THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

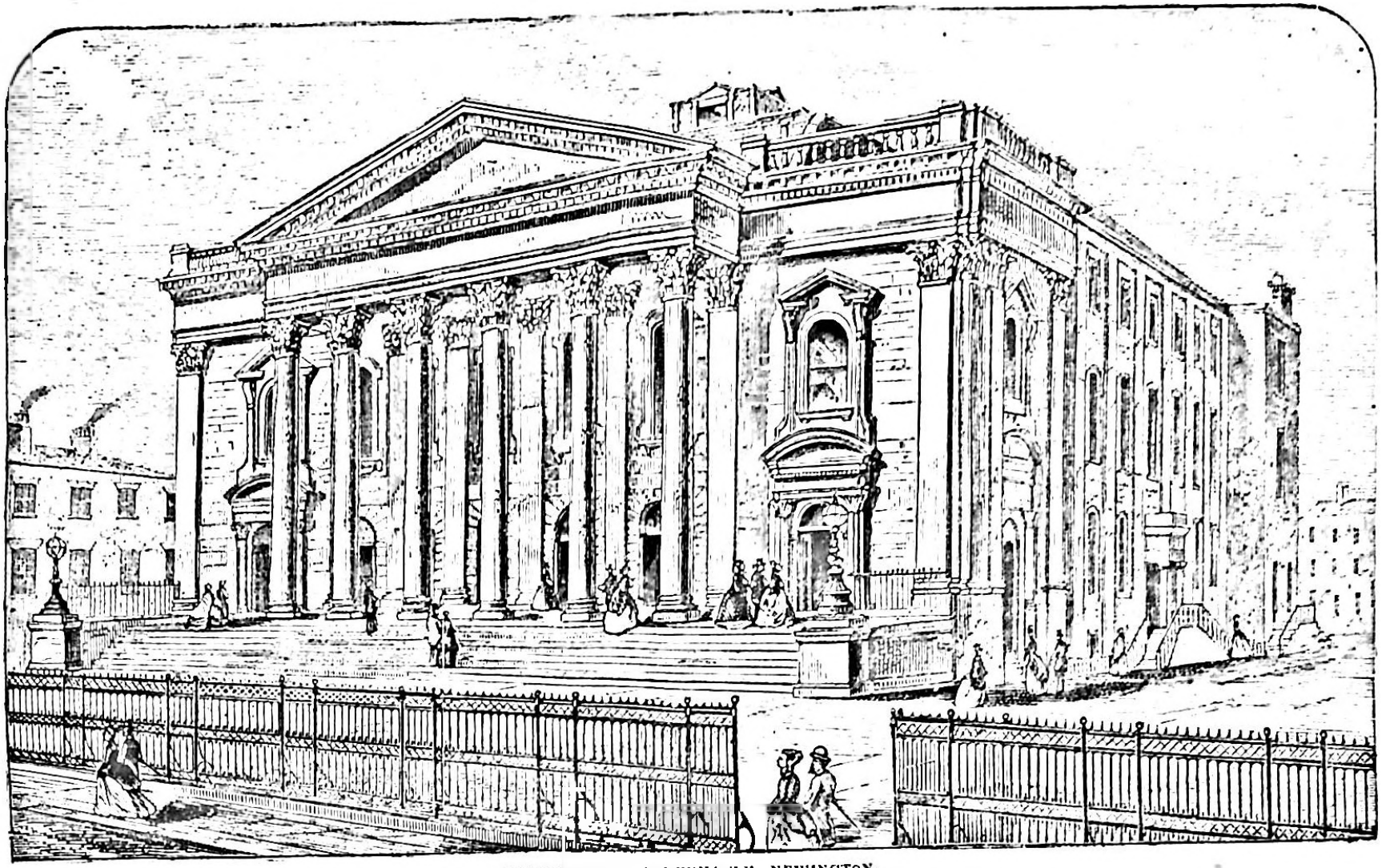
1875.

"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.

London:

PASSMORE & ALABASTER, 4, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

LONDON:
PASSMORE AND ALABASTER, STEAM PRINTERS
PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,

PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

THROUGHOUT another year we have endeavoured, month by month, to provide for your entertainment and edification. For both, because the first is to the most of men needful to produce the second, and also because God hath joined them together, and no man should put them asunder. See how in nature the orange tree, side by side with its golden apples, puts forth its delicious blossoms; mark how the painted butterfly flits among the useful herbs of the garden, and observe how the cerulean blue of the cornflower smiles forth from amid the stalks of the wheat. In the temple of the Lord the chosen high priest mingled around the fringe of his robe the tinkling bell and the precious fruit, and on the sacred candlestick were not only seven lamps, but also "knops and flowers upon the branches." It was an ill day when religion became so decorous as to call dulness her companion, and mirth became so frivolous as to demand the divorce of instruction from amusement. It is not needful that magazines for Christian reading should be made up of pious platitudes, heavy discourses, and dreary biographies of nobodies: the Sabbath literature of our families might be as vivacious and attractive as the best of amusing serials, and yet as deeply earnest and profitable as the soundest of divines would desire. Reader, you see what we have intended: how far short we have fallen you know full well, and we also are not unconscious thereof. It is something to have tried, more to have tried to our utmost, and most of all to have held our own among many competitors, and to have so far succeeded as to have secured a host of appreciating friends. To these we respectfully and heartily present our Christian regards, and all the good wishes of the season.

True to our coat of arms, *The Sword and the Trowel*, we have smitten here and there, with such force as the case required and our arm allowed, and have builded upon the wall with some measure of diligence. Our object has been practical throughout. We walked the other day through a gallery of portraits, and noticed how little attention they secured compared with the same men and women in historical pictures in another department of the exhibition. Life in action awakens our emotions, mere portraiture has not one-half the power. In our pages Christian men are seen doing service for their Lord; fifty disquisitions upon usefulness would not have exerted a tithe of the influence. We boast not when we speak of *influence*, for it has come to our knowledge

that many of the various labours of holy zeal which we have here presented have obtained substantial help as the result, and in this we greatly rejoice. It might have been policy to have reserved our pen for our own varied enterprises, with the idea of bringing funds into our own channel, as each miller turns the water to his own wheel, but we have not so understood the law of Christ; to us every good man's work is a part of our own, and to help him is to help ourselves. Whenever we hear of an effort carried on in true faith, with simplicity of motive, and real efficiency, our monthly pages shall still be lent to foster if we can, and if not at least to approve, and show our sympathy.

In our own vineyard, the College has become a tree of larger dimensions than ever, the Orphanage has brought forth sweeter fruit, and the Colportage has put forth new boughs. In all this our readers have had a large share, and we thank them heartily. Two fresh trees of smaller growth have been planted, namely, the Mission among the poor blind people of London, which deserves to be well watered; and last, but not least, *Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for supplying poor ministers with books*, which has made many hearts leap for joy, and must, under the divine blessing, be a fruitful source of benefit to the churches. This work ought to be sustained and increased till no needy preacher of the gospel should find himself destitute of daily food for his mind. The famine has been sore in the land, but this effort shall, we trust, never cease till each son of Israel shall bring home with him his own sack full of grain, for "there is corn in Egypt." It remains with our attached friends to see to it, that nothing fails of all these godly efforts.

We bespeak for this year's volume the honour of permanence. The cover is an attractive one, which our readers can purchase for sixteenpence, and so preserve the whole; or the volume for 1875 can be purchased, bound complete, for five shillings. As the articles are of abiding interest we hope to have a place in many a library. We cannot afford that so much labour should, like the ephemera, live only for an hour.

Should any friend spend a few moments in recommending *The Sword and the Trowel*, and obtaining us fresh subscribers, we should be deeply grateful. If all did so, our circulation, excellent as it is and always has been, might be doubled at once, and our hopes of usefulness increased in proportion.

Reader, to the God of all grace we commend you. When the sun of righteousness shines full upon you, pray for,

Yours heartily,

THE EDITOR

INDEX.

Page

Absence from the Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon's 134

Baptism of Christ in Jordan 287
Baptismal service... 413
Ben, Little 323
Berridge, John 362
Berridge John, Strange Story of ... 534
Bishops, Influence of 568
Brook Besor... 329

Calcutta, Grog Shops of 318
Calder, James 97
Canterbury Pilgrims, by W. Brook ... 303
Chaldea, Appeal from the Church of... 478
Charlesworth, V. J.—
  Cranfields—Father and Son 111, 163
  Life on the Deep... 579
  Little Ben 323
  Sherman, James 208
  Scottish Fisherman, The 529
  Soldier of Two Armies, The ... 463
Club, The Holy 78
Coloured Education 438
Colportage Association 334
Colporteur, on the Road with a— 424, 469, 515
Conference, Inaugural Address at The 193
Conference, Vice-President's „ „ „ 455
Contempt 394
Cope, W. P.—
  Popish Persecution 256, 308
Court, In 501
Cranfields, The 111, 163

Disciple Among the Poor 157
Down with Sin 122

Elocution 393
Evangelist, Out with a County ... 102, 173
Evangelists and Revivals 115

Fishes, Famous Sermon to the 439
Fit for What? 535
Flotsam and Jetsam 181

Golden Lane, A Party of Five in ... 213
Golden Lane, Friend of the Poor in ... 520

Heavenly Trade, Manner of 170
Hewling, Hannah 573
Higher Holiness, by Dr. A. M. Stuart 483

Page

Irish History, page from 285

Jews, Modern 417

Lady and the Sweep 535
Letter to my Readers 395
Let us Pray 412
"Light is Coming on," etc. 183
Life on the Deep 579
Little Sins 391
London 145
London, Some Sacred Memories of ... 271
Lying Wonders 562

M'Cheyne, A Line from 226
Madrid, Letter from 227
Master, the Great... 70
Matthew xxvi. 39 222
Medley, Life of 266, 327
Ministers, Dying 357
Ministers, Crazy 360
Mite or Spirit 511

Nettie's Daily Bread 578
Notes—
—— Arnot, Dr. 344
—— Attercliff 294, 546
—— Baptist Union 292
—— Barnardo's Mission, Dr. 44
—— Bartlett, Mrs. 449
—— Bermondsey... ... ... 498, 450
—— Bible Society 292
—— Bow-road Hall 293
—— Bulwell 343
—— Burnley 450
—— China 546, 585
—— Chester... 450
—— College Buildings Workmen ... 44
—— Colportage Association, 292, 343, 499
—— Davies, Dr. 450
—— Derby 402
—— Dissenters and Education 141
—— Enfield 498
—— Evangelists' Society 498
—— Erith 498
—— Golden Lane 498
—— Glastonbury 44
—— Hampton's, Mr., Mission to the Blind... ... ... 450, 498
—— Ilkeston 142
—— India 44
—— Interpreter, The 43, 499

Notes (*continued*)— Page
—— Kennedy, Dr., and Messrs. Moody and Sankey 142
—— Kennington 546
—— Liberation Society 141
—— "London" and "The City Press" 239
—— Long Eaton... 294
—— Moody and Sankey, Messrs. 190, 240 344
—— Muller, George 293
—— Mursell, Mr. James 344
—— Newtown, Wales 142
—— Olney, Mr. W. 449
—— Ontario 402
—— Oxford 402
—— Pastors' College, 91, 92, 190, 240, 293 402, 498, 546, 585
—— Pastor's Health 92, 142
—— Perth, Canada 402
—— Ploughman's Talk, John 499
—— Plymouth and the Baptist Union 498, 545
—— Prayer, Appeal for 92
—— Ramsey... 546
—— Reading Bazaar ... 343, 402, 498
—— Richmond-street Schools, 240, 294, 585
—— Saint Mary Cray... 44
—— Shacklewell 402
—— Shepton Mallet 44, 142
—— Shoreham 142
—— Southampton 293
—— Special Services 585
—— Spurgeon's, Mrs., Distribution of Books ... 344, 402, 449, 497, 545
—— Spurgeon's Penny Almanack ... 499
—— Staley Bridge 44
—— Stapleford 294
—— Stockwell Orphanage, The, 91, 92, 142 239, 292, 293, 343, 449, 450, 498 545, 585
—— Surbiton 44
—— Swansea 498
—— Tabernacle, the Metropolitan, 92, 142 189, 292, 293, 342, 449, 585
—— Tenterden 294
—— Turk's Island 498, 546
—— Wallingford 343
—— Walworth 450
—— Waterbeach 403, 498
—— Watchet 402
—— Wells 142
—— Wilshire, Mr. Joseph 450
—— Work Among Navvies 403
—— Wokingham... 343
—— Working Society... 344
—— Zenana 546

Ocean Bottom Mystery 228
Olive, The 563
Olney, Testimonial to Mr. W. 512

Paradox, Necessity of 230
Pastors' College, Plea for 249
Pike, G. Holden— Page
Club, The Holy 78
County Evangelist, Out with a 102, 173
Colporteur, On the Road with a 424 469, 515
Golden Lane, A Party of Five in 213
Golden Lane, Friend of the Poor in 520
Howling, Hannah 573
Jews, Modern 417
Old London, Some Sacred Memories of 271
Pilgrim's Progress of 1678... ... 86
Santhalistan, The Gospel in ... 488
Pilgrim's Progress, The, of 1678... ... 86
Popish Persecutions 256, 308
Perfectionists 225
Prayer, Difficulties of, by J. E. Edwards... 555
Prayer, Homily on 492
Prayer, on 124
Praying like an Angel... 225
Praying Mother and her Sons 15
Prayer, Funds Raised by 184
Preach, How to, etc. 443
Preaching from the Gallows 132
Positivism 59
Puritan, A 481

Quiet Christians 25

Railways, the Two, by E. A. Davis ... 392
Rejoice in Difficulties 18
Rescue, The... 315
Retreat, Our Winter 51
Reviews—
—— Almanack, Spurgeon's 542
—— Amelia's Inheritance 137
—— Angelic Beings 542
—— Animals, Claims of 137
—— Anti-transubstantiation 419
—— Augustine, Saint, Works of ... 400
—— Backsliding 236
—— Babylon the Great 397
—— Ballet Girl, Little 583
—— Baptist, John the 342
—— Beach, Treasures in the 43
—— Bell's, Lucy, First Place 41
—— Bible, Alleged Discrepancies of... 290
—— Biblical Antiquities 238
—— Bible Educator 342
—— Bible Months 233
—— Bible Thoughts, etc. 185
—— Bible, the Trades of 43
—— Bible Reader's Assistant 584
—— Bible, Villages of the 89
—— Bible, Books of 290
—— Brighton Convention 445
—— Bruey, the Little Worker 290
—— Burns's, Dr., Retrospect 235
—— Boys who could not Read, the ... 41
—— Calendar, the Scripture 42
—— Catherine's Peril... 583

