailed, that if he attempted it, a certain great man would either have him stoned, or sent to jail. 'On this occasion I reflected,' says he, 'what God had done in former times for those who put their trust in him, and he gave me strength according to my day. I found my faith in Him greatly strengthened, and resolved simply to rely on His protection; not doubting but that He would stand by me. So I went thither, and preached in the name of the Lord. 'The fear of man prevented the poor people giving me entrance into their houses, as before; so I stood on a chair in the street, and thanked God for the privilege. They received the word without disturbance, and with joy. On my return, I prayed at two houses in the way, and the power of God was greatly in the midst of us. Praised be God and the Lamb for ever!

'The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring sons of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save
And snatch them from th' infernal wave.

'My life, my blood, I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent!
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord,
Thy will be done, Thy name adored.'

His whole conversation was like fire; warming, refreshing, and comforting all that were about him, and begetting in their souls a measure of the same zealous concern for the glory of God, and the salvation of sinners, which burned in his own breast. It was not possible to be much with him, and not to hear discourses which bred a detestation of sin, and a love of holiness. 'To what purpose is it to live, and not to live to some good purpose?'

When, at any time, he met any of his Christian acquaintance in the street, or only just called at their houses, he had always something to say by way of a watch-word, which he left upon their minds. Such as,

'Let us hold out a little longer!—Are we pressing forward?—Let us hold fast faith, and a good conscience.—Are we watching unto prayer, and pressing after perfect love?' and other sentences to like purpose. I well remember one instance of the good effect of this, which a person mentioned to me since his death. 'I shall never forget,' says he, 'a word which Mr. Walsh, taking me by the hand one day, spoke to me in my shop: "'Tis worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone." It was like a nail in a sure place, and left a useful impression upon the person's mind ever after. The gravity and earnestness with which he delivered these little mementoes to his friends, carried them, by God's help, to the heart, and left them there. So that I have heard several of his sayings, in this way, called to remembrance since his decease, by his acquaintances.

A certain person meeting a brother, one day, who seemed to do what he was about negligently, 'Brother,' said he, 'for whom do you do it?' The brother answered, that he did it 'for the love of God.' 'Certainly,' replied he, 'if you do it for the love of God, you are highly to blame. To be slack in serving men is not commendable, but to serve God negligently is intolerable.' This was far from being the case with Mr. Walsh. He did whatsoever he did for God with all his might, spending his full force upon every holy action, even as though he should merit heaven thereby; and yet, at the same time, heartily despising himself as an unprofitable servant.

The state of his own heart had much influence on the particular subjects of his sermons; as is surely the case with all to whom preaching is not a mere business of course, but an affair of the weightiest importance. He knew that the words of an unfeeling heart are but empty sounds; and that although they may please for the present, they rarely profit the hearers. It was on this account that, attending constantly to the motions of his own soul, he hardly ever preached a sermon without conveying the like sensations to others which he felt in his own soul, whether for deep contrition of spirit, holy mourning, or spiritual joy.

'When,' says he, 'I am in heaviness, I am led to speak chiefly of trials; when lively and fervent, I am led to speak of the comforts of believers; and when I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I press upon others to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness. And hence I learn,—1st, How needful it is for a preacher to be in a right spirit himself, whenever he speaks to others;—and 2ndly, I see the wisdom of God, in so ordering my experience that every soul may receive its portion of the milk of the word in due season.'

All his sermons might be truly said to be his own, from God. He stole not the word from his neighbour, (Jer. xxiii. 30,) nor catched at trivial incidents to furnish him with an hour's discourse. His heart was a treasury well furnished, insomuch that he was never at a loss for something in season. Even when he has been so necessarily taken up with other parts of his calling as not to have the least time for preparing to preach, the pourings out of his soul evinced themselves to waiting hearts to be of God.

There was nothing whining, light, or trivial in his discourses; nothing put on; nothing that could excite an air of levity, much less

laughter; but rather, and which was commonly the case, groans, and tears, and cries. His sermons had in them such a depth of Divine truth, confirmed by the word of God, with such a greatness and majesty, as begot in the hearers an awe and reverence, which removed far away all petulancy and thoughtless irreverence of spirit; and produced, in many, a solemnity and attention of soul becoming those who hear discourses for life or death eternal: to all of which his grave and mortified countenance contributed not a little. In short, his whole behaviour in the pulpit was such as became a messenger of God, put in trust with the ministry of reconciliation.

His discourses were of a general nature, suited to give a portion to everyone, as their need required; milk for babes, and for stronger men stronger meat; though still they had this one main tendency with regard to all,—to excite people's hearts to the pure love of God. And, although he preached 'faith in Christ,' as the only way of obtaining all the good things of grace and glory, yet he did it in such a manner as effectually to guard against the abuse of libertines, who turn the freeness of the grace of God into an occasion of wantonness; who, while they promise liberty to themselves and others, are, at the same time, servants of corruption. Persons of this character could not, in the least, serve themselves from his discourses; in every one of which he so preached faith in Christ, as to 'establish the law' in its true sense; so as to secure all the interests of genuine holiness, both in heart and life.

When he first began to preach, his chief talent seemed to be for quickening such as were dead in trespasses and sins; to terrify careless sinners with the dread of God's judgments and lead them to flee from the wrath to come. He judged that there was nothing more likely to pull down the strongholds of Satan, than to lay the axe at the root of sin; and in all his sermons, he ever used to discover its filthy and detestable nature, pressing upon the conscience an entire purgation from dead works. And he did it in such a manner as often pierced the very joints and marrow of his hearers.

But it was not as a Boanerges, a son of thunder, only, that he excelled. His own happy experience of the forgiving, healing, and comforting virtue of the blood of Jesus, together with his mighty acquaintance with the promises of life in Him, fitted him for administering comfort, and much encouragement, to the weary and heavy-laden with sin. To such he was, in truth, 'a son of consolation;' his lips dropped sweetness to them, as the honey-comb, while they poured forth abundantly

> 'Thoughts immaculate and pure,
> Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments!'

O God, how many a bleeding wound hast Thou made him an instrument of healing, by pouring into the hearts of the disconsolate 'the wine and oil' of the Gospel, in a rich profusion of those precious golden promises, which, being ratified to us by the holy blood of Thy dear Son, are yea and amen in Him, to Thine eternal glory!

He had not, it must be acknowledged, at least he made but little use of, the art of preaching: not, indeed, that he was ignorant of such rules

as orators lay down for ordering and conducting of public discourses. His knowledge both of logic and rhetoric was far from being inconsiderable. He both read, and in some good degree digested, the principles of both. But the eagerness with which he undertook and proceeded in his work; and the rapid flow of his soul, did not suffer him to attend with exactness to niceties in composition or delivery; nay, even prevented that moderation in delivering his discourses which would have been more easy to himself and to his audience, many of whom were often in pain for him; though afterwards, when the repeated advice of his friends, and the necessity of his constitution, obliged him to a more slow and deliberate manner, some ascribed it to (what they called) his 'want of power.' How common is it to imagine, that the presence and power of the Spirit of God depends upon the loudness of the preacher's voice, the swiftness of his expression, and the like; in other words, upon the strength of a man's lungs, and the assurance of his gesture and utterance!—a sentiment most strange to the truly wise. As though noise and animal activity should be dignified with the names of spirit and power; and the want of them ascribed to dryness, deadness, and formality! Strictly speaking, indeed, there is no necessary Divine power in any man's manner of speaking, whether loud or low, swiftly or softly. 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth,' as He pleaseth; and it may be questioned whether effects that have been sometimes produced by a loud, vehement, and overbearing manner of speaking, were not in great measure merely animal or mechanical, if not sometimes of Satan himself, to cast an odium upon the work of God. There may be often a strong wind, an earthquake, and fire; but the Lord is in the 'still, small voice.' His word, it is true, is a sword and a hammer, which wounds and breaks human hearts in pieces; and by how much any one's manner of speaking contributes towards the so doing, so far it is to be commended. But, considered independently of this, the loudness of a man's voice is in reality no better than the blowing of a trumpet, or the sound of a drum. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

His sermons were seldom less than an hour long; and yet had in them such an agreeable variety, judicious explanation of Scripture, and affecting energy, that they were rarely, if ever, tedious, unless to such as wanted a savour for the things of God. Often might one see, on these occasions,

> 'Attentive crowds the heavenly words admire,
> Hang on his lips, and catch the sacred fire;
> In crowding ranks on every side arise,
> Demanding life, impatient of the skies.'

He was always, at the conclusion, in a bath of sweat. And, the place of preaching being often at some distance from his lodging, his suddenly growing cold again was one reason of the frequency of the fevers which he had from time to time during his whole life of public labour. He often resolved, before he began to preach, to restrain the rapidity of his spirit; but in vain; the sword, being too keen for the scabbard. The fervour of his soul broke through all resolutions,

rejoicing to spend and to be spent for the Lord Jesus; but wasting, at the same time, and cutting away the very springs of his animal life, which although, at the time, he had no apprehension of, yet he felt immediately afterwards.

With regard to the manner of his preparing for sermons, he seemed to keep between the two extremes, of an enthusiastic disregard to, or neglect of, all actual previous preparation on the one hand, and a merely dry scholastic composition of exact materials on the other. To have no regard to the matter and manner of his discourses beforehand, under the pretence of dependence upon heaven for immediate influence and utterance, he judged to be a cloak for a lazy, lounging, indolence of spirit, on account of which, nonsense has been too often dignified with the sacred names of inspiration and power. And yet, on the other hand, he judged it nearly, if not alike culpable, to seek after and trust to mere dry human skill, in fixing upon heads, and taking such measures, as to preach often only one's self, independent, as it were, of the quickening, enlightening presence of the Holy Ghost, without which all preaching and all hearing are equally vain. He prayed and studied, and studied and prayed again, going always (unless necessity prevented) from his closet, and off his knees, into the pulpit. But when he came there he gave himself up wholly into the hands of God, to be actuated and used by him in all respects as might be most for his glory. And it was glorious and wonderful to see the good effects which were produced at those times by the words of God flowing from his lips, and entering into the heart, without the ornaments of studied eloquence, but in their native majesty and simplicity.

One might easily gather from his way of preaching, how sensible he was of a mistake in many preachers, who content themselves with having spoken things which cannot be reasonably gainsayed. Whereas, if there be nothing more than clearness of demonstration in a sermon, it may, indeed, be so far said of the preacher, 'Thou preachest well.' But what then? Who is edified to salvation? Who are quickened in their pursuit of God and heaven? Who hates his sins, or who loves God the more for your discourse?' Now, where these are not to be found, may not a sinner as well be hearkening to a mathematician demonstrating Euclid's elements as to a preacher only proving a point of Christianity?

It was far from satisfying him that his sermons had in them sufficient demonstration; for still retaining in mind that the true end of preaching is to bring souls to Jesus, and build them up in God; he rated his sermons accordingly: and, for the more effectual promotion of this, he studied to be well acquainted with all the motions and sentiments of the human heart, pointing his discourses there continually; laying hold, as it were, of its inmost thoughts, and with the sinner's own weapons slaying the enemies of his salvation. He applied to the conscience at every turn; and, after having at any time demonstrated a peculiarly interesting truth, of a general nature, he always took care to make it a personal thing, by questioning the heart of everyone concerning their part therein. He frequently introduced, by way of comparison, many of the incidental occurrences in

life, things respecting callings, families, and a thousand little matters, by which the great concerns of the soul and another world entered more deeply and sensibly into the minds of the common people. I have heard a woman of known integrity say that, intending one evening to have his judgment, after preaching, on several particulars which were a weight to her mind, he so anticipated all objections, and answered them in his sermon, that she needed no further enquiry, being entirely satisfied.

It was very usual with him in his sermons to propose and answer divers cases of conscience; which was often an inexpressible satisfaction to many. In describing vices, he did not so much dwell upon the vice itself abstractedly, as he showed the persons to themselves, who were guilty thereof; and represented the unavoidable danger of such as lived and died therein. It was not so much 'pride, envy, anger, lust, drunkenness, swearing,' and the like, which he painted in their deformed and detestable nature (though he did this also;) but his drift at such times was, to describe the proud, the envious, the angry, and the lustful man; to alarm the drunkard, and the swearer, &c., as with the voice of thunder, to escape for their lives. The most guilty person can sit and hear the vice described, with composure enough; but the conscience of a sinner cannot so easily escape when the preacher, speaking as it were to one person, charges it home by crying, 'Thou art the man.' It was in this way that his sermons were, by the grace of God, effectual to the awakening and converting of so many.

His whole life being one series of holy living and mental improvement, preserved his heart like an ever fresh and overflowing fountain, which on every occasion poured fourth its fruitful streams of holy doctrine and persuasive exhortation. It was easy enough to discern that he felt the things he delivered. He gave himself wholly to this one thing; and, which was the crowning glory of all, was himself a pattern of the truths he taught. Indeed this was, from first to last, his main concern, that while he ministered to the want of others, he might not sustain loss in his own soul, nor have to take up that sad complaint, 'They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.' (Canticles i. 6.) It is a fearful case for a preacher to be only like a channel in a garden, through which the water runs to cool and moisten the herbs and flowers, but retaining nothing for its own use; if not like the spoils of beavers, sheep, and silkworms, designed to clothe others, but made the occasion of their own nakedness, if not the cause of their death. This, indeed, is never the intention of God concerning His servants; but men bring it upon themselves, through the abuse of His favours. Alas! how wretched a thing it is to build an ark for others, and to be at last ourselves castaways."

Prayer for ministers is the best way of showing our love to them, and of making us love them more. Do not speak against them to man, but plead for them to God. Dissatisfied hearer, try this remedy, and if it fails, try it again.

Darbyism and its New Bible.*

(Communicated.)

IN the *London Quarterly Review* of October 1866, there was a long and able article on the rise and progress of Plymouthism. The writer traces back some of its features to Walkerism, which began with Mr. Walker, a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, some thirty years before. To these were added the chief doctrines of Edward Irving respecting the church as the body of Christ; the presence of the Holy Ghost in the church; justification in virtue of union with Christ in resurrection; the coming of the Lord a second time, and the rapture of the church. The last was handled by De Burgh at the time with much earnestness. De Burgh was a clergyman of the Church of England, and in his latter years Professor of Hebrew in Trinity College, Dublin. These doctrines were adopted by a body of Christians calling themselves "Brethren," afterwards styled "Plymouth Brethren," Plymouth having become their chief centre in England. As a body, they adopted the main principles and doctrines of Walker, Irving, and De Burgh, in respect to the above subjects, and so continue to this day.

But, singular to say, when Irving and De Burgh brought up those doctrines to the front, and when much enthusiasm was manifested about them, both in England and in Europe, between the years 1820 and 1830, these very men began to let go the foundations of Christianity itself, and speculated on the nature and person and experiences of our Lord, and on eternal judgment, to the extent of involving the faith itself. Not very long after, some of the chief teachers amongst the Plymouth Brethren, puffed up likewise by having got hold of those exalted doctrines without a corresponding 'thorn in the flesh' to preserve humility, fell into the same snare of the enemy, and a division ensued. Mr. Newton, of Plymouth, in seeking to combat some of the errors of Irving fell himself into error; and Mr. Darby, in seeking to combat the errors of Newton, fell himself into error again.

It is with this last gentleman and the party or section of the Plymouth Brethren which he has attracted to himself that we are now dealing. Mr. Darby has written a commentary on the whole Bible, and tracts innumerable, and has made three translations of the New Testament into the three principal languages of Europe, German, French and English. In short, he has been most assiduous and indefatigable in his writings, his teachings, and his labours. The title given to the last work referred to, is—

"*The Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Book of Revelation, commonly called The New Testament: A New Translation from a revised text of the Greek original.*" Morrish: London.

The recently published edition is set forth with a new preface, in which there is a flourish of learning to show that Mr. Darby, whilst using the "helps" furnished by Tischendorf, Scriverner, and Tregelles, has collated MSS. for himself and adopted a Greek text of his own, the English version of which is given to the reader; so that the reader has the translation of a better text than any other in existence. Such at least is the drift of the preface. But any one acquainted with the subject of the collation of MSS., must know that all these assertions are simply learned flourishes and gasconading, for it would take the labour of a life to collate for oneself and determine thus the text of the New Testament so as to give the product any weight whatever. And Mr. Darby has a quantity of other things on hand. However it is with the translation of known texts, of which no question exists, that we now have to do, and

* The following observations and criticisms will be found to take in several parts of Scripture, and will be, with the Lord's blessing, both useful and interesting to those who wish to investigate and search into the true force of the inspired words of the New Testament on some most important subjects.

mean to prove, by evidence, to any reader of ordinary intelligence, that with all its pretensions, it is a faulty and pitiable translation of the sacred Book.

We shall in doing this try to preserve some order, and commencing with matters of lesser moment ascend up to those of the greatest moment. The arrangement then will be as follows:—

1. Where the Authorised Version is needlessly changed, and for it a harsh and uncouth phraseology substituted.
2. Where the force of the original verb, in that which professes to be a revised translation, is wholly disregarded, even in places where special stress should be laid upon it.
3. Where interpretations are put for translations even in vital passages, and supported by the aid of false renderings of Scripture.

These are serious charges, particularly the last, but we mean to support them by direct evidence.

I. To begin however with the lesser, and examine some of those passages in which the authorised version is needlessly changed, and for it a harsh and uncouth diction put, the following taken from many others may be sufficient. We cannot see what advantage an English reader gains in having 'Politarchs' put for 'City Magistrates (Acts xvii. 8), or 'Eparchy' put for 'Province.' (Acts xxiii. 34), or 'Chiliarchs' put for 'Chief Captains' (Acts xxi. 37). The Anglicising of Greek words thus is unintelligible to most readers. Or in translating the words of Demetrius who made silver shrines for the goddess Diana, 'Men, you know that our well-living arises from this work' instead of the beautiful and technical rendering of the common English text, 'Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth' (Acts xix. 25). 'Our well-living' is rather uncouth, is it not? Or in making Paul at Athens say, 'Being therefore the offspring of God we ought not to think that which is divine to be like gold or silver,' etc., instead of, 'That the Deity is like unto gold or silver,' etc. 'That which is divine' Mr. D. substitutes. Here, indeed, the word 'Godhead' might be corrected, for it is too abstract; but instead of that it is made more abstract. The Greek *To Theion* is not 'the Godhead,' nor 'that which is divine,' but simply 'the Deity.' The apostle is not reasoning with the Athenians on an abstraction, but placing before them a personal God who bore resemblance not to the lower animals, nor to inanimate things, but to 'his offspring.' Hence he uses the term *To Theion*, a term familiar to the Greeks for expressing a personal God, '*the Deity*.' *See Liddell and Scott's* Lexicon. Collective nouns in Greek are often thus found—*to enantion*, the enemy; *to nautikon*, the naval force. The term used is concrete, not an abstraction; were it 'Godhead' it would be *theotes*, as in Col. ii. 9. It is altogether a mistake, therefore, to make the apostle Paul represent God to his audience at Athens as an entire abstraction, and men as the offspring of that entire abstraction.

Again, in the account of the tumult at Ephesus, it is said according to the idiom of our language, 'Some therefore cried one thing and some another.' Instead of this Mr. Darby has the harsh sounding words 'Different persons therefore cried a different thing.' (Acts xix. 32.) As it happens the Greek word is *alloi*, not *eteroi*. So that this revised rendering neither suits the Greek nor the English. The authorised rendering is far preferable. Now the word '*different*' (*eteros*) does occur in a remarkable passage referring to Joseph and Pharaoh, where it is said, 'Another king arose who knew not Joseph.' Here it should be 'a different (*eteros*) king arose,' etc.; for the Greek language has two words for this expression. There may be 'some' and 'other' of the same kind, or of different kinds; and the king, who knew not Joseph, was not another king merely like the former king but another king of a different kind. The word *eteros* is overlooked, but noted in the former case, where it does not exist. (Acts vii. 18.)

Then 'the boy Jesus' (Luke ii. 47), and 'Herod's grandees and chiliarchs' (Mark vi. 21) does not seem to have any advantage over 'the child Jesus' and 'Herod's lords and high captains,' except that one sounds less reverent, and

the other more pedantic than the common version. And we confess to our dulness in not being able to appreciate the excellency over the old version of the following passage known to every one: 'Nor do men put new wine into old skins, otherwise the skins burst and the wine is poured out, and the skins will be destroyed: but they put new wine into new skins, and both are preserved together.' (Matt. ix. 17.)

As it happens the Greek word *askoi* does not mean skins, which would be *dermata*, but bottles made of skins or leather; and it might be supposed that readers who had such words before them as *eparchy*, and *politarchs*, and *chiliarchs*, would have been able to understand that bottles in old time were made of leather, without being obliged to use the bare word 'skins,' in order to inform them of it.

Again, in the Lord's Prayer (John xvii.) instead of 'I pray for them, I pray not for the world,' etc.; 'neither pray I for these alone,' etc. we have the harsh expression, 'I demand concerning them; I do not demand concerning the world,' etc., and 'I do not demand for these only,' etc. Verses 2—20. Now, how would this word sound in the mouth of the nobleman who 'besought' the Lord to come and heal his child? (John iv, 47.) It should be, 'demanded' (*erota*) him to come; or when the Lord says, 'and I will pray (*eroteso*) the Father, and he shall give you another comforter,' he should say 'I will demand of the Father,' etc. The word in each case is the same, yet Mr. Darby shrinks from rendering it so in the last passage (John xiv. 16) where he has—'and I will beg the Father etc,—a much more proper rendering than that given in Chap. xvii., where prayer itself is made. But what the advantage is that these and such like renderings have over the common English version we confess ourselves at a loss to conceive. The language is needlessly changed, and a harsh and wholly wrong diction substituted for it by way of improvement.

And now before proceeding to the examples of misconstruction of the Greek tenses under the next heading, we may say that Mr. Darby's remarks in his preface on the Greek aorist are correct enough. It is easy however to learn rules; the difficulty is in applying them: and in numberless important cases Mr. Darby does not apply the rules and principles derived from the 'helps' to which he refers, such as Meyer, De Wette, and other German thinkers; but perpetuates the antiquated method condemned to oblivion by Winer, of putting one preposition or tense, etc. for another, even the very opposite, a method which the great grammarian calls 'unscientific assumption.'

II. Under the second heading we shall consider some of the passages where the force of the original verb is wholly disregarded, even in places where special stress should be laid upon it. For instance, the imperfect tense and not the aorist, is constantly used by the writers of the New Testament to show not merely the fact that such and such a thing took place, but to view the circumstances as happening, as in their course, and not yet brought to the intended accomplishment, hence it may be rendered by 'used to,' or 'in the habit of.'—(*Donaldson.*)

It gives great vividness to the narrative, throwing the reader back on the events as if they were happening before him. The force of this tense Mr. Darby habitually disregards, rendering it by the historic aorist as if it was merely a past fact that the Evangelist was narrating. A few examples will illustrate what we mean better than any explanation of it. When the Lord is before the High Priest and the witnesses accusing him, and the High Priest asks, 'What is it which these witness against thee?' it is added, "But Jesus *kept silent* (*esiopa*) not merely the fact that he 'was silent' (Mr. D.) but that all through the examination he 'was remaining silent,' such is the force of the imperfect tense. (Matt. xxvi. 63.)

Then, at the Cross it is not merely presented as an historic fact that they which passed by 'reviled him,' but 'they kept reviling him,' Matt. xxvii. 39; or, that the chief priests and scribes and elders 'said,' 'He saved others,' &c., but 'they' *kept saying* (*elegon*), 'He saved others,' &c., Matt. xxvii. 42

The Evangelist wants to point to the persistency and continuity with which they persecuted the Lord, not merely the fact that they did so, hence he uses the imperfect tenses for that purpose. Again in Mark Mr. Darby has, 'And in private he explained all things to his disciples.' It should be, 'But in private he was in the habit of explaining (*epeluen*) all things to his disciples, (Mark iv. 34.) The Evangelist is careful to show that the Lord not merely on a certain occasion explained things to his disciples, but was in the habit of doing so, and consequently uses the imperfect tense. And, at the burial, it is not merely that Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of Joses 'saw' where he was 'put,' but were observing 'where he is laid,' (*etheoroun pou tetheitai*) (Mark xv. 47). The Evangelist using the present and imperfect tenses and employing a striking verb not merely to tell the fact that they saw a transaction most dear to their hearts, but were observing and contemplating it whilst it was happening. And in Luke, when the seventy disciples were sent out and returned, saying that the demons are subject to us 'through thy name.' 'And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning falling out of heaven,' (Mr. D.) It should be, 'I was beholding (*etheoroun*) Satan as lightning fall (*pesonta*) from heaven,' (Luke x. 18). The Evangelist, by using the *imperfect*, connects these two matters together. That is, whilst the devils were being subjected to them through his name during their mission, the Lord was beholding Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven, and thus the chain and connection of the passage is preserved. Jesus was beholding him as if already fallen.