Reviews (*continued*)— Page

—— Calisthenics, &c.... 397
—— Chain, the Golden 140
—— Children Reclaimed For Life ... 447
—— Children's Pulpit... 401
—— Childhood, Sketches of my ... 91
—— Child's Own Magazine 9
—— China's Millions 342
—— Christian in the World 237
—— Christus Redemptor 185
—— Church Establishment, the ... 397
—— Church in the Cherubim 447
—— Church in the House 400
—— Clefts of the Rock 187
—— Comforters, the Young 91
—— Commentary, Wholly Biblical ... 140
—— Concordance, Companion to ... 584
—— Cook's Handbooks 139
—— Cross, the Glory of 399
—— Daily Watchwords 141
—— Darkness, Out of, into Light ... 402
—— Delivery; or, Lecture-room Hints 544
—— Destroying and Building 234
—— Disestablishment... 542
—— Divine Culture of a Human Life 187
—— Earth's Morning... 238
—— Ecclesiastica, &c.... 42
—— Elocutionary Guide 234
—— Ephesians, Commentary on the Epistle to the 290
—— Evangelical Christianity 292
—— Exile, the Young... 91
—— Expositor, The 89, 448
—— Faith's Miracles 91
—— Fan, Little... 91
—— Father's Letters, A 233
—— Fireside Homilies 137
—— Foundation Stories 497
—— Golden Streams, Pearls from the 91
—— Good Works 542
—— Gospel of St. John in Metre ... 136
—— Handbook of Revivals 40
—— Hasker, Thomas, History of ... 238
—— Hebrews, Lectures on the Epistle to the... 89
—— Hidden Life, the... 291
—— Homely Homilies 238
—— Homilectical Aids 542
—— Illustrative Anecdotes, &c. ... 43
—— Image of Christ, the 234
—— Invitation and Promise 544
—— Imogen... 584
—— Israel's Iron Age 135
—— Jerusalem to Antioch... 291
—— Jonah, Readings in 90
—— Joshua, Commentary on 236
—— Joshua and His Successors ... 42
—— Kingdom, the, and the World ... 237
—— Leatrim, George 583
—— Lectures to My Students 342
—— Library Commentary... 88
—— Light and Truth... 238
—— Little Nellie... 583

Reviews (*continued*)— Page

—— Little Sufferers, the 238
—— Lyrics of the Heart 573
—— Men of Mark in Church History 543
—— Merchant of Haarlem... 40
—— Messenger, Illustrated 583
—— Methodism, Poets of 398
—— Miracles of Our Lord, &c.... ... 236
—— Missionaries, the Young 88
—— Missionary Advocate 447
—— Maden, James, Life of 138
—— More Light, &c. 544
—— Morning of Life 584
—— Mother of Jesus not the Papal Mary 544
—— Mother's Friend, the 135
—— Natural History Stories 42
—— Noble Lives... 90
—— Nuts for Boys to Crack 234
—— Old Testament, Theology of ... 341
—— Only a Life 187
—— Pain Quotidien Illustré 543
—— Parlour Menagerie, the 41
—— Pilgrim's Progress, the 290
—— Pilgrim Psalms, the 290
—— Pioneer Question Book 542
—— Plain Talk 342
—— Ploughman's, John, Sheet Almanack 583
—— Portable Commentary 88
—— Preachers, Great Modern 89
—— Preacher, the Moorfields 235
—— Preaching, Conditions of Success in 584
—— Preaching, God's Word through 584
—— Priest Dispensed With, the ... 542
—— Princess, the Persecuted 136
—— Prophecy, Unfulfilled, Bird's-eye View of 446
—— Prophets, Voices of the 136
—— Pulpit, the American 543
—— Raymond's Life Work, Effie ... 233
—— Reconciliation, Ministry of ... 583
—— Remarkable Facts 137
—— Resurrection, Verity of Christ's 399
—— Robbie's Christmas Dream ... 91
—— Romans, Stories of the Old ... 136
—— Ruth and Patience 43
—— Sacred Lyrics 88
—— Salendine Nook Chapel, History of 186
—— Saucy Sally 140
—— Scotland, Martyr Graves of ... 42
—— Scenes from Church History ... 401
—— Scepticism and Truth... 236
—— Science and Scripture... ... 342, 401
—— Scripture Proverbs, &c. 41
—— Skull and the Brain 401
—— Selborne, White's History of ... 90
—— Self-Culture 288
—— Sermons, Aitken's 543
—— Sermons, Sketches of... 447
—— Silva, Sam 91

Reviews (*continued*)— Page
—— Sin, Forgiveness of 136
—— Skeleton at the Plough, The .. 290
—— Soloman, History of King... ... 188
—— Soul Depths and Soul Heights ... 88
—— Souvenir, the Christian 289
—— Speaker's Commentary, the ... 341
—— Sports that Kill 235
—— Springdale, Boys of 583
—— Step I have Taken, the 234
—— Sunday Afternoons with Jesus ... 39
—— Sunday Mornings with my Flock 239
—— Sword and Trowel, the 40
—— Tabernacle, Gospel of the 583
—— Teacher, the Silent 91
—— Temperance Reformation, the ... 400
—— Territorial Visitor's Manual ... 137
—— Testament, New, with Notes ... 573
—— Testimony, Attested 140
—— Things, the Best... 495
—— Things, the Other Side of 42
—— Thorne, Samuel 497
—— "Those Holy Fields"... 41
—— Treasury of David, the 341
—— Tree of Life, Leaves From the ... 185
—— Truman's, John, Rise in Life ... 291
—— Unchanging Saviour, the 339
—— Upward Path, The 584
—— Veil, the Rent 188
—— Village Flower Show, The ... 583
—— Within the Wicket Gate, &c. ... 43
—— Word and Work... 397
—— Wright, George, Memorials of ... 187
—— Year of Salvation 139
Roses, Sermon of the 263

Santhalistan, the Gospel in 488
Saturday Evening in a Village, by Edward Leach 19
Scarlet Line in the Window 148
Scottish Fishermen 529
Sermons, Twenty Years of Published 3
Sherman, James 208
Simon, House of 572
Smooth Words 85
Soldier of Two Armies... 463
Spain Again 71
Spain, Letter from 536
Spain, Work in 30

Page
Sparrow, The 30
Special Comforts for Christian Hearers 26
Spurgeon, C. H.—
Calder, James... 97
Conference, the Inaugural Address at... 193
Court, In... 501
Crazy Ministers 360
Dying Ministers 357
Letter to My Readers 395
London 145
Our Winter Retreat 51
Pastors' College, Plea for ... 249
Positivism 59
Scarlet Line in the Window, the 148
Sermons, Twenty Years of Published 3
Sham Spirituality 549
Special Comforts for Christian Hearers 26
Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon's Absence from 134
Voice, Hints on the 297
Whose Faith Follow 405
Spurgeon, J. A.—
Pastors' College Conference, Vice President's Address ... 455

Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon's Absence from 134
Temperance Crusade in America ... 126
Temper in Ministers 278
Testimonial to Mr. Spurgeon 494
Trusting the Lord, &c. 8

Voice, Hints on the 297

Whose Faith Follow 405
Without a Blade 317
Wyoming, a Memory of 183

Young, Decision for Christ and the, by G. Malins 382
Youthful Disciples 536

Zanzibar, by J. Salter 368

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1875.

Twenty Years of Published Sermons.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FOR twenty years Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have issued one of my sermons weekly without cessation, indeed, they have done more, for the number published has been five for every month of the twenty years, and has now reached 1,200. In the "Baptist Messenger" a sermon has been inserted every month during the same time, making 240 more; 34 in addition have appeared in three volumes of the "Pulpit Library," and 16 in "Types and Emblems." I do not feel that I may allow the twenty years to close without a few words of thanksgiving. The fear of being thought egotistical does not so much affect me as the graver danger of being ungratefully silent. I am inexpressibly thankful to the God of infinite love, and if I did not give my thanks expression the boards of my pulpit might well cry out against me. Life has been spared, strength has been continued, and power to interest the people has been afforded, together with higher and more spiritual blessings, whose preciousness and number must of necessity move the heart of any man who is the recipient of them, if he be not utterly graceless. "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Before I had ever entered a pulpit, the thought had occurred to me that I should one day preach sermons which would be printed. While reading the penny sermons of Joseph Irons, which were great favourites with me, I conceived in my heart that one day I should have a penny pulpit of my own. The dream has come to pass. In the year 1854 several of my sermons appeared in Mr. Paul's "Penny Pulpit," and in

14839

the "Baptist Messenger," but they were not regularly reported. There was, however, so good a demand for them, that the notion of occasional publication was indulged, but with no idea of continuance week by week for a lengthened period; *that* came to pass as a development and a growth. With much fear and trembling my consent was given to the proposal of my present worthy publishers to commence the regular weekly publication of a sermon. We began with the sermon for January 7, 1855, upon the text, "I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. iii. 6), and now after twenty years it is a glad thing to be able to say, "having obtained help of God I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great." How many "Penny Pulpits" have been set up and pulled down in the course of these twenty years it would be hard to tell; certainly, very many attempts have been made to publish weekly the sermons of most eminent men, and they have all run to their end with more or less rapidity, in some cases through the preacher's ill-health or death, but in several others, to my knowledge, from an insufficient sale. Perhaps the discourses were too good: the public evidently did not think them too interesting. Those who know what dull reading sermons are usually supposed to be will count that man happy who has for a score of years been favoured with a circle of willing supporters, who not only purchase but actually *read* his discourses. I am more astonished at the fact than any other man can possibly be, and I see no other reason for it but this—the sermons contain the gospel, preached in plain language, and this is precisely what multitudes need beyond anything else. The gospel, ever fresh and ever new, has held my vast congregation together these many long years, and the same power has kept around me a host of readers. "Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together." A French farmer, when accused of witchcraft by his neighbours, because his crops were so large, exhibited his industrious sons, his laborious ox, his spade, and his plough, as the only witchcraft which he had used, and, under the divine blessing, I can only ascribe the continued acceptableness of the sermons to the gospel which they contain, and the plainness of the speech in which that gospel is uttered.

The first seven volumes were printed in small type, and the sermons formed only eight pages, but the abolition of the paper duty enabled the publishers to give a more readable type and twelve pages of matter. This has been better in every way, and marks an epoch in the history of the sermons, for their name was at about the same period changed from the "New Park Street" to the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," and their sale was largely increased. Constant habit enables the preacher to give generally the same amount of matter on each occasion, the very slight variation almost surprises himself; from forty to forty-five minutes speaking exactly fills the space, and saves the labour of additions, and the still more difficult task of cutting down. The earlier sermons, owing to my constant wanderings abroad, received scarcely any revision, and consequently they abound in colloquialisms, and other offences, very venial in extempore discourse, but scarcely tolerable in print; the later specimens are more carefully corrected, and the work of revision has been a very useful exercise to me, supplying in great measure that training in correct language which is obtained by those

who write their productions before they deliver them. The labour has been far greater than some suppose, and has usually occupied the best hours of Monday, and involved the burning of no inconsiderable portion of midnight oil. Feeling that I had a constituency well deserving my best efforts, I have never grudged the hours, though often the brain has been wearied, and the pleasure has hardened into a task.

Our place of meeting at New Park Street only sufficed us for six weeks after the publication of the "Pulpit," and the platform at Exeter Hall was occupied till June of the same year, when, the chapel having been enlarged, the congregation returned to its own abode, to be there crowded, inconvenienced, and almost suffocated for another twelve months; till at last in June, 1856, Exeter Hall was again occupied in the evening and the chapel in the morning. This arrangement continued till, in October, 1856, the great hall in Surrey Gardens was by a remarkable providence prepared for our use. This was indeed so, for its main use and benefit to any one in any sense, until it was turned into an hospital, was connected with our occupation of it. Even at this distance of time I dare not trust myself to write upon the deadly horror which passed over my soul during the calamitous panic which brought to a speedy end the first service in that place; but God marvellously overruled the sad event for his own glory, leading vast numbers of all ranks to besiege the edifice, and crowd it continually. So far as the printed sermons were concerned, it opened for them a far wider door than before. At the Surrey Gardens the assembly gathered in undiminished numbers till December, 1859, when, owing to the resolution of the directors of the gardens to open them on the Lord's-day for music, we refused to contribute to their funds by hiring their hall, and left the place to pay a third visit to Exeter Hall; not, however, without deep regret at the loss of so convenient a meeting-place, where thousands had found the Saviour. At Exeter Hall the services were continued till April, 1861, when, the funds having been gathered, the Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened, free of debt, and there the congregation has continued ever since, with the slight intermission of an excursion to the Agricultural Hall during necessary repairs. From a few hundreds the audience has grown to 6,000, and the sermons issued weekly have increased proportionably.

Several sermons in the series have attained a remarkable circulation, but probably the principal one is that upon Baptismal Regeneration. It was delivered with the full expectation that the sale of the sermons would receive very serious injury; in fact, I mentioned to one of the publishers that I was about to destroy it at a single blow, but that the blow must be struck, cost what it might, for the burden of the Lord lay heavy upon me, and I must deliver my soul. I deliberately counted the cost, and reckoned upon the loss of many an ardent friend and helper, and I expected the assaults of clever and angry foes. I was not mistaken in other respects, but in the matter of the sermons I was altogether out of my reckoning, for they increased greatly in sale at once. That fact was not in any degree to me a test of the right or wrong of my action; I should have felt as well content in heart as I am now as to the rightness of my course had the publication ceased in consequence; but still it was satisfactory to find that though speaking

out might lose a man some friends it secured him many others, and if it overturned his influence in one direction it would be compensated elsewhere. No truth is more sure than this, that the path of duty is to be followed thoroughly if peace of mind is to be enjoyed. Results are not to be looked at, we are to keep our conscience clear, come what may, and all considerations of influence and public estimation are to be light as feathers in the scale. In minor matters as well as more important concerns I have spoken my mind fearlessly, and brought down objurgations and anathemas innumerable, but I in nowise regret it, and shall not swerve from the use of outspoken speech in the future any more than in the past. I would scorn to retain a single adherent by such silence as would leave him under misapprehension. After all, men love plain speech.

It would not be seemly for me to tell of the scores of persons who have informed me of their being led to faith in Jesus by single sermons which appear in the twenty volumes, but there are discourses among them of which I may say, without exaggeration, that the Holy Spirit blessed them to the conversion of hundreds; and long after their delivery fresh instances of their usefulness come to light, and are still being brought under our notice. Seldom does a day pass, and certainly never a week, for some years past, without letters from all sorts of places, even at the utmost ends of the earth, declaring the salvation of souls by the means of one or other of the sermons. The price is so small that the sermons are readily procured, and in wonderful condescension the Lord sends the Holy Spirit to work through them. To God be all the glory.

Many singular things have happened in connection with their publication, but the most of them have escaped my memory; the following, however, I may mention. One brother, whose name I must not mention, purchased and gave away no less than 250,000 copies. He had volumes bound in the best style, and presented to every crowned head in Europe. He gave copies containing twelve sermons to all the students of the universities, and to all the members of the two houses of parliament, and he even commenced the work of distributing volumes to the principal householders in the towns of Ireland. May the good results of his laborious seed-sowing be seen many days hence; the self-denial with which this brother saved the expense from a very limited income, and worked personally in the distribution, was beyond all praise; but praise was evaded and observation dreaded by him; the work was done without his left hand knowing what his right hand did.

In the first days of our publishing a city merchant advertised them in all sorts of papers, offering to supply them from his own office. He thus sold large quantities to persons who might otherwise never have heard of them. He was not a Baptist, but held the views of the Society of Friends. It was very long before I knew who he was, and I trust he will pardon me for here mentioning a deed for which I shall ever feel grateful to him.

By my permission, the sermons were printed *as advertisements* in several of the Australian papers: one gentleman spending week by week a sum which we scarcely dare to mention, lest it should not be believed. By this means they were read far away in the bush, and never were results more manifest, for numbers of letters were received in answer

to the enquiry as to whether the advertisements should be continued, all bearing testimony to the good accomplished by their being inserted in the newspapers. A selection of these letters was sent to me, and made my heart leap for joy, for they detailed conversions marvellous indeed. Besides these, many epistles come to us of like character, showing that the rough dwellers in the wilds were glad to find in their secular paper the best of all news, the story of pardon bought with blood.

In America, the sale of the edition published there was extremely large, and I believe that it still continues, but dozens of religious papers appropriate the sermons bodily, and therefore it is quite impossible to tell where they go, or rather where they do not go. Of translations the Dutch have been most plentiful, making large volumes. An edition of two volumes of selected sermons has been circulated in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope among the Dutch settlers of that region. In German there are three noble volumes, besides many smaller ones. German publishers, with the exception of Mr. Oncken, of Hamburgh, seldom have the courtesy to send the author a copy, and I have picked up in divers places sermons bearing date from Baden, Basel, Carlsruhe, Ludwigsburg, and so on. How many, therefore, may have been sold in Germany I am unable to compute. In French several neat volumes have appeared. In Welsh and Italian one volume each. In Sweden a handsome edition in four volumes has been largely circulated, and the translator informed me of the conversion of some of noble and even royal birth through their perusal. Besides these there are single sermons in Spanish, Gaelic, Danish, Russ, Maori, Telugu, and some other tongues, and permission has been sought and gladly given for the production of a volume in the language of Hungary. For all these opportunities of speaking to the different races of mankind, I cannot but be thankful to God, neither can I refrain from asking the prayers of God's people that the gospel thus widely scattered may not be in vain.

Brethren in the ministry will best be able to judge the mental wear and tear involved in printing one sermon a week, and they will best sympathise in the overflowing gratitude which reviews twenty years of sermons, and magnifies the God of grace for help so long continued. The quarry of Holy Scripture is inexhaustible, I seem hardly to have begun to work in it; but the selection of the next block, and the consideration as to how to work it into form, are matters not so easy as some think. Those who count preaching and its needful preparations to be slight matters have never occupied a pulpit continuously month after month, or they would know better. Chief of all is the responsibility which the preaching of the Word involves; I do not wish to feel this less heavily, rather would I fain feel it more, but it enters largely into the account of a minister's life-work, and tells upon him more than any other part of his mission. Let those preach lightly who dare do so, to me it is the burden of the Lord,—joyfully carried as grace is given, but still a burden which at times crushes my whole manhood into the dust of humiliation, and occasionally, when ill-health unites with the mental strain, into depression and anguish of heart.

However, let no man mistake me. I would sooner have my work to do than any other under the sun. Preaching Jesus Christ is sweet work, joyful work, heavenly work. Whitefield used to call his pulpit

his throne, and those who know the bliss of forgetting everything besides the glorious, all-absorbing topic of Christ crucified, will bear witness that the term was aptly used. It is a bath in the waters of Paradise to preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Scarcely is it possible for a man, this side the grave, to be nearer heaven than is a preacher when his Master's presence bears him right away from every care and thought, save the one business in hand, and that the greatest that ever occupied a creature's mind and heart. No tongue can tell the amount of happiness which I have enjoyed in delivering these twenty years of sermons, and so, gentle reader, forgive me if I have wearied you with this grateful record, for I could not refrain from inviting others to aid me in praising my gracious Master. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Trusting the Lord where we cannot trace Him.

[Our friends cannot have forgotten the very interesting chapter from "Mister Horn and his Friends," which we inserted in our August number. It was entitled, "Old Friend Chaffer, and what he did." We then prefaced the story by a word or two upon our friend Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, an eminent Wesleyan preacher. It was our lot to meet him the other night, at Dr. Barnardo's meeting, and, as he mentioned that he was preparing another little book of the same character as Mister Horn, we asked him to let us have a chapter from it before it was published, for we felt that we should both interest our readers and aid the sale of the book. The prettily illustrated volume is entitled, "Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions," by Mark Guy Pearse, and may be had at 66, Paternoster Row, for half-a-crown. It is all alive right through, and, though written by a Wesleyan, its spirit is not at all sectarian, but that of our common Christianity, while its style is fresh, pithy, and original. It is not the life of an actual personage, but almost every incident in it is literally true, and Daniel Quorm is a character that has been seen many times in the past generation, and is not extinct even now. Rich in Cornish anecdotes and passages from the simple annals of the poor, Mr. Pearse's books must be popular, and being full of gospel truth they cannot fail to be useful.]

"TRUSTIN' him where we cannot trace him." Thus widow Pascoe had finished her doleful statement.

She had picked out all the mysteries and perplexities of her lot. She had sighed, with a sigh that spoke volumes, over a list of her troubles and trials. She had gone through a very dismal catalogue of the ills of the past. She had languidly shut her eyes, as if by way of adding to that darkness which was to her the emblem of true religion, and had shaken her head very solemnly over the fears of the future. As to love and joy and deliverance, she had not a word from beginning to end. Of him who always "*causes us to triumph;*" through whom we are "*more than conquerors,*" there was just one word at the last: in a tone of despair she wound up by saying, *she hoped she should trust*

him where she could not trace him. Then her mouth returned to its sour propriety, drawn down at the corners and tucked in under the folds that kept it in its place.

Poor Dan'el Quorm! More than once he had rushed at this sentence, and hacked and hewed it till he hoped it was past recovery; but here it was, growing as luxuriantly as ever in the garden, or rather in the graveyard of Widow Pascoe's soul. Again Dan'el gathered his strength to demolish it. Yet it was with much tenderness, and almost sadness, that he began,—

"Trust him where? Trust him *where you cannot trace him!* Why, of course, of course: you know you can't trust him anywhere else. You didn't mean any harm, I know. Folks mostly never do mean any harm; but they do it for all that. One way not to do any harm, is not to say any harm. If we thought more about what we *said*, we shouldn't do so much harm by a good deal.

"Trust him where you cannot trace him! Why he's a very poor creature amongst us that you can't say that much of. If you haven't got any confidence in a man, you can't say much worse of him than this—'I'll trust him as far as I can see.' The other day a neighbour of mine was a bit hard up, and he came in to my place, and told me of it. Well, I knew that he was a good kind of a man, so I let him have a sovereign. I gave him the money and away he went. Now suppose that as soon as he had turned his back I began to think about my money. Come, I say to myself, I'll trust him where I cannot trace him: but where I can trace him, what should I trust him for? So I slip out after him. He goes down the road, and I am at his heels: he turns in over the fields, and I am after him: he goes up the lane, and I keep my eye upon him; and then he turns into his house and shuts the door. So I sit down on the doorstep, and console myself with saying, 'Well, I can't trace him any further, so now I must trust him.' There I sit hour after hour *trustin' him.* By-and-by he comes out and finds me there.

"'Why, Dan'el, what are you a-doin' of here?' says he.

"'O,' says I, quite coolly, 'trustin' thee, neighbour, trustin' thee where I cannot trace thee.'

"Now wouldn't he get very angry, and cry out, 'Is that what you call trustin' me! a-followin' me about in that fashion? Here, take the sovereign back again. I can starve, but I can't be doubted and suspected.'

"Why, it's about as bad as you can serve anybody, only to trust 'em because you cannot trace them. And to hope for grace to treat our lovin' Father like that! You didn't mean it, I'm sure. Bless his holy name; it hurts me somehow to think anything like that about my blessed Father, and much more to hear people keep sayin' it.

"*Trustin' him where we cannot trace him!* Why, it be a poor kind o' trust that only trusts because it is blind, and not because it has got any faith in them that lead it; to go on wonderin' and doubtin' and fearin', a-reaching out the hand, and a-feelin' with the foot, as if them that lead haven't a bit more eyesight than the blind man himself. When I was a little lad I remember once I'd gone up to spend the day with my grandmother. About sunset, when I ought to be goin' home, there

came a tremendous thunderstorm, and the rain came down in torrents. Of course I couldn't start when it was like that, so my old grandmother said: 'Dan'el, my lad, however wilt thee get home?' And just as she was talkin', in came my father, drippin' wet. He had on a great long blue cloak, like they used to wear in those times. So when we started to come away, he said, 'Now, Dan'el, come in under here;' and he put me inside the long cloak. I got in under there, and took hold of his hand, and away we went. It was pitch dark in there, o' course, and outside I could hear the thunder crashin' about among the hills, and every now and then I took hold of his hand tighter, for somehow I could see the blaze o' the lightnin' right in under the cloak. I went splashin' on through the puddles and the mud all right because I'd got hold of his hand. Now shouldn't I have been a little stupid if I'd kept a-sayin', 'I don't know where I am goin' to, and I can't tell where I am, and I can't see the way, and its very dark, and I must trust my father where I cannot trace him.'

"Why I didn't grumble at the darkness; it would be like grumblin' at my father's cloak that wrapped me from the storm. I knew that he knew the way right enough. He looked out and managed to see the road somehow. And at last we stopped at our door; and they flung back the cloak, and there I was in front o' the blazin' fire, with mother gettin' us all sorts o' dry things, and the supper waitin,' and all looking such a welcome,—like only a lad's mother can give him. Of course he led me home: where else should he lead me too? An' seemin' to me that be just the way it ought to be with our Heavenly Father."

"Under the very shadow o' his wing, dear leader. He do love to cover us with his feathers, bless him," said old Frankey fervently.

"Under his wing, my dear Frankey. And in there we don't mind the dark a bit. It's so safe, an' so warm; so snug. We can take his hand, and then go 'long our way rejoicin'. What of a few splashy puddles under-foot; and a bit of a storm now and then! Why we'll only take hold of his hand all the tighter. Of course we don't know the way, and don't want to either. Our Father looks out all along the way; and he leads us right. Aye, and by-and-by we'll get to the door; an' then we'll step out into the light, and be safe home, leavin' all the wild storms and darkness outside for ever and ever: and what more can anybody want than that? Goin' a-tracin' him, like as if he didn't know; or like as if we weren't quite sure that he was takin' us right. Where else will the Father lead us but to the Father's house, I should like to know?"

"Bless his dear name," cried Frankey; "straight home, o' course, straight home;" and the fire-light glistened in the tears of joy, and made his face yet more radiant.

"Seemin' to me that trust,—that be worth the name of trust,—don't think about itself one bit: it just *feels* so safe that it don't think of asking any questions about it. When my neighbour had my sovereign, if I hadn't trusted him I should have gone thinkin' about it, and hopin' it was all right; but because I did trust him, I sat down and went on hammerin' and stitchin' as if he had never come. O, dear folks, let us give ourselves right up to the good Lord, once for all; and then be so sure of his love an' care that we go singin' on all day long, doin' nothing

else but lovin' and servin' him with all our hearts! If we trust him at all we shall trust him so much that we shan't think about it enough to try and trace him."

So Dan'el had finished. But the topic was a favourite one, and was taken up again and again. Scarcely a member but had some incident to tell; some deliverance wrought; some joy brightened by trust in the Lord. And when it came to dear old Frankey's turn, his pale worn face was lit up with holy joy and rapture.

"You've been talkin' about trustin' in the Lord where we cannot trace him. Well, bless his dear name, I don't know anything about tracin' him, and I never thought anything about that. But I do love to think about *trustin'* him, and I do know something about that, bless him. I be a poor ignorant scholar, and always seem to be down to the bottom of the class in a good many things. But, bless him, I've had enough, I reckon, to make me a'most the top o' the class in trustin' him. Ah, dear leader, it be 'zackly as you been a-sayin',—*so safe that you don't think 'pon it*: just lyin' down in his arms, without a morsel o' care or frettin', but feeling so sure that everything be as right as it can be, and never a shadow o' fear come creepin' up between his sunshine and me. Why if heaven be any better than that, then heaven must be a wonderful place sure 'nough. It come to my mind a week or two ago, so full an' sweet an' precious, that I can hardly think o' anything else. It was during them cold North-east winds; they had made my cough very bad, and I was shook all to bits, and felt very ill. My wife was sittin' by my side; and once when I'd had a sharp fit of it, she put down her work and looked at me till her eyes filled with tears, and says she, 'Frankey, Frankey, whatever will become of us when you be gone!'

"She was makin' a warm petticoat for the little maid; so after a minute or two I took hold of it, and I says—'What are 'e makin' my dear?'

"She held it up without a word; her heart was too full to speak.

"'For the little maid?' I says—'and a nice warm thing too. How comfortable it will keep her. Does she know about it?'

"'Know about it! why o' course not,' said the wife wondering. 'What should she know about it for?'

"I waited another minute, and then I said, 'What a wonderful mother you must be, wifie, to think about the little maid like that.'

"'Wonderful, Frankey? Why it would be more like wonderful if I forgot that the cold weather was a-comin', and that the little maid would be a-wantin' something warm.'

"So then, you see, I had got her, my friends," and Frankey smiled.

"'O, wifie,' says I, 'do you think you be goin' to care for the little maid like that, and your Father in Heaven be a-goin' to forget you altogether! Come now, bless him, is he as much to be trusted as you are? And do you think he'd see the winter comin' up sharp and cold, and not have something waitin' for you, and just what you want too? And I know, dear wife, that you wouldn't like to hear the little maid go a-frettin' and sayin' 'There, the cold winter be a comin', and whatever shall I do if my mother should forget me.' Why, you'd be hurt and grieved that she should doubt you like that. She knows that you care for her, and what more does she need to know—that's enough to keep her from frettin' about anything. *Your Heavenly*

Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. That be put down in his book for *you*, wifie, and a-purpose for *you*, and you grieve and hurt him when you go a-frettin' about the future and doubtin' his love.'

"'Ah, Frankey, I wish I had your faith,' says she. And I let her go on with her work, hopin' she would think it over.

"When the little maid came home from school that afternoon, she had a bit of a sick headache. She went frettin' about the kitchen whilst her mother was gettin' the tea, and couldn't rest quiet for a minute together. But when the wife sat down, the little maid came and laid herself in her mother's arms, and put her head on her bosom; and her mother began to sing a quiet kind o' hymn to her. Then the little maid forgot her frettin', and sank down all snug and comfortable, and in a few minutes she was gone off to sleep. 'Frankey,' I says to myself as I looked at it, 'there's a lesson for thee. Sometimes the children of the Heavenly Father get all fretful and sickly, and they go here and there and can't find a comfortable place anywhere, but are all nervous and fidgetty. Here's what thou must do, Frankey. Thou must come and lay thyself down in the everlastin' Arms, and lean thy tired head upon the bosom of thy dear Lord, and draw his love in all round thee; and a'most before thou know it, all thy fears and troubles shall be hushed off to sleep, and thou'lt hear nothing but a quiet kind o' singin' in thy soul tellin' of his love.' Ah, it be more than true, truer than any words can tell or anybody can think for—*like as a father* (or a *mother* either) *pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.*

"It be a poor thing to go a tracin' him. But it be a blessed thing, sure 'nough, to put your trust in him. And I can't understand how anybody can help a-doin' of it. Why, when things have come to the worst, and I do know what that be—when the money's been done, and the cupboard been empty, and I haven't seen a way out of my trouble, and the devil has come a temptin'—for he do love to hit a man when he's down—I've gone 'pon my knees, just like as if I got down under the cross for a bit o' shelter from the storm. An' whichever way the wind blow, a man can get shelter there. Well, let me lift my eyes to Jesus, and see him there for me, with the crown of thorns, an' the nails in his blessed hands and feet, and very soon my heart be so full as ever it can hold. 'Eh, Frankey,' I cry out, 'the King o' glory died for thee—died like that. One drop of his precious blood is more than all worlds, but for thee his heart emptied itself. *He gave himself for me.*'" The old man's voice grew hoarse with deep emotion as he went on: "Why, I kiss those bleeding feet, and every bit o' life and strength in me cries out, 'My dear Lord, I can starve, I can suffer, I can die. But there be one thing I can never do; never—never—never. My Lord, *I can never doubt thy love!*"

Frankey's deep feeling filled every heart—as if indeed it were more than full, the feeling of the little company seemed almost naturally to overflow in the words which Dan'el gave out. "Let us sing a verse or two, and we will go on again.