Then, at the Cross, where the force of the *imperfect* should be strictly preserved, they are all turned into historic past tenses; *e.g.*, the people and rulers 'sneered,'—the soldiers 'made game of him,' and the malefactor 'spoke insultingly to him.' (Mr. D.) It should be the people and rulers 'kept sneering' or deriding. The soldiers kept or continued mocking him. 'And the malefactor kept railing at him.' The verbs are *exemukterizon*, *enepaizon*, and *eblasphemei*—all imperfects, giving vividness and continuity to the sad scene. They are not merely historic aorists or past tenses, as if the Evangelist were telling us facts and leaving them there, but vivid pictures of things going on, presented to the mind, (Luke xxiii. 35, 36, 39). And in the touching conversation on the way to Emmaus, the disciples say, not merely that we 'had hoped,' but 'we were hoping' (*elpizomen*) that it is 'he who should have redeemed Israel,' (Luke xxiv. 21). Thus emphasis is laid on the continuity of their expectations up to the time of his death at Jerusalem, not merely the fact that they had such expectations.

Again, in John, a beautiful passage is lost by disregarding the verb. The Lord himself changes the verb twice in the same sentence, which in itself were sufficient to call attention to it: 'Judge not according to sight but judge righteous judgment,' (Mr. D.) should be, 'Judge not habitually (*krinete*) according to sight, but judge for once (*krinate*) righteous judgment,' (John vii. 24). The present imperative marking the habit, the aorist the definite act, and so two different tenses in the same sentence. Mark this difference, the force of which is lost by rendering both in the same way. Of course our language being analytic it is to be done by a periphrasis, but in a synthetic language, like the Greek, by changing a letter only. One more example, and we pass on to the Epistles. But it is an example of putting the aorist for the imperfect to the loss of the whole passage. Mr. Darby here misses the idea. In Luke v. when the ships were standing by the lake of Gennesaret, 'but the fishermen having come down from thence were washing their nets, and getting into one of the ships, &c., &c., he asked them to draw out a little from the land. . . draw out into the deep, &c.' (Mr. D.) It should be, 'they had washed (*eplunan*) their nets,' and then the Lord getting into one of the ships asked to "launch out again into the deep," (*epanagagein*). The point of the passage here is in the force of the verbs. The fishermen had already washed their nets, not 'were washing' them—the work was finished—yet Jesus says, 'Launch out again into the deep,' &c. Then Peter says, 'We

have toiled all the night and have taken nothing, nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net.' Their faith is sharply tested. If it were merely that they were in the act of washing their nets, and the Lord said, 'draw out into the deep water,' (Mr. D.) there would be in it little to remark, but the word comes after they *had* washed their nets and finished off. Jesus said, 'launch back again into the deep,' and they do so. Here a beautiful passage loses its main instructive force by disregard of the verbs.

To give one or two illustrations from the Epistles, there is in Peter a remarkable passage elucidated by attention to the verb, a passage also on which there has been no little controversy. It refers to the Lord in life and death, as follows: 'Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when suffering, threatened not; but gave [himself] over into the hands of him who judges righteously: who himself bore our sins in his body on the tree.' (Mr. Darby.) It should be, 'Who, when reviled, used not to revile; when suffering, used not to threaten; but was in the habit of committing himself to the care of him who judgeth righteously: who himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, etc.' (1 Peter ii. 23, 24.) The last not continuous but a single act.

The apostle here uses four verbs; the first three are in the imperfect tense, referring to the habit of the life of Him who left us an example, that we should 'follow His steps.' The last verb is in the aorist tense, referring to the definite single act of the sacrifice on the cross; the apostle himself changing the tense purposely in the same sentence. Thus the exquisite beauty and accuracy of this lovely Scripture is in measure lost by disregarding the verb, and nothing gained over the authorised version.

The other passage to which we refer in the Epistles is one to the Church of Ephesus, where the apostle says, according to Mr. Darby, 'In whom ye also are built together for a habitation of God in the Spirit.' It should be, 'In whom ye also are, being builded together to be (*sunoikodomeisthe eis*) a settled dwelling-place of God in the Spirit.' (Ephes. ii. 21.) The verb is the present indicative passive, 'are being builded together, etc.' and so Alford; but Mr. Darby puts it for the past, are built together,' by the antiquated method of putting one tense for another, even the very opposite, to which Winer refers. But there was an object in thus changing it, for it is the standing text of Darbyism to prove that the church on earth is perfect, even 'as perfect as the Holy Ghost himself,' to use the language of one of their school (Mr. Patterson), which is very evil indeed! Be this as it may, the real language of the text states the opposite. It looks at the church as a whole in process of formation, and going on unto completion at the day of glory, and Ephesus a structure (*oikodome*) forming unto that great end, but not as a thing already built or completed. To change and put the past tense here for the present is interpretation, not translation; yet on this false translation is built almost the entire edifice of Darbyism.

III. We come now to the gravest part of the subject, viz., where vital passages are interpreted, not translated, and supported by the aid of false renderings of Scripture. We shall begin with the fundamental subject of justification by faith.

There is in the New Testament a number of passages bearing upon this point, and it now receives a meaning in this 'New Translation' which it never before received from the time the New Testament was written. The reader is told that 'by faith' is to be rendered 'on the principle of faith.' For instance, where it is said that in the gospel 'the righteousness of God is revealed from faith to faith,' it is rendered in the 'New Translation,' 'The righteousness of God is revealed on the principle of faith,' etc. Now, it is quite true as doctrine that God does justify on the principle of faith, and that sinners are justified on the principle of faith, but that is not the meaning of the term 'by faith,' or 'from faith' (*ek pisteos*). This rendering therefore refers it back to God, viz., that God is dealing with men on a principle; but the term 'by faith' refers to the man himself, and it means, from faith, as the subjective origin or source whence a man is justified, not merely that a man is justified on principle. To

translate (*ek pisteos*) 'by faith' as 'on the principle of faith,' is interpretation, not translation, and wrong interpretation too. It reverses the meaning of all the passages. We shall now give a list of them that the reader may judge for himself of Mr. Darby's emendations and false renderings.

1. "For righteousness of God is revealed therein on the principle of faith, to faith: according as it is written. But the just shall live by faith.—Rom. iii. 17.
2. Since indeed it is one God who shall justify the circumcision on the principle of faith, etc.—Rom. iii. 30.
3. For law works wrath, but where no law is neither is there transgression. Therefore it is on the principle of faith, that it might be according to grace.—Rom. iv. 16.
4. Therefore having been justified on the principle of faith, we have peace toward God, etc,—Rom. v. i.
5. What then shall we say, that they of the nations who did not follow after righteousness, have attained righteousness, but the righteousness that is on the principle of faith. But Israel pursuing after righteousness has not attained to that law. Wherefore? Because it was not on the principle of faith, but as of works.—Rom. ix. 30—32.
6. We also have believed on Christ Jesus, that we might be justified on the principle of the faith of Christ and not of works of law; because on the principle of works of law no flesh shall be justified.—Gal. ii. 16.
7. Know then that they that are on the principle of faith, these are Abraham's sons. And the Scripture foreseeing that God would justify the nations on the principle of faith, announced beforehand the glad tidings to Abraham, etc. etc. So that they who are on the principle of faith are blessed with believing Abraham.—Gal. iii. 7—9.
8. But that by law no one is justified with God is evident, because the just shall live on the principle of faith, but the law is not on the principle of faith.—Gal. iii. 11, 12.
9. But the Scripture has shut up all things under sin, that the promise on the principle of faith of Jesus Christ should be given to those that believe.—Gal. iii. 22.
10. So that the law has been our tutor up to Christ, that we might be justified on the principle of faith.—Gal. iii. 24.
11. For we by the Spirit on the principle of faith await the hope of righteousness.—Gal. v. 5.
12. Ye see that a man is justified on the principle of works, and not on the principle of faith only."—James ii. 24.

Such are Mr. Darby's renderings of all these verses in which the common version reads 'by faith,' '*ex fide*,' Lat.; '*ek pisteos*,' Greek.

The above list will show that all these passages, treating on a most vital subject, are perverted and changed. They are applied to God—God dealing with man on a principle. Were they applied to man they would be equally perverted and changed, for man does not merely turn to God on a principle. There is one passage, and only one as far as we know, in which the expression might be 'on the principle of faith.' It is Heb. xi. 13. 'According to the principle of faith died all these,' etc.—'*Kata pistin apethanon outoi pantes.*' But here the words are quite different. However when we look at No. 12, in the above list, the absurdity of the rendering is at once seen. There Mr. Darby informs us that a man is 'justified on the principle of works and not on the principle of faith only.'!

We wonder where Mr. Darby learnt this meaning of the Greek words. With Irving the doctrine of justification which is adopted by Darbyism began—that it is in virtue of the new man in union with Christ in resurrection. And whether the above renderings be meant to carry out this view or not we cannot say. However, on no subject have Mr. Darby and his followers written more profusely than on that of justification; and as their writings are a piecing

together of the thoughts of other thinkers nothing is explained or defined. In fact, not one of them from Mr. Darby downward seems to understand the subject, nor to have thought out the subject. When men write on such a text as 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth,' and deliberately illustrate it by saying 'That the end of the law for a culprit guilty of death is the rope,' it is plain they understand not the subject on which they write; and their mode of treating it is as open to objection as the one they combat. Indeed, Mr. Darby himself in answer to *The Record* uses the following remarkable words. After having, as he thinks, exhausted the subject in expounding it, he says: "This is not *properly* justification, but it is the justification we have got, seeing how we have obtained the justification."—*Letter to the Record, p.* 49; *Morrish: London.* Now, these are striking words, very striking! and if Mr. Darby had the humility to say, 'This my interpretation of the subject is not *properly* justification,' etc., we should quite agree with him; for indeed it is not! But Mr. Darby puts it absolutely as 'the justification we have got,' and as if Paul and he were one on the doctrine.

What Mr. Darby's notions are of inspiration we cannot tell, but unless he thinks his own inspiration equal to Paul's he must have a very strange notion of it. For in this case Paul is represented as treating a subject that lies at the very foundation of Christianity in a way and manner in which it would not be '*properly*' justification at all! So it appears according to Mr. Darby's words, and the *italics* are his own. But the empiricism and crude assumption of such speeches are quite characteristic of the system.

However Mr. Darby's language in this case may be well applied to the above renderings, viz., that justification on 'the principle of faith' is not '*properly*' justification 'by faith' at all! Such is the confused maze of Darby teaching on this vital subject. It is all wrong from first to last, renderings, interpretations and all. Moreover it is not very obvious that if the apostle in all these places *was* speaking of the principle on which God justifies sinners he would confine himself to the 'principle of faith,' and make no mention of the principle of righteousness, goodness, or love. One would suppose that God was dealing with man on those principles as well as on the principle of faith, if that indeed be the meaning of the inspired words.

Our next observations will be on the manner in which the worship of Christ our Lord is treated throughout this new translation of Mr. Darby.

(*To be continued.*)

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY O. ROGERS.—(*Continued.*)

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

THAT was a noble, hardy, stalwart, brave, and manly race of Christians that flourished amidst the storms of the Puritan age. They were men of great stature. We are in our sight as grasshoppers, and so we should have been in theirs. Outward trials deepen inward experience. The changes without and within are upon the same magnificent scale. High pressure gives more speed. The strength of grace is in proportion to the resistance to be overcome. The more it is needed, the more it is sought; and the more it is sought, the more it is obtained. Can the race of Christians degenerate? Certainly, it can; not in birth, but in organic vigour, in intensity of purpose, and in daring exploits. Its constitution is affected by a bracing or a relaxing climate. Where storms are more frequent, the air is more pure.

We have to do here with a Christian of the Bunyan type, of the Puritan type, of the Martyr type, of the Apostolic type. What would be the reflections of a Christian of such a type upon his recent escape from Doubting Castle and the perilous grasp of Giant Despair? They would be neither very exhilarating nor very disheartening. There would be a strange mixture of joy and grief, of hopes and fears. "It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark: but it shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night; but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." Accordingly, we find the reflections of Bunyan's Pilgrim, at this time, to be strangely intermingled with light and shade. The Delectable Mountains are not what they would have been to him, if he had not recently gone astray; and, yet, from their contrast with the dark dungeon of Doubting Castle, there was an inwardly repressed joy which he would not otherwise have felt. He needed the Delectable Mountains, both for humiliation and for exultation. It was Emmanuel's land, and abounded with gardens, and orchards, and vineyards, and fountains of water. There were shepherds on these mountains, feeding their flocks, that Pilgrim might see in those flocks a contrast with those that wander from the fold. The names of the shepherds were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere. Had Pilgrim placed himself under the guidance of these, he would not have gone astray. These what? These angels? these men? these fellow Christians? No! These inward principles of the new heart and right spirit! Had he possessed more knowledge, more experience, more watchfulness, more sincerity, he would not have gone so far astray. What would the Knowledge, and Experience, and Watchfulness, and Sincerity, of others have availed him under such circumstances? "Precious names!" says one, "What is a pilgrim without knowledge? What is head-knowledge without heart-experience? And watchfulness and sincerity ought to attend us every step! When these graces are in us and abound, they make delectable mountains indeed." Dr. Cheever, on the other hand, even here, seems to adhere to the external theory. "Here were shepherds of Christ," he says, "appointed to feed and keep his flock on these mountains, precious, holy men, named Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, who took the pilgrims by the hand, instructed them by their conversation, and led them about to show them the wonders of these mountains, just as the good Interpreter had shown them the rarities in his house." One pilgrim only, we maintain, was in the good Interpreter's house, and it was to one pilgrim only, and the good hope which even in Doubting Castle had not forsaken him, that the Shepherds were giving instruction. These shepherds, too, were within the one pilgrim, and allegorically represent the graces that were brought into exercise by reflecting upon his recent fall. From these shepherds he has much more to learn. They showed him from the top of a hill, called Error, the bones of many who had fallen from thence, and had been dashed to pieces by the fall. From the top of another hill, called Caution, they showed him the very stile that led to By-path meadow. They opened a door by the side of a hill, and showed him the by-way to hell, by which hypocrites go even from the fold of Emmanuel upon the Delectable Mountains. They showed him next through a telescope the gate of the Celestial City, but he could not see that so clearly, nor hope even, as they had seen the door of the by-way to hell. If it had not been Pilgrim's own hope, and that just after he had escaped from Giant Despair, the Celestial City must have been more clearly seen. If Hopeful had been a distinct character, he must surely have seen the gate of the Celestial City more clearly than the door to hell. It was Pilgrim's hope, obscured by the remembrance of his recent folly, that could scarcely discern the Celestial Gate. He would have enjoyed these Delectable Mountains far more if he had recovered from the effects of Doubting Castle. "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

IGNORANCE AND MANY OTHERS.

The effects of Giant Despair in his Castle, and of the shepherds upon the Delectable Mountains, are still strongly commingled in the experience of Bunyan's Pilgrim. This leads to a variety of reflections and much internal conflict. Numerous characters, illustrative of what he might have been, if he had followed out the suggestions of his own mind, pass before him. Here is Ignorance, "a brisk lad from the country of Conceit, with whom Pilgrim has no sympathy, and puts him aside for a time. Here is Turn-away from the town of Apostacy, at the very sight of whom Pilgrim trembles. He might have been such an one if left to himself, but nothing could now be further from his thoughts. "Will ye also go away? Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Here is Little-faith, from the town of Sincere. He was once attacked by three sturdy rogues, whose names were Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt, who felled him to the ground, and took from his pocket a bag of silver, and then fearing lest one Great-grace should come to his assistance they ran away. His jewels they could not find, nor his certificate of admittance at the Celestial gate, so that with a little odd money left, and by begging from others, with much difficulty and many privations he held on his way. Pilgrim here sees what he had known in part, and what his whole course might have been. "I myself," he says, "have been engaged as this Little-faith was, and I found it a terrible thing. These three villains set upon me, and I beginning like a Christian to resist, they gave but a call, and in came their master. I would (as the saying is) have given my life for a penny, but that, as God would have it, I was clothed with armour of proof. Ay, and though I was yet so harnessed, I found it hard work to quit myself like a man; no man can tell what in that combat attends us, but he that hath been in the battle himself." This Little-faith was evidently Pilgrim himself. "I myself," he says, "have been engaged as this Little-faith," and so he might have said of Faithful and Hopeful and others. He himself was either all of them, or he might have been. Here next is Flatterer, who, under the pretext of showing him the right path, leads him into a net, from which a shining one rescues him, and with a whip of small cords chastises him. Hopeful, too, goes astray, and is chastised with him, which is doubly painful to him. Bunyan, at times, was much exposed to flattery, and had felt the need of severe chastisement on account of it. How often ministers fall into this snare, and, if men of God, they need no other chastisement than of their own consciences on account of it. Here is Atheist. This man comes forward, and says, There is no such place as you dream of, no Mount Zion, no Celestial City. Had no such thought ever come into the mind of Pilgrim? Did he need a stranger to suggest this to him? Is it not the very thought that often rises in the bewilderment of experimental conflict? Nay, does it not sometimes rush into notice on the very verge of heaven? The very awfulness of the thought may give it, at such a time, a momentary existence. As with Bunyan's Pilgrim, it quickly comes and quickly goes.

These have been regarded as so many different characters, and as solemn warnings to those who are truly such, and consequently as having nothing to do with the Pilgrim's own experience. This, at least, has been the explanation given of the principal characters, if not of the subordinate persons and places associated with them. Ignorance, is a real "brisk lad"; Turn-away, is a real apostate; Little-faith, is a real Christian of weak faith; Flatterer, is a real Flatterer; and Atheist, is a real Atheist. But if Ignorance be a real person, why should not the Country of Conceit from which he comes be a real country? Conceit and Ignorance are not so different that one should be regarded as a fiction and the other a reality. If Turn-away be a real person, why not the town of Apostacy a real town? If Little-faith be a real person, why not the town of Sincere in which he lives a real place? Are these real persons from fictitious places? If the places are fictitious, we maintain, so are the persons

who come from them. This is demanded both by Allegory and by common sense. Again, if Little-faith be a real person, why not Faint-heart, who bid him deliver up his purse? Why not Mistrust who took it from him? Why not Guilt who with a great club felled him to the ground? Why not Great-grace, at the sound of whose footsteps those three sturdy rogues ran away? Surely Great-grace is as much entitled to be a real person as Little-faith? But if Little-faith is not a real person, neither is Faithful. Thus the simplest way is to look upon the whole as an allegorical biography of one redeemed soul. No difficulty, certainly, and no incongruity will be found in giving the whole group of characters, in this part of the narrative, a combined influence in the experience of one man, and thus, instead of scattering the luminous rays in all directions, concentrate them in one principal design.

THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

This was not what the name might seem to imply. It was not an enchantment to be indulged, but to be resisted. One of the shepherds bid the pilgrims beware of the Enchanted Ground; not because it was either rough or beset with active foes, but because it presented a strong temptation to drowsiness. Its whole danger consisted in encouragement to inactivity and sleep. That part of Christian life which answers to this description is a season of uninterrupted enjoyment of religious privileges. It is such a season as the Christian, when severely tried, earnestly longs for, and seems to him in the distance to be enchanted ground, but which is often found to be really less favourable to spiritual progress than to spiritual sloth. The effect of the Enchanted Ground was happily resisted in the case of Bunyan's Pilgrim by renewing his acquaintance with the fundamental truths of the gospel. It was a favourable opportunity for heart-searching enquiry into his views and experience of all the essential articles of his faith, such as could not be expected when climbing with weary footsteps rugged hills, or contending with evil spirits in dark valleys. One part of the journey through the Enchanted Ground was occupied in conversation with Hopeful, another part in conversation with Ignorance, and another part in renewed conversation with Hopeful.

This, which is generally adduced as an example of the conversation by which Christians should warm each others' hearts and stimulate each others' progress in the divine life, is here considered to be illustrative of seasons for retired self-contemplation. The whole may be easily referred to one and the same mind. Pilgrim's hope becomes drowsy on the Enchanted Ground, because hope that is seen is not hope. Hope had reproved Pilgrim in Doubting Castle, but now Pilgrim reproves Hope upon the Enchanted Ground. To keep Hope awake, Pilgrim enquires into all the particulars of its experience, which are in fact the particulars of his own experience as related in "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." Pilgrim gives no account of his own experience in return, which might reasonably have been expected, if mutual profit had been the chief aim, and it had been designed to be an example of those that fear the Lord speaking often one to another. The questions are precisely such as every Christian would put to himself in closely investigating the ground of his own hope. How needful is it often to do this, and especially at the end of his pilgrimage, when near to the solemn realities of the future! It is not to others merely, but to himself, he should be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in him with meekness and fear. This will enable him to say with one of old, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

The conversation of Pilgrim with Ignorance brings out the ground of his hope with greater clearness, and distinguishes it from everything that could possibly be mistaken for it. The teaching of Hopeful becomes the teaching of Pilgrim himself. The conversation is then renewed between Pilgrim and Hopeful upon matters of duty and conscience, in which there is an entire unanimity both of sentiment and feeling. Thus Pilgrim kept Hope awake

through the whole of the Enchanted Ground. It was not enchanted ground in reality, but he made it so by keeping his thoughts fixed upon the distinguishing peculiarities of the gospel. This is the Christian's enchanted ground. The great and simple doctrines of the gospel, as they are here stated, are alone fitted to give real and abiding enchantment to the human soul. Is there enchantment in deliverance from the devouring fire and from everlasting burnings? It is found in the gospel only. Is there enchantment in reconciliation with an offended God? It is found in the gospel only. Is there enchantment in a peace of conscience which passeth all understanding? It is found in the gospel only. Is there enchantment in the sure prospect of eternal rest in heaven? It is found in the gospel only. The enchantment of the gospel is well known to every true believer. He may be pleased with the beauties of nature and of art, with the refinements of literature and the discoveries of science, and he may not be insensible to the charms of virtue and of social bliss, but the full gospel to him is the only enchanted ground. It is to him what Paradise was to our first parents, and what heaven will be to the redeemed. "I will clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy."

(*To be continued.*)

"My Native Air was Calvary."

[A SENTENCE IN A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.]

MY native air was Calvary!
'Twas there I drew that breath
Which first inspired my torpid soul,
And gave me life for death.

My native air was Calvary!
Thence flowed that precious blood
Which washed and cleansed my sin-stained soul,
And gave me peace with God.

My native air was Calvary!
There, first, I saw that smile
On Jesus' face, that all the way
My journey doth beguile.

My native air was Calvary!
My soul doth quickly droop,
If to the mists of earthliness
I e'er in folly stoop.

My native air was Calvary!
There daily I repair:
For nowhere find I health and peace
So freely flow as there.

My native air was Calvary!
Thence draw I all the strength
By which my weak, but trusting, soul
Shall reach its home at length.

And then, I'll *dwell* in native air,
Heaven's atmosphere's the *same;*
For, from its shores, on gales of love,
The air of Calvary came.

—EMILY.



Family Worship.

THE benefits of family prayer when spiritually conducted no tongue can tell. To parents, children, and servants, it is a blessing. The Puritans were mighty in this holy exercise, and would sooner have gone without their meals than their family worship; the good results thereof are recorded in many of the biographies of the period. It is greatly to be feared that this godly institution is falling into neglect in these days of worldliness, and if so we would urge heads of households to revive it, and attend carefully to their duty in connection with it. If fathers are unconverted let mothers bravely take the lead, and let us hope that sons will grow up who will be glad to assist their mother in the holy exercise. Our engraving represents a mother teaching her assembled little ones; verily, she shall have her reward.

Some complain of difficulties in selecting passages of Scripture for family reading, and they also lament that the young people do not always understand what is read to them. There is much force in this, and therefore we have

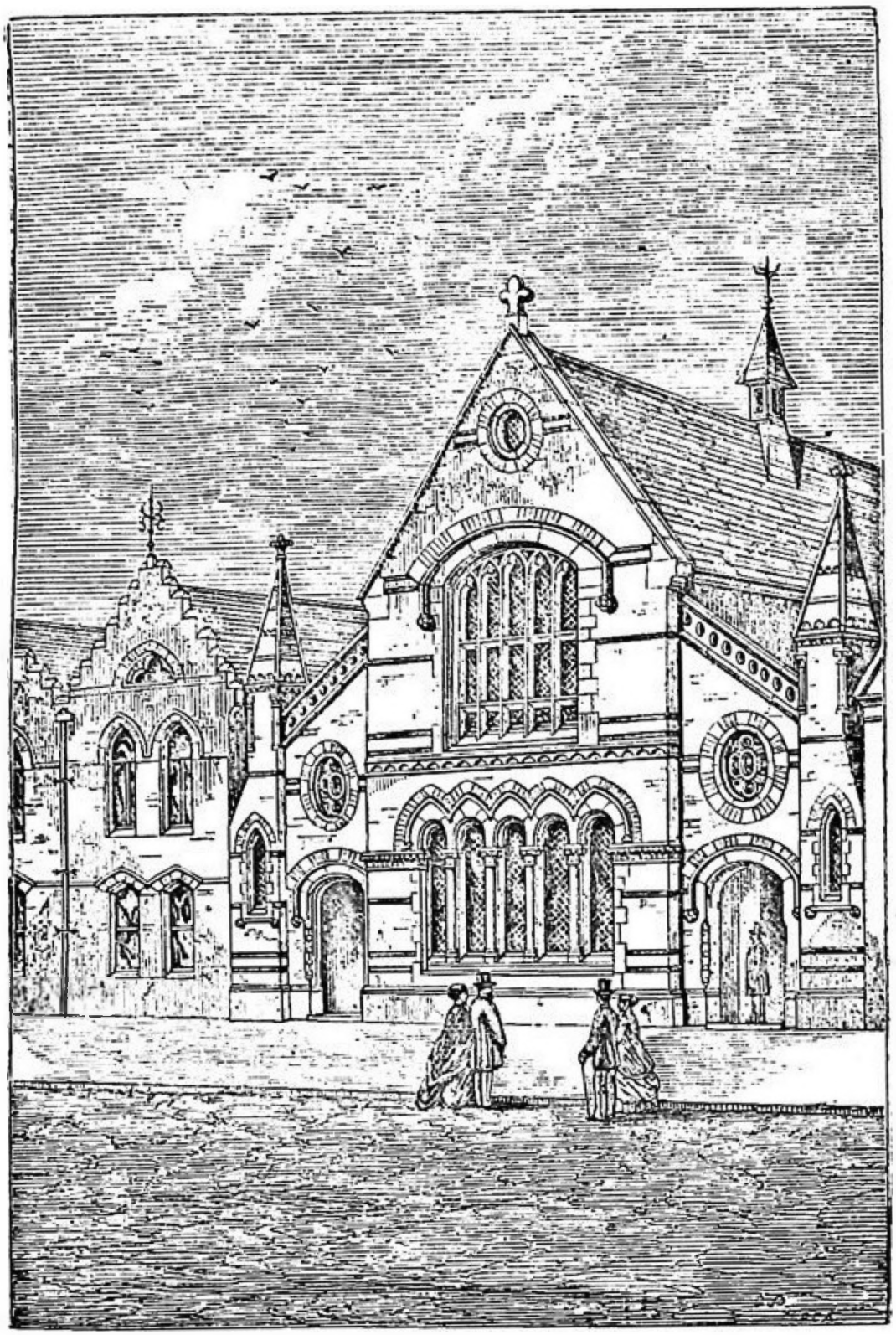
prepared a helping volume for parents who feel this difficulty. It contains passages of the Word of God for the morning and evening of every day in the year, and a running comment is inserted here and there to make the sense more plain. By the help of this book we hope that parents will make family reading really interesting and instructive. To read a long passage from Ezekiel or Daniel without a word of explanation can be of very little use, one might almost as well read Chinese; but a sentence or two may suffice to clear up the intricate expressions and make the whole passage edifying. We have attempted this work in dependence upon the Spirit of God, and it will (God willing) be issued month by month during the year 1873, in parts, price one shilling. If we are spared we hope to complete it in twenty-one numbers, and the reader will then have the gist of the whole Bible, divided, arranged, and explained. He will also have a hymn for every day in the year; and, if the Holy Spirit teaches him to pray, he will have all that is needed for family worship for twelve months twice in the day, or two years if the household can only assemble once. The work is called the "The Interpreter," and a few days previous to January 1st the first number can be had by order of any bookseller, or of the publishers of this Magazine.

Entremets.—No. 1.

GOD'S EYE AND MEN'S EYES.

ALL persons who read will have heard of the unfortunate prisoner whose greatest cross in captivity was the thought that, sleeping and waking day and night, there gazed upon him, through a hole in his cell door, a human eye! The man in such a plight would deserve pity. Any one of us who would rejoice in attracting the admiring gaze of thousands, would tremble at the very thought of being watched by one! And we should feel well nigh annihilated if the world, by common consent, pointed at us the finger of scorn. Yet, One is ever marking our thoughts and actions; and compared with this Omniscient Eye—to borrow one of Foster's similes—"the gaze of all created intelligences is infinitely less than the unconscious look of a new-born infant!"

John Wesley once stood out very nobly in disregarding the eyes of men so long as he stood acquitted in the sight of God. Among his many persecutions are to be numbered the falling back of former friends, including his wife. These turned against him, and published many spiteful things, even defaming his character in a shocking manner. Brother Charles hastened off in alarm and indignation to enquire what defence Brother John would set up. There was no time to lose! The eyes of the world were upon him, and God's enemies and his own would be glad to make capital out of so contemptible a business! What was Charles's surprise to find that John was resolved on doing simply nothing! The great preacher was calm and comfortable in mind, being entirely free from any concern for the future. Why should he be perplexed when he had entrusted God with his all—even with his reputation? None are so safe as those whose characters are in God's keeping. Such often consider that they dishonour God by setting up puny defences of their own against the cavils of the wicked. They think more of that one eye of God which is ever looking on them, than of the eyes of men.



NEWPORT ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL, MIDDLESBROUGH.

Newport Road Baptist Chapel, Middlesbrough.

MIDDLESBROUGH, or as its people proudly call it, Ironopolis, is in some respects the most remarkable town in the country. Its origin was largely the result of the invention of the locomotive, and its development has run side by side with the institution of the Cleveland iron trade, of which it forms the centre. It has so rapidly assumed the proportions of a large town, that upon the spot where forty years ago stood a single farmhouse, there now exists a population of nearly 50,000 persons. This population contains representatives from almost every part of Great Britain, and even from the Continent. The spiritual condition of thousands of these people is deplorable: they neither know the Gospel, nor do they care to know it, and if they did, there is not accommodation for half of them in the places of worship. Of far too many all that can be said is, they work, they drink, they die! Amidst this dense darkness several Christian churches are endeavouring to hold forth the light of life; amongst their number is the Baptist Church at present worshipping in Park Road School-chapel, of which Mr. W. H. Priter, a student of the Tabernacle College, is the pastor.

The Church was formed some sixteen years since, and in late years was presided over by the late Rev. W. Bontems, under whom land was purchased and schools erected at a cost of £2,000, £800 remaining as debt. In February, 1870, Mr. Priter accepted the unanimous invitation of the Church, then numbering eighty members, to become its pastor. God has been pleased graciously to smile upon the union, so that amidst much difficulty and many discouragements the work of the Lord has gradually progressed. In order to provide for the numerous hearers, the Sunday evening service was removed to the Oxford Music Hall, where many were savingly converted to God. Sunday afternoon addresses to working men have also been delivered in the theatre. In addition to the ordinary tract distribution, the idea suggested itself that a self-supporting paper might be published and gratuitously distributed among the homes of the people. Thus the "Christian Pioneer" was established, with a monthly circulation of 5,000; the total number sent out has now reached 120,000, having cost nearly £120, the cost being met by the advertising department. By this means many have learned the story of redeeming love. The proclamation of the Gospel has not been without success, and the church membership has increased to 200. Among the more recent additions have been several young people from the Sabbath School. Would that our Churches were more frequently refreshed and strengthened in this way!

As God's blessing increased, the *absolute necessity* for a larger place of meeting became more apparent. Difficulty and dangers abounded—a heavy debt, no wealthy people, but a faithful God. To go forward seemed impossible, but in the strength of the Eternal, the determination was made, and the work commenced. A bazaar was held which realised £200; subscriptions were solicited and promised, and in March 1872, the foundation stone was laid by Mr. Thomas Vaughan, the mayor of the town, who has nobly given £150 towards the erection. The new chapel is designed to seat 1,030 persons, and will cost, exclusive of land and schools, £2,700. Towards this, about £1,400 have been raised, and every effort is being made to obtain the greater part of the remaining sum by the time of the opening, which will be early in the spring. Assistance would be most gratefully received.

Meanwhile, the attempt is being made to form new interests in the many destitute parts around. At South Bank, a place that might rival any heathen village, a work has been commenced with the aid of a Christian gentleman, which promises soon to result in the formation of a Baptist Church. At North Ormesby, open-air services have been maintained during the summer, and a room has been taken in which to continue the meetings during the winter.

But while so much energy is absorded in the erection of the new chapel, evangilization cannot be prosecuted with the vigour which the pressing needs of the district demand, and which we hope will soon be thrown into it.

In the North of England our denomination is very weak, but being growingly confident in the greatness of its principles, and the intensely practical bearing of its distinctive ordinance, we fear not but that amid the toiling tens of thousands of this important province there is "a future for the Baptists"; and merging the denominational into the Christian, we firmly believe that in the midst of the great workshop of England, he who disdained not to wear the workman's garb, shall one day be the centre of the affections of all, and the gentle leader who shall guide many followers in the ways of peace.

We insert this to show that the College men are fully at work, and to excite our friends to help both this particular work, and the College, which in a hundred places is doing like work.

Reviews.

Italian Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the author of "Swiss Pictures," &c. Religious Tract Society.

A worthy companion to "Spanish Pictures," and "Swiss Pictures." Of the magnificent engravings we could not speak too highly, we do not see how they could be better; and the letter-press is singularly excellent. The work might serve for a guide-book, it is so clear and terse; and yet the style is as far above any mere travelling manual as good taste and fluent description could make it. We place these "Italian Pictures" among the gems of our library. They will honour any drawing-room table, and be an acceptable present to fair ladies and worthy gentlemen. The work will be our companion in our present tour in Italy, and we anticipate much pleasure in following its guidance. We suppose the price of the book to be about eight shillings. How such things pay is a mystery to us.

Miriam Rosenbaum, a Story of Jewish Life. By the Rev. Dr. Edensheim. Religious Tract Society.

A story setting forth the inner life of Jewish families, and the thoughts of the more enlightened among them concerning the true Messiah. The narrative describes the condition of the Christian convert, the rancour of his prejudiced relatives, and the happy result of a gracious example. We heartily commend it to all our readers. It is beautiful without and attractive within.

The Biblical Museum: a Collection of Notes, Explanatory, Homeletic, and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. By J. Cowper Gray. Vol. III., Acts and Romans. Elliot Stock.

We have before spoken very warmly in praise of the Biblical Museum, and we feel that we did not exceed our duty in so doing. We hardly know of any work which we should more readily commend to poor students who want much for little money, to busy men who want much in a small compass, and to earnest teachers who want many illustrations. We hope Mr. Gray will continue his most useful work. We do not always agree with his opinions, but we greatly value this production of his pen and wish it a very extensive sale.

The Praise Book. Edited, with a Preface, by Rev. W. Reid, M.A. Nisbet.

A huge quarry out of which hymn-books can be made. We could not conceive any congregation using the entire work, for though there are only one thousand hymns nominally, they are many of them so long as to be equal to two or three ordinary hymns. The collection contains many of the standard hymns of the church, and also a noble contribution of new songs, and we are all obliged to Mr. Reid for compiling it; its soundness of doctrine, freshness, vigour, and excellence, will endear it to spiritual minds.

Angels and Heaven. By THOMAS MILLS, Author of "Sure of Heaven," &c. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have not the time to read this work through, but having carefully perused one chapter we are struck with its sententiousness and weight. It is full of matter of the most sound and solid kind, exceedingly well and clearly put, and if it be equally good all through, it is worthy to be regarded as a standard book upon its very interesting topic. Dipping into it here and there we have not been able to light upon a single barren page. Ministers will find it helpful.

The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems. By EMMA TATHAM. Fifth Edition. Wesleyan Conference Office.

All the reviewers commend, and we beg to nod assent to them. We are not so enraptured with the lays of the poetess as to be carried quite away, but still they sparkle with the true Castalian dew, and have the ring of sterling poetry about them.

Sunday Reflections on Current Topics. By the Rev. JOSEPH B. MCCAUL. Longmans, Green, and Co.

WE have spoken favourably of a Commentary upon the Epistle to the Hebrews by the same author. We regret that we cannot speak in similar terms of these "Sunday Reflections." They are not very suitable, in our view, for the Sabbath, even to those who are in full sympathy with them, and much less to those who are in avowed opposition to them. It is not the Gospel, but the Church of England that is their principal theme. While the errors of that church are deeply deplored, it is, notwithstanding, described as the chief source of England's greatness and her only hope for the future. Its interests are identified with the progress of evangelical principles, and they are Papists or Infidels who combine for its overthrow. We,—bishops, deans, and canons, —are the people, and wisdom will die with us. It is surprising that those who know what the gospel really is should not value it more in its own simplicity and entirety, and confide more in its inherent power.

Wanderings in Scripture Lands, being a Tour of Nine Months in Egypt, Palestine, &c. By Dr. THOMAS ROBINSON. Dickinson.

Another contribution to Oriental information, pleasantly written, and full of matter. Notwithstanding the abundance of such works, we should have been sorry to have missed Dr. Robinson's journal of his travels. He affords correct and extensive information as to the spiritual condition of the places he has visited, in addition to the scriptural illustrations which those localities suggest.

Credibility of the Christian Religion: or, Thoughts on Modern Rationalism. By SAMUEL SMITH. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE do not quite agree with the author's strictures upon the Shorter Catechism and the Westminster Confession, but we are exceedingly obliged to him for his plain, practical, and popular answers to the rationalistic objections to Christianity which are now so common. This little work, by the blessing of God, will be very useful to young persons of a sceptical turn of mind.

The Home and the Synagogue of The Modern Jew. Sketches of Modern Jewish Life and Ceremonies. Religious Tract Society.

AN elegant volume, containing very much important information as to the habits of Jews at the present day. Comparatively few Christians know much about the modern Jews; indeed, they hardly know as much of them as they do of the Chinese or Affghans; yet they are a people whose manners and customs greatly confirm the word of God. Are they not incarnate chapters of the Pentateuch? We thank the Tract Society for this valuable book.

My Class for Jesus. Records of labours and success in Sabbath School Teaching. By LILLIE. Edited by Rev. J. SMITH SPENCER. Elliot Stock.

An earnest account of work done by a Methodist lady among young people. We believe that many readers will be pleased and profited.

Now and Long Ago; or the Children's favourite History of England. By Mary Jacomb Wilkin. Partridge and Co.

We do not know a juvenile history more likely to be a favourite with the young; it is not a dry list of kings and queens and battles, but it contains interesting information upon the manners, the people, the religion, and the men of the times. Miss Wilkin has evidently a great gift in the direction of writing books of sterling value for the young. If such manuals are to be used in schools we shall almost regret that we carried a satchel so soon.

Fifty Sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn. Dickinson, 73, Farringdon Street.

Mr. Talmage has achieved a great reputation, and we believe he well deserves it. His sermons are all alive, thoroughly American, and indisputably original. They would be none the worse if they had more weight of doctrinal and expository teaching in them; for their sail is large enough to carry ten times their present cargo. We hail the advent of such a man, and hopefully pray that he may long be in the United States a witness for the gospel of the living God. Vast gifts he has; may the holy anointing rest upon him in like measure.

My Little Corner. A Book for Cottage Homes. Religious Tract Society.

We would urge every lover of gossip to peruse this work, and every hater of it will do well to give the book away to every chatterbox in the parish. It shows how a quiet life can be made pre-eminently useful. Its incidents are deeply interesting and well described. It is a delightful book for villagers.

Essentials of the New Testament Study, intended as a Companion to the New Testament, and embracing an Introductory Account of the New Testament; a *resumé* and harmony of Gospel History, etc. By William Edensor Littlewood, M.A. Longmans.

This is an excellent manual, containing very much condensed information. Upon Baptism our author is weak, whether judged by a Pædobaptist or by one who holds Scriptural views; but it is something for him to say, "The New Testament offers no objection to total immersion. The entire covering of the body by water in this fashion is, doubtless, a strong symbol of being 'buried with Christ by baptism unto death;'" and for him also to add, "Infant baptism is not expressly mentioned in the New Testament." The book will be on other points very valuable to students.

The Pathos of Life; or, Touching Incidents Illustrative of the Truth of the Gospel. By W. P. Balfern. Passmore and Alabaster.

Our friend, Mr. Balfern is a man of deep experience and of firm faith in the doctrines of grace. He always writes with a view to the spiritual profit of his readers. In the present instance he turns simple incidents into themes for holy musing, and bursts into snatches of sacred song. There is much that is plaintive in the volume, but it is by no means pitched in a desponding key.

Words, and what came of them; or, Sketches in our Village. By Emma Jeffery. Cassel, Petter and Galpin.

Sixpennyworth of word pictures, well sketched. "Mischief-making words" is a first-rate chapter, we wish Mrs. Magpie and daughters would read it.

Memoranda.

The meetings of the Baptist Union have been held at Manchester, and have been peculiarly well attended. We believe 850 ministers and delegates were present It is pleasing to observe the growing union and force of the denomination, and it is to be hoped that no difference will ever arise. The most hearty trust of one another should be cultivated. If upon future occasions there could be more time devoted to spiritual subjects we think it would be well; but we make the remark in no censorious spirit. The meetings were both good and useful.

We attended at the laying of the first stone of a new Baptist College in Manchester.

It is designed for the education of ministers for the close communion section of the body, and for our part we rejoice in it though we have no faith in close communion. Our brethren are faithful to the old-fashioned gospel, and are not carried away by modern thought; and therefore we sympathise with them, and wish Mr. Dowson and his College God speed.

Before this Magazine reaches the reader, the Editor hopes to be be far away, seeking restored health. He asks the prayers of the friends that he may return with strength recruited.

We feel sorry that *The Christian Standard* has commenced in so censorious a spirit. We believe Mr. Grant to be far too sweeping and severe in his strictures upon Baptist pulpits. So far as we know them his witness is not true. It is a pity to begin a good work by alienating friends.

The quarterly meetings of the London Baptist Association were held in the East London Tabernacle, October 15, and were hearty and well attended. In great feebleness C. H. S. preached at night. The churches ought to be more prompt and liberal in sustaining the chapel-building fund. Are the Baptist churches in London about to lose their earnest character, and allow the work of the Lord to flag?

It would greatly cheer us if our friends would, without our begging or making any further plea, enable us to get through the needful works at the Orphanage. We must have a schoolroom for the younger children, and sleeping accommodation for about thirty more before the design of the Institution can be fulfilled. The Lord help us in this. A Bazaar is to be held at Christmas and we shall be glad of contributions. The accounts were made up early this month; hence some donations already received could not be acknowledged, but will be found in next month's list.

Our Penny Almanack for 1873 can now be purchased.

Most encouraging reviews in the *Record*, *Rock*, *Evangelical Magazine*, *Preacher's Lantern*, *British Quarterly*, etc., have stimulated the sale of our *Treasury of David*. It has cost us much hard work, but we are rewarded by seeing the volumes valued by the Christian public.

As an instance of brotherly love, worthy of special record, we would note that on the second day of our illness we received a Transatlantic telegram full of Christian love and sympathy from the Northern Baptist Association, then assembled in Boston in the United States. We thank the brethren, and assure them that their loving message was a pleasant and efficacious medicine.

The enquirers' meetings at the Tabernacle during this month have been attended with great blessing. Nearly fifty persons were received into fellowship in October, and more are coming.

Two of our students are about to labour for the Lord in Madrid, in Spain, in company with brethren who are already working there. We hope, also, that another will be accepted by the China Inland Mission, which, under the direction of our esteemed brother, Mr. Hudson Taylor, is doing a good work.

In answer to many letters, we beg to state that we are not going to America. We should be glad to see our dear brethren there, but neither time nor strength permit.

Mr. Doel, of Enfield, has become pastor at Diss.

Mr. Filling, of our College, has accepted an invitation to Potter's Bar.

Mr. Pearce, late of Darlington, has settled at Hull, and Mr. Tarn at Peckham.

Mr. Cuff, late of Bury St. Edmonds, has had a joyful celebration at his settlement at Providence Chapel, Hackney-road. We anticipate for him the largest success in that crowded region.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September 25, seventeen; October 3, twenty-three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 15th, 1872

	£	s.	d.
Northern Reader	0	5	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
W. A.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson	3	0	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	2	6
A Friend at Lindfield	1	0	0
Mrs. Gloag	7	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. Rodwell	0	15	0
Excelsior	0	10	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Mary Woolford	0	5	0
A. B.	5	0	0
Church at Algonquin, Ontario, per Mr. Emerson	2	2	0
Miss Biggs	0	18	7
Profit of Excursion, per Mr. Perkins ...	3	5	6
In Memory of the late Mrs. Brown, Currie	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Chew	2	10	0
Mrs. Bickmore and Friends (quarterly)	2	0	0
Mr. M. Fulks	1	1	0
S. B. P.	1	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	4	0
Mrs. Andrew Dodwell	1	0	0
A Widow, per Mrs. Ward...	0	10	0
Miss Garwch	0	10	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Miss Peakman	0	5	0
A Friend at Grosvenor St., Manchester	5	0	0
From Bolton, per Mr. C. H. Spurgeon...	1	0	0
A Friend (Manchester)	0	10	0
Mrs. Griggs	0	2	6
Z. Z.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Thomas	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips ...	3	15	0
Mr. W. McEwing	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met Tab., Sept. 22	32	2	3
" " " " Sept. 29	36	7	0
" " " " Oct. 6	40	0	0
" " " " " 13	32	2	3
	£201	12	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 15th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
C. S.	0	2	6
A Thankoffering, Wantage	0	10	0
Mr. A. Teevan	1	1	0
A Thankoffering	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Salisbury & Mrs. Libery	1	14	3
A Thursday night hearer	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Kate Nye	1	1	6
Collected by Miss Emily Nye	0	18	6
Mr. R. Evans...	10	0	0
E. C. P.	0	5	0
Paisley...	0	2	6
An Orphan's Thankoffering, ...	0	2	6
Miss H. Fells...	0	5	0
Miss Brown, Collection Box	0	12	10
W. A.	14	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson	6	0	0
Mr. James Stewart	0	2	6
Mr. A. Stewart	0	2	6
W. J.	1	0	0
Mr. T. Luff	0	10	0
R. P. T.	0	10	0
Mrs. Camps and children	1	5	0
Mr. W. Jones...	0	10	0
Mrs. Howard	10	0	0
Mr. H. Nash	0	2	6
"Orphans to be remembered"	0	1	0
" " Mrs. Matthews ...	0	2	6
Orders...	0	1	11
Mrs. Rodwell...	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	1	4
E.	0	1	6
Mrs. Fitzgerald...	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mary Woolford	0	5	0
B.	1	0	0
Pray for me	0	4	0
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	10	0
Miss Garwch	0	10	0
A widow, per Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
Mrs. Andrew Dodwell	1	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. Dunmaresq	1	0	0
Mr. Chew	2	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
The Misses Heap	0	7	6
Mr. Ford	0	5	0
Mrs. James, per Mr. T. Bush	3	1	0
Mr. R. Hindle	1	0	0
Mrs. Bellamy...	0	10	0
Mr. J. MacDougall	0	10	0
Mr. James Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hall	0	9	11
Mr. G. Lloyd	1	7	6
Master Rayner	0	2	9
Mrs. J. A. Brown	0	12	2
Mr. Robert Wilson	0	10	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	16	8
W. J. B.	1	1	0
Mr. T. Haddon	2	10	0
Orphanage Meeting :—			
Refreshment Stall, per Mr. Rowton ...	12	0	1
Mr. Berkmyre	1	0	0
Mr. R. E. Williams	0	10	0
The late Mrs. Morris (Manchester) ...	160	0	0
Mr. R. Johnson	25	0	0
From Bolton, per C. H. Spurgeon ...	2	0	0
Every little helps	0	1	7
Laxfield	0	2	6
Mr. B. Marsland	2	2	0
Mr. T. Butter	1	1	0
Mr. Archer	5	5	0
Mr. E. Romang	1	0	0
Mr. J. Booth, per Rev. E. Rawlings ...	0	5	0
Mr. Rawlings	0	10	0
Miss Coveney	0	5	0
Mr. Priestly	20	0	0
Z. Z.	0	10	0
N. A. M.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. W. McEwing	1	0	0
Mrs. Webb	0	13	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Friends of the late Lady Burgoyne, per Mrs. Stopford	3	15	0
Mr. John Skinner	1	1	0
In memory of the late Mrs. Brown, Currie	2	2	0
Mrs. Greenfield	1	1	0
Mr. Fidge	1	1	0
Mr. Horton	1	1	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. Lockett 0 5 0			
Mr. Underwood 0 5 0			
Mr. Charles Tidmarsh ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. C. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
	1	0	0
	£273	8	6

For Infant School Room :—One in Ireland who sympathises with the work, £5.
For Bazaar :—H. S. S., 10s.