'I rest beneath the Almighty's shade:
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on Whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

'Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.'

"The Lord bless thee, Frankey," cried Dan'el. "I'm a'most glad that you're shut up as you are with nothing to do but to think over his love, and to come and tell us about it. You've done my heart good, anyhow. But I've had my say. Come, Cap'n Joe, thou hast been thinkin' over it a bit, an' we must have a word from thee."

"Well, friends," said young Cap'n Joe in his brave, outspoken manner, and with his ringing bass voice, like some sturdy David giving testimony after an old silver-haired Samuel, "I've been reminded of two or three things while I've been listenin' to-night. I've been thinkin how much people lose by trying to trace the Lord instead of trusting him. The other day I was on the other side of Redburn, and I overtook a man who wanted to know the way. I told him I was going in sight of the place, and would show him the nearest path to it. We turned off the high-road through the wood and over the downs. The day was beautiful, and as we came along under the trees I thought I had never seen anything more lovely—the sun coming in through the leaves here and there on the branches and trunks of the trees, and lighting up the flowers, and the birds singing all about us, and the rabbits kept running across the mossy path. But that man didn't see a bit of it; not a bit. The path went winding along, and he kept putting his head first on this side and then on that to see it, and when the trees seemed to block it in, he stopped and said quite timidly: 'I'm afraid we're wrong; the pathway ends here.' I laughed at his foolishness. 'Why, I've been along here many times,' I said. 'You needn't be distressed.' But he was as nervous as ever. Then we left the wood and came out on the downs. And when we came to the top I stayed to look away over the furze and the old granite rocks to the sea. 'There's Saint Michael's Mount,' I said, pointing away in the distance. 'Isn't this a fine view?' But he looked about quite timidly, and said, 'I hope we are right.'

"So I thought it was no good trying to interest him in the scenery, and I showed him the smoke of Redburn just down under us, and he thanked me and went away down the valley. I came along thinking how much these poor timid souls do lose, and how foolish it was for him to be so afraid when I'd been over the path scores of times. And I said to myself, 'That's the way with hundreds of folks going heavenwards. They forget that their Lord has led thousands of pilgrims to the Celestial City, and they come all along the way wondering if they're right, and when they stand upon the Delectable Mountains and have the stretch of beautiful scenery about them, they are timidly fearing lest they should have lost the way. I'm sure that it is a poor unhappy kind of religion—this tracing kind. Frankey's is the right sort—trust, simple trust, that feels so safe that it never thinks about it.'

"It might cure us to think what a set of ignorant creatures we are, and what mistakes we keep making when we think we can trace him—mistakes that I reckon will be almost enough to spoil heaven itself

when we wake up and find out how we've wronged our Blessed Father. There was Jacob, he tried his hand at tracing the Lord, and a mess he made of it, making himself and everybody else miserable for half a lifetime: going away now and then to the secret place where he kept the coat of many colours; taking it out all stained with faded marks of blood; going over the story again, shaking his head and saying bitterly, '*Doubtless some evil beast hath devoured him. I'll go sorrowing down to my grave.*' And the old man goes in and out, refusing to be comforted, tearing the wound open again when it did begin to heal, and loving to have it festering. And there all the time his Father in heaven was preparing to feed them all and keep them alive in time of famine. If Jacob was like me, I know he'd feel dreadfully ashamed of himself when he got down to the land of Goshen and found his son there, the great man of the land, and he would go grieving then that he had gone grumbling before.

"That is what comes of tracing the Lord, and it must always be so, I think, for we see only one side of it—*we can't see the Lord's side.* Here's the coat we wanted to wrap Joseph in—right before our eyes; but we don't see the fine linen and the royal robes that are being woven down yonder in Egypt. Here's the empty chair"—for a moment Capt'n Joe's voice faltered; the grave was not yet green in which he had laid his bright-eyed eldest boy—"Here's the empty chair," he went on, "and the place where he used to sit, but we can't see the throne that God is leading him up to. It is so with all that God takes away. Our eyes are upon our lost, and we think of what is gone, but we don't see that God has taken them away only to enrich them and enrobe them with majesty and splendour, and one day to give them back to us exalted and enriched as kings and priests. We can't afford to go tracing the Lord: we make such bungling work of it.

"And talking about Jacob brings to my mind the way people go wondering what they'll do if all kinds of troubles came upon them—losses and sorrows and death. Jacob had lessons enough, as Frankey says, to teach him the blessedness of trusting the Lord. There was Esau coming up to him with a great company of armed men. He was dreadfully frightened, for the fierce hunter had been cruelly and foully wronged, and now he would surely avenge himself. And Jacob began to trace things. He couldn't have seen anything else than this, look as long as he would: his flocks and herds seized, his sons carried into slavery, and himself slain. And at last here they were right before him, the hundreds of spearmen, fierce fellows whose eyes shone at the sight of so much plunder. And Jacob came up bowing and trembling and saying, '*my lord*' and '*my lord.*' But Esau ran, generous man that he was, and fell on his brother's neck and kissed him, and wept with very joy, and pressed him to come and dwell with him in his own country. Where Jacob traced destruction he found loving welcome and blessing; where he traced loss and death, he found a brother's love and a wonderful deliverance. That's the way with us. We can only see the fierce Esaus, armed and angry, that are coming to slay us. But the Lord can touch the heart with his finger; and turned in a moment, it is all love and peace and blessing. We can't afford to go tracing him; we can't afford to do anything else but trust in him.

"Besides, when we go tracing him, there's one thing we never see, and that makes all the difference in the world: *we never see the special grace that our good Lord will give for special seasons.* Seeming to me that these people that are always wondering what they'll do if such and such things happen, want to have the grace *now* for all their lifetime. The children of this world are wiser than the children of light, in this too, as in a good many other things."

"Aye: that be true," interrupted Dan'el somewhat fiercely, with a look as if the little eye had shot out a lightning flash, and this was the attendant thunder. "Men never are such fools anywhere as they be in religion."

Cap'n Joe continued, "For folks to keep on wondering what they'll do in the future is just as if you were to meet a man going to work with a sack of flour on his back, and a stone of meat, and a bundle of clothes. 'You know,' he says, 'I shall be hungry in three months' time, and I shall want food and clothes then, so I carry it all with me.' Now nobody was ever mazed enough to do that. The man just takes his day's dinner with him, and goes to his day's work; and he believes that where to-day's meal came from to-morrow's will too. And that is what we want. The Lord gives us one day's grace for one day's need; and to-morrow's supply will come out of the same fulness, and what more can anybody want!"

The Praying Mother and her Two Sons.*

THE following narrative has been written for the encouragement of praying mothers, and to induce others who have not yet so done to wrestle hard and long for their unconverted children, believing that a blessing will follow their pleadings and make them as happy as the Praying Mother.

About thirty-seven years ago God gave to the "Praying Mother" a son, whom she named Edward, and in about two years after another son was born, who was named George. From the moment these children were born until this present time she has not ceased to pray for her two sons. At the ages of fifteen and seventeen the two brothers lost their dear and holy father, in a few short hours, by that terrible disease, cholera. The mother was left a widow with her two only sons, and this no doubt deepened her love and watchful care over them; and feeling that she had nothing else to live for in this world, her whole life, thoughts, and prayers were centred in them. Night and day did she pray that their father's God might become their God, through their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their only Saviour. Edward, who was the elder of the two, had from early childhood loved prayer, even before he was savingly converted to God. Not until the age of between seventeen and eighteen did Edward seriously begin to think of his soul's eternal welfare, although he knew and had often heard his

* Such personal narratives as this are always valuable. We know the writer and his mother, and so do thousands at the Tabernacle. They are both living witnesses of the power of prayer. Would God there were more such.

mother wrestle in prayer that both her sons might be brought to Jesus. At length, through the earnest prayers of the "Praying Mother," and the forcible appeals of a faithful preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Since that time he has been telling to sinners round what a dear Saviour he has found, and hundreds of times he has proved the power and efficacy of prayer in seeing many dear young people brought to rejoice in Jesus as their Saviour, in direct answer to his supplications.

The other son, George, was more thoughtless and careless about his soul, and consequently he caused his mother many anxious moments and earnest prayers on his behalf. One Sabbath his brother Edward asked him to go to the house of God with him, but he refused, and in consequence the tears began to run down the cheeks of his mother, as with half-choked words she said, "What! my George refuse to go to God's house?" These simple but loving words from a tender mother's heart were more than George could bear, and against his natural will he felt forced to go, out of love to his mother, but not really to join in the worship of God.

After the two brothers had started together from their home the mother thought within herself, what shall I do? Shall I go to public worship, or shall I stay at home and pray for my unconverted George? A still small voice seemed to say, stay at home and wrestle for your boy. This prompting of God's Holy Spirit she listened to, and for three hours she was crying to God that her son George might return home a converted youth. God heard and answered those earnest prayers, and though that son left his home unconverted, he returned rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour.

The pastor whom he went to hear preach was very unwell, and in consequence he asked his brother, who was present, to take part in the service. The two brothers stood in the pulpit together, and as one brother was praying over the other, that God might strengthen him to preach the gospel, the thought suddenly struck George that his brother Edward often prayed for him while he did not pray for himself; this led him immediately to cry to God for mercy, for he now felt himself to be a lost sinner, and Jesus the only Saviour of sinners, and before he left the house of God he had obtained peace through believing. On the way home, which was a distance of about three miles, the brothers scarcely spoke one to the other, for Edward was crying to God in silent prayer that what they had heard might be blessed to his brother's conversion, and George's heart was going up in gratitude to the throne of grace for the pearl of great price which he had just found: this glorious state of things was totally unknown to Edward until he reached home.

The watching and praying mother no sooner heard her boys knock at the door than, like a flash of lightning, it was opened, and these words were uttered with deep feeling and in implicit faith in the promises which she had been pleading at the throne of grace, "My George, my George, the Lord I AM SURE has met with your soul, and you have returned a converted youth." "Yes, it is so, my precious mother," was the response, and he fell on her neck and wept for joy. That son who but three hours before had caused his mother to weep

in sorrow, now, in answer to her earnest prayers, caused her to weep for joy. Oh! what a happy Sabbath night was that for that praying mother, since both her sons had begun to walk in the fear of the Lord. The prayers of eighteen long years were now answered, her two sons, whom she had so early dedicated to the Lord Jesus, were now his, and her soul was filled with overflowing gratitude to that God who is the hearer and answerer of prayer. They have now both lived to be men, and are still walking in the fear of the Lord, and hope to do so till their latest breath.

Dear reader, if you have never yet prayed for yourself, let me entreat of you to do so, and then for your dear children, relatives, and friends. Those who are praying mothers, I would fervently beg never to give up pleading, for though you have not for years had your prayers answered for your children, the blessing will yet come. Like the "praying mother," still keep on, and like her you shall see your dear ones brought to Jesus in God's own good time.

I think I hear some say who may read this narrative, "I do not know how to pray." In answer to this I would ask you a question. "Does not your little child know how to ask you, as its parent, for food when it is hungry?" I think I hear you answer, "Yes." Then, my dear friend, if your child knows how to ask for what it wants from its earthly parent, surely you, with the simplicity of a child, can ask your heavenly Father for what you want. Do not think that fine words are required by God; for no parent would desire its child to ask in flowery or poetical language for food, when it is hungry. Oh, no; a sigh, a groan, a tear, may be a prayer in the sight of God, if it comes from the penitent heart. Plead with God, then, in simple language, for the sake of Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save that which was lost. If you cannot pray any other prayer, let this be the desire, the groaning of your heart—Jesus save ME—Jesus save my children. If this prayer truly comes from the heart, Jesus will hear it, and you and your children shall be saved. I do earnestly pray that God may bless the reading of this simple narrative to your immortal soul and to the souls of many mothers.

The Psalmist David said, "Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice." I pray you follow his example, and like him you will be able to say, "It is good for me to draw near to God," and you will find that the Lord is good and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto ALL them that call upon him; and further, "He is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth."

Perhaps, dear friend, you are in some trouble; here is a promise for you, which plead AT ONCE at the throne of Grace. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered." Again, "For *whosoever* shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Do not say these promises are not for you, for they say, "WHOSOEVER," and you must be among the number, therefore take courage, and "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." What a mercy it is that we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ, who has promised to plead our cause before his Father's throne.

"Seeing then, that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into

the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted, like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

The promises of God are not like the promises of men, made to be broken if the person to whom the promise has been made offends or displeases. for if God acted thus with us the most holy man that ever lived could not hope to realize any of the promises ; but thanks be to God he is a longsuffering God, and he knows our infirmities. Courage then, dear friend, for "He will be very gracious to thee, at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee;" for he has further said, "Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you. FOR EVERY ONE THAT ASKETH RECEIVETH; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him." "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." You may ask, "Are these promises true, and are they for me?" I answer, "Yes;" for I have proved them to be true in my experience, and I know they are *for you*, if you will accept them and plead them at the throne of grace.

Christian mother, plead these precious promises on behalf of your unconverted children, and you shall receive an answer.

Unconverted mother, first plead these promises for yourself and then for your dear children, and you too shall receive an answer from a loving Father's lips, and with joy you shall go on your way rejoicing.

The church of God needs more praying mothers than she has at present, the world needs them, and, therefore, in a feeble way, I have endeavoured to urge mothers to this holy all-prevailing exercise. I am sure if the power of popery and scepticism is to be broken down, the work must begin with the praying mothers of England. Almost all our good and great men have traced their usefulness in their day and generation to a loving mother's prayers and teachings. Will not this fire your breasts with a longing desire to be the means, in the hands of God, of the conversion of your sons and daughters? Will not this lead you to intercede daily that they may be renewed in heart and made useful in the Lord's vineyard?

Yours lovingly, EDWARD.

Rejoice in Difficulties.

WHEN Alaric was warned by the Romans that their warriors were numerous he replied, "It is good mowing where the grass is thick." Brave men rejoice to meet with foemen worthy of their steel. Difficulty only spurs them on. They leave easy things for children, and choose arduous labours for themselves. Reader, is there any of the noble blood of Christian heroism in your veins? If so, prove your lineage by the courage of your faith. Do, dare, and endure for Jesus' sake.

Saturday Evening in a Village.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

"NOTHING much to be seen here," would probably be the exclamation of the pure Cockney, as he entered the quiet village of S—— upon a Saturday evening.