Golden Lane Mission.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Teevan	1	1	0	W. A.	2	0	0

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER 1, 1872.

Voices from Pompeii.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A RUSH of thought has hurried through our soul while traversing the streets of the long lost city of Pompeii. Worn as its pavements are by the traffic of a thousand chariots in days of yore, it is all silent now, and its temples and palaces echo only to the footfalls of inquisitive visitors, who guess its life from its suggestive relics. The city was not destroyed by a fiery stream of molten lava, as is popularly supposed; but it would seem that first there fell a shower of ashes and cinders, with here and there a huge mass of volcanic matter; and then there followed torrents of liquid mud, which flowed over all and formed over the city a crust, preserving everything that remained from further injury or decay. Had the stream been burning lava, it must have melted down the bronzes, calcined the marbles, and reduced all to one vast heap of molten matter; as it is, the most delicate frescoes remain uninjured, the most minute articles are found in their integrity, and even such readily combustible materials as thread and skeins of silk, are gathered from the ruined dwellings. We have seen a glass jar of oil still retaining its contents, delicate bottles of perfume apparently as fresh as when purchased at the shop, and amphoræ of wine, with the age of the vintage as freshly marked thereon, as though but yesterday placed in the cellar. How marvellous does all this seem when we remember that the city was buried in A.D. 79, and, therefore, has lain in its grave for close upon eighteen hundred years.

Comparatively few human remains have been found in the excavations, for although the inhabitants of Pompeii had but scant warning,

it appears that the bulk of the population were, at the time of the eruption, assembled in the great amphitheatre, which is outside the town, and, finding themselves cut off from the rest of the city by the falling ashes, they made their escape from the impending doom. All of them were not, however, so fortunate, for some six hundred skeletons have been exhumed, and as yet a bare half of the city has been uncovered. In the ear of our imagination have sounded voices from the dead in Pompeii, and in a hurried moment we sit down to record the impressions they have made.

The full chorus of the disinterred chants one solemn line, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." To many in that fair abode of luxury and vice the outbreak of Vesuvius appeared to be the end of all things. When the darkness which might be felt settled down upon them; when the earth rumbled and reeled beneath them; when the groaning waves of the tortured sea foamed beyond them; when the scorching glare of vivid lightnings flashed above them, and huge rocks blazing and hissing with fire fell all around them; they believed that the world's death had come,—and so, indeed, in a manner it had come to them, but in a fuller and truer sense it hastens on for us! Even now, while the ink is flowing from our pen, the Lord may be on his way, and may suddenly appear. In Pompeii's last tremendous hour the bread was in the oven, but the baker never saw it taken from it; the meat was seething in the pot never to be eaten; the slave was at the mill, the prisoner in the dungeon, the traveller at the inn, the money dealer in his treasury, but none of these saw aught of their labours, their pains, their pleasures, or their profits again. The burning dust fell over all, the poisonous vapours sought out every crevice, and the ocean of mud buried inhabitant and habitation, worshipper and temple, worker and all that he had wrought! Should a sudden overthrow come upon us also, are we ready? Could we welcome the descending Lord, and feel that for us his coming with clouds to recompense justice would be a joyful appearing, to be welcomed with exulting acclamation? The question is too important to be dismissed until honestly answered: may sincerity direct the examination it suggests.

A very large proportion of the dead were discovered in the barracks; thirty-four were found together, beyond all doubt the guard called out for the fatal night: discipline must have been powerful indeed to have kept men to their duty at such a time, especially when they were not far from the city gate. It would seem that the officers' wives and children shared in the same spirit, and remained with the band, and with them, those ever faithful friends of man, the dogs who had fed beneath their table. Soldiers are expected to endure hardness, and these Roman legionaries discharged their trust to the last. Christians are called soldiers of Christ, shall they be less firm, less bravely obedient, even unto death? Whoever flees in the evil day, a Christian must not. His it is to be at his post at all hazards, and faithless never. Christian and coward, saint and deserter, are words as much opposed as heaven and hell. Every one has heard of the lone soldier at the Herculaneum gate of Pompeii, who stepped under an arch to shelter himself from the hot ashes, and there remained close by the gate

which he was set to guard, and was found there spear in hand, faithful unto death. His martial voice rings in our ear, and bids us, even if alone, abide in our appointed place come what may. Ours it is not to consult personal ease or safety, but to abide where the great Lord of all has marked our station till he himself shall release us from it. Like the dove which was found sitting upon her nest in the garden of Diomed, if we are entrusted with the care of others we must sooner perish than forsake our charge. If Jesus has said "feed my lambs," we must not flee when the wolf cometh, but must, under evil report and good report, feed the flock of God which he hath purchased with his own blood.

One of the first buildings seen by the traveller upon entering the excavations, is the villa whose owner is supposed to have been named Diomed, because a tomb on the opposite side of the road bears that name. In the ample cellars of this house seventeen persons were found huddled in a corner, who from their ornaments and dress are believed to have been females, and some of them the ladies of the house. Where was the father, the master, the husband of the family? Why did he not form the centre of the group, and prove the mainstay of the tremblers in their hour of horror? A skeleton, believed to be that of the master of the house, was found near the garden gate, with the key of his villa firmly grasped in his hand; and behind him was an attendant with one hundred pieces of money in his girdle. What was he about to do? He was doubtless fleeing for his life, and perished in the attempt: but why escape alone? It would have been useless to carry the key if the door remained unlocked. Had he then fastened in his family and left them all to die? Let us not judge even the dead severely: perhaps the timid females would not venture with him, and he went to discover for them a way of escape. The taking of a considerable sum of money with him does not give much countenance to the theory, but this much is clear,—for some reason or other the strong man left his household behind him and sought safety for himself: meanwhile, outside his door, on the other side of the road, a lady stumbled through the heaps of small loose pumice stones which filled the roadway, and sought a shelter under the vault of the hemicycle where many a traveller had rested ere he entered the splendid city of pomps. She was not alone, but had two children clinging to her garments, and she carried another at her breast. Did she sever herself from the little ones? Did self-preservation drive her to drop her helpless burden? No; folded in each other's arms they fell into their last sleep, the mother still cherishing in death the children, about whose necks her love had hung pearls and finest gold while yet their days were happy. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon the son of her womb?" Man is too often hard and selfish, but a mother's heart is tender, and her love makes sacrifices and counts them sweet.

In the street of abundance, in the house of a money-changer, in a dark vault-like room at the rear of the building, lies a skeleton upon a heap of rubbish, with outstretched arms and clutching fingers, as if he had been grasping at earth with his last life-throb. Near him the diggers found some 100 coins, mostly of silver, with quite a little fortune in rings and cameos. Was he a thief, and were these the spoils he had

gathered and purchased with his life? Was he a money-lender, and were these his capital and his securities for loans? No man can answer these questions, but the blending together of death and gold in one story is no new thing; it is, indeed, but another among a thousand instances in which death has slain men with gilded darts. In another place was found an adventurous pilferer, who, after the destruction of the city, had marked the spot where stood a rich man's house, had burrowed down into it, and had met his end through the falling in of the earth upon him. He digged for treasure, and knew not that he had prepared his grave; fit warning to other earthworms among men that they also perish not in their grovellings, though it is to be feared the admonition is seldom heeded, and men continue to barter heaven for yellow clay. Less ignobly died the prisoners in their cells, and the soldiers in their stocks, for they were bound by no voluntary fetters, and may have been free in spirit while they lay in durance. Avarice both imprisons and degrades.

The skeleton in the large room behind the Temple of Isis reveals the overpowering energy of even a base animal appetite, for there it was found with bones of chickens, eggshells, fishbones, bread, wine, and a garland of flowers around it. He must have been a rare feeder who could find stomach for his meat amid such convulsions of nature; his worship of his belly had furnished him with a courage which far nobler devotions have not excelled. It shows how sottish he becomes who lives to eat instead of eating to live; he may one day die by his eating, and go from the banquets of Bacchus to the tortures of Tophet. Let all men beware of the tyranny of carnal passions, for no despots are so exacting as the appetites of the flesh. Suicide by one's own teeth is the meanest of deaths, and involves a man in everlasting contempt: the cruelest of tyrants have not demanded this of their victims. By all that we value for time and for eternity, let us conquer fleshly appetites lest they conquer us.

Time would fail us to tell of the wretch who left his bones in a temple with all the evidence of his sacrilege about him. Will a man rob God? How will it fare with him should he perish in the act? Neither can we speak much of the gigantic personage, who with an axe had pierced a way through two walls of the temple of Isis in his efforts to escape from the all-surrounding death. He at least was no sluggard or foolhardy glutton. He perished, but he had made desperate efforts to be saved; many also will share this fate, in a spiritual sense, if they rely upon their own strength; but, blessed be God, none shall ever be left to die, who labour against sin, trusting in the merits of the Redeemer. Vain also would it be to conjecture who was the owner of that remarkable brain that once filled that skull of striking conformation, which has excited the speculations of so many phrenologists. He whose eyes looked out from under that overhanging brow was crushed beneath a falling column, literally severed in twain by the prostrate mass. Had he lived and thought for God, for truth, for man? Or was he some arch deceiver, a deluder of the multitude? Echo alone answers to our enquiries, and she by mocking them. The tomb is silent, and so also are those to whom sepulchre is denied. But one thing is clear to the most superficial glance: these skeletons are the petrifactions of vitality,

the abiding record of life's latest moment. As in the forum remain the half-finished columns, with the last mark of the sculptor's hand; as in the chambers of the household remain the essences and rouge of ill-fated beauty; as in the bath remains the strigil, and in the hall the treasure-casket; so in the stone-like relics of the departed Pompeiians abide the records of their concluding acts; they are the finis of their own history, observed by all men. Behold, at this hour our moral history is being preserved for eternity; processes are at work which will perpetuate our every act, and word, and thought; not alone the last line, but every word and letter of our actual history is being stereotyped for the world's perusal in the day which shall reveal the secrets of men. We are not writing upon the water, but carving upon imperishable material—the chapters of our history are graven with an iron pen and lead in the rocks for ever.

Time and thought alike fail us just now: we have indicated a subject worthy of an abler pen, and we have done more if we have also suggested to our readers a worthy theme for thought.

Infidelity in London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.*

[PART II.]

IT appears to be so much easier to believe in an eternal Creator and Governor of all things than in any of the infidel systems, specious as some of them may be, that we half wonder why scientific men do not more often take refuge in Christianity, if merely for the sake of escaping from the real difficulties which must beset them in the mazy paths of their own choosing. The much-talked-about "Natural Selection," and "Development," so far from making hard things plainer, and natural phenomena more easily understood, carry with them such surprising difficulties as are absolutely dumfoundering to common minds, though even contradictions may weigh light as feathers with those great votaries of science who reign in an atmosphere never breathed by the vulgar multitude. To select only one difficulty—human speech. Could speech ever have been "developed" gradually and surely from the utterances of primeval mammalia? Does saying it could have been so developed abolish any difficulties? We have an answer ready to our hand in the volume on Modern Scepticism previously quoted: "Let us conceive the whole race of man to be, and to have been from the beginning, not indeed deaf, but congenitally and irreversibly dumb, with no more power of articulate expression than a horse, or let us say a dog. What would the development of human reason have been under such conditions? How, then, is it possible to conceive that the wondrous faculty and instrument of speech was ever invented and

* Our excellent contributor is alone answerable for the facts of his own papers. We have not the shadow of a doubt as to his accuracy, but we prefer to leave each article which bears a name to the responsibility of the writer himself.—ED.

perfected by mammals of infra-human faculty and development, and that they were afterwards through this invention developed yet more highly, until they attained to the dignity and advancement of humanity? Such infra-human mammals must have been more miraculously endowed in order to such an invention than ever man himself has been."

But to return to our immediate subject. London infidels are in many instances found to be extremely bitter in maintaining their opinions, and to be even offensive in their opposition to gospel truth. Men who will call loudly enough for mercy in the hour of threatening death, may be seen laughing and mocking among dissolute companions during public services in the street. But ignorant infidels are not alone to be blamed: they are rather to be pitied as the dupes of more knowing deceivers. We must go in the spirit of true philanthropists to the many-headed spring of the evil, and then instead of wasting time and strength over anything short of effective effort, we shall do what we are able in counteracting the stream of poison poured forth. It is a thing to be lamented, on their own account no less than on account of the country at large, that the working classes of London, as well as of other cities, should be imposed upon by numbers of small democrats, and noisy half-educated lecturers, who, often through being pecuniarily interested in their work, apparently derive a kind of satisfaction in dispersing their blighting doctrines, and in so destroying the happiness and usefulness of those whom they deceive. These infidel lecturers find much to say about the "Intolerance of Christianity," and, to make their position stronger, their creed includes some large professions of fair play, though their own narrow bigotry continually appears on the surface.

Some few years ago, there flourished a certain undertaker in London, who being afflicted with the common disease of *furor loquendi* made quite a pastime of "holding forth" in an institution near his home classically designated the Athenæum. This Athenæum was a rendezvous for infidels of the district, and lectures against Christianity were frequently given. The gifted *savant*, though an undertaker, made some professions of charity and liberality, and also delighted to pass among all men as a person of straightforward integrity. He would doubtless have regarded with high scorn any who supposed that *he* could descend to a mean or underhand subterfuge. But with what inquisitive eyes some people *do* go about. It did not escape the notice of a certain city missionary, also signally gifted in readiness of speech, and who visited thereabout, that this cultured undertaker had caused the device of "I. H. S." to be inscribed and borne upon his hearses! What? Was not this appropriation of a Christian motto a little inconsistent? The inquisitive missionary decided on going to the Athenæum, thinking he could find something to say bearing on the subject, and something which might benefit a congregation of infidels, though it might fall far short of the soaring intellect of the speaker-in-chief. Accordingly a night was set apart for this purpose of visitation, when the undertaker was found to be lecturing, and lecturing too on so original, if not striking, a theme as "Found!—a Better Book than the Bible!" Nor was the subject alone remarkable. Some of the able lecturer's remarks were uttered with a profane boldness at

which probably some of the less-seasoned frequenters of the Athenæum shuddered, while only listening. He said; "Jesus Christ never died to save man, and man needs no Saviour, nor is there any truth in Christianity, because so many of its professors are inconsistent." The inquisitive and ready-tongued city missionary heard these extraordinary utterances, and his tingling ears and heart-swelling indignation appear to have occasioned his sitting uneasily in his chair. The undertaker was evidently mistaken, as all undertakers are liable to become mistaken when they thus neglect their business to handle theological difficulties; and why should not a city missionary, meek Christian though he might be, set even a great tradesman right. He rose in the body of the hall: the eyes of the audience were turned in one direction, curious to see what so humble a creature would do. First, there would of course be a faint cheer; then a good many hisses, all of which were needless, for the intruder wished merely to tell a little story. Had even extreme boldness been needed, that missionary would have been equal to the occasion, for he has spoken of Christ in the more than plague-stricken wards of the Lock Hospital, so that a room filled with infidels could not equal the horrors of the former place. Now, however, he desires to take exception to those words of the undertaker just quoted, *e. g.*: "At the time of the French Revolution the leaders adopted the motto, 'Death is an eternal sleep.' This motto they placed over their public buildings, their churches and their tombs. Now, if I as *a Christian teacher* had gone to France at that time, and adopted the Atheistical motto, and placed it over my door for the sake of getting into favour with the infidels, what would you have thought of me?" This was a straightforward appeal to manly self-respect, and as such was easily comprehended by the cultured intellects of the Athenæum. What punishment would have been deserved under such circumstances as those described? The response came ringing from all parts of the hall, "You ought to have been scouted." An advantage was undoubtedly gained when the people answered just as the speaker desired. But what of that? All frequenters of the Athenæum were safe enough. When or where were Free-thinkers ever found dealing in such double-faced humbug as corresponded to that French revolution illustration? Very good. And now Mr. Missionary has something further to say: "You are all very right, I ought. But your lecturer is guilty of precisely such a crime! *He* has adopted the Christian's motto, 'I. H. S.,' which means 'Jesus the Saviour of men'; and he has put this motto on his Gothic hearses. Now let him first go home and pull off that motto, before he comes here to find fault with Christians for *their* inconsistency with their principles; for as long as he has that motto on his hearses you must necessarily regard him as himself an inconsistent man." The able undertaker did not go to the Athenæum in any way prepared for this surprising turning of the tables. The hubbub of confusion which ensued, however, may at least have supplied an excuse for his remaining silent.

But our friend had not yet done with diverting adventures. The Christian missionary who thus presumed to baffle a public character, seemed ever to stand in the way, ready to spoil the effects of that public character's best efforts. The paltry affair of merely placing religious

devices on hearses might soon be forgotten, were that all. It was not all! This missionary's memory, joined to the fund of illustration he possessed, made his presence even more than undesirable. It was absolutely annoying. But men of knowledge and influence must hold on their way and preserve their temper. The undertaker won a living among Christians, so that it would, perhaps, suit his policy not to be too hard. He would still lecture, but it should next be on the more liberal subject of "The Benevolence of those who have rejected Christianity." Benevolence among Atheists? Yes; though a man be an unbeliever, and even an unbelieving undertaker, it is pleasant to pass through the world as a genial and large-hearted fellow. The lecture was delivered, and scarcely had the cheers of an admiring audience died away, than that ubiquitous meddlesome city missionary was, as usual, on his legs. What! Another story? Yes, Mr. Missionary had another story to tell, a very seasonable one, too, for it was illustrative of "The benevolence shown by men who have rejected Christianity." He said: "A poor family lost several of their children in succession by scarlet fever, which occasioned them great pecuniary distress. At their request I waited on the undertaker they employed, to beg of him to reduce his charges on the last interment on account of their distress. He was out. I saw his wife, but she positively refused to do so, and would not abate one penny. I had therefore to raise the money among my friends who professed Christianity. But the undertaker was an infidel." Shouts of "Name!" from the indignant auditors were now heard. "Shall I tell you the name of the man?" continued the speaker. The only reply was "Name!" "That man," replied the missionary, finishing his speech: "That man was your lecturer, and this is the *practical* confirmation of what he has been telling you." Thus the good work of the itinerant evangelist proceeds. It is a warfare both offensive and defensive, and great victories are not wanting.

In these infidel lecture-rooms the agents of the City Mission do more than speak; they distribute hundreds of tracts and handbills on the fallacies of infidelity. With few exceptions these are taken by the men, though occasionally the spirit of unbelief is shown, when the distributors of the little messengers have their papers thrown back to them. Or a venturesome Atheist may perhaps offer to dispute on a given evening, and then, when actually pressed to do so, will find that he has miscalculated his strength, and so makes a timely retreat. On one evening, a man, whose hairs were become grey in a bad service, rose to give an account of an experiment tried by a certain surgeon, who, sympathising with the advanced liberalism, magnanimously devoted a few spare hours of his valuable time to the furtherance of "science." This enlightened surgeon minutely examined the brains of several dead persons in order to discover traces of mind! His researches were completely unsuccessful, and therefore was it not plain to any but the most unreasonable and prejudiced, that mind or spirit become extinct at death? Now, an argument so curiously original against the doctrine of the soul's immortality, might have passed current with customary honours had it not been for a circumstance, perhaps unforeseen on the part of the speaker. That same meddlesome and talkative evangelist, who had ventured even to rebuke a literary

undertaker, happened to be present, and, as might have been expected, he neutralised the intended effect of the last speaker's words, appropriating as his own what fun the discussion afforded. "Your surgeon," he said, "was as great a fool as the boy who cut the bellows open to see where the wind came from, and one experiment proves as much as the other!"

Secularism was started in London some years ago, and probably this specious system has been more readily embraced than some others by persons who have received religious trainings and backslidden from early teaching. Secularism would seem to be a sort of middle-way, into which the doubting are invited to walk. It does not shock people's finer instincts like Atheism, and has not so many subtle turns to exercise and perplex feeble intellects as Pantheism. Its leading doctrine is,—make the most of this life, eat, drink and enjoy yourself, for you know nothing about any other state beyond the present world. In fact, Secularism is a short-life-and-a-merry-one kind of creed, and one such as is likely to be embraced by those who are ready to accept any second-hand belief which grants them licence to indulge in sensual gratification. It professes to make the most of life; but, probably, not a few by embracing its principles, have made the worst possible use of this world, even in pecuniary matters!

Many who read these lines may perhaps remember the dingy little depôt in Fleet-sreet, whence, during some years, the publications of Secularism emanated; and which, happily, in course of time was necessarily closed. The organ of the system, The Reasoner, was issued weekly at a penny, and was then started as a full-priced weekly newspaper, until, through lack of support, its publication was discontinued, the office being now occupied by ordinary publishers. All right-thinking Christians must regret that men like some of the leading exponents of Secularism—men whose knowledge and abilities eminently fit them to act as the friends and the guides of the working classes—should seek to satisfy the cravings of their higher nature by straying into the uninviting ways of this already effete system. Yet while thoroughly assured that the ethics of the Secularist can never satisfy those whom they delude, we should in justice distinguish between them and the rampant blasphemy and coarse democracy of certain Atheistical fanatics, who unfortunately have ready access to the ears of large numbers of the working classes. The more moderate system is destructive to the soul, in common with its horrible competitor, but it is not so disgustingly repelling to decent people.

Secularism accepts and appropriates much of the morality of the Bible. It will introduce many of the sacred precepts into its every-day life, though it rejects all notions of inspiration, disbelieves in a future state, and without wishing directly to acknowledge the humiliating fact, the creed appears before us as Deism re-habited and re-named. Though it preaches liberality, theory and practice do not always harmonise even with Secularists. All classes of unbelievers, and especially such as are deficient in knowledge, are intolerant towards others, and impatient under contradiction. How else can we account for the frightful blasphemy and insanely violent language too frequently heard in "Halls of Science"? Freedom of opinion and of discussion?

What does it mean when pleaded for by men who become enraged if a wife be found reading a Christian book, or infusing into her children's minds the life-lessons of the Bible?

The more persons become familiar with infidelity as it really is, the less will they incline to a belief in the heart-sincerity of those who embrace any one set of the conflicting tenets. In the majority of instances, we may fear that poorly educated persons imbibe the sentiments of leading authors of the sceptical school, and then in pride or obstinacy defend them in very desperation. It is well, nevertheless, that conscience often capitulates when hard-pressed. The faintest spark of a love of something better may sometimes be fanned into a living flame if the proper means be used.

One evening a man, who resided in Southwark, attended a missionary's meeting for the special purpose of lauding Paine and Voltaire as writers whose moral sentiments surpassed in beauty anything of the kind found in the Bible. What this objector to the Gospel had to say was listened to with deference, and then he was asked if ever he had read the volume he contemned. Yes, he had read the Bible in common with other books. "Have you a family?" asked the missionary who was presiding over the little assembly. Yes, the speaker possessed a wife and little ones. Which then would he recommend to *them*,—the life-companion who was dear to him and the children whom he loved—Infidelity or Christianity? The company may have looked curiously to see what shape the infidel's answer would assume, but they could little have suspected what its import would be. What was their astonishment when the champion of unbelief, of a few minutes before, burst into tears, and then cried, "*I never heard that kind of argument before. I would rather give them the Bible than any infidel book.*" Such are the victories of kindness and patience which hard-working evangelists achieve in their daily work.