"Very little to write upon," may be the judgment of the reader of the title of this paper, "and perhaps less worth reading."

Still, village life is neither characterless nor colourless, and Saturday evening does not partake of the wearisome monotony of the other working days of the week. A summer evening thus spent in observation will yield more interest to the inquirer than he would gather in a large town. The reader of this magazine, moreover, has had many sketches presented him of city life, with its woes and sorrows, its sins and its vices; might he not profit a little by visiting with us a quiet village, nestling in a picturesque valley, and learning what can be learned in an evening of the ways and manners of a class numerous enough in a country like ours? The "country church" or the "village chapel," with its respective attendants, and the material upon which Christian ministers have to work, can hardly fail to interest all who find their pleasure in labouring for the Lord, and watching sympathisingly the labours of others. In the rural districts of England we have representatives of all classes of people—the most cultured and the most illiterate, the wealthiest and the poorest, the most virtuous and the most vicious. Refinement and wealth may be seen in their most congenial homes; coarseness and wretchedness in their primitive conditions. A clear gain to our stock of acquaintance with human life would be an inquiry into the habits of those who are too summarily dismissed as Bœotians, as if we had as little interest in them as in certain leaden-headed natives of ancient Greece.

The village pastor shall be our *cicerone*. Who of all ministers of Jesus Christ is more interesting than he? Poetry has wreathed her unfading laurels around his head, until the very mention of the village pastor suggests some well-known lines of poesy; and who can forget to associate with his name and calling the "Country Priest" whom Herbert's prose has immortalised? The village pastor lives with his people as no town or city minister can; and knows them and their virtues and failings as the occupier of the city pulpit cannot know the characteristics, good, bad, or indifferent, of his congregation.

> "At dawn he marks the smoke among the trees,
> From hearths to which his daily footsteps go;
> And hopes and fears, and ponders on his knees,
> If his poor sheep will hear his voice or no."

To sketch him and the nature of his multiform labours—for a village pastorate may make more calls upon him of a certain kind than even a metropolitan charge—is not our present intention. In his company we will visit the scenes so familiar to him, and learn from his well-stored mind all we can of the people for whose spiritual welfare he most concerns himself.

A long, straggling street of brick cottages and small shops, with here and there an amusing caricature of a London establishment, and an occasional break in the picturesque line of varied dwellings caused by a plot of garden ground, or pasture land, or nursery plantation—this, in brief, is the village of our visit. The cottage homes are mostly mud huts, consisting on the one floor of two small rooms, with tile floor in the living room, the bed-room large enough for two gaunt posters, the pillars of which rise towards the ceiling with all the dignity of a church steeple. The gardens in front are stocked with such flowers as Mr. Ruskin loves, and over the general non-cultivation of which he so pathetically mourns. Some of these humble messuages stand in the rear of a long kitchen-garden, which a Cockney friend observed almost needed a tramway for the convenience of visitors; the residents need no such means of speedy transit, but prefer that slow, measured tread, which displays so elegantly the art of dragging one lazy leg after the other. Mothers, dressed in clean and cheap prints, of a pattern primitive and splotchy, stand in their doorways watching the innocent mirthful ways of their children, or taking careful stock of the two strangers who are walking with the Dissenting parson. "You much-to-be-pitied townsmen —what brings you here?" you think you hear them say; and, if your imagination be lively enough, it will not be hard to surmise what innumerable guesses are made at your expense, and what feelings of commiseration are entertained towards you and your pitiable place in creation. A contempt for London and its training is not concealed in the true villager, even though he be of passable education. How you can endure city life, with its everlasting bustle and babble and noise! How you can submit to the obscurity of living where you may not be known by your next-door neighbours! How you can be so indifferent to other people's private lives and personal characters, surpasses their belief. To run into one another's houses with a bit of news, or a tale of scandal, or some trivial gossip which gathers in volume as it spreads in area, is to them an indispensable necessity of a happy life; and not to be interested in others, and not to entertain the hope that others are interested in you, argues a type of mind which can only find a congenial sphere in the great city which is the object of the genuine villager's dislike. When he visits the metropolis, he is glad to get away from it as speedily as possible, for the headaches which its noises bring, and its wearying, dazing sights, are troublesome. The labourer dwells among his own people, and among them only is he qualified to dwell.

You naturally sympathise with Miss Mitford, who, in her delineation of country scenery and country manners as they existed in a small Berkshire village in her day, exclaimed, as she contemplated the interest mutually felt in each other by villagers: "How pleasant it is to slide into these true-hearted feelings from the kindly and unconscious influence of habit, and to learn to know and to love the people about us, with all their peculiarities, just as we learn to know and to love the nooks and turns of the shady lanes and sunny commons that we pass every day." The village pastor does not despise such intimate acquaintance with his flock, although he deplores the necessary conse-

quence—a too painful knowledge of the effects of an unbridled tongue. "A slander," he says, "that is amenable to law is not difficult to deal with, and I can correct it; but it is a trial to observe the ill-effects of the homœopathic drops of venom, which, distilled from the sting of scandal-makers, will irritate every healthy constitution, and contaminate and inflame the blood, and not to know how to counteract its dire influence. The quintessence of such poison when analysed is found to contain but a small grain of truth, and when the falsehood is plausibly wrapped up, its power for evil is doubled." The servant of God complains that such malevolence does more to keep the ungodly from the sphere of his influence than any other power, save perhaps the degrading pauperism induced by the charities of the parson and the squire. And yet, where this disposition for scandal is unduly manifested, a very wholesome corrective is supplied by the people themselves. Charitable towards their own failings in this respect, they do not exercise the most genial charity towards similar offenders, and the self-assertive, self-contradicting gossip soon finds her level. Her inconsistency, like that of the Lancashire boy, who complained of his porridge that, in the first place, it was sour, and sooty, and thick, and stale, and lumpy, and then, secondly, there wasn't enough of it, is sufficiently palpable to constitute a warning even to the simple and credulous hearer. The habitually ill-tempered and spiteful are soon discoverep and shunned, and thus, however difficult it may be to eradicate the disease of gossip the plague is somewhat stayed by its own excesses. The evil is very much what one likes to make of it, and deaf ears are the best promoters of silent tongues. There are other things to think of besides talkative women, and as you hear the quiet, musical gurgling of the village brook, and sit by its side, book in hand, or breathe the fresh air amid the peaceful trees, and contemplate the enchanting scenery that soothes the heart and draws upward the soul, you feel that Nature furnishes sweet compensations for the vexations created by the little frailties of mankind.

On Saturday evening you may see the two phases of village life—the good and the evil—as plainly as may be desired. There are two spots where the latter is commonly developed—viz., the ale-house and Idle Corner. These are in friendly partnership, the only difference being that the latter seeks the suffrages of the hobbledehoys whose purses are empty aud whose heads are clear, while the former on a Saturday evening is patronised by those whose purses had better be empty or in the hands of the thrifty wife, and whose heads are frequently too muddled to be of much service to them. In a pedestrian tour through Surrey last summer the writer was struck with the excess of public-houses and beer-shops compared with the requirements of the population, and he wondered how each could be adequately supported; but they are. Competition is great, and a beer-house must present some special attraction if it is to win customers: of these there is no lack. The parlour soon fills on a Saturday evening, and the wretched songs of the free-and-easy, the inane jokes, and the brutally coarse jests, interspersed as they are with swearing and cursing, reveal sadly enough the degradation of the labouring poor. You ask whether the minister cannot provide for such men some counter-attraction,

which would draw them from these evening haunts, and you get for a reply the observation that Hodge cannot discuss politics or express his views on the gossip of the day unless he seek inspiration from the pewter. The incumbent has, in many cases, as little power as the Dissenting minister to draw the regular visitor of the Pig-and-Whistle to a well-lighted room provided with newspapers and journals and chess-board. An amusing story is told of a man who resisted, with a stubborn will, the importunities of the curate to attend his Saturday evening entertainments, and yet declined at the same time the fascinations of the Nonconformist school-room, on the ground that he was a churchman, and did not like to be untrue to his church; so he studiously avoided both by retaining his connection with the publican. If he complied with the wish of the Dissenter he would be reprimanded by the parson and part of his work lost; no such reprimand would be given for either non-attendance at church or full attendance at the beer-house. Sir Roundell Palmer (now Lord Selborne) once drew an ingenious Arcadian picture, in which he painted in glowing colours the blessings of a population under the care of "a man educated and intelligent, whose business it is to do them good, whose whole and sole business is to take care of their souls," &c. But it requires only a small acquaintance with our rural districts to learn how far the picture was drawn from imagination, or from some solitary case. There is, if you will, much dread of the parson, because of his influence with the squire; much fawning to the squire's lady because she is in league with the parson to secure due submission to Hodge's betters; much social tyranny which compels the peasant to conclude that he will have no peace, and may have to leave the village altogether, unless he (public-house or not) disavows any connection with the chapel; much fear of the village church, but no love. Lest I be charged with overstating the facts, I appeal to the testimony of Rev. J. C. Ryle, of Stradbrooke, who is an exceedingly warm opponent of disestablishment and no lover of dissent. In his letters on "Church Reform" he says:—"It is nonsense to deny that there are scores of large parishes in almost every diocese in England where the parochial clergyman does little or nothing besides a cold formal round of Sunday services. Christ's truth is not preached, soul-work is neglected, the parishioners are like sheep without a shepherd. The bulk of the people never come near the church at all. Sin, and immorality, and ignorance, and infidelity increase and multiply every year. The few who worship anywhere take refuge in the chapels of Methodists, Baptists, and Independents, if not in more questionable places of worship. The parish church is comparatively deserted. People in such parishes live and die with an abiding impression that the Church of England is a rotten, useless institution, and bequeath to their families a legacy of prejudice against the church, which lasts for ever. Will any one pretend to tell me that there are not hundreds of large English parishes in this condition? I defy him to do so. I am writing down things that are only too true, and it is vain to pretend to conceal them. But what does the Church of England do for such parishes as these? I answer, Nothing, nothing at all. It is precisely here that our system fails and breaks down altogether."

Can we be surprised that drunkenness and profanity should be flagrant in our villages when the "educated and intelligent" man is more solicitous to stamp out Dissent from the parish, than to eradicate vice, when he more frequently preaches the Church than Christ, and more often denounces Dissent than sin? These well-filled taprooms and the blasphemies heard therein, these riotings in the roads, which are the terror of all quiet people, are the result of the baneful influence of a system which is demoralising in the extreme. The dog-in-the-manger policy where it is in full play ruins souls and saves none.

"Idle Corner" is a popular institution, we should judge, among the lads for whom home has either no attractions or no restraints. These loungers are not easily wearied of idling, and time with them must hang very heavily. A dull sense of propriety in the presence of the courteous and the fair there is; but "Idle Corner" is a place to be avoided after a certain hour in the evening. From this spot, plots for midnight excursions have their origin, depredations of various kinds have their beginnings; and, the plan concerted, it needs only the shrill whistle to rally the forces bent on mischief.

Marketing being over, and all respectable people at home, a phase of country life, celebrated in one of the finest poems, is to be observed—

"Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And profler up to heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

A Saturday evening spent in a humble cottage home is one of the sweetest enjoyments a minister can have, and one of the best preparations for the Sabbath day's work. Saturday evening in our large cities rarely presents an attraction so wholesome. Let us enter one of the homes of these pious villagers.

Father and mother are members of the village Baptist church. The father is a worker on the farm contiguous to his low-roofed cottage. The mother, in addition to discharging as best she may her domestic obligations, is occupied in pillow-lace-making in the evening, and in the farm-yard and in the farm-house pretty largely during the day. The children, rosy and chubby, are known in the Sabbath-school, where, if truth be told, they combine mischief with instruction as equally as their hearts desire. A little girl, scarce ten years old, is bright with intelligence, and quick in childish repartee. Ask her questions from the Bible, or enquire for the texts of the minister's late sermons, and she will answer readily and give you in addition some inkling of the subjects which the good man has discoursed upon. A competitive examination by the pastor in that quiet cottage home is no unusual thing; and the parents share his instruction with the children right gladly and respectfully. The head of the household never received an education; there were few schools in his day for such as he, and no one sufficiently interested to teach him to read or write. Yet, although he earned a

few coppers a week at an early age, by cow-keeping, and cannot remember the time when he did not work, he has acquired the art of reading, being stimulated thereto by the hope of studying the Scriptures. He can only write a little, although his ambition to do more has often fretted him. Indeed, this want of education has always stood in his light. He might have risen, for he has been trustworthy and respected, and he knows what work means, and how it should be done as well as any; but he is nowhere at accounts, and is "no schollard." As a marriageable young man, he earned eight shillings a week, which was as much as any labourer got in the parts where he came from; but he did not intend to drag his intended "missus" down to poverty, as so many men did, and starvation work it was with any who ventured upon matrimony, unless the wife could earn a little too, and be very saving. Meat only once a week, and often not then, soon told upon a mother and ruined her constitution. It was the rule to pay this wretched sum for labour all round the district; and many had not the courage to quit it, or to ask for a better wage. So he left the county, and found better work elsewhere; and although he and his wife never did more than make two ends meet, they were determined to give their children such an education as would send them forth into the world with some sort of stock-in-trade, and they managed to keep up their seat payments at the house of God through it all.

You converse with this man on religious subjects. His replies are more intelligently given, and exhibit more spiritual insight and richness of experience, than characterise a large proportion of Christians who are better circumstanced. He has a good memory and a shrewd perception; and he can draw out the subtler thoughts of a sermon almost as well as the cultured mind, although the faculty of expression is not equal to the intelligence exhibited. Engaged during the week in field-work, for the most part, amid the quieting scenes of nature, there is less to interfere with the current of his thoughts or the workings of his retentive memory, than is the case with the factory hand or the town worker. Nature is to him a book, and he delights in reading it. He tells his minister that there are no parts of his sermons he better likes than those which compare spiritual with natural things; and for his part, he likes to think that God is speaking to him through the modest violet, or the waving grass, or the perfumed flower, and he rejoices to believe that his heavenly Father has some lesson to teach him in everything he has made. He doesn't know much of poetry; that is hardly in his way; but prose-poetry, the language which is decked with beautiful comparisons, he can appreciate and think over. He cultivates a lily opposite his window, for he likes to call to mind the Saviour's words, "Consider the lilies how they grow"; and many a lesson against over-anxiety has he learnt therefrom.

His minister is very proud of him. Much stimulus has he often received from his prayers. And such prayers!—a minister might well envy his gift; such pleading with God, such passionate utterance of soul, such laying hold of the divine promises for help and blessing, surely the coldest heart could not fail to feel their power. Curious enough, as we have more than once observed in similar cases, the bad grammar which spoils his speech in conversation, is almost entirely

absent in prayer. The faculty of apt quotation of Scripture—in itse one of the most helpful gifts a preacher can have—is most marked; new and felicitous adaptations of old texts, and illustrations of heart-exercises being by no means few.

The service which such a humble Christian renders to the church of which he is an honourable member is not easily estimated. There are some professing Christians who help to fill the chapel, or to swell the church statistics, who are of little service to the cause of the Saviour; but here is a lowly, quiet, prayerful man who rarely speaks at a church-meeting, who never rises to grumble, and who is not skilful in proposing amendments, whose service nevertheless is of higher value.