The manner in which infidels are taken, as it were, in their own meshes by skilful disputants, would form both an instructive and piquant chapter in the annals of street evangelisation. Some years ago there lived in London two boorish shoemakers, who were commonly found pursuing their craft on Sabbath mornings. Besides being avowed infidels they sympathised with Republicans and Chartists, meanwhile stoutly maintaining that the Bible hindered the progress of mankind. Would nobody volunteer to go and tell these desperadoes of their errors and duty? It was scarce to be expected that genteel church-goers could think, even, of turning aside from their pathway of respectability to do anything so unfashionable. Talk of the Gospel to unwashed cobblers on a Sabbath morning? Impossible! Then in regard to the city missionary; he had been warned by a friendly voice not to venture near so notorious a den as the shoemakers' room. Why? The men were sheer heathens and probably dangerous! Yet, notwithstanding these kind warnings, the evangelist ventured into the forbidden precincts; and on entering the apartment he was not directly insulted; on the contrary, he met with a negative sort of civility by being allowed to stand for some time unnoticed. As it would have been unwise to have begun at once about religion, a conversation respecting America was first introduced. The speaker having once lived in the New

World, remembered having worn pegged boots there. Ay, to be sure, America was the place for good workmen. "I wish I had gone ten years ago," said one of the men, though in rather ungracious tones. An advance in the right direction was made when the visitor referred to the great numbers of places of worship with which America abounded. "It may be all the worse for that," growled one of the men. "I am sorry to hear you speak so," was the reply; "You know the Scriptures assure us that righteousness exalteth a nation." This remark provoked quite a fierce explosion of wrath—"I don't mind what the Bible says . . . People who talk most about religion are the greatest liars, and they are the hardest men I ever worked for!" "Ay, that they are!" put in the other man, who hitherto had remained silent. From the conversation which now followed, it appeared that the first speaker, like so many ill-informed objectors to the claims of religion, had never read the pages of inspiration he so vehemently denounced. On being driven into a corner in the argument, he could say nothing more effective than, "I have read quite enough of it." In truly commendable good temper and moderation the missionary replied, "that is not the open answer I expected from you, you have declared the Bible to be false and foolish: have you come to that awful conclusion after close and diligent study?" "Indeed, I have other things to study," cried the shoemaker, impatient over this interruption in the morning's labour; "I don't want to know anything about it—I am busy just now." One might turn from such a place, and from such a man when in a bad temper, heart-sick and despairing; might almost conscientiously resign such to their fate as incorrigible, or say something hastily which might provoke them beyond reclamation. Only by special tact, blessed by heaven, can seeds of truth be sown in this not always sterile soil of unbelief. The visitor continued: "You appear to be a hard-working man, and to possess some knowledge of your line of business. Now, about ten days ago, I purchased a pair of shoes for eight shillings and sixpence. Do you think I gave too much for them?" "No, if they were a good pair," said the man. "Do you think them a good pair?" enquired the other emphatically. "Show them to me and I'll soon tell you." "They are at home;" still answered the other, "cannot you tell me whether they are good or bad without seeing them?" "None but a fool would ask such a question!" said the man. Not ask such a question? Why not? Here was surely a very unaccountable circumstance. A craftsman thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of a certain trade, confesses inability to judge whether articles are good or indifferent without first handling and testing them! In the meantime, a book, which likewise he has never read or examined, he unhesitatingly pronounces to be an imposture! "I am but a stranger," now said the visitor, "yet I cannot forbear telling you that the Scriptures have given *me* great peace, and I sincerely desire your peace and happiness. This has brought me to your house, and has kept me waiting here for nearly an hour, and this it was that made me pass by your long ungracious silence after I entered your room." Now, even shoemakers love victory in argument; but here one was unmistakably defeated. All that men can do in such circumstances, is to retail a few thread-bare objections to Christianity, and make a show of intelligently comprehending what

they profess to believe. It is likewise very galling to be silenced before fellow workmen. "I'll tell you what," cried the man, who all through had maintained the argument, "had you come in preaching and canting, I would have chucked you through that door." Clearly perceiving his defeat, however, he was in no mood for continuing hostilities. In a surprising manner he gracefully surrendered the position. He even rose from his seat to offer the visitor a chair, and probably for the first time in his life, listened attentively to the gospel. That man in time became a real convert, a devoted Christian, and a diligent student of Scripture. While such things are occurring, shall we not take courage? How many gems may be won for the seeking. How many souls, living on husks, and shivering in rags of their own patchwork, might wear the wedding robe and sit in their Lord's banqueting-house, were the messengers abroad to compel them to come in.

Since writing the above, we have looked into Thomas Cooper's new volume, which is modestly entitled, "Plain Pulpit Talk."* The author's name has long been associated with scepticism in England. Once a sceptic himself, he has passed through the ordeal of unbelief, and has now for long enjoyed that unwavering faith in Christ which has prompted him to devote the remainder of his life to the work of benefiting doubters in Revelation of all shades. These discourses—"The Sunday work of one who took it up from a sense of duty, without waiting for man to appoint him"—will be eagerly read by a large class. The racy English, original thoughts, and forcible arguments will please the scholarly: the telling illustrations, chaste similes, and affectionate earnestness of the author, will attract less cultivated readers. Even among men of genius, few are found so gifted in speaking to the unbelieving as Thomas Cooper, and therefore we gladly appropriate his argument on "God's work must be worthy of himself," and with it conclude this article:—

> Let us come back again. God is our moral Governor: he must govern by law; and there must be penalties for the breaking of the law, or law would be virtually abolished, and his whole moral universe be a chaos of disorder. Now, Man, as the moral subject under the Moral Governor, had a law to keep, and under a penalty: he broke the law, and the penalty must follow—"Stop!" cries our respectable rational friend; "I object altogether to the institution of a moral agency. I don't see why God could not have made the universe without making moral agents. I most decidedly think it would have been a happier universe without them, for, then, we should have had no anxiety about our condition in the future—none of this torturous state of responsibility, this constant plaguing sense that we have something to answer for, and therefore, one must be very particular in one's conduct and speech and thought." If you will think a little, my rational friend, in lieu of talking lightly, I venture to say that you will soon come to the conclusion that God could not have concluded his creative work worthily of himself without making moral agents. God made the glorious suns and rolling globes in space, but if he had left them all tenantless, that would have been a termination of his creative work unworthy of himself, for it would not have increased the happiness of his

* Plain Pulpit Talk. By Thomas Cooper. Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," "The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time," &c., &c., &c. Hodder and Stoughton.

universe, and he would have been shut in with selfishness. God made this earth, and clothed it with beautiful flowers; but if he alone saw them, that would not increase the happiness of his universe. If God had ended by creating the flowers, it would not have been a termination of his creative work worthy of himself. God made the animals, and in them the increase of the happiness of God's universe began, so far as our earth is concerned; but theirs is not an exalted happiness, they cannot consciously receive the love of their maker. If God had stayed his creative energy in the creation of animals, that would not have been a termination of his creative work worthy of himself. God chose to create moral agents; beings capable of contemplating his wisdom, capable of obeying their Maker by their own will, and so honouring him by willing obedience; capable of consciously receiving his love, and growing in the conscious enjoyment of it, to all eternity. *That* is a termination of God's creative work worthy of himself,

Possibly some unbeliever may scan these lines. To such we say, do not rest satisfied with merely doubting Christianity. *Be sure you are right.* Weigh the best things of your system against the Christian's peace and hope, and deal honestly with your own heart. Test a question with such tremendous issues free from the prejudice which perhaps you have taken second-hand from infidel writers and lecturers. Test your principles before death comes to test them for you! BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT!

A Plain Talk upon an Encouraging Topic.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"When my soul fainted within me, then I remembered the Lord; and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple."—Jonah ii. 7.

THE experience of the saints is the treasure of the Church. Every child of God who has tried and proved the promises of God, when he bears his testimony to their truth, does as it were hang up his sword and spear on the temple walls; and thus the house of the Lord becomes like "the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon do hang a thousand bucklers all shields of mighty men." The footsteps of the flock encourage others who are following their track to the pastures above. Every preceding generation of saints has lived and suffered to enrich us with its experience. One great reason why the experience of saints in olden time is of such use to us, is this,—they were men of like passions with ourselves. Were they otherwise we could not have been instructed by what they suffered. They endured the same trials and pleaded the same promises before the self-same God, who changes not in any measure or degree; so that we may safely infer that what they gained by pleading may also be obtained by us when surrounded by the same circumstances. If men were different, or if the promises were changed, or if the Lord had varied, all ancient experience would be but an idle tale to us; but now, whenever we read in Scripture of what happened to a man of faith in the day of trial, we conclude that the like will happen to us; and when we find God helping and delivering his people, we know that he will even now shew himself strong on our behalf, since all the

promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus to the glory of God by us. The covenant has not changed, it abideth firm as the eternal hills. The preacher, therefore, feels quite safe in directing you to the experience of Jonah, and in inviting you to make its lessons a practical guide to yourselves.

We shall use the lesson of the text, first, for the child of God; and, secondly, for the sinner awakened and aroused.

Our text has an evident bearing upon those who fear the Lord, for such was Jonah. With all his mistakes he was a man of God, and though he sought to flee from the service of his Master, yet his Master never cast him off; he brought back again his petulant messenger to his work and honoured him in it, and he sleeps amongst the faithful, waiting for a glorious reward. Think, then, of *the saints' condition*. In Jonah's case, as set forth before us, the child of God sees what a plight he may be brought into—his soul may faint in him.

Jonah was certainly in a very terrible condition in the belly of the fish, but the position itself was probably not so dark as his own reflections, for conscience would say to him, "Alas, Jonah! you came here by your own fault, you must needs flee from the presence of God, because in your pride and self-love you refused to go to Nineveh, that great city, and deliver your Master's message." It gives a sting to misery when a man feels that he himself is alone responsible for it. If it were unavoidable that I should suffer, then I could not repine, but if I have brought all this upon myself, by my own folly, then there is a double bitterness in the gall. Jonah would reflect that now he could not help himself in any way. It would answer no purpose to be self-willed now; he was in a place where petulance and obstinacy had no liberty. If he had tried to stretch out his arm, he could not; he was immured in a dungeon which imprisoned every sense as well as every limb, and the bolts of his cell his hand could not draw; he was cast into the deep in the midst of the seas, the waters compassed him about even to the soul; the weeds were wrapped about his head. His state was helpless, and, apart from God, it was hopeless. Children of God may be brought into a similar condition, and yet be dear to the unchanging heart. They may be poor and needy, and have no helper. No voice may speak a word of sympathy, and no arm may be stretched out to succour them. The best of men may be brought into the worst of positions. You must never judge of character by circumstances. Diamonds may be worried upon the wheel, and common pebbles may bathe at ease in the brook. The most wicked are permitted to clamber to the high places of the earth, while the most righteous pine at the rich man's gate, with dogs for their companions. Choice flowers full often grow amid tangled briars. Who has not heard of the lily among thorns? Where dwell the pearls? Do not the dark depths of the ocean conceal them, amid mire and wreck? Judge not by appearances, for heirs of light may walk in darkness, and princes of the celestial line may sit upon dunghills. Men accepted of God may be brought very very low, as Jonah was.

Let me remark that the hearts of God's servants may sometimes faint in them; yes, absolutely faint in them, and that, first, through a

renewed sense of sin. In this matter my tongue will not outrun my experience. Some of us have enjoyed for years a full assurance of our pardon and justification. We have walked in the light as God is in the light, and we have had fellowship with the Father and with the Son, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son hath cleansed us from all sin. We have often felt our hearts dance at the assurance that "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." We have stood at the foot of the cross and seen the record of our sins nailed to the tree, as the token of their full discharge. Yet at this time we may be suffering an interval of anxious questioning, and unbelief may be lowering over us. It is possible that our faith is staggered, and, therefore, our old sins have risen upon us and are threatening our peace. At such times conscience will remind us of our shortcomings, which we cannot deny, and Satan will howl over the top of these shortcomings, "How can you be a child of God? If you were born from above, how could you have acted as you have done?" Then, if for a moment we look away from the cross, if we look within for marks of evidences, the horrible bog of our inward corruptions will be stirred, and there will pour into the soul such dark memories and black forebodings, that we shall cry, "I am lost utterly—my hope is hypocrisy—what can I do? What shall I do?" Let me assure you that under such exercises it is no wonder if the soul of the Christian faints in him. Be it remembered, also, that soul-fainting is the worst form of fainting. Though Jonah in the whale's belly could not use his eyes, he did not need them; and if he could not use his arms or his feet, he did not require to do so. It mattered not if they all failed him; but for his soul to faint—this was horror, indeed! So is it with us. Our other faculties may go to sleep if they will, but when our faith swoons, and our confidence staggers, things go very hard with us. Do not, however, my brother, when in such a state write yourself down as a hypocrite, for many of the most valiant soldiers of the cross know by personal experience what this dark sensation means.

The same faintness will come over us at times through the prospect of prolonged pain or of severe trial. You have not yet felt the cruel smart, but you are well aware that it must come, and you shudder at the prospect. As it is true that "we feel a thousand deaths in fearing one," so do we feel a thousand trials in the dread of one single affliction. The soldier is often braver in the midst of the battle than before the conflict begins. Waiting for the assault is trying work, even the crash of the onslaught is not so great a test of endurance. I confess I feel an inward faintness in the prospect of bodily pain; it creates a swooning sickness of heart within me to consider it for a moment. And, beloved friend, it is no strange thing that is happening to you if your soul also faints because of difficulties or adversities that lie before you. May you have wisdom to do what Jonah did—to remember the Lord—for there and only there your great strength lieth.

Faintness will also come upon true Christians in connection with the pressure of actual sorrow. Hearts may bear up long, but they are very apt to yield if the pressure be continuous from month to month. A constant drip is felt even by a stone. A long day of drizzling rain is more wetting than a passing shower of heavy drops. Men cannot

always be poor, or always be sick, or always be slandered, or always friendless, without sometimes being tempted to say, "My heart is weary, when will the day break and the shadows flee away?" I say again, the very choicest of God's elect may, through the long abiding of bitter sorrow and heavy distress, be ready to faint in the day of adversity.

The like has happened to earnest Christians engaged in diligent service, when they have seen no present success. To go on tilling a thankless soil, to continue to cast bread upon the waters and to find no return, has caused many a true heart to faint with inward bleeding. Yet this is full often the test of our fidelity. It is a noble thing to continue preaching, like Noah, throughout a life-time, amid ridicule, reproach, and unbelief; but it is not every man who could endure to do so. The most of us need success to sustain our courage, and we serve our Master with most spirit when we see immediate results. Faint hearts of that kind there may be among my fellow soldiers, ready to lay down the weapons of their warfare because they win no victory at this present;—my brethren, I pray you do not desert the field of battle, but, like Jonah, remember the Lord, and abide by the royal standard still.

It may be that enquiries will be made as to why and wherefore we should thus enlarge upon the different ways in which Christians faint. Our reply is, we have been thus particular in order to meet the temptation so common among young Christians, to fancy that they are singular in their trials. "Surely no one has ever felt as I feel," says many a young Christian, "I don't suppose another person ever hung down his head and his hands and became so utterly overcome as I am." Do not listen to that suggestion, for it is devoid of truth. Faintness is very common in the Lord's hosts, and some of his mightiest men have been the victims of it. Even David himself, that hero of Judah, in the day of battle waxed faint, and had been slain if a warrior had not come to the rescue. Do not give way to faintness—strive against it vehemently; but, at the same time, should it overcome thee, cast not away thy confidence, nor write thyself down as rejected of God or one fatally fallen.

And now, brethren, we will notice *the saints' resort.* Jonah when he was in sore trouble tells us, "I remembered the Lord." What is there for a faint heart to remember in the Lord? Is there not everything? There is, first, his nature. Think of that. When I am faint with sorrow, let me remember that he is very pitiful and full of compassion: he will not strike too heavily, nor will he forget to sustain. I will, therefore, look up to him and say, "My Father, break me not in pieces. I am a poor weather-beaten barque which scarce can escape the hungry waves; send not thy rough wind against me, but give me a little calm that I may reach the desired haven." By remembering that the Lord's mercies are great, we shall be saved from a fainting heart.

Then I will remember his power. If I am in such a strait that I cannot help myself, yet *he* can help me. I have exigencies and sharp pinches, but there are no such things with him. There are no emergencies and times of severe pressure with God. With him all things are possible, therefore will I remember the Lord. If the difficulty be one which arises out of my ignorance, though I know not which way to take, I will remember his wisdom. I know that he will guide

me; I will remember that he cannot mistake, and committing my way unto him my soul shall take courage. Beloved,all the attributes of God sparkle with consolation to the eye of faith. There is nothing in the Most High to discourage the man who can say, "My Father, my God, in thee do I put my trust." None who have trusted in him have ever been confounded; therefore, if thy soul sink within thee remember the nature, and character, and attributes of God.

When you have remembered his nature, then remember his promises. What has he said concerning souls that faint? Think of these texts if you think of no other:—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be." "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." When we get upon this strain and begin to talk of the promises, we need hours in which to enlarge upon the exceeding great and precious words, but we mention only these—we let fall this handful for some poor Ruth to glean. When your soul is faint, catch at a promise, believe it, and say unto the Lord, "Do as thou hast said," and your spirit shall speedily revive.

Remember, next, his covenant. What a grand word that word "covenant" is to the man who understands it. God has entered into covenant with his Son who represents us, his people. He has said, "As I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed." Truly, we may say with good old Samuel "Although my house be not so with God; yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." When everything else gives way, cling in the power of the Holy Spirit to covenant mercies and covenant engagements, and your spirit shall be at peace.

Again, when we remember the Lord we should remember what he has been to us in past times. When some of us fall to doubting and fearing we are indeed blameworthy, for the Lord has never given us any occasion for doubting him. He has helped us in sorer troubles than we are passing through at this time. We have tested his faithfulness, his power, and his goodness at a heavier rate than now, and though hardly tried they have never failed us yet; they have borne the strain of these twenty years and more, and show no signs of giving way; wherefore, then, are we distrustful? Many saints have proved the Lord's faithfulness for fifty, sixty, or even seventy years; how can they be of doubtful mind after this? What, has your God been true for seventy years, and cannot you trust him a few more days? Has he brought you to seventy-five, and cannot you trust him the few months more that you are to remain in the wilderness? Call to remembrance the days of old, the love of his heart, and the might of his arm, when he came to your rescue and took you out of the deep waters, and set your feet upon a rock, and established your goings. He is the same God still; therefore, when your soul fainteth within you, remember the Lord and you will be comforted.

Thus I have shown you the saint's plight and the saint's resort, and now, observe, *the success of his prayer.* Jonah was so comforted with the thoughts of God that he began to pray, and his prayer was not drowned in the water, nor choked in the fish's belly, neither was it held captive by the weeds that were about his head, but up it went like an electric flash, through waves, through clouds, beyond the stars up to the throne of God, and down came the answer like a return message. Nothing can destroy or detain a real prayer; its flight to the throne is swift and certain. God the Holy Ghost writes our prayers, God the Son presents our prayers, and God the Father accepts our prayers, and with a Trinity to help us in it, what cannot prayer perform? I may be speaking to some who are under very severe trials—I feel persuaded I am—let me beg them to take this promise to themselves as their own; and I pray God the Holy Ghost to lay it home to their hearts and make it theirs,—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." God will not fail you though you fail yourself. Though you faint, he fainteth not, neither is weary. Lift up your cry, and he will lift up his hand. Go to your knees, you are strongest there; resort to your chamber, and it shall be to you none other than the gate of heaven. Tell your God your grief—heavy to you, it will be light enough to him. Dilemmas will all be plain to his wisdom, and difficulties will vanish before his strength. Oh, tell it not in Gath that Israel cannot trust in God; publish it not in the streets of Askelon that trouble can dismay those who lean upon the eternal arm. With Jehovah in the van, O hosts of Israel, dare ye fear? The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. What man's heart shall quail, or what soul shall faint? Lift up the hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees. Say unto the feeble in heart, "Be strong; fear not. God is with you; he will help you and that right early."

Now we must change the subject altogether. Having addressed the people of God, we feel very anxious to speak to those concerning whom the Lord has designs of love, but who are not yet made manifest. The sinner when God comes to deal with him is brought into the same plight as Jonah. His soul faints in him. What does that show? It shows very much which we are glad to see. When a man's soul faints within him, it is clear that his carelessness is gone. He used to take things very easily, and as long as he could make merry from day to day, what cared he about heaven or hell? The preacher's warnings were to him so much rant, and his earnestness fanaticism; but now the man feels an arrow sticking in his own loins, and he knows that there is a reality in sin, it is to him in very deed an evil and a bitter thing. Now the cup of gall is put to his own lips, and he feels the poison in his own veins. His heart faints within him, and he remains careless no longer; which is no small gain in the preacher's estimation. His faintness also shows that he will be self-righteous no longer. Once he hoped he was as good as other people, and perhaps a little better; and for all that he could see, he was every whit as excellent as the saints themselves. They might speak about their trusting in Jesus Christ, but he was working for himself, and expected by his regular habits to win as good a place in the world to come as the best of believers. Ah! but now God has dealt with him, and let in the daylight into his soul,

and he sees that his gold and silver are cankered, and that his fair linen is filthy and worm-eaten; he discovers that his righteousnesses are filthy rags, and that he must have something better than the works of the law to trust in, or he must perish. So far so good. Things are hopeful when there is no more self-reliance left in the sinner. The worst of human nature is that though it cannot lift a finger in its own salvation, it thinks it can do it all; and though its only place is the place of death, and it is a mercy when it comes to burial, yet that same human nature is so proud that it would, if it could, be its own redeemer. When God make man's conscience a target for his fiery arrows, then straightway he feels that his life is no longer in him, and that he can do nothing, and he cries out, "God be merciful to me." O that the two-edged sword of the gospel would slay all our spiritual self-reliance, and lay us in the dust at the feet of the Crucified Saviour. Perhaps I speak to some who faint because, though they have given up all self-righteousness now, and relinquished all self-dependence, they yet have not laid hold upon Christ and his salvation. "I have been trying to believe," says one, "but I cannot succeed." Well do I remember the time when I laboured to believe. It is a strange way of putting it, yet so it was. When I wished to believe, and longed to trust, I found I could not. It seemed to me that the way to heaven by Christ's righteousness was as difficult as the way to heaven by my own, and that I could as soon get to heaven by Sinai as by Calvary. I could do nothing, I could neither repent nor believe. I fainted with despair, feeling as if I must be lost despite the gospel, and for ever driven from Jehovah's presence, even though Christ had died. Ah! I am not sorry if you also are come to this. The way to the door of faith is through the gate of self-despair. Till thou hast seen thy last hope destroyed thou wilt never look to Christ for all things, and yet thou wilt never be saved until thou dost; for God has laid no help on you, he has laid help upon one that is mighty, even Jesus only, who is the sole Saviour of sinners. Here, then, we have before us the sinner's plight; and I will venture to call it, though it is a very wretched one, a very blessed one: and I heartily wish that every unconverted man were brought into such condition that his soul fainted within him.

Now, hear ye the gospel—incline your ear to it, and ye shall live. The way of salvation to you is the way which Jonah took. When his soul fainted, he remembered the Lord. I beseech you by the living God now to remember the Lord; and if you ask me what it is you should remember, I will tell you in a few words. Remember the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, him that suffered in the room of the guilty. Know, assuredly, that God has visited upon him the transgressions of his people. Now the sufferings of such an one as Jesus must have power to cleanse away sins. He is God, and if he deigns to die, there must be such merit in his death that he is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him. You are bidden at this moment, in God's name, to trust your soul in those hands that were nailed to the cross, and rest your life with him who poured out his soul unto death that you might live. In yourself you may well despair, but remembering his name, coupled with the names of Gethsemane and Golgotha, remembering all his pains, and griefs,

and woes, unutterable—remembering these by faith, there shall be salvation for you at this moment. Do I hear you sigh out, "Oh! but I have nothing good within me?" Know, then, that all good is in him for thee; go to him for it. "But I am unworthy." He is worthy; go to him for worthiness. "But I do not feel as I should." He felt as he should; go to him for all thou shouldst feel. If thou bring a rusty farthing of thine own, God will not have it; it would only insult the precious gold of Ophir which Jesus freely gives thee, if he should allow thy cankered counterfeits to be mixed therewith. Away with thy rags! Wouldst thou add them to the garment which Christ has woven? Dross, nay dung, the Apostle says our best works are, if we venture to put them side by side with the merits of our Redeemer. None but Jesus can save. Oh, remember him, and live!

"But," says one, "I have tried to remember the Lord, but I find that while I can trust him to pardon my sins, yet I have such a hard heart, and so many temptations, and I am so weak for all that is good that I still despair." Hearken, then, yet again: remember the Lord. At this time remember the Holy Ghost. When Jesus ascended on high, the Holy Ghost was given, and he has never been recalled. The Holy Ghost is here in this assembly now, and in the Holy Ghost is your hope against indwelling sin. You complain that you cannot pray, but the Spirit helpeth our infirmities. You mourn that you cannot believe, but faith is the gift of God and the work of the Holy Spirit. A tender heart, a penitential frame of mind, a right spirit—these are the work of the Holy Ghost in you. You can do nothing, but the Holy Ghost can work everything in you. Give yourself up to those dear hands that were pierced, and the power of the Holy Spirit shall come upon you. A new heart will he give you and a right spirit will he put within you; you shall learn his statutes and walk in his ways. Everything is provided for the believer that he can possibly want. Oh, young man, anxious to be saved! the salvation of Jesus Christ precisely suits your case. Oh, seeking soul! whatever it is thou cravest to make thee fit to dwell where God is for ever, it is all to be had, and to be had for the asking, for it is all provided in the covenant of grace; and if thou wilt remember Jesus the Lord, and the Holy Ghost—the indweller who renews the mind, thou wilt be cheered and comforted.

Yet let me not forget another person of the sacred majesty of heaven—remember the Father as well as the Son and the Spirit; and let me help thee to remember him. Thou, trembling sinner, thou must not think of God as severe or stern, for he is love. Wouldst thou be glad to be saved? He will be gladder still to save thee. Dost thou wish to return to thy God to-night? Thy God already meets thee and bids thee come. Wouldst thou be pardoned? The absolution is on his lips. Wouldst thou be cleansed? The fountain of atoning blood was filled by his mercy and filled for all who believe. Come and welcome, come and welcome! The child is glad to be forgiven, but the father is gladder still to forgive. Jehovah's melting bowels yearn to clasp his Ephraim to his breast. Seek him at once, poor souls, and ye shall not find him hard and cold, but waiting to be gracious, ready to forgive—a God delighting in mercy. Thus if you can think of God, the Son, the

Spirit, and the Father, though your soul faint within you, you may be encouraged.

And so I close by bidding you, if such be the case, imitate Jonah's example, and send up a prayer to heaven, for it will come up even to God's holy temple. Jonah had no prayer-book, and you need none. God the Holy Ghost can put more living prayer into half-a-dozen words of your own than you could get out of a ton weight of paper prayers. Jonah's prayer was not notable for its words. The fish's belly was not the place for picked phrases, nor for long-winded orations. We do not believe that he offered a long prayer either, but it came right up from his heart and flew straight up to heaven, It was shot by the strong bow of intense desire and agony of soul, and, therefore, it speeded its way to the throne of the Most High. If you would now pray, never mind your words—it is the soul of prayer that God accepts. If you would be saved, go to your chamber, and rise not from your knees till the Lord has heard you. Ay, where you now are let your souls pour out themselves before God, and faith in Jesus will give you immediate salvation.

The Huts of the Nile.*

AS belonging to the common stock of humanity, the poor and ignorant of all nations deserve the sympathy and assistance of every Christian. The benevolence of our holy faith is Cosmopolitan, and counts itself debtor to all men whether near at hand or afar off. Though the large family of Do-nothing and the numerous clan of Holdfast plead to the contrary, it is quite unlikely that the needy of our native land would gain any advantage were efforts abroad suspended specially on their account. If the sunlight were denied to Hindustan there would be none the more in England. At any rate, without arguing this question, it is a cheering sign of the times when ladies like Miss Whately and the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson labour in self-selected spheres for the diffusion of Christianity in foreign parts. We know not how it is, but it is worthy of remark that such volunteer and unprofessional pioneers of the Cross commonly have a better report to make than the majority of society-appointed missionaries. The Lord increase their number a thousandfold.

To those who expect large and immediate results, Egypt is not a promising field of labour; and to those who consult their own comfort it is by no means an inviting sphere. It is true, the associations of the country are venerable with antiquity, the climate is delicious, and in the manners and customs of the people themselves there is much which Europeans recognise as picturesque, but there is also much to repel and to disgust. To any but devout and persevering natures the obstacles

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* I. Ragged Life in Egypt, and More about Ragged Life in Egypt. By M. L. Whately, Member of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. Crown 8vo. 1870.

II. Among the Huts in Egypt. Scenes from Real Life. By M. L. Whately. Crown 8vo. 1870.

opposing the reclamation of the moral waste—the dirty, ragged, and illiterate populace, would appear insurmountable. How can it be otherwise while the mothers of the people are without knowledge. While the boys are taught but little, Moslem girls are purposely reared in ignorance, and in their case, darkness of mind is regarded more as a virtue than a deficiency. "We are Moslems, and do not wish to be taught," will meet the teacher at every turn, and this is a difficulty not readily overcome; the labour of instructing the densely ignorant when they are willing to learn is quite sufficient for most people; but who shall calculate the toils which await the instructors of unwilling scholars?

When Miss Whately first proposed establishing schools in Cairo, there were not wanting prudent persons to discourage the attempt on various grounds. It was urged that the people were too deeply sunk in ignorance to care for knowledge; and that native prejudices were too firmly rooted to allow of their heeding the voice of Christianity. The sluggard in Solomon's day who saw a lion in the streets had many imitators in Cairo, but, happily, Miss Whately was not one of them. She believed, and therefore proceeded to act. She literally went out into the streets and lanes of the eastern city to ask the people to come in and learn. Simple though arduous, this plan eventually succeeded, and soon the mistress and a Syrian assistant were at work in the school among pupils gathered by affectionate perseverance.

Many of the scholars did not begin learning until of a marriageable age, and then quickly left their books to assume the duties of matrons, which they are supposed to be competent to perform when fourteen years old or even earlier. Shoh, one of this class, managed to master the art of reading, tempted on in the path of knowledge by the kind familiarity of her friend:—

"One day I allowed Shoh to pay me a private visit, which she thought a great privilege. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday could hardly have been more astonished and delighted at the very simple, and even scanty furniture of the apartment. The curtains of white cotton, bound with red, seemed splendid in her eyes; the home-made pictures, fastened with pins to the white-washed walls; the toilet, formed of a *kafass* covered with chintz, and the general air of cleanliness and order, made it appear a luxurious room to poor Shoh, accustomed to a mud-walled and dirty abode in the neighbouring densely-peopled lane. A small work-box, with its contents, delighted her as much as if she had been a child of two years old; and when she drew from it a yard measure of a polished shell, and found out the mystery of pulling out and winding up the ribbon in it, her ecstacy knew no bounds, and she clapped herself violently on the chest, as if to knock the breath out of her body, rolling up her eyes, and exclaiming, 'Wonderful! Wonderful!'"

To interest the mind is to prepare it for instruction. Many persons must first be aroused through the organ of wonder, or their minds will never take wing; there was, therefore, no little practical mental philosophy in the display of the work-box to poor Shoh. Winners of souls must be wise in trifles, and teachers of the ignorant must stoop to the smallest things which may be helpful to their design.

By adapting her procedure to the manners of the people, Miss Whately discovered a method of having the Bible read in public places. The services of a professional story-teller were engaged, who for a small

gratuity read at eventide to coffee-house companies the parables and narrative parts of the New Testament, in place of stories from the "Arabian Nights" and other marvels. We should like to have seen the face of an audience hearing for the first time the parable of the Prodigal Son, or the story of the woman of Samaria. Surely no dream of Aladdin or of the valley of diamonds would excite half such attention. Could not more be done in this direction? Many a group in our own country might be taken as it were with guile, if a well skilled talker would repeat the old old story in new words, avoiding all that savours of formality. Miss Whately's common sense revealed itself abundantly in the adoption of this capital method.

Amid a populace clinging to age-encrusted superstitions, immediate fruits were not to be expected, and so the work was looked upon as a seed-time and as a breaking up of rough, uncultivated soil. Yet Miss Whately soon won the esteem, and in many instances the affection, of the women and children with whom she came in contact. The varied experience of the teacher and missionary was frequently a trying discipline, yet pleasant in the sense that all Christian work is pleasant. The plainly-furnished rooms in which the lady lived keenly excited the surprise of the natives; to whom, besides, it was a standing marvel that the western folk should think eastern girls worth the trouble of teaching at all. Kindness and perseverance finally won over the elders, so that they allowed their daughters to attend school, and the hard endeavours of the little maidens themselves to master the alphabet became in turn both entertaining and encouraging. The movement was one of innovation, and Moslems are not tolerant of innovators, but the thing was gently and winningly done and therefore stood its ground. Even school-treats and mothers'-meetings were imported into Egypt, and everything done which could attract and instruct.

After being closed for a season the school was reopened in 1862, and the reopening excited unbounded joy among former scholars. Moreover, keen was the envy of the boys: for slightly as girls are esteemed in Cairo, a little fellow of the lordly sex once passionately bemoaned the fate which ordained his not being a girl, for had it been so he could have attended school and have learned to read. Sewing and reading classes were soon remarshalled into order, and the school in Cairo prospered.

But other work was found inviting attention. Miss Whately felt a strong solicitude for the outside populace whose wretched huts, resembling English pig-styes, dotted the Nile valley, and therefore excursions were undertaken for purposes of visitation. Some of the opening days of 1863 were spent at a farm-house hired for the purpose, and situated some distance up the country. The experience of one who thus went among the benighted populace will be illustrated by the following adventure:—

"It is not easy to describe the place into which I was led after leaving the first den; a doorway without a door, or more properly, a large hole in the mud wall opened into a sort of court, partly open to the sky, partly roofed with reeds, the walls of which were built in and out, in a very rude and yet ingenious manner, affording a number of dark recesses and nooks, where articles of various kinds were stored away, and where came at intervals sundry lambs

and kids, fowls and ducks; while on one side stood a donkey near a mud-coop full of chickens and a large heap of fodder. In one corner, which was under shelter, a sort of rude fire-place was arranged, where a pan of water was heating, and a woman squatted near it was engaged in washing; they did not seem very poor, though the abode was so dirty and comfortless according to our ideas. The hostess spread a piece of cloth, like that used for their tents, for me to sit upon, and though it certainly was not cleanly-looking, I should have affronted her by declining to use it; besides, the whole place was so swarming with vermin, that there was no choice. Three or four women followed me, and sat down near the entrance; the space was very limited; but Egyptian females do not wear crinoline, and I had learnt by practice to squeeze into a corner nearly as well as themselves. The mistress of the house now fetched from one recess in the wall some flaps of dark, coarse bread, and from another a jar of cold boiled beans, and to gratify her I ate a few mouthfuls of each, though assuring her that I was not hungry. But she then brought out from another hole in the wall a cold hard egg, which, without salt, is rather difficult to eat unless one is keenly hungry. But in vain I pleaded that it was early, and that I had breakfasted: there was no escaping her hospitality, and I was obliged to swallow as much as I could and hide the rest. Then she brought coffee, and began to roast and pound it; and while this process went on I entered into conversation with her and the other women who remained; several had peeped in but did not stay. I first thanked her for her kindness, and then observed, how dependent we all are on the daily bread which God in his mercy gives us. 'Certainly, God is very good,' said the hostess. 'Do you ever thank him for his mercies or pray to him?' 'Never,' she replied, coolly. I endeavoured to explain the necessity for prayer, and said the Lord's Prayer, which pleased them, as it does most of the poor people here, from its simplicity: they can all understand it, and often seem to feel *something* of its wonderful comprehensiveness. Fearing to weary them, I left the room for a little chat about the matters of common interest around them, as their houses, their babies, etc. The one who was washing asked, as she picked up the bowl of water which the donkey had kicked down, after giving him a slap, and probably a curse also, 'Do they wash clothes in your country as we do?' 'Certainly, we also wash clothes with soap. But look, sister, if you washed that ever so much the colour will remain: is it not so?' 'No doubt,' she answered, it will be always blue.' She was washing a dark blue garment, such as they commonly wear. I tried to show how sin is ingrained in our hearts as the dye is in the cloth, and that we are unable of ourselves to cleanse them, and added, 'Now listen to a word of God from his Book,—"Though your sins be red as crimson, they shall be (white) as wool."' I omitted the first clause of the text, because they never see or hear of snow; but the *dye* was a comparison well suited to their comprehension, particularly as Eastern dyes are much more *durable* than ours."

The setting of this picture is grotesque enough, but it is none the less charming. How powerful and how telling are the words of the Bible in every place; it is so easy to find suitable opportunities for quoting them, and for all purposes they are like the sword of Goliah, of which David said, "There is none like it." We may rest assured that for all holy ends the very words of Scripture are the best that can be found. Such was the interest of the poor people that our author remarks, "One only lamented that there seemed so faint a probability of their hearing anything of the kind again."

These excursions, however, were recreations, and not the main business in hand; for though opportunities were embraced of reading the gospels to Moslem and Coptic families, the girls of Cairo are Miss

Whately's chief constituents. In these her interest never flags, and she promotes their welfare with a sisterly yearning worthy of her profession. Faith and courage are sometimes tried; but there is neither misgiving nor impatience. The children show attributes worthy of the beautiful East; though to European philanthropists their ways are often troublesome and meddling. It is difficult to control natures so entirely undisciplined and full of fun; and, do what she will, the teacher is likely to be conquered at times, and to feel constrained to join in the common laugh. An insignificant piece of newly-acquired finery will suffice to touch the vanity of an injudicious maiden of eight or ten years, who by indiscreetly parading her treasure will hopelessly obstruct the progress of the class-lessons. The little creatures overflow with merriment and mischievous tendencies: they seem best satisfied when they excite mirth, though they can very expressively show their finer traits on fitting occasions: "Seeing my head tied up on account of a cold this morning," says Miss Whately in her diary, "they were full of sympathy; and several said coaxingly, 'May I not kiss thee to-day because thou hast pain?' While others greeted me with little pats on the back and shoulders, repeating, 'Dear teacher! never mind! never mind!'"

While the first efforts made by Miss Whately more immediately concerned the girls, the time came when she opened a Sabbath-school for boys, who at first manifested a ludicrous shrinking from entering the classes, fearing the discipline would be one of beating, according to the custom of the country, where the stick is never still. When their fears were hushed the lads became willing scholars.

Life in Egypt has many charms for those who can bear the heat of the long dry summer; and the scenes and customs which constantly remind the European of Scripture allusions are instructively striking. There is the light transparent atmosphere which is never seen in our northern clime; there are the women water-carriers, and the oxen treading out the corn as in the days of antiquity. Life is simple and picturesque in its every-day aspect, and also in its festivals and holidays: but like a pall of moral night the curse of the False Prophet hangs over the country, the darkness being as terrible as that of old which could be felt. The blight of the crescent withers in the bud nearly every Christian effort, and extends its fatal influence to the people's homes, where, unconscious of abounding dirt and wretchedness, they exist in sleepy contentment, without any aim in life, reposing in a fatalism which is the caricature of predestination. As a rule, the adult natives possess strong constitutions, for the weakly die in childhood as victims of the bad nursing of their affectionate but ignorant mothers. Some good is brought out of evil when multitudes of little creatures return to God before reaching an accountable age, and are spared the evils which result from deadly error.

As already hinted at, one serious obstacle in the way of educating those who survive infancy is the ancient custom of early marriages; for, after assuming the duties of matrons, females are not often accessible to teachers. After marriage they may still be called children; for a girl wedded in her twelfth year is necessarily a child, both in taste and conduct, finding more pleasure in romping with playmates than in

advancing the comfort of home. She is also treated like a child, and finds her liberty abridged on becoming a wife, being placed under the care of some shrivelled, sour-tempered crone of a grandmother, who in her early days has undergone the same discipline which she now applies to the young wife, a dicipline largely consisting of beating and scolding. These early unions often end in disappointment and disaster. The Coptic law is comparatively strict in the matter of divorce; but Moslems allow separation of husband and wife on account of trivial reasons. As an illustration, we are told of a Moslem who was astonished to learn that a Christian would not drive his wife from home on her becoming blind! Yet as exceptions everywhere abound, prudence in marriage and consequent prosperity can grow on Egyptian soil. "One of my former teachers," says Miss Whately, "was actually left in my employment till long past the usual age of marriage—in fact, she could not have been less than nineteen; her bridegroom being of the same age as herself, she was very willing to wait, and it turned out well; but her father, fearing ridicule, gave out that she was but *sixteen*. I believe they all knew better—but it *sounded* less like an 'old maid!'"

On all hands, the evangelist finds work obstructed by the superstitions and customs of the people. In nominally Christian countries pictures of Scripture scenes or places are serviceable in education; but such aids cannot be used in Egypt on account of the prejudice against them engendered by the papists, who yield worship to images; and besides, the children themselves show a tendency to pay reverence to symbols. Another hindrance is the fear of the evil eye, common to Egyptian mothers, who dread an inspection of their offspring by strangers. The question of rewards and punishments also occasions some trouble. Never having experienced the sweetness of receiving a well-earned reward before, the scholars imagine that partiality is shown when all are not rewarded alike. In regard to punishment, some wholesome corrective seemed necessary to maintain discipline; and as the rod was not considered to be consistent with the rule of love, a custom common in England was imported—offenders were made to stand in a corner, facing the wall. It is probable that this mild procedure would have produced good effects, had circumstances not obliged its relinquishment. One day, to the discomfiture of the good teacher, a mother entered the school-room in a state of alarm, if not of indignation. She had a complaint to make. She had heard that her child had stood a certain time in a humiliating posture, and she feared the girl would see her shadow and thus go crazy!

Nor is this the end of the teacher's troubles, for as soon as the girls have learned to sew and be useful, the professional workwomen of the district at once covet their services. These old creatures being fluent and plausible, readily persuade the ignorant mothers that the teaching at the Franks' school is not only useless, but bad, and thus too often succeed in gaining their selfish ends, and obtaining the girls as their drudges. The same enemy is abroad in Egypt as in England, and the same divine power is needed to ensure the subjection of evil. May the battle end, as it has done a thousand times before, in the victory of truth and right.

Among the minor annoyances to which Europeans are exposed in Egypt, the method of doing trade in the shops and bazaars must be ranked; for a love of talking, and especially of bargaining, is ingrained into the nature of Orientals. In the business of shopping, time is consumed in a manner calculated to distract busy English folk careful of their fleeting hours. If you require a few articles, and decide on selecting them yourself, you must in addition to money, carry a liberal stock of patience, for the vendor will assuredly smoke and haggle about the price, because whether you like it or not, he enjoys the haggling quite as much as he enjoys his cherry-tree pipe. He will ask you double the value of the goods in dispute, and if you have become inured to the customs of the place, you will perhaps retort by offering half what you intend to give. Under the most interesting circumstances the process is tedious, as Moslem traders do not value a customer's time more than they do their own. We have heard that this system of bargaining in shops was usual in England until the Society of Friends prospered so pecuniarily by the custom of fixed prices that the present mode was generally adopted. The haggling method fosters all the baser faculties, and cannot be too strongly condemned. How hard it is to make good impressions upon Moslems none but earnest Christian workers know. The Cross is contemned; while pilgrim-ships to Mecca are overcrowded and sometimes sink with their infatuated passengers. These disasters are not deeply bewailed by any concerned; for taught to believe that they are sure of reaching paradise and its houris, the people conceive that all will be well even should they be drowned at sea; and if spared safely to complete the journey a number of times, their reward will be great, for a man is accounted so holy that he may do whatever evil pleases him best if he has visited Mecca again and again.

Passing from these sad things it is pleasant to turn to the first-fruits of Miss Whately's efforts. She thus writes of a dying woman:—

"'Yes, I am not afraid to die,' she said. 'Why do you think God has forgiven your sins?' 'For Jesus Christ's sake who died on the cross for us.' 'Then you know you are a sinner yourself?' 'Yes.' Where do you think your soul will go to if you die now?' 'To Jesus.' 'Well, dear Fatmeh, it may be that God will take you away from earth soon, because he perhaps thinks you too weak to bear the trials and difficulties of living among those who don't believe in Jesus Christ; if so, are you willing to die?' 'Better so,' she said very emphatically."

Some tender-hearted people have questioned Miss Whately about the provision made for orphans, because judging the East by other parts of the world it would appear that there must be large numbers of children in a destitute condition. Happily this is not strictly true. A beautiful custom prevails in Egypt—those who have no children of their own take charge of parentless little ones. Nor do the Egyptians only half do the thing. After being once adopted, a child inherits the unabridged rights of son or daughtership; and, sympathising with their elders, the young inmates of a house, in cases where there are any, do not expect any difference to be made between themselves and adopted brothers and sisters. A native Christian has been known to take the orphan daughter of a Moslem, to care for her and instruct her in the Scriptures, and has then felt amply rewarded by hearing the young creature read from

the New Testament. The poor and the affluent alike exhaust their vocabulary of affectionate terms in speaking to an adopted child; for while their love of children in general is strong, their sympathy is especially drawn out towards the orphan. There is much worthy of imitation in this; and those who dwell comfortably in families would be more Christlike if they added to their number some little "motherless bairn," who else had been a castaway.

Very noble traits of character have been drawn out by love of children. "I remember in Ireland," says our authoress, "where poverty was rife enough, it was no rare case to meet with an orphan brought up in the family of one who had even several children of his own. 'Sure, its a little stray,' said a poor woman when asked if *that* was her sixth child. 'How can you afford such a charge?' 'Oh, they share and share together,' was the answer; 'My husband says he would sooner see the *regulars* go short than starve the orphan.'"

While wishing God-speed to Christian work in Egypt, we must remember that as yet it is only seed-time. In first attempts to break through the appalling ignorance and to dispel the blighting shades of ages, the returns are necessarily small; but though there is much that is discouraging, all is not dark and hopeless, gleams of light appear—the promise of a gospel day; and these lead us to hope that our merciful God has something in store for this ancient land, better than the prolonged unchallenged ascendency of the False Prophet.

Entremets.—No. 2.

A WATCHMAN'S EXCUSE.

IN the early part of this century, when our sleeping citizens were nightly protected by drowsy watchmen, a fire broke out in an Edinburgh court, and entirely consumed a certain tenement and its contents. Just in that vicinity there was stationed a watch-box; but while the house was being destroyed no alarm of any kind was given. Then Scotch indignation vented itself, when a catastrophe like this could occur under such disgraceful circumstances; and the poor old creature who nightly occupied the box as a sleeping chamber was angrily demanded to give some reasonable explanation of his outrageous neglect of duty. He made good account of what little logic he learned at the dame's school of his native village. People were evidently unreasonable. Let them cease their clamour so as to allow him an opportunity of vindicating himself. In the first place, when the fire occurred he was *asleep*, and heard nothing of the hissing and crackling. In the second place, he was reposing in a box the front of which was turned in an *opposite direction* from the fire! Who could answer such arguments as these? How far would this kind of casuistry tally with the procedure of many modern watchmen in Israel? Sheep are perishing, or are enticed away to destruction as easy prey; but, meanwhile, the shepherds take their ease. On week days they do not go abroad to see what is happening, and on Sundays they see nothing, for their church doors and windows all look the wrong way.

Darbyism and its New Bible.

(*Communicated.*)

[SECOND PAPER.]

THE important subject of the worship of Christ as given, or rather as taken from the New Bible of Darbyism, with Mr. Darby's reasons in the preface and notes why it should be so, comes next under review.

Mr. Darby says in his preface, "I have not a doubt of the justness of the change, and just because in *modern* English worship is used for what is rendered to God only. When the English translation was made it was not, and the use of it now falsifies the sense in three quarters of the passages it is used in. It is quite certain that in the vast majority of instances of persons coming to the Lord they had not the least idea of owning him as God. And it falsifies the sense in a material point to use the word now."—*Preface.*

This is Mr. Darby's language, and it is clear enough at all events, nor could anything more decided on the subject be said by the most advanced Unitarian minister in London. He says, 'In modern English worship is used for God only.' This is one statement; and then, 'In the vast majority of instances they had not the least idea of owning Christ as God,' This the next statement; and further, 'It falsifies the sense in a material point so to use the word now.' This is the third; and, consequently, as worship is for God only, and in the vast majority of cases they had not the least idea of owning Christ as God, Christ did not get worship at all, but only homage; and so Mr. Darby was quite right in putting in his Bible homage and not worship—for 'it falsifies the sense in a material point to use the word now.'

From henceforth let none of Mr. Darby's followers tell us that 'these are only different words to express the same thing,' or that 'the people were not regenerate,' etc. The reason is that 'worship is for God only,' and not having 'the least idea of owning Christ as God, he got homage only, in the vast majority of instances.' If this is not outspoken what is? And what next? Verily if Gilbert Wakefield, Priestly, or Belsham were alive, these leading Unitarian ministers would say, 'Let us shake hands, brother!' Yet these are the grounds on which Mr. Darby thinks proper to sweep the worship of Christ out of the New Testament! But happily not one of these statements is true.

The first question we have to ask Mr. Darby is, Was the Messiah, when He appeared, to get true divine worship or not? Did the Scriptures of the Old Testament proclaim or not the deity of the Messiah and claim worship for Him? These are primary questions, and for the sake of the poor Christians duped by these sophisms, and caught in the snare of this kind of rationalism, one is called upon to unravel them; for here, as in Irvingism, high transcendental truths are found side by side with an irreverent handling of the claims of Christ our Lord, and a shaking of the very foundations. There is but one answer to these questions. The Old Scriptures styled Him Emmanuel—God with us (Isa. vii., Matt. i.); The One whose goings have been from of old, from everlasting (Mic. v. 2); 'The wisdom of God' (Prov. viii.); 'The Son in whom the nations were to trust' (Ps. ii. 12); and both Jews and Gentiles to worship (Ps. xcvii. 7, Isa. xlix. 7); all worship being forbidden at the same time to any but God (See Matt. iv. 10, with Heb. i. 6). Consequently, whenever the Messiah came to Israel these were his claims, and whoever that Messiah was had the title to them, for he was Jehovah's fellow (Zech. xiii. 7). When, therefore, Jesus of Nazareth came, and was from his birth announced as the Emmanuel, God in flesh with men, all who believed in His claims gave Him the divine worship due to Him, and which was forbidden to all other except to God. It resolved itself then into the question of who believed Jesus to be the Messiah and who did not. We shall see presently how far it 'falsifies the sense in a material point

of view to use the word' in reference to the Lord Jesus throughout the New Testament!