"There are flowers down in the valley low,
And over the mountain side,
Which never were praised by a human voice,
Nor by human eyes descried;

"Yet as sweet as the breath of the royal rose
Is the perfume they exhale;
And why they bloom, and where they bloom,
The good Lord knoweth well."

These are the Lord's jewels, whom he has promised to own in the day when all whom he loves and prizes shall be recognised and honoured.

A season of spiritual refreshing is this quiet evening's converse. The humble room appears more attractive than when you first entered it; for the prayers and the supplications have brought your thoughts into a higher plane, and touched the secret springs of your affections so truly that the cottage seems none other than the gate of heaven.

As you return to the road, and hear the hilarious shouts and unintelligible gabble of the lovers of the alehouse, you instinctively shudder at the degrading vice which curses the most lovely spots on this fair world, and long for the time when the cotter's Saturday night shall be in all dwellings such as we have found it in the habitation we have just left.

Quiet Christians.

IN Florence good house-wives use cakes of vine-refuse to keep the fire in when they are away from home. These cakes cannot yield much heat or create a blaze, but they feed sufficient fire to save lighting it again. Do not many obscure, untalented, but quietly sincere believers answer just this purpose in our churches? In dull, and dead times they preserve "the things which remain and are ready to die"; they detain the heavenly flame, which else would quite depart, and though the best they can do is but to smoulder in sorrow at the declension of the times, yet they are not to be despised. When, in happier days, the fire of piety shall burn with renewed energy, we shall be grateful to those who were as the ashes on the hearth, and kept the dying flame alive.

Special Comforts for Cross-bearers.

MODERNISED BY C. H. S. FROM A DISCOURSE DATED 1665.

WHEN your good Lord lays a cross upon your shoulders he has special consolations for your hearts. As the cross leads on to the crown, so some special beams of glory are lent us by the way, to make the cross less irksome and to give us foretastes of the eternal reward. Believers in the Lord, these words are written unto you; take comfort from them, as bees suck honey out of flowers. You may expect your suffering state to be sweetened with—

1. *A more plentiful diffusion of special grace.* Grace is a comfort; it is never better with saints than when that flourishes. The joy of harvest is howling compared with the joy of grace; he is not a Christian that cannot say, "'Tis summer" when the flowers of grace appear in their beauty. Flourishing faith and love bring with them glorious joys, 1 Peter i. 8. The springings of grace are a resurrection from the dead, and there's no such upspringing as after a shower. Oh, how green do the herbs then look; the withering flowers do then lift up the head. It was the showers which made them flourish, and even thus after sorrow comes gracious growth. Never so many stars appear, nor with such lustre, as in a frosty night. Grind spices, and their fragrancy flows out. Saints are never more saints than in the house of bondage or in the land of their pilgrimage. Winter weather makes us warm at heart: "as our outward man perishes, our inward man is renewed day by day," 2 Cor. iv. 16. Persecution is the time of life: "we are delivered to death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be manifest in our mortal flesh," 2 Cor. iv. 11. Decayed soul, comfort thine heart, the cross comes, now thou shalt live; now thou shalt recover. This weakness will strengthen the things that remain and are ready to die. Faith, and love, and patience, and courage, that have so long hung the wing, will now lift up the head; the day of your redemption draweth nigh; grace will turn this *night* of sorrow into a *day* of hope.

2. You may now expect *a more clear revelation of special love.* Lovest thou me, Lord? If thou dost, I have enough. Let me hear thy voice, let me see thy face. Kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth. Thy loving kindness is better than life; send forth thy light, and thy truth, let these tell me that thou lovest me. Thy spouse is sick for love; O when wilt thou say, *Thou knowest that I love thee?* Why, saith Jesus, come up with me to the cross; that withered tree bears more blossoms of love than all the green trees of the field. The whole gospel is hung upon the cross. Where our Lord hung, there is sin nailed, the curse destroyed, and death vanquished in open fight; while pardon, peace, joy, glory, are shewed forth. There's love with all its tokens, go up and take it. Fear not to be baptised with thy Lord's baptism, nor to drink of his cup; this cup also is the communion of the blood of Christ. Come with me into the wilderness, there will I speak comfortably to thee. When thou most wantest it, and where thou wilt most value it, there will I shew thee my love.

Our Lord loves not to have his love slighted; the full soul loathes the honeycomb; thou hast yet too many lovers to bid thy Lord welcome, and he means to take them from thee; he keeps his best wine till all thine own be soured, then thou wilt relish it, and therefore then thou shalt have it. His oil is for thy wounds, not for thy whims. The child never knows so much of the parent's heart and bowels as when it is sick or in distress; then every look is love, every word is pity and compassion. O the soundings of Christ's bowels towards his swooning children! When thou knowest the hatred of men, then look to know the love of Christ. When thou art persecuted, when thou art cast out, and trodden under foot of men, then will he take thee in and cherish thee.

3. Under affliction you may look for *a more full manifestation of glory.* There's not *a prison* into which the saints are cast, but hath a window into the king's *palace*. *Calvary* becomes a *Tabor*, where they have a sight of their Lord in his glory. *Golgotha* becomes a *Pisgah*, whence they may look over *Jordan* into the land of promise. Hast thou known little of heaven? thou hast not yet been in the deep: affliction will thrust thee out from these earthly shores, and then shall the glory be revealed.

Of *Stephen* the first gospel-martyr it is said, Acts vii. 55, "He looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." And chap. vi. 15, "All that sat in the council, saw his face, as the face of an angel." There was such an admirable splendour and serenity in his countenance, as spake him rather an angel than a man. O what a heaven was that within his soul which cast such a divine lustre on his face! His joy was too big for his heart, his face must have its share; yea, his very adversaries, at second hand, beheld the glory of God. Looking down, he was forced to see as it were hell opened, for all his tormentors were round about him; the jaws of death were ready to devour and swallow him up; but looking up, he saw heaven opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Did not his heart cry out, "O there he is, for whose sake I suffer all this. My Beloved, my Beloved is yonder. Behold the region of light, whither this dark tempest is wafting me." Hell ceases to be hell where heaven appears to be heaven. This is the portion of suffering saints. When you read what is written of those armies of martyrs that have gone before; of their unspeakable joys, their undaunted courage, and their admirable boldness; of their cheering their friends, and confounding their foes; their rejoicing in their stripes, singing in their stocks, leaping in their chains, boasting of their bonds, kissing their stakes, embracing the flames, riding up in triumph in their chariots of fire, not repenting of their faith, nor accepting of deliverance; what doth this speak, but that their eyes, as well as their anchor, were within the vail, whither Christ, their fore-runner, had gone before them. Oh, who would not be with them? who would fear sufferings?

Soul, what art thou afraid of? Whither art thou running? From what art thou hiding thyself? What is thine ease, or thy liberty, or thy quiet? Why so loath to loose from the shore, and launch forth into the deep? Knowest thou how great thy draught will be? Fear

not transportation into the house of mourning, for when thou art there, thou hast but to look up to thy Lord and thou art in paradise.

4. In fine, as that which comprehends all the rest, thou shalt in thine affliction have *a more manifest exhibition of Christ's special presence.* Jer. xxx. 11, "I am with thee to save thee." Isa. xliii. 2, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle thee." Through fire and water thou must go; *we went through fire and water into a wealthy place;* but whithersoever thou goest, he will go with thee. When the bush was on fire, the Lord was in the bush; when the three children were in the furnace, the Son of God was there with them. Isa. lxiii. 9, "In all their afflictions he was afflicted, the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and his pity he redeemed them, and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." Paul writes, "Though all men forsook me, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me," 2 Tim. iv. 16, 17. No saint shall ever have this to charge upon the Lord, "I was in prison, and thou visitedst me not." He is ever with them, to bear their burdens, and ease their shoulders; to plead their cause, and maintain their innocence; to wash their stripes, to wipe off their tears, to heal their wounds, to bind up their broken bones, to revive their weary spirits; to perfume their prisons, to enlighten their dungeons, to lead them in their wanderings, to converse with them in their solitudes; and *in divine smiles, in gushings of spiritual joy, assurances of dearest love, tenderest care, melting sympathy, and gracious acceptance,* to give down from above whatever is wanting beneath: in fine, to preserve them from falling by the presence of his grace, till he presents them faultless before the presence of his glory.

O, it's good being with Christ anywhere. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, and causest thy flocks to rest at noon. Where thou feedest? yea, where thou art, whether feeding or fasting, whether rejoicing or mourning; where thou causeth thy flocks to rest at noon? yea, and where thou sufferest thy flocks to be scattered in the night. Where thy flocks are, thou art not far away; tell me where thou feedest, tell me where thou art. My beloved, that feedeth among the lilies, feedeth sometimes among the thorns. When his love is a lily among thorns, he feedeth among the thorns where she blooms. He feedeth with his sheep, he feedeth with his lambs wherever they feed; when darkness, and desolation, and devils, and death molest them, even then he feedeth them, and takes his feeding with them.

Wherever my Lord is, there let my lot fall. Let me dwell amongst the thorns, so my dwelling be with my Lord, or amongst the lilies, if my Lord be there, not else. Let me wander amongst the mountains, so long as he is with me telling all my wanderings. Let me be scourged, so he will wash my stripes; let me weep, so he will wipe away my tears; I would not be without wounds whilst he comes with such oil to pour into them. Come all ye thieves and robbers, I fear you not, my dear *Samaritan* comes by; come ye bulls of *Bashan*, ye boars of the forest, let my beloved kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, and I regard it not, though you push me with your horns, or gore me with your tusks. O my Lord, bring me where thou feedest, let me feel

thy smiles upon my heart, and do thou tell me that thou lovest, rememberest, pitiest, acceptest, takest care of me, and then choose my condition, my dwelling, and entertainment for me, I have no choice any longer.

Fainting Christian, comfort thine heart; here is this grievous thing concerning which thou tormentest thyself: here it is, I say, and if thou wilt look at it thy fears will vanish. Here is the inside of that formidable cross, the light side of those dark clouds, the sunny side of that hedge of thorns which so wounds thine heart. Be strong and of a good courage. Thou still sayest, "woe is me, I can find no such comfort; *Ah, Lord God, doth he not speak parables?* O that I were assured it might be thus with me." Why art thou not in covenant with God? Believe, and all is thine. Believe, and thou shalt see the salvation of God; as sure as the cross is thine, all the comforts of the cross are settled upon thee. Read over all the gracious words thou hast before thine eyes; review all the instances of suffering saints that have gone before thee, in whom these good words have been made good in conspicuous growth in grace, in signal discoveries of divine love, in clearer and fuller revelations of divine glory, in the intimate sense of the divine presence, quickening, enlarging, encouraging, and supporting their spirits in the darkest dens, in the sharpest conflicts, in reproaches, mockings, bonds, banishments, torments, and deaths; and know that all these things are written for thy learning, that thou through patience and comfort of the Scriptures mayest have hope.

Read over Isa. li. "Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged. For the Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Read also verses 7, 8, 12, 13. "Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings. For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool; but my righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation from generation to generation. I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass? and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day, because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor?" Where is the fury of the oppressor? Where is it not rather? Is it not in the house, and in the field? Is it not in the city, and in the villages? Is it not upon my cattle, upon my purse, upon my body, upon my children, upon my friends? Where is not the fury of the oppressor? Ay, but when thou rememberest the Lord thy Maker, the oath, the promise, and covenant of God; the presence, protection, and comfort of thy God, where is the fury of the oppressor? Where is the bitterness of trial if Jesus is near? O life, where are thy sorrows? Yea, and we joyously add—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Work in Spain and for Spain.*

THE influences of Rome's dark faith have made themselves felt in many parts of the world; but for reasons not easy to discover, some races have become more ready victims to superstition than others. To them no lying miracles have been too absurd to be believed, no impostures too gross to be accepted; the whole nation, or nearly so, has been utterly deluded. Foremost amongst these nations unhappy Spain has ever been found. Although not without some rays of light in earlier days, the myrmidons of the Seven Hills determined that such a sunny land—land of the orange and the vine—should be theirs; and by the Inquisition's awful power they succeeded in moulding this noble nation to a mental and spiritual deformity, only to be fully understood by eye-witnesses. Let us look for a moment at the operations of that dread tribunal. With prisons scattered throughout the Peninsula and dependencies, completely connected by a system of communication known only to themselves, the officials, from the inquisitor-general to the humblest "virdugo," were able by their army of spies to fathom every secret of society, and end at a stroke every movement to enlighten the people, or to advance the national interest. Did but the smallest book of gospel-knowledge find its way into Spain, every person who had assisted in obtaining or receiving it, or of concealing its possession by others, was speedily in the dungeons of the "holy" offices. The loss of earthly goods was the least punishment; torture and pining solitude the usual fate, and death by fire the too common end. A Jew was rich, he *must* have followed the Judaical rites, the inquisitors argued, therefore his property was forfeited, and the man and his family accursed. A nobleman ventured to speak a truthful word, he speedily figured in an *auto da fé*. Talent could not redeem the artist from the claws of the friars. A dignitary of the Romish Church, not a member of the infernal brotherhood, might in a moment be a prisoner, witness the fate of Carunza y Miranda, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain. But who shall enumerate the crimes of that woman drunk with the blood of the saints! Let such remains as those discovered in the "Yuemedero," near Madrid, where stratum above stratum lie layers of ashes, the remains of thousands sacrificed during a period of some three hundred years, shew the world what the Papacy has done to ruin the cause of him before whom every knee shall bow.

Although the difficulties of bringing the simple religion of Christ to Spaniards can only be understood by those acquainted with Spain, yet a few words of explanation may, by God's blessing, enlist the sympathies of the Lord's people in the missionary labours of our earnest friends. The great mass of Spaniards are very ignorant, those able to read forming but a small percentage of the inhabitants. They have no real religion, their minds are an utter blank as to the things of God; they attend churches only at festivals, and then regard the whole thing strictly as a "show," and an excuse for extra pleasure. A constant and fearful drain of men and money from the entire nation paralyses every branch of industry; yet the exertions of successive governments bring no adequate result, for although the great mass of the army wish for a Republic, they have but little faith in the present administrators, and the officers are in many cases leagued with the party of Don Alphonso, and that is not very far removed from Carlism. The unsettled state of things keeps every thinking person in a fever of suspense, while society at large holds feasts,

* One of the members of our church at the Tabernacle has sent us this account. He *is the* brother who visits the Spanish ships, spending and being spent for the Lord. He is a man of a thousand. We wish we could support him, so that he might spend all his time with foreign seamen; but as it is, he does great service. We hope that before next month our two brethren at Madrid will furnish us with information as to their work, and meanwhile we are glad that our readers should hear of what Mr. Lawrence is doing in Barcelona.

parties, "funciones" of bulls, and other barbarous pastimes. But a few weeks since the priests at Madrid consecrated, with particularly significant rites, a grand arena or bull-ring, after which a terrible display of cruelty took place, attended by the President, the Cortes, and the *élite* of society. Does the Christian worker view these scenes and give all up to Satan? No; even if he had only the adults to deal with, he must still follow his Master's mandate, and preach the gospel to every creature, knowing that *his* word should not return unto him void; but there are THE CHILDREN, and they may be gathered easily. Amongst these we see by faith many chosen vessels of the Lord, who will in future days be the means of bringing this nation to the truth.