There are fifteen cases mentioned in which worship is used, both in the authorised version, and in Dean Alford's new version. In all these cases, except one (Heb. i. 6), Mr. Darby has '*homage*' in his '*new Translation*.' Even that one is excluded in the French version of Mr. Darby; and it would be edifying, no doubt, in accordance with the marked distinction made between *worship* and *homage* to know why Heb. i. 6 should be translated in *English*, 'Let all the angels of God worship him,' and in *French*, 'Give him homage (*Lui rendent homage*). If this be right in *French*, then in the *English*, according to his own showing, it must be 'falsified!' Again, why does Mr. D. not allow the capital letters to remain as before to the names of our Lord and of the Holy Ghost? These words in the common French version begin with capital letters, but Mr. Darby expunges the capitals and puts small letters instead. Thus in his version *seigneur*, Lord, is printed with a small s, and *saint esprit*, Holy Ghost, with a small s. All this observe, is done coolly and deliberately. But let us now reckon up the fifteen cases of worship to Christ. (1.) When the wise men of the East, guided by the star foretold by Balaam, was it merely a great King only that these eastern wise men sought to worship, or the Messiah King of Israel? (Matt. ii.) (2.) And when Herod proposed to worship him, was it not under pretence of doing what the Magi did? (Matt. ii.) (3.) The next case of worship is that of the leper, whose evidence is not sufficient to conclude one way or the other as to his believing Jesus to be the Messiah (Matt. viii. 2). (4.) But Jairus the ruler of the synagogue certainly believed Him to be the Messiah when he worshipped (the Jews being so opposed to worship any who was not as God), and said his daughter was dead, 'but come and lay thy hands upon her and she shall live' (Matt. ix. 18), and in proof of this the Lord takes him with the three disciples and shows him the evidence (Mark v. 40). (5.) And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea as the One that had power over the waves thereof, did they not worship him? (Matt. xiv. 33.) (6.) And the Syrophenician woman did she not 'worship' Him as the Messiah when she said, "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the crumbs," etc.; and he said, "O woman, great is thy faith," etc. (Matt. xv. 25.) (7.) And the holy women who held Him by the feet after His resurrection and worshipped Him, did they not believe him to be the Messiah? (Matt. xxviii. 9); and (8), the eleven disciples in the same chapter (verse 17)? (9.) And when the legion cried and said, "Jesus, thou Son of the most high God, and worshipped him." (Mark v, 6, 7,) did he or did he not in so saying look on him as co-equal with God, and give him in a Jewish sense the honour that belonged to God? For in a spiritual, true sense it would be as foreign to the demons to give the Lord homage as worship, but they gave Him what He gets from them as God in glory. (10.) And when the disciples see the Lord go away into heaven, do they not worship him? (Luke xxiv. 52.) (11.) And when the mother of Zebedee's children comes to ask that her sons may sit one on his right hand and the other on his left in his kingdom, did she not worship the Messiah? (Matt. xx.) (12.) And when Jesus asked the man blind from his birth whom he had healed, 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God? . . And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.' (John ix. 38.) Did this man believe the Lord to be the Messiah or not? (13.) The next is Heb. i. 6, 'Let all the angels of God worship him,' of which we have already spoken. (14.) The elders on thrones fall down and worship the Lamb. No! says Mr, Darby's version, they give him homage. (Rev. v. 14.) (15.) The soldiers bow the knee and worship the self-styled Messiah, in derision (Mark xv. 19), doing in mockery what 'the kingdoms of the nations were to do in reality, viz., 'worship before thee.' (Ps. xxii. 27.)

We scarcely reckoned on being obliged to prove this doctrine to evangelical people. But here are all the instances that occur in the New Testament, and

instead of 'the vast majority of persons who had not the least idea of owning Him as God,' there is only one solitary case in which the evidence is not sufficient to prove the matter one way or the other—all the rest either worshipped Him as the Messiah, God with us Emmanuel—and did it in sincerity, or else pretended in mockery to give what they knew belonged to the true Messiah. In most cases it was both worship and adoration, but in no case was it homage only, to the exclusion of worship, except possibly in the one already mentioned, and even that is doubtful. Such is clearly the teaching of Scripture, and it is remarkable that the greatest number of worshippers appears in St. Matthew's Gospel; this Evangelist being careful to present the Messianic claims of Jesus before Israel, as is usual with him.

And now we have to call attention to the following facts: When persons attempted to worship Peter (Acts x. 25); and the angel (Rev. xx. 8, 9), they at once forbade them: that is, when they did to Peter and the angel what they did to Jesus, Peter and the angel at once refuse. Why? Because they were not 'as God'—and the greatest sin known to the Old Testament was the worship of the creature. But Jesus, who comes to fulfil the law, receives worship and accepts it, and never refuses it, although 'in the vast majority of instances of persons coming to him they had not the least idea of owning him as God.' (Mr. D.) How on earth, then, is our Lord cleared of encouraging people to commit the greatest sin known to the law? 'O no,' says Mr. Darby, 'they only gave him homage and not worship!" Very well; then, in that case those who fell down before Peter and before the angel to worship them, thought them worthy of adoration, whilst those who came and fell down before Jesus did not think Him worthy of worship, and only gave Him homage which He accepted! Does Mr. Darby believe this? and do any of his followers believe it? Here, then, are two horns of a dilemma, they may choose the one or the other. But they are shut up to either, and there is no escape. The language in all the cases is the same. The words of the original are the same.

Such are the contradictions in which the spirit of rationalism lands those who indulge in it, and let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall, for no amount of information on any subject can compensate for shaking the foundations of the faith itself.

But we have not yet done with Mr. Darby, who says that the explanation he gives of *worship* and *homage* 'would not be worth mentioning but for simple souls.' No doubt the souls must certainly be very simple to accept the explanation given.

And we suppose that it is also 'for simple souls' that he gives an explanation of the original words in the note on Matt. iv. 10, where we find the following extraordinary explanation of the Greek word for *worship* (*proskuneo.*) On this word Mr. D. says, 'The LXX vary. The word is used alike for men and for God, see 1 Chron. xxix. 20; and is all but always an act of personal reverence and homage. What in modern language is called worship is *latreuo*. The nearest approach to this in the use of *proskuneo* is in John iv. 23, 24."

So, according to this, the Evangelists throughout the New Testament designedly used the lower word to show that the Lord only got homage and not worship, but that the nearest approach to the higher word (*latreuo*) is in John iv. 23, 24,—this last being, so far as the word goes, an exceptional use of it in the 'modern' or highest sense of 'worship'! according to Mr. D.

We are sorry to have to say that nothing can be further from the truth than this explanation.

Of course every one knows that the word for *worship*, whether in Greek or in English is 'used alike for men and for God.' When for men it means homage and honour; when for God, adoration, but the word homage is never used for worship in the sense of adoration, but means honour only, when given to men.

Now, if the reader takes up a 'Cruden's Concordance' and looks at the word *worship*, and then gets some friend who has a Greek Bible (if he has not one himself) he will find that this word for *worship* (*proskuneo*) occurs upwards of

fifty-six times in the Old Testament. It is the highest word used in the whole of the Greek Bible for worship, as the following instances will prove:—(1) 'For thou shalt worship (*proskunesei*) no other God,' (Ex. xxxiv. 14.) (2) 'Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them (*proskunesei*) nor serve them (*latreuseis*),' (Ex. xx. 5.) (3) 'Thou shalt not bow down (*proskunesei*) to their Gods, nor serve (*latreuseis*) them,' (Ex. xxiii. 24.) (4) 'And this man went up out of his city yearly to worship (*proskunein*) and to sacrifice to the Lord of Hosts in Shiloh,' (1 Sam. i. 3.) (5) 'Turn again with me that I may worship (*proskunesō*) the Lord.' (1 Sam. xv. 25.) (6) 'And in thy fear will I worship (*proskunesō*) toward thy holy temple,' (Ps. v. 7.) (7) 'Worship (*proskunesate*) the Lord in the beauty of holiness,' (Ps. xxix. 2.) These references are sufficient to show that instead of the LXX merely using the word to express 'all but always an act of personal reverence and homage,' as Mr. Darby affirms, it is used to express the act of worship always in the highest sense.

On the other hand, *latreuo* or *latreia* never used in the Greek Scriptures for personal adoration. They signify *to serve*, and *religious service*—whether in connection with a ritual or for self-dedication. The word appears twice in the above quotations in the sense of religious service, also in the following:—

(1) 'Ye shall serve God in this mountain,' *latreusate*. (Ex. iii. 12.)

(2) 'Ye shall keep this service,' *latreia*, viz., the Passover. (Ex. xii. 25.)

(3) 'To do the service of the tabernacle of the Lord, and to stand before the congregation to minister unto them' *latreuein*. (Num. xv. 9.)

(4) 'We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle,' *Hoi latreuontes*. (Heb. xiii. 10.)

(5) 'The worshippers (*tous latreuontas*) once purged should have had no more conscience of sin. (Heb. x. 2.) Here the word is the same as last, and means by *worshippers* those who performed religious service in the house of God. Even in Phil. iii. 3, the word does not mean worship in the sense of personal adoration, but in the sense of self-dedication, as indeed the Apostle himself explains in the succeeding verses.

The difference between the two words *proskuneo* and *latreuo* seems to be this:—That which is done personally and cannot be done vicariously, as the personal adoration of an object, is rendered by the first, *proskuneo*, its derivation signifying prostration before that object. But that which belonged to the religious service of the sanctuary and the ritual of the old law, and in Christianity to the self-dedication and *service* of the believer is rendered by the second word *latreuo*. The one referred to what was done by the people themselves, and could not be transferred to another or done vicariously by the priest, and was accompanied by devotion of the heart: hence it was personal. This gave the term the highest characteristic of worship, consequently, it is the word used toward the Lord. The other referred to the ritual of the sanctuary of old, and the fulfilment of the ceremonial: in Christianity to the self-dedication and spiritual service of the Christian. Both words now especially belong to the vitality of religion, but they do not mean the same thing. This is plain from the references; and the conclusion is that both terms signify just the very opposite of what Mr. Darby affirms. So far from *latreuo* signifying the highest kind of worship in the 'modern English sense' it does not signify worship at all, except by implication; and so far from *proskuneo* signifying 'all but always personal reverence and homage,' it is the word always used for the very highest kind of worship that can be given to the Lord.

We see, alas! how easy it is to give prominence to a few transcendental truths, and let go the foundations of Christianity at the same time (as did Irvingism), and consent to a miserable and pitiable translation of the Bible that goes a long way in its renderings towards a denial of the Lord that bought us. We think, now, that examples sufficient have been given to prove (1) that the diction of the authorised version has been in many places needlessly changed, and a harsh and uncouth phraseology substituted for it; and (2) that the force of the Greek verb is habitually disregarded, even in passages where it were

most important that stress should be laid upon it: and (3) that interpretations rather than translations have been given, even of vital passages, and supported by the aid of false renderings of Scripture and by false reasoning.

There are other findings as bad as any that have been noticed, but there is no need of overtaxing the reader with more at present; for if his attention has been sustained in perusing the proofs now put before him, he will be enabled from the evidence to estimate how far Darbyism and its new Bible are likely to advance the truer knowledge of real Christianity.

The Lord deliver his people from the perils of these last days, in which light is so often mingled with much that is darkness itself.

A New Interpretation of Pilgrim's Progress.

BY G. ROGERS.—(*Concluded.*)

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

THE enchanted ground led immediately to the country of Beulah. Come when it may, a country so delightful becomes an almost overwhelming contrast with all that has preceded it; but it is doubly grateful at the close of a long and tiresome pilgrimage. Pilgrim's toil has now ceased, his dangers are passed, his sorrows are ended. One more trial, at least, and all is over; every sigh, and tear, and doubt, and fear is gone, and gone for ever. The days of his mourning are ended. His happiness is as great as in the present state he can bear. This is the land of Beulah. It is border land. It is neither earth nor heaven, but midway between them. It is a transition state between faith and sight, between grace and glory. Such joys and glories have been known to many, and probably have been experienced by all for some period, however short, before they have exchanged earth for heaven. In this land of Beulah the Celestial City may be seen, the air is filled with its odours, its melodies may be heard, and its fruits may be tasted, and its ministering spirits are on every side. The following words of Dr. Payson, in his last days, will have a response in the hearts of some:—"When I formerly read Bunyan's description of the land of Beulah, where the sun shines and the birds sing day and night, I used to doubt whether there was such a place: but now my own experience has convinced me of it, and it infinitely transcends all my previous conceptions." Such instances, it is to be feared, are more rare now than formerly. With the life of Bunyan's Pilgrim we have lost the experience of his death. High hills are accompanied by deep valleys, and great victories follow severe conflicts. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Bunyan's pilgrim is here supposed to be alone in the land of Beulah with Hope, without which it would be no Beulah to him. If they were two separate Pilgrims they were far more alike in all their thoughts and feelings than any two Christians could reasonably be supposed to be, and especially at the same time. When "Christian with Desire fell sick, Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease." They talked alike in their sleep, and spoke of having had the same comforts and pleasures in the way. Is this the experience of one Christian, or of two? If of two, what learn we more from them than if they had been one? From a Christian accompanied by Hope, much more may be learned than if accompanied by another called Hopeful: and this we shall see still further illustrated in the separating flood. Let Dr. Payson, for instance, be Christian in the land of Beulah, and some other one be Hopeful in precisely the same circumstances and having precisely the same experience, at the same time, how improbable it would seem, and how impossible that they should have

close intercourse with each other! All depends upon an individual's own experience at the close of his career. Each one's experience, at that time especially, is peculiar to himself. It is then that he feels most alone, and yet not alone if his hope remains. Bunyan would not, we think, disturb that awful and yet delightful solitude by the continual presence of a fellow being. Let Hopeful be the Pilgrim's own hope, and they must, of necessity, recline in the same arbour, walk in the same vineyards and gardens, feed on the same dainties, breath the same air, inhale the same odours, hear the same melodies, and have the same prospect of the Celestial City.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Here we have a great difference between Pilgrim and Hopeful, but it is precisely the difference between a Christian and his own hope in death. He is to "hope to the end for the revelation that is to be brought him at the appearance of Jesus Christ." "The righteous hath hope in his death." Hope is the Pilgrim's sole support as he passes through the river. As he sinks in deep waters he looks to his hope for comfort, and hope alone keeps his head above water, and brings him safely through. Hopeful has no fears in the river. He is there evidently for Pilgrim's sake more than his own. Pilgrim has "troublesome thoughts of the sins he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim;" not so Hopeful. He has no sins to confess, and therefore no fears. If Hopeful, therefore, was a fellow Christian, he was by far the better of the two, and ought to have been the hero of the tale. Nor could one Christian be so entirely indebted to the hope of another for his preservation in the separating flood, as though he had no hope of his own. It is his own hope, not that of another, that supports him in death. Here all the trembling and despair is the Pilgrim's, and all the comfort and confidence is with Hopeful; and Hopeful with his own hands, as well as with cheering words, keeps Pilgrim from being carried away with the stream. Martyrs have encouraged each other at the stake, but the encouragement has been received and reciprocated, and each has been left to his own hope at the severest part of the conflict. Again, therefore, we say, it was Pilgrim's own hope that kept him from sinking in the river of Death. In all great troubles, hope is the Christian's support. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. . . . Why art thou cast down O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

> "The Gospel bears my spirit up;
> A faithful and unchanging God
> Lays the foundation for my hope
> In oaths, and promises, and blood."

HEAVEN.

The admission of Pilgrim and of Hopeful, as two distinct persons into heaven might seem to be indirect opposition to our theory; and yet it may be shown to be in full harmony with it. To a company of the heavenly host it is said by two shining ones, "These are the men that loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name." Again we read, "Now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it." Again, when at the gate of heaven, "The pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the king, who, when he had read them said, where are the men?" Again, "I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate." And, again, "Just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun." Here the two are spoken of alike; some distinction is afterwards made. "These trumpeters," it is said, "saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes," and "These

trumpeters, with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother, how welcome they were into their company." Christian is here spoken of as the chief figure in the scene. Compare this with the one leading design of the whole book as expressed by Bunyan himself in these lines:—

> "This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
> The man that seeks the everlasting prize;
> It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes;
> What he leaves undone; also what he does;
> It also shows you how he runs and runs
> 'Till he unto the gate of glory comes."

Are we now to interpret the design by the allegory, or the allegory by the design? If it were plain narrative merely, the two characters doubtless were two separate men, but this would be inadmissible in pure allegory. The admission of Hopeful with Pilgrim into heaven was needful to complete the allegorical description. Had Christian entered heaven alone the Allegory would then have ceased; but, if the design throughout had been to personify the principles and feelings of a true Christian, it must be continued to the close. There is no more incongruity in hope, personified as Hopeful, accompanying the Pilgrim up to the gate, or even through the gate of heaven, than through the river, or in the land of Beulah, or over the Delectable Mountains. Hope accompanies him to heaven, just as he is shown, at the same time, that Ignorance, if he had continued in it, would have accompanied him to hell. Nor is it wrong to conceive of hope accompanying the Christian to heaven and abiding with him there. The pleasures of hope will not be unknown in heaven. The hope of heaven will be exchanged for the hope of its continuance. The realisation of hope will generate hopes to be hereafter realised. Hope must ever be present, to add to present joys, the joys of an eternity to come. It is not to be supposed that a creature, however exalted, can take in all heaven at once, or that eternity in its experience becomes an eternal *now*. Its thoughts, and feelings, and actions, must be in succession. Worship supposes this, and service, and fellowship. Without it there might be harmony, but there could be no melody in celestial songs. If hope always abides with the Christian in heaven, and is glorified with him, how much more is its exercise required ere his heaven is complete. The immediate state of true Christians after death, is a state of both exaltation and of humiliation; of exaltation with respect to their souls, and of humiliation with respect to their bodies; of exaltation in comparison with what they were, and of humiliation in comparison with what they will be hereafter. Their happiness is inconceivable to those who remain on the earth. Their mourning is ended, but their happiness is not complete. If their souls are in heaven, their bodies are not even *on* the earth, but *in* the earth; and in a more humiliating state than the bodies of those who remain on the earth. Nor can they be unconscious of this and wholly insensible to the humiliation it implies. Such humiliation may be needful to moderate the first experience of their joys. It may be needful to becloud for a season the full glories of heaven, to give both sunshine and shade, and to display both the beauty and the power of the rising of an eternal day with healing beneath its wings. It may be needful to discipline the soul for the better use of its bodily frame when restored in a glorified form. It may be needful to preserve the feeling of brotherhood with saints on earth, and with each other, and for mutual sympathy between them. It may be needful, too, to promote their conformity to their Lord. As his sorrows were ended and his labours had ceased, but his conquest was not complete, and he was not fully glorified, while his body was in the tomb, so it is with his followers. Yet there is humiliation, and consequently need for the exercise of hope. Of the Lord himself, it is said, his flesh should rest in hope, and that hope was not in the body but in him. So the spirits of the departed now rest in hope. How long, Lord! is their cry. "And white robes are given to every one of them, and it is

said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season until their fellow servants also, and their brethren should be fulfilled." They are evidently therefore in a waiting state, and retain the same hope, in a measure, which they had upon the earth; for "not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." The Christian's hope, so far from terminating in the happiness of the soul after death, is carried forward in Scripture to an ulterior event to be simultaneously participated by all. "Looking," says Paul, "for the blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the Great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ." "Be sober," says Peter, "and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." It is in perfect harmony, therefore, with Christian experience that Bunyan represents Hopeful as the companion of Pilgrim, not merely *to* heaven, but *in* heaven. Had Hopeful vanished immediately after conducting Christian over the river, it might have been more favourable to the new theory in appearance, but it would have been in appearance only. It is not more strange that Hope should be in heaven than Hopeful; and yet in the character of Hopeful he there abides. To Christian and Hopeful, it is said by the shining ones, "You are going now to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity." How could Hopeful, as Hopeful, continue all the days of eternity any more than Hope itself? It is Christian's own hope, doubtless, that for ever abides with him; and the welcome of Christian and his brother Hopeful, by trumpeters with joyful sound, into the Gates of the Celestial City, completes the one uniform design of the whole allegory as "The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come."

The remarks, which are now brought to a close, are the result of a momentary suggestion made in the hearing of the writer in early life, and which, though incidentally referred to in conversation, has not been attempted to be carried out and submitted to writing, on any previous occasion. It is adduced and illustrated here as an opinion for consideration, rather than as a doctrine for immediate and unhesitating belief. Long cherished and well accredited views, and especially when associated with devotional feelings, are not easily effaced, nor is it desirable they should be. If, however, instead of being removed, they are placed in a stronger light, their usefulness is promoted and not impaired. No new doctrines have been taught, but the whole doctrines of the Book have been more prominently pourtrayed. If much confidence has been shown in proposing one method of interpretation and in opposing another, it will be regarded, it is hoped, as needful to bring out the full contrast between them, and not as the effect of presumptuous or controversial teaching. The writer has made a profession of his own faith, but whether he "has professed a good profession before many witnesses," must be left to the judgment of others. Sufficient, he trusts, has been said to provoke inquiry, and to prove that there are mines of real and precious ore yet undiscovered in Bunyan's Immortal Dream.

THE Spirit also garnisheth the soul with such things as are proper for it to the making of it live that life that by the Word of God is called for. It implanteth light, repentance, faith fear, love, desires after God, hope, sincerity, and what else is necessary for making the man a saint: these things, I say, are the fruits and effects of this Spirit, which as a river of water of life proceedeth forth from the throne of God and of the Lamb. Hence the Spirit is called the Spirit of faith, the Spirit of love, and the Spirit of a sound mind; for that the Spirit is the root and original of all these things by his operations in, and upon the face of the soul—*Bunyan.*

The Marbellous Reservoir.

AMONG the greatest marvels which the traveller will see near Naples is the Piscina Mirabiles, a vast underground reservoir, to which water was brought from fifty miles distance by an aqueduct. Upon descending into it by a long flight of forty steps, it appears to be fitted for a temple or a palace, its area is so extensive and its architecture so imposing; it measures 220 feet by 83, and its vaulted roof of massive masonry is supported by forty-eight enormous pilasters, the whole structure being as firm as when it was first put together. It chills the visitor to his very marrow, and makes him glad to escape to the sunny air above. Once it was put to valuable use, and contained refreshing floods, but now it is as dark as it is stupendous. Such is Calvinistic doctrines: if the life be in it, it is a fountain of living waters, a splendid storehouse of vital nourishment, a gathering up of sacred streams from the divine wellhead of truth: but if the inward vitality be gone it is dark and dreary, repulsive to many, and chilling to all who enter it. We have known men who have dwelt in its empty vaults till they have become wretched as ghosts wandering among the tombs, and fierce as mountain wolves. To them the purposes of God were only dark retreats from the responsibilities of life, or prisons for the hopes of their fellow men. Pour in the life-bearing floods, and then you shall see the glory of that marvellous system, which comprises more of divine revelation than any other which the mind of man has ever discovered in the inspired page. Calvinism, or, better still, Pauline doctrine, is a collection of the living waters of the gospel, and so abundant are the stores which it treasures that they are the daily joy and rejoicing of ten thousand saints. We prize the reservoir, not for its masonry but for its contents; and so we value Calvinism; not so much for its massive logic, its stupendous grandeur, its sublime conceptions, and its vast compass, as for the gospel of our salvation which from its depths it has poured forth for the supply of human needs. Let its professors see to it that it becomes to them no dry doctrine, empty and void and waste; but let them receive it in its spiritual fulness and divine energy, and they need never blush to own in all companies that their faith is bound up with it. Our creed is no pigmy's fancy, no ephemeral creation;—it is worthy of the loftiest genius, though plain enough to be comprehended by the wayfaring man. It is alike sublime and simple, for it is truth. C. H. S.

A Sin of Omission.

OUR sojourn in Italy has almost made us forget the near approach of Christmas, and the needs of the boys, as to a festival. Last year, kind friends sent us all the materials for a noble Christmas dinner, and plenty of fruits, and toys. We were delighted to see the poor lads so happy. Will not our friends give them the same treat again? Those who have happy family circles of their own, would show their gratitude in a fitting manner if they sent a portion for the fatherless; and those who are bereaved or childless will find joy for themselves in giving joy to others. The Orphanage itself is needing substantial help; but this appeal is for an extra treat, at which the President presides. Please send the good things to the Stockwell Orphanage, or the money to buy them to C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Clapham. We shall be very grateful.

Reviews.

[We left for the Continent before the publishers could send us their parcels; and, therefore, as we like to write the major part of the notices of books with our own hand, our readers and the booksellers must wait till the next number. While we are mending our nets the fish must wait. We expect to find shoals waiting for our return. We are writing these few lines at Naples.]

The Sunday School Teachers' Pocket Book and Diary. With Class Register. Almanack, &c., for 1873. Sunday School Union.

We used this pocket-book during the year 1872, for jotting down notes, and found it very handy. We should think that to teachers it would be a very great convenience. It is cheap and very well got up. There are no coloured engravings and elegant poems upon a butterfly, but everything is meant for practical use.