It would be difficult to give even a condensed sketch of mission work amongst the lambs. It has been attempted by several, but the country is in such a disorganised state, as to render councils or co-operation impossible: every labourer must plough his own fields, and in brighter times we hope the Master will send so many husbandmen that all these fields may join and present one spiritually fruitful province. Some years before Isabella ceased to reign, when every door for the gospel seemed closed, God had secretly opened many. It was a regular custom to forward boxes of Bibles and Testaments through France; these were placed in proper hands and stowed away under the coals on locomotives. Careful search might have been, and often was, made by zealous officers through the train for prohibited books, but, as their duties did not extend to turning over the guilty carbon, the precious seed escaped detection. Slower, but equally efficacious, means were adopted by many friends in Scotland and by the Trinitarian Bible Society. They caused Scriptures to be placed in the hands of worthy captains, who saw their charges safely into proper channels. The trial of Matamoros caused the existence of secret churches to be discovered by an astonished government, and raised the hopes of Christians in other lands, by showing that the word of God had *not* returned unto him void. We remember some years ago hearing a gentleman addressing the congregation of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at a week evening service, mention that a clergyman, while passing through Spain, stopped at a "fonda" and there witnessed an evangelical service, at the conclusion of which the narrator was told that many such were conducted in the neighbourhood. During a visit to Catalonia we found Bibles not uncommon, and their influence in that district has been evident in making the people determine to combat Carlism.

Systematic effort is, however, wanted. Resident pastors who will conduct schools and mingle secular with religious education will find here plenty of work, both among willing pupils and grateful parents. We should advise any friend wishing to proceed in this labour of love to pay a visit to our friend Mr. Lawrence, of Gracia, Barcelona, from whom he will get many hints and good counsels as to the right method of commencing and carrying out mission effort in Spain. A brief description of Mr. Lawrence's work will not be unacceptable to those who are unable to see it for themselves. Our brother, Mr. Lawrence, was a steadfast worker during the dark times before the Revolution; he used to frequent public places, and quietly place portions and books in the way of passers-by, watching those who picked them up. If he saw interest excited, he contrived to get into conversation with the individual, and make more clearly known the plan of salvation. Of course at times he spoke to the wrong people, and was reported to the police. Still, he was an Englishman, and, using great caution, he generally contrived to stay for a time in a town. When one place became disagreeably warm, he moved to another. At last, however, he was too well known to escape the vengeance of the priests. Having disposed of Bibles in a certain locality, it was known, and a man was hired to assassinate him. This murderer had a wife, to whom Mrs. Lawrence had acted kindly, but she could not prevent his coming to the house of our brother with the fatal knife. He asked for writing lessons, and while our Mr. Lawrence was proceeding to teach him the villian sprang upon him. "I was not afraid for myself," said the missionary, "but I thought of my poor children, and prayed to

God to spare my household." The man had raised his "cuchillo," but did not strike; he glared vacantly around, but could not do his work, and left the house. The wife came round shortly after, and asked about it. When told the facts, she said, "Ah, I feared so: but you are safe now, my husband is raving mad." A visit to England saved Mr. Lawrence from nine years' imprisonment, the sentence having been passed in his absence, and a copy of it sent to him. Upon his return, after the fall of the Papal power, a mighty field opened. A Bible coach (which may be seen in the engraving), was constructed, and, inexhaustible supplies of the Holy Book having been procured, journeys were made over the greater part of Spain. It is impossible to estimate the number of books sold or given. When *the mound* was opened at Madrid, the entire population of the city appeared to be there. Holy Writ was as the manna in the hands of all. Multitudes looked down at the calcined bones and hair of victims, and heard the gospel at the same moment. The priests, however, were not idle. At one great fair (it should be mentioned that fairs in Spain are the great means of commerce, and frequently last for a month) a plot was laid to destroy the Bible tent, coach, horses, and men. The police heard of it, and laid a counterplot. Our friends were ignorant of both, and therefore were appalled at seeing themselves suddenly surrounded by enemies, but just when they gave up all for lost a cordon of armed men formed around them, driving back the popish rabble. A stall was set up in another town, and the words, "Dios es amor"—"God is love"—displayed in gas jets in the market-place: the priests as usual tried to serve their master, but were driven away by the delighted people. While selling Bibles near Barcelona, our brother, seeing the dense population of the city, was moved to take up his residence in the suburbs of Gracia, and commenced his permanent labours among the little ones. While teaching the children to read our friends caused them to learn verses and chapters of Scripture, that their minds should be stored with the words of him who spoke as none other ever spake, that they might have the pearl of great price in their hearts, even if the Book should be taken from their hands. The avidity with which some of these received the Scriptures may be judged of by the fact that a boy, against the will of his master, bought a New Testament, and when afterwards admitted to the mission-school was found to know the greater part by heart. An aged woman was brought to Christ by the means of her little relative coming home and telling what "teacher" had said. Mr. Lawrence expects to build up a church, slowly, but surely, of living stones, as his young converts grow up. Six or seven well worked Sunday-schools, all regularly supplied with teachers, attest the wisdom of his course. Our hearts leaped with joy as we heard these dear children repeating verse after verse, and singing, "*Noble Soldados* (Noble Soldiers) and "*Al Cielo voy*" (To Heaven I go). Our eyes were dim with tears as we thought of the martyrs who had perished for these truths, but God be praised, here as everywhere, the blood of his people is the seed of the church. We were as much amused as affected to see in the classes behind the children their parents sitting greedily drinking in every word.

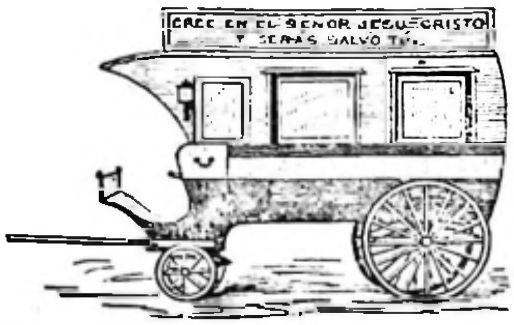
Through the kindness of Mr. Muller of Bristol, and others, the day-schools (six in number) are well supported. Where war has taken away so many fathers of families it is necessary for the elder lads to work; thus the schools would lose their teachers, and others their gospel influence and education, but the friends of the mission have been enabled to meet this difficulty in a most unlooked for manner. A second-hand printing press of capital construction was bought in London and sent over. After several failures, publishing work was produced equal to that of any Spanish printers. Bibles, books, papers, and Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, one of which has been largely distributed among the wounded in the army of the North, were speedily in hand, thus finding employment of various kinds for the young men. Some of these have left, and are no mean workmen; one is now, we believe, a machinist in Liverpool.

We watch with eagerness for the close of the Carlist war, once more to send

out the Bible coaches systematically through the provinces. One of them has ventured out to the neighbouring localities, and to a town called Tarrega, where many Scriptures were sold, and where but a month since a water-spout fell and destroyed three hundred persons. Let us hope some found faith in Christ before the catastrophe, and that thus this was not the least useful journey of these travelling depositories. Sketches of these are given; the first has been the length and nearly the breadth of the country, and was then put on shipboard, and made to do good work in the Balearic Isles. It now stands every day in the Rambla, the great street of Barcelona, and is the silent witness of much happy business. Near the vehicle sits one Garcia, a converted blind Spaniard, reading from a "raised" gospel of John the words of life. Not long since a busy official ordered this man to cease reading; failing to comply, because he obeyed God rather than man, the disciple was promptly locked up. In the gaol he sang hymns and told his fellow prisoners of Jesus. Meanwhile applications had been made in the proper quarter, and the liberation of the captive, with a rebuke to the officious officer, speedily followed. Since Castelar's removal, men have come into power inimical to the gospel; by the influence of one such poor Garcia has been again in the same disagreeable lodgings, and was only set free by the payment of a heavy fine. Is not such devotedness of conduct a full reply to those who say a converted Spaniard is of no use?



In this land of violence the native Christian sees much to deepen his conviction that his Master can alone give peace and safety. Death by fever and by war is all around him, yet in all he is protected. One of the converts, a consistent Christian, driving a coach between Tarragona and Barcelona, (on which route railway officials and others had been shot,) frequently met the Carlists, who threatened him with fearful menaces. His reply was, "If you take my life you take bread from my wife, but my soul is safe—that you cannot take." During the terrible Intransigente (*i.e.*, Communist) insurrection in Barcelona, at the opening of last year, the mission houses, coaches, etc. were in great dangers owing to the revolutionary Junta having been fixed very near the brethren. During a bombardment of seventeen hours it pleased God to spare the premises; although the roar of artillery and the fall of missiles were not calculated to increase the comfort of the brethren, yet among the Christians there was the truest sense of security; and during the conflict some of the little ones were choosing texts proving God's peculiar care of his children.



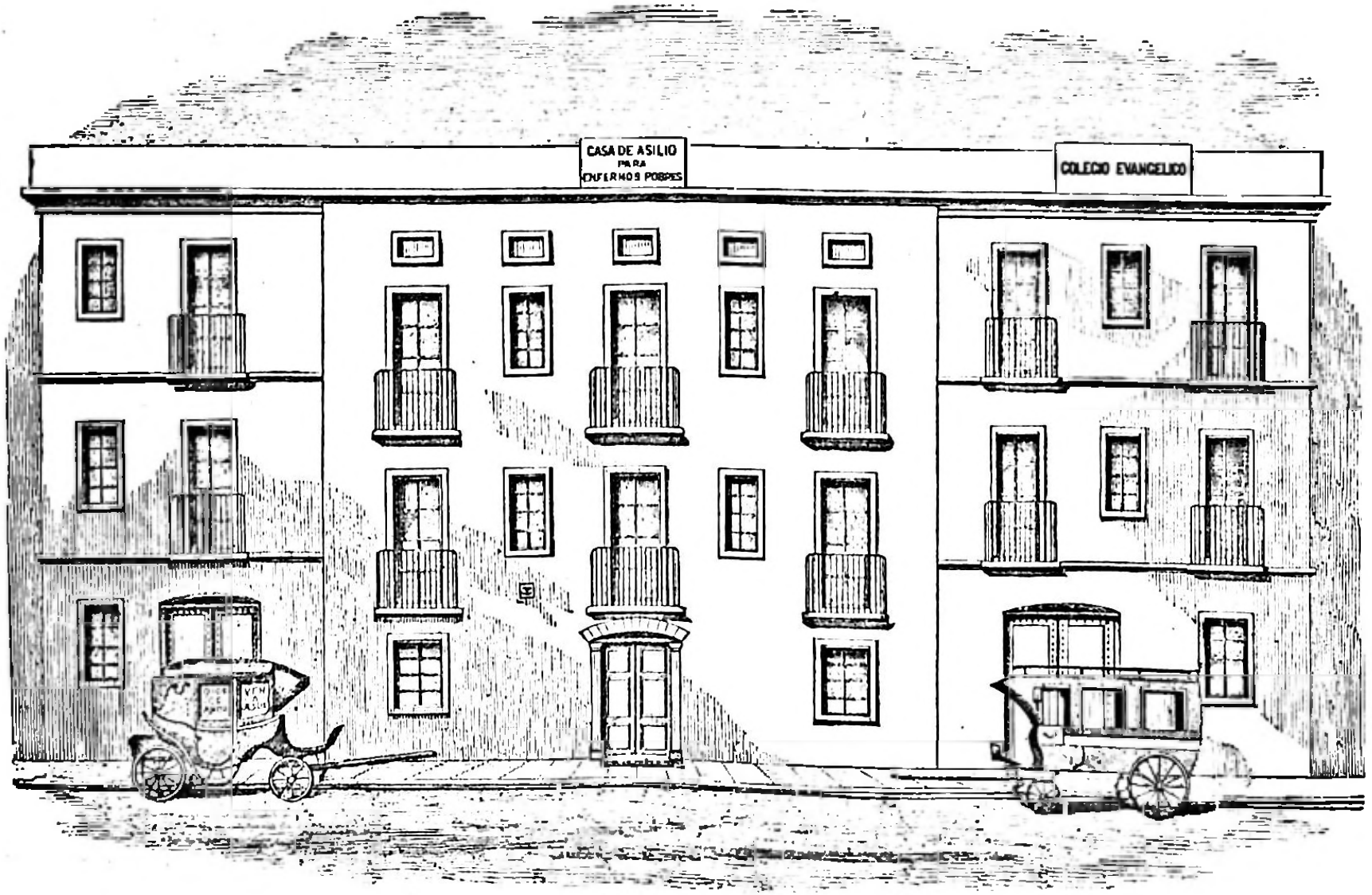
Among the pleasing instances of good done among the poor, one deserved especial mention. While listening to an interesting address from the words, "I am the way," we noticed one woman, evidently in very ill health, rise and leave the assembly. The speaker made a feeling reference to the malady of this sick friend, and her being obliged to retire from the meeting; at the close of the service a little girl asked the minister if he thought the woman understood what had been said, "for," added the earnest child, "you know she is a Catalan, and

may not understand Spanish, and, therefore, did not see *how* Jesus is the way." The little missionary found out where the afflicted one lived, and told her in the district language the story of Christ. This brought the woman round to our friend, to bear her witness and declare, "I *do* understand that Jesus is the Way. He is here," she added, striking her breast, "and I feel more than I can tell. He seems to lift me up, and one day I shall die and not know it, I shall be so happy." This woman placed in her husband's hands a New Testament. He eagerly read it, and night after night was heard to say, "Yes, this must be right; but how different, *how* different from the religion of the priests." Converted women are, next to the children, the most important agency in the schools. They act as unpaid teachers and are earnest workers. Two have recently died. When one departed the priests came at night with their torches, and the host, but she cried, "Away with such a god! *Jesus* is mine." The other when asked to let the priests hear her confess, exclaimed, "You may go to heaven with monks and friars if you like, Christ is enough for me."

We now take our leave of this department of the work, trusting that the example of these agents, English and native, will work amongst those who read this simple narrative, and induce others to go over and help.

The brethren having long seen the dire necessity of Christian hospitals in the large Spanish cities, determined, by simple faith in the promise of the Book, to found one in the midst of a needy population. In Spain from various political causes, fights and battles are of frequent occurrence, and in the conflict many of the poor and innocent, as well as combatants, are wounded. Without some haven of refuge, much suffering and loss of life ensue. In January last, the Intrausigentes of Catalonia rose against the Government. Their barricaded positions were bombarded, and after a desperate fight, in which hundreds perished, the insurrection was quelled. Mr. Lawrence visited the victims of this struggle, and in an outhouse, on the cold earth, found a poor young man, who had lain there unattended for two days, with gunshot wounds in his arms, the inflammation bursting the bandages which had been carelessly tied on. He was immediately cared for, and, with attention at the mission-house, speedily recovered. Who shall describe his gratitude? he could not speak, but could only weep out his thanks.