The Great Social Evil. By William Logan. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The appalling evil discussed in this book requires a delicate and yet vigorous hand to deal with it efficiently. The only remedy for it is the gospel, with its cleansing as well as saving power. Statesmen may seek to stem the torrent and take the dreadful taint from the streams, but a higher power must change the fountain if the waters are ever to be made pure. We like this able book of facts and figures, because it seeks to bring the force of Christianity to the very hear of this crying sin.

"Tekel"; or, the Church in the Nineteenth Century weighed in the Balances and found wanting. Robert Banks, Racquet Court.

Nothing is more easy than to be censorious. The author might readily have made his book ten times as large; materials for such works are very abundant, and the collecting of them is delightful employment for morbid minds.

Hymns arranged for Use at the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism. By J. M. Stephens, B.A., and F. Percy Rawson. One Penny. Elliot Stock.

Thirty-two hymns which are suitable for baptismal services. If distributed among strangers who witness the solemn spectacle they would not only be useful for the occasion, but might be the means of enlightening them upon the Scriptural nature of Believers' Baptism.

The New Testament Critically Emphasised. By Joseph B. Rotherham. Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row.

This new translation has some points of excellence, but we cannot endure the aspect of it to the eye. The translator tries to give the force of each tense, and the relative value of each word in the sentence, by means of different types and vigorous underlining; the result being to give the appearance of a school-girl's letter, who has not learnt as yet to write good English, and who makes up for lack of thought by violent dashes with her pen. We consider the book a failure.

Spurgeon's Almanack for 1873. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

The public have shown year by year their appreciation of our little Almanack, by clearing off several scores of thousands. They can be had at once of all booksellers.

What is the true Church? and other Tracts. By the Baptist Tract Society. Elliot Stock.

Very excellent for distribution. Truth well put, and no part of the price kept back. These are the best weapons with which to meet Ritualism.

Fanny the Flower Girl and *Esther's Trials.* Religious Tract Society.

The Tract Society does well to issue these admirable stories for children, just as Christmas is coming on. Fanny, the Flower Girl, illustrates the care which Providence exercises over the least of those who trust in it. Another attractive little book by the same Society is, *Lizzie Blake; or, Scenes from the Life of a Village Maiden.* It sets forth the beauty of an unselfish spirit. As a gift book for little girls it would be very suitable.

Margaret Ford; or, What a Young Girl can do. By Mrs. H. B. Paull. Sunday-School Union.

The nicest possible present for a nurse girl, or for any other young servant.

Memoranda.

Our health was failing, and, therefore, we have taken the scriptural rest of forty days. In our ramblings we have re-visited Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and the towns of the South of France. In a few days we became so improved as to enjoy unbroken sleep, recovered spirits, and freedom from those attacks which are the direct result of incessant brain expenditure. He who knows under what a load we have borne up for these nineteen years will not marvel if flesh and blood show occasional signs of lassitude, and clamour for the rest which the jaded mind requires even more. We have rested; we are refreshed; we are returning to the fray.

We do not know how our friends have sent in help for the College and Orphans, but it will delight us much if the contributions have been ample. We have left the whole business in the Lord's hands, and have no care about the matter except to thank all the donors.

We earnestly press for help for the Bazaar to be held at the Tabernacle soon after Christmas, for a new school for our younger orphans. Cash will be most acceptable.

The first number of our new work, entitled "The Interpreter," will be ready in a few days. It is intended to be an assistant to heads of families in conducting family prayer. We have thrown our best energies into it, and shall be greatly disappointed if it be not acceptable. Twenty or twenty-one shilling parts will complete the work. Those friends who procure copies and like it will please commend it to others, and may the Lord set his seal of blessing upon our attempt.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: — October 24, twenty-seven; October 31, twenty-two; November 14, sixteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 19th, 1872

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Dunn	0	10	0
R. J.	0	3	0
P. S. Perth	0	10	0
Mr. G. Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey	0	10	0
Mr. W. F. Scott	0	10	0
Collection, per Mr. G. Aubrey	1	0	9
Mr. W. Townsend	0	5	0
Mr. Speight	0	10	6
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Mr. M. Tutton	5	0	0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
John Ploughman	0	5	0
A Friend	2	10	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	2	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	1	0	0
Mrs. Kemp	0	10	0
Legacy, the late Mrs. Wenden	96	13	11
Mr. W. Thomas	0	10	0
Mr. A. A. Croll	50	0	0
Mrs. M. Adair	0	10	0
Mr. T. C. Page	3	3	0
Mr. W. A. Butterworth	1	1	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
Collection at Kingsgate Street Chapel, per Rev. W. H. Burton	11	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Oct. 20	31	8	5
" " " " " 27	20	11	1
" " " " Nov. 3	25	14	6
" " " " " 10	28	0	9
" " " " " 17	29	5	5
	£320	15	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Losthouse	0	10	0
Mrs. Smithies	1	0	0
Miss Smithies	1	0	0
A Mite from G. and L.	0	6	0
G. H. B.	2	0	0
A Thankoffering, J. B.	1	0	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
A Friend	2	10	0
Irvine	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Loch	1	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	1	0	0
Let God be magnified	5	0	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
Mr. Daniels	0	5	0
J. D.	5	0	0
Solway Lodge (Flimby)	0	10	0
Pure-stream Lodge (Broughton)	1	0	0
Female Bible Class (Westbourne Grove)	0	9	9
Mr. A. F. Coles	0	5	0
Mrs. Dunn	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. Belgrove	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. Auden	0	5	0
R. J.	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Girvero	0	12	3
Mrs. Bellamy	0	10	0
Mr. E. Few	0	10	0
A Widow and Daughter	1	0	0
Mr. G. Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey	0	10	0
A Friend (Sandemount)	0	13	0
Emma	0	2	6
J. C. T.	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Crocker (Adelaide)	2	10	0
A Thankoffering	0	2	0
Mr. W. F. Scott	0	10	0
Mr. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. G. Faulkner	1	0	0
K.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibson	0	5	0
Mrs. Mary E. Robinson	0	18	6
E. H.	0	2	0
Mr. Speight	0	10	6
Mr. W. Matlock	0	5	0
Mr. John Gordon	3	3	0
Emily and Herbert Crane	0	1	6
J. S. (Aberdeen)	0	2	0
Orders	0	2	10
Frome	0	4	0
Mrs. Maria Bent	0	5	0
Dunstable	0	2	6
Mr. T. Hartas	0	15	0
D. F. L.	0	2	6
A Friend, per Mrs. Hay	1	0	0
A Reader of "The Sword & the Trowel" (Dumfries)	1	0	0
Miss McNaughton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Legge	1	19	0
Mr. M. Tutton	5	0	0
Mr. G. Osborn	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Butterworth	1	1	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Case	1	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. Gunnell	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Loch	1	0	0
A Thankoffering, J. B.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Tottenham	2	2	0
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Friends, per Mr. Strachan	0	9	0
Mrs. Grant	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. R. Wilkinson	0	5	0
Mrs. Norman	1	5	0
Mr. W. C. Little	1	0	0
A Friend, W. L.	10	0	0
W. T. A.	1	0	0
Mr. James Smalley	0	10	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0
A Friend	0	13	0
Mr. W. Norton	1	0	0
D. E. T.	3	0	0
M. M.	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child	10	0	0
Mr. Forsyth's Bible Class	0	18	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mrs. Tutcher	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Webb	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Franks	1	1	0
Mrs. Bantick	0	10	0
North Sea Fishermen	0	15	3
Mr. W. Davison, Sen.	0	10	0
Mr. Baskett, per Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Mrs. Purvis do.	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	5	6
Boxes at Orphanage Gate	3	2	9
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. B. T.			
Miss Winekworth 0 5 0			
Mr. Gibson 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mrs. Paterson	1	0	0
The Baroness de Rothschild	2	2	0
	£120	12	4

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—A Pig, Mr. Priest; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a Sack of Potatoes, Tring; A Sack of Flour, Mr. Cannon; A Ton of Potatoes, Mr. Thos. May.

Clothing:—1 dozen Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Renshaw; 50 Cotton ditto, Mrs. Dawbarn; 5 ditto, Mrs. Mogridge; 6 ditto, Anon; 6 pairs Woollen Socks, E. Brocks; 20 Cotton Shirts, Miss Armstrong; 20 Ditto, Mrs. Bontem; 10 Ditto, T. H. H.

For Sale Room:—A White Muslin Dress, marked 26s.; a Sofa Cushion, a Poor Woman.

General:—105 yards of Iron Chain, Mr. Vickery; Some Window Glass, Mr. Harverson.

Donations, per Mr. Charlesworth:—Miss Rames, Brighton, £10; A. C. Irvine (stamps) 3s. "Hinckley" (stamps) 8s.; F. Churchill (stamps) 2s.—Total, £10 8s.

For Bazaar:—13 Books, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin; Dozen Fancy Boxes, Mr. W. C. Collins.

Colportage Association.

From September 20th to November 19th, 1872.

Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
Sunderland District, per Mr. Jno. Smith (quarterly)	7	10	0
Burnley District, per Rev. G. W. Oldring (quarterly)	7	10	0
Southsea District, per Rev. J. H. Cooke (quarterly)	7	10	0
W. R. (quarterly)	7	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (quarterly) ...	7	10	0
Eythorne District per S. Clarke, Esq. (quarterly)	7	10	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. W. Pedley (two years)	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rogers	2	2	0
Mrs. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. A. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. C. Blackshaw	1	1	0
Mr. J. F. Maitland	2	0	0
Mr. A. L. Brander	0	10	0
J. P. Bacon, Esq.	5	0	0
W. Higgs, Esq.	5	0	0
Donations:—			
M. W.	2	0	0
W. A.	2	0	0
Mrs. T.	15	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson	3	0	0
Mrs. Rodwell	0	5	0
Entertainment by Psalmody Class ...	2	1	6
Irvine	0	10	0
An Ex-colporteur	2	10	0
Mr. G. Osborn	5	0	0
	£124	17	6

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

FOR

Fatherless Boys,

CLAPHAM ROAD.

1871-2.

Trustees.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President.* J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice President.*

MRS. HILLYARD.	JOSEPH PASSMORE.
WILLIAM HIGGS.	T. R. PHILLIPS.
WILLIAM OLNEY.	WILLIAM MILLS.
W. C. MURRELL.	THOMAS OLNEY.

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

Hon. Physician and Surgeon.

HENRY GERVIS, ESQ., M.D.

J. COOPER FORSTER, ESQ., F.R.C.S.

Hon. Dentist.

W. O. HINCHLIFFE, ESQ., M.O.S.

Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, ESQ., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Solicitor.

MR. THOMAS C. PAGE.

Master. VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary. CHARLES BLACKSHAW.

London:

Printed for the Orphanage by

PASSMORE & ALABASTER, 31, LITTLE BRITAIN.

1872.

REPORT 1871-72.

WE close another year with songs of gratitude to the Lord our God. Over the Orphanage gate is inscribed the sacred motto, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE," and another year has furnished fresh verifications of the promise. The Lord has provided, and our faith is that he will provide. Once durng this year we were brought very low, that part of the exchequer which is in our keeping was quite exhausted, and as we need £10 every day to maintain our family, we were driven both to prayer and to such action as living faith suggests. Our circumstances were mentioned to Christian friends, especially to the church at the Tabernacle, and in the space of a few days some £1,200 was poured into the treasury. The regular weekly inflow of means has never been sufficient for our wants, but if the Lord intends to try us a little, and then to lead his servants to replenish our store, we are content; though it is our impression that by a little thoughtfulness on the part of the friends of the fatherless their own duty in the matter would be better performed. Perhaps in future friends may act upon this hint, which we would affectionately press upon them. The chairman is the pastor of a large church, and has besides the care of the Pastor's College and other institutions, and he would be glad if trials of faith about the Orphanage did not very frequently occur. "The spirit truly is willing but the flesh is weak."

During the year 48 boys have been admitted, thus bringing up the total number received to 245. Twenty-seven having left the Orphanage, there are now 218 in residence, which number fills every bed in all the houses. We have always contemplated accommodating 250 boys, but it is clear that in order to do so we must enlarge to some extent. As we have no proper school room for our very young children, and the government inspector has urged the provision of such a room, we have had the whole matter under our consideration. It is not a very serious matter, and it may be some one friend by a gift of £1,000 will enable us to accomplish our design at a stroke. It would be a fitting memorial for mercies received. If this should not happen we feel assured that in some other way the necessary provision will be made in God's good time.

The general health of the boys has continued to improve, and no serious sickness has prevailed beyond those little ailments incident to childhood. One boy has been taken away by fever, but he left a sweet testimony behind. Another dear child, suffering from spinal disease, has for a long time lingered, ripening for heaven. No hope is cherished of his recovery, his case having been pronounced beyond the reach of surgical skill. The utmost

confidence is felt that he is a lamb of the fold of the Good Shepherd, who may soon call him to join the flock of his redeemed above, where none shall say, "I am sick." He has had a special nurse in constant attendance for nearly two years, but the expenses have been generously met by an esteemed contributor to the Orphanage. We owe many thanks to our honorary Medical Officers, gentlemen of a generous spirit, whose reward will, we trust, be given them from above. Our usual Medical Attendant also has our gratitude for his sedulous and kind attention during the sicknesses which naturally will occur among so many children.

The education of the boys has steadily improved, many giving promise of attainments which will reflect credit upon the Institution. Sixty boys were presented for examination in drawing in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, 58 of whom passed successfully.

During the past year four boys have been settled in situations, and are doing well. At present the demand for boys exceeds our power to supply, but during next year some 30 or 40 boys will, if spared, be ready to leave our home, and we trust that kind friends will be found ready to receive them. We wish to see the boys learn good trades, and take advantageous positions, but no mere worldly considerations will induce us to place them where their spiritual interests will be in danger. Christian employers will serve both themselves and us by receiving the lads if others turn out as the first few have done. After they have left us, the master corresponds with them, and counsels and assists them as occasion may require. We want the lads to regard us as their friends for life, who will never cease to pray for them, and desire their best welfare. O that they may be a seed to serve the Redeemer all their days!

A very healthy moral tone pervades the institution, and a gracious spiritual work is manifest.

To foster and develop the social instinct, the boys are separated into families of 30, under the care of pious and judicious Matrons, who, as far as possible, endeavour to compensate the loss of parental rule and training. The children are thus brought to feel that the Orphanage is a home and not merely an Institution. As an economical arrangement, and to form habits of industry, the boys, in turn, assist their matrons in domestic work during the morning of the day; each boy's period of service in the house being restricted to one week in six. The work of the kitchen is conducted by a head cook, who is assisted by the working boys of the various houses in turn. By this arrangement we are enabled to do without domestic servants, while the work is efficiently done. Worship is conducted by the Head Master and his assistants before the morning and evening meals. The School is divided into three departments: the upper, the lower, and the infant,

under three efficient teachers, assisted by the elder boys who have been set apart as monitors. The subjects taught are reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, vocal music, Latin, and Scripture. Once a week the elder boys attend the Lectures on Science at the Pastor's College, by Mr. W. R. Selway, from which they derive much useful knowledge. When the weather is fine, the boys, upon half-holidays are taken either to Clapham or Tooting Common by the teachers, and they receive lessons and training in drill by a duly qualified sergeant: thanks to the great swimming bath, most of them can now swim, an accomplishment which may be of inestimable value in after life. On the Lord's day morning 40 boys attend the service at the Tabernacle, and the boys of the various houses, in turn, go to the Stockwell Baptist Chapel, accommodation being provided by the Pastor, the Rev. Arthur Mursell and the Deacons, without any charge to the Orphanage. A suitable service is conducted for the rest of the children by Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. Mr. W. J. Evans still superintends the Sunday School in the afternoon, assisted by a large staff of earnest teachers, and Mr. Macgregor presides over the Evening Service. On Wednesday evening a Religious Service is held, and a Prayer Meeting conducted by various friends. On the first Wednesday in the month addresses are given by missionaries of the London and Baptist Missionary Societies alternately, and on the third Wednesday Mr. Waters, assisted by friends from the Band of Hope Union, holds a Band of Hope meeting. All these good friends labour with commendable zeal to win the children to Christ. Thus it will be seen that, while we seek to give the boys a sound English Education, and train them in habits of industry, thus fitting them for the duties of this life, we are striving to train them for the worship and service of the God of the fatherless. Nor are we without evidence of success attending our labours. In the improved moral tone of most of the boys, and the godly conduct of others, we see cheering evidences that we have not laboured in vain. But the desire of our heart is not satisfied, nor our faith exhausted. We know "It is not the will of our Father that one of these little ones should perish." To us the Saviour is still saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and we have the divine guarantee of success in the assurance: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Thanking our numerous friends for their sympathy, prayers, and generous contributions, we would remind them of the gracious words of the Master:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Our supporters and friends are reminded of the two peculiarities

of our Institution, which every day become more dear to us. The first is the *Family System*, which is so infinitely preferable to the regimental method, in which children become lone units in a great crowd, instead of having some Christian person whom they can regard as their guardian, and as near as may be their mother. The second is the principle of *Election without canvassing*. Canvassing, voting, and all the expensive accompaniments of the usual system have had their uses, but the time is coming when the public will not be enamoured of them. Our children are received without expense, upon a rule of judgment of which greatness of need, priority of application, and suitableness for training are the main elements. We are glad to quote from a well-known journal a paragraph which admirably puts our view of the case.—"Among the many good services rendered to the public by the Charity Organisation Society, none deserves to rank higher than the protest which it has just put forward against the system of what are called Charity Elections. At present, as is well known, vacancies in orphan asylums, schools, and similar institutions, besides annuities and other advantages derived from charitable funds, are not bestowed simply upon the worthiest applicants, but are won in an election contest, in the course of which the whole body of subscribers to the charity are called on to give their votes. Hence, as may be supposed, the most pushing, and those who are best provided with funds for a struggle of this kind, are almost invariably the winners; though these are presumptively the persons least in need of aid from the benevolent. To be able to go about on an active canvass; to employ the arts and expedients most conducive to success, and finally to outstrip all other competitors, argues in itself an amount of energy and independence which ought to enable the candidate to dispense with assistance. In fact, this system, designed for aiding the weak, is one in which the weakest necessarily go to the wall. But the evil does not end with the fact that the present system tends to select the wrong person; for it is exceedingly wasteful in its operation. When, as not unfrequently happens, there are half-a-dozen or more competitors for the same vacancy or the same grant of an annuity, the mere money expenditure of the candidates is very considerable. There are advertisements to be inserted, cards to be printed, circulars to be forwarded by post; not to speak of the time and money consumed in going about seeking votes. All this is, perhaps, sufficiently paid for in the case of the successful candidate; but his competitors have nothing to console them for an expenditure which they are presumptively ill able to afford. The Society suggest that, instead of the present plan of universal suffrage among the subscribers, a sort of electoral college shall be chosen—in fact, that a committee shall be appointed to select the objects of their benevolence. No doubt

this system, like all others, would be open to abuse; but it could hardly be worse than the present one. Individual subscribers would lose the pleasure of conferring direct benefits; but, on the other hand, they would have the pleasure of reflecting that on the day of the triumph of their favourite case there would be no unsuccessful candidates grieving over a loss which often must amount in the aggregate to as much as the entire value of the prize which they have failed to win."

Instructions to Applicants and Friends of the Inmates.

This Institution, founded for the maintenance and Christian education of Fatherless Boys, is quite unsectarian in its character, and receives children between the ages of six and ten irrespective of creed or locality.

Applications for the admission of children should be addressed in writing to the Secretary or Master, and full particulars given. If the case appears eligible, a form of application is sent, the questions on which must be answered by the applicant and the form returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the immediate rejection of the case. After the case is entered on the list of candidates, the Trustees, as soon as convenient, appoint a visitor to make personal enquiries into it. Should these be satisfactory, the child appears before the committee and the doctor, and if duly elected enters the Institution as soon as there is room. As the number of most necessitous candidates is largely in excess of our accommodation, there is no difficulty in supplying vacancies as they occur. For some time past the Trustees have issued forms of application very sparingly, as they consider it better not to encourage hopes which are not likely to be realised. Friends, who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested, must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees, if it is proved by them to be less necessitous than others. The election of children not being determined by Subscribers' votes, the Trustees endeavour to maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need has the loudest voice with them.

In every case certificates of the marriage of the parents will be required. The cases of illegitimate children are not within the scope of the Institution.

Applicants are requested not to call upon the Trustees privately, as they cannot attend to them. Cases will be considered on their own merits, and they will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. **Mr. Spurgeon cannot personally see any applicants.**

Mothers who marry again are bound in honour to inform the Trustees, as the School is for *fatherless* boys only. Should her circumstances become greatly improved, the mother ought to take the boy home, as the charity is for the destitute, and not for those who can keep their own children.

Whenever children have distant relatives who can render help, they are always requested to do so; and it is also hoped that every widow will interest herself to find friends who will aid in supporting the Orphanage.

It is not necessary that the boy should be provided with new clothes before entering the Institution, but if he has good things, these should be brought with him.

The friends must be careful to see that the boy is free from any eruptions on the body, and that the head and linen are perfectly clean; *otherwise the boy will not be received.*

No child can be received from a house in which any infectious disease has been recently prevalent.

The children are permitted to write home weekly, if necessary, and to see their friends the first Wednesday in each month, from two till five o'clock, but their friends are urgently requested not to avail themselves of this permission if any inmates of their houses or their immediate neighbours are suffering from contagious disease. Mothers and other friends who wilfully disregard this rule will be forbidden to enter the Orphanage gates for a time which will be fixed by the Trustees.

Holidays are granted at the discretion of the Trustees, due notice of which is given to the friends.

During holidays, parents are expected to keep the children from bad company and places of amusement of a questionable character; as also to watch that they are kept clean, and do not go into houses where contagious disease is raging. If the master has reason to believe that this rule has been broken, he may refuse to admit the boy again until the Trustees have considered the case. As a general rule, the violation of this regulation will subject the child to dismission from the Orphanage.

The Orphanage is open for the inspection of the public on the afternoons of Tuesday and Thursday in each week. At other times an order is necessary, which can be obtained of Mr. Spurgeon, or any one of the Trustees. All letters requiring an answer must contain a stamped envelope.

Address, Mr. VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH,
STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE; or,
Mr. CHARLES BLACKSHAW,
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
NEWINGTON BUTTS.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st MARCH, 1872.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations :—			
General	2,954	9	7
Collecting Boxes and Books	455	19	1
	3,410	8	8
„ Legacy	40	6	2
„ Annual Subscriptions	118	4	10
„ Balance of Interest and Rents	1,285	11	9
Total Receipts during the year	4,854	11	5
Balance to Credit on 31st March, 1871 :—			
For Completion of Infirmary	423 16 7		
„ General Purposes	689 4 4		
	1,113	0	11
	£5,997	12	4

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Maintenance and Education :—			
Salaries and Wages	556	1	0
Provisions	1,008	4	8
Clothing	611	13	0
Washing, Soap, &c.	171	13	0
Fuel	170	1	6
Gas and Water	131	5	1
Books	31	15	5
Gardening, Excursions, and Sundries	71	1	9
Medical Expenses and Extra Nursing	65	12	3
Infirmary Home at Margate	52	17	10
„ General Expenses :—			
Stamps, Office Expenses, &c.	133	0	5
Additions, Repairs, Alterations, and Insurance	516	0	10
Poor and General Rates	96	13	4
„ Property :—			
Completing and Furnishing Infirmary	421	15	10
„ Total Expenditure during the Year	4,913	15	11
Transfer to Foundation Fund	800	0	0
Balance to Credit 31st March, 1872	283	16	5
	£5,997	12	4

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, comparing it with the Books and Vouchers, and find the same correct.

July 11th, 1872.

J. HERBERT TRITTON, S. HOPE MORLEY, } *Auditors.*

WILLIAM HIGGS, W. C. MURRELL, } *Trustees.*

CHARLES BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*

FOUNDATION FUND.

	£	s.	d.
To Investments :—			
Debentures and Debenture Stock	13,111	0	0
Freehold Houses, Islington	1,400	0	0
Freehold Ground Rents	5,822	4	1
India Four per Cent. Stock	2,800	0	0
Reduced Stock	1,000	0	0
Deposit Account at Bankers	500	0	0
	£24,633	4	1

	£	s.	d.
By Balance 31st March, 1871	23,608	4	1
Transfer from General Account	800	0	0
Cambrian Railway, arrears of Interest converted into Debenture Stock	225	0	0
	£24,633	4	1

Examined and found correct :

July 11th, 1872.

S. HOPE MORLEY, J. HERBERT TRITTON, } *Auditors.*

WILLIAM HIGGS, W. C. MURRELL, } *Trustees.*

CHARLES BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*