This incident caused the Christians to lay before the Lord their desire that a permanent refuge for all suffering ones should be provided. It should be mentioned that many natives of the Peninsula suffer from ophthalmia. Very inefficient means for the cure of this malady exist; yet to the Spaniard nothing is more important than the extirpation of the complaint. With defective eyesight the people are unable to read any book, and, therefore, *the Book* must to thousands be very much a sealed volume. It is the prayerful wish of Mr. Lawrence to do at least a little in ameliorating this national evil. The question may be asked, "Does not an hospital exist?" It does—*such* an hospital. Hearing much of the abuses existing, we paid the institution a visit, and only wish we had the pen and influence of Howard to draw attention to the sufferings of the inmates. In a vast hall we saw, in this almost tropical climate, the beds placed closely together in tiers, yet the dead left *as* they died for twelve and eighteen hours, but a few inches from the living; the patients attended to and the linen changed at the caprices of the most irregular attendants; bread and other necessaries poor in quantity and quality. Ventilation does not *exist* twelve out of the twenty-four hours, and the condition of the poor people each morning was piteously described to us by an Englishman whom we found there. Should a heretic be admitted, efforts are not wanting to convert him. Of the priests who use gentle persuasions to patients, only those who have seen the men can form a sufficiently bad opinion. The need therefore of such an institution as this one Protestant hospital, will be seen by every Christian reader, and all will be pleased to learn that the buildings, of which we give the accompanying sketch, have been secured, and are now opened to the sick. This "casa de asilio," or house of help, is likely to prove useful to English sailors staying


CASA DE ASILIO
PARA
ENFERMOS POBRES
COLEGIO EVANGELICO

here, and one of our naval physicians has testified to the completeness of its arrangements and the "true missionary spirit" of its promoters. This work generally, but especially the hospital, we commend to those who, as the Lord's stewards, are able to supply pecuniary means for carrying on this holy war, of fulfilling the faith of those who thus work and pray day and night.

Any donation sent to Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, will we are quite sure be duly forwarded to Barcelona.

As many Spanish sailors visit our shores, a mission work is being carried on amongst them in London, Liverpool, and other ports. Our Father has touched the heart of a student in the Tabernacle College and another Christian conversant with Spanish, to visit steamers and ships of Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian nations, and supply gratuitously by the generosity of the Trinitarian Bible Society, Religious Tract Society, and others, every vessel according to the request of officers and crew, with Bibles and books of saving knowledge. Visiting under such circumstances is, of course, the reverse of difficult. The Bible, having been until lately a sealed book, is much in request, and the anxiety to obtain it is decidedly on the increase; it being now well known by the friends of the mariners that the books are to had on English ground, the most loving messages are sent from grandfathers and mothers, relations and friends of every degree, not forgetting "los chicos," the little ones, asking us for the books of light. These we gladly give, and then invite all to listen to the gospel. Entire crews are often engaged in these happy services; and whatever the lasting fruit may be, we must leave to God, who moved our hearts to do the work; but the expressions of gratitude to the Father of Mercies for such a Saviour, and exclamations of admiration for the book which contains the story of the Redeemer's death, cause us to leave the barques in a state of happiness we have seldom felt in any other work. We often ask, "Are not many of these poor seamen among the simple ones of this world ordained to bring to nought the wise and mighty?"

We add a few individual cases of good which we believe have resulted from our Spanish Mission in London.

One night, while reading from a New Testament of large type, a boy in the little company said *he* should like that book. "How much did we want for it?" We named a peseta (about one shilling), for books at that time were not so plentiful with us. He immediately undid a large knot under his chin and produced the coin; the book changed hands, and we saw it no more. Months rolled by, when one evening while on board another ship in conversation with an officer upon the things of Christ, he remarked, "We have a boy on board who is always with his Testament, is dead against the priests, and never so happy as when he is trying to bring others to his own way of thinking." Anxious to see the lad, we had pointed out to us a boy who no sooner saw us than he went into convulsions of delight. "Don't you know me," he asked, "No!" "Why you sold me the Testament on board the steamship ———." With emotion we returned his affectionate greeting, and he then stated that the book had been his companion ever since its purchase, and that when in Spain he had read it in the streets to crowds of children, and told them in his own way about Jesus.

There are trials of faith in this as in every work, but the dawn always comes after the darkest night. A very bright gleam of heavenly light cheered us a few weeks ago. Visiting in the Millwall Docks, we were on board a vessel, and hearing the voice of a man reading in the forecastle, we did not enter, but listened. A moment sufficed to show the blessed occupation of the sailor; he was reading the story of the death of Christ from the Bible to the rest of the crew. If ever we felt an earnest of that triumph we shall all share when we reign with Messiah, it was at finding this fruit of past labour. After passing some time on another ship we came back and found most of the men had then retired. Hearty words greeted us from those awake; the others woke up, we had to read again, and then a man came out on the deck to say

what a happy time they had spent that night, and to express his wish that every evening were spent in the same way. Men do not such things by nature. May he who gave them the book and sent his servants to show them its use, kindle in their hearts a flame of love which shall be the means of imparting the same faith to their families, and to other crews with whom they will mix.

An answer to prayer came to us in connection with those labours which we look upon as one of those Red Sea mercies in our lives—proofs of God's love which are Ebenezers to look back upon in darker moments, to revive our hope for the future. While reading on board a Portuguese brig, a remark was made that the captain had accepted a Bible, and that it looked very much as though he were a good sort of man. "A good man!" exclaimed a negro, darting up from a berth, "see what he has done to me," at the same time showing his hands strongly fettered. On enquiry we learned that for some real or fancied wrong the captain had placed the man in irons, and deprived him of his wages. The poor fellow begged our interference, but as any intermeddling with the civil matters of a ship by those who are only on board by sufferance is difficult, we made earnest supplication to God that the liberation of the captive might be brought about by him alone. We read the stories of Peter, Paul, and Silas being delivered from their dungeons, and the man then said he would pray, and that God would help him. A few nights after the sailor said he should not pray any more, as he did not think it was of any use, and he looked ruefully at his bonds. A little Christian counsel was the means of bringing him to a better state of mind, and in a day or so the captain, without assigning any reason, suddenly unlocked his chain and paid him his money. A number of the foreign sailors admitted this to be the hand of the Almighty.

These nominal Catholics have the very slightest conception of true prayer. The services they have attended in their own lands have ever been a mixture of mystery and superstition. If any communication were ever made by a priest as to their acceptance before God, it was expressly stated that this must be through the virtue of the holy fathers, the saints in heaven, and, above all, the mother of God. (!) Many yet carry pictures inculcating the grossest idolatry; only a few hours before these lines were penned we were shown by a poor sailor two of these miserable idols, preserved with the most reverential care in his berth, as proofs of his piety. To tear down these errors, and put religion true and undefiled in their place, is indeed a task impossible for man to perform; but no matter, our Father, by his Spirit, is able to do for degraded Romanists exceeding abundantly above what we ask or even think. One night we had earnest conversation with a master and part of his crew, when, after reading the Scriptures, all knelt down, and God was in that place, and the men felt the power of devotion. Mr. Heffell, formerly a city missionary, and who for years carried on this work with apostolic devotion, tells us how one cold afternoon he went to a steamer and saw smoke rising from the hatchway of the forecastle. Upon descending he found the sailors had kindled a fire of wood, and were breathing just as well as they were able in an atmosphere compared with which one of our charming fogs in November is but a trifle. To read and expound under such circumstances was not easy. Indeed, the operation could only be continued by using one eye while the other was closed and rested. Inflammation of both optics, however, compelled the devoted Christian to desist from the perusal of his Bible, and then explaining the actual presence of Jehovah, his unutterable love and his readiness to give them eternal life, he earnestly engaged in prayer. The solemn scene, he says, he shall never forget. All seemed bowed before the Lord, many wept, and some dear fellows came out of the stifling cabin with tears running down their dark faces, to ask again, "What must we do to be saved?"

Let all, ere they preach the gospel, ask of God wisdom as to the best mode of doing it. We have very much yet to learn in our own department, yet the Master has furnished us with mighty weapons for the pulling down of Satan's

strongholds: one of these is a direct attack on the confessional, that most hated of all Rome's inventions. The necessity of auricular confession is always insisted upon by the priests, but it is practically attended to by very few of the Catholics; not having the Scriptures, however, they are unable to combat the statements of the priestly fathers. How valuable, then, in our hands is that verse, 1 John i. 9, "If we confess our sins, *he* is faithful," etc.

At the conclusion of an evening's work a young Spaniard stepped up and asked for a few words in private. He told us that having great fear of being drawn as a conscript, he had determined to reach England, where wealthy relatives had settled, but not having money enough to cover the expenses of the voyage, the captain had managed this, and he was then without any means of getting to his friends. Neither he nor those on board knew English, it therefore devolved upon a faithful companion to take the youth to his connections. An earnest welcome was given, and he was quickly installed in comfortable quarters.

In drawing to a close these memoranda of mission effort among foreigners, we wish gratefully to acknowledge the generosity of the Trinitarian Bible Society and other friends, who have so kindly forwarded us unlimited supplies of Scriptures, &c. Men may, nay, must make mistakes, the Bible cannot err; and the wonderful manner in which the inspired volume is guided to the right hands, shews how its Author watches over his message. We will mention one simple proof of this. But a few weeks since a lady spoke to us of a friend of hers who had lived in Spain, and had a knowledge of Castilian. Moved, doubtless, by the Lord, we sent her a Bible. Shortly after she removed to another part of England, and there met a Spanish lady who, upon landing at Plymouth, had endeavoured to get the Scriptures in her own tongue, but was neither successful there nor elsewhere, until the lady above referred to, hearing of her want, gladly placed in the stranger's hands the Bible which had been our gift.

We humbly trust that this statement of events which come under our immediate notice may lead some of those who have ability to serve the Lord, but are not at present occupied, to raise their eyes, and, seeing the fields white with a mighty harvest, to go out as labourers to work for God and man.

The Sparrow.

(*From the "Parlour Menagerie."*)

WHEREVER man has fixed his abode there flits about this bold, cheerful, pugnacious, yet withal useful bird, bidding defiance alike to the elements or persecutions to which he is subjected. We are aware that by some the term "useful" will be questioned; but had it not been for the hardy, indomitable perseverance with which the sparrow has maintained his companionship with man, we would, long ere now, have been convinced of the error which has been committed in the indiscriminate slaughter of this bird, which in some districts has been carried to the length of setting a price on his head. There is no doubt that at certain seasons sparrows commit considerable havoc among grain and seeds; but there is abundance of proof that all this is more than compensated by the evils which they prevent. Our American friends are in advance of us in a knowledge of the benefits gained by affording protection to this and other birds. Very lately it was found necessary to introduce a colony of sparrows into New York, to check the fearful devastation of the wire-worm; and in Massachusetts a fine of five shillings is imposed on everyone detected in killing a sparrow or robbing its nest.

Pleas for the Sparrows.—A writer in the "Gardener's Chronicle" observes: People complain of the loss of their gooseberries by birds—for birds, I imagine, we should read grubs. I had a tree loaded with blossom, and it is now all blank; I saw six or seven sparrows on it at a time, and was induced to watch them closely. I saw one knock his bill against a leaf and eat something; at last he knocked one of these somethings to the ground, when I ran and

frightened him away, and found it to be a green caterpillar. I now examined the tree and found that the sparrows did not eat the gooseberries. Every third or fourth leaf contained one of those depredators, of a sort that let themselves to the ground by a gossamer thread. Black currants are all gone by the same marauders.

Mr. Duff, of Bishop Auckland, states in the "Zoologist," that a round tower standing on the Bishop of Durham's domain had been in a dilapidated state for many years, and in the crevices were many, both starling and sparrow, nests—of the latter some scores. It was an object of interest to his lordship; and about five or six years ago, to prevent its falling down, he had it repaired—every chink well pointed; and of course the colony was broken up, and the members dispersed. The next year but one the field in which it stands was sown with turnips, and when the plants came up, and escaped the ravages of the fly, they looked well, and grew as well as perhaps any other turnips for five or six weeks, when, to the astonishment of Mr. Dawson, the bailiff, every plant was entirely covered with grub; whether the caterpillars belonged only to one species or not, I do not know, for at that time I did not go to see; but nine women were to be seen daily for some time gathering them off the plants and destroying them. Before the following spring several places in the building were re-opened, and the sparrows soon took possession of their old domicile; and since that time there has been no more trouble or loss with caterpillars.

Sagacity of the Sparrow.—The following is also taken from the "Zoologist:" Living in the city portion of London I (Mr. W. H. Cordeaux) observed, one afternoon, in the aperture generally left for the cellar, or kitchen window, when underground, an unfledged house-sparrow incapacitated from flying to any distance, which had been inadvertently precipitated down the same dungeon, across which, in an oblique direction, was laid an iron bar, extending within a foot of the surface; the mother was at the top, looking down with pity and alarm at the awkward position of this, perhaps her only child; many and ingenious were the attempts on the part both of parent and offspring for the regaining of the latter's lost position; each and all proved futile and unavailing. I looked on with a degree of pleasurable excitement, mixed with fear and anxiety lest the drama should be incomplete by the flying away of the mother, and the desertion of the child; but no, Nature's inculcated ways on these points are perfect and all-sufficient, as most beautifully this case proves, for although each new proposal seemed to be blasted in the carrying out, at length the intelligent creature, after considering for a moment, flies away, returns with a stout straw in its beak, and rests for a few seconds on the edge; then conceive my delight when the little nestling, after a chirp or two from its mother, learning no doubt the particulars of the project, climbs to the farthest end of the bar, next the ground, receives the proffered straw into its beak, and is raised, to my breathless and unspeakable astonishment, to the earth, on which its now delighted mother stands.

Two sparrows which had built in the thatch roof of a house at Poole, were observed to continue their visits to the nest long after the time when the young birds took flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year; and in the winter a gentleman, who had all along observed them, determined on investigating the cause. He therefore mounted a ladder, and found one of the young ones detained a prisoner by means of a piece of string or worsted, which formed part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round the leg. Being thus incapacitated for procuring its own sustenance, it had been fed by the continued exertions of its parents.

During a dry season a sparrow, apparently in search of water, came upon a pipe giving forth the desired element, not in abundance, but in drops, and that slowly. The sparrow perched itself upon a stone near the end of the pipe, and watched till the drop was formed, when it sagaciously flew up and caught the precious globule, just as it was on the point of falling. This it repeated a number of times, until it had quenched its thirst, when it flew away chirping.

Notices of Books.

Sword and Trowel Volume for 1874. Beautifully bound. Price 5s. Passmore and Alabaster.

A VOLUME of perpetual interest. Not recording unimportant meetings and passing news, but preserving the memory of works for God, which should never be forgotten. The publishers have only a limited supply, and therefore recommend friends to complete their sets.

Handbook of Revivals: for the use of Winners of Souls. By Dr. HENRY FISH, Newark, New Jersey. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS is the authorised edition of a work which at this present time should have a very large sale. It is a judicious compilation from almost every work upon the subject of revivals, and is written in a spirit calculated to promote them. We cannot imagine a Christian finding the book to be heavy reading; the subject itself is inspiriting, and the mode of handling it displays considerable ability. We gave a chapter from the book in our November number entitled "Singing and Revivals," which we hope excited the appetites of our readers for more. The book is well got up, and the price is 5s. The following notes on child piety will serve as specimens of the facts detailed:—

"A sick girl of ten years of age was asked, 'Is the matter settled between you and God?'

"'Oh, yes,' was the calm reply.

"'How did you get it settled?'

"'Why, *the Lord Jesus Christ settled it for me.*'

"'And when did he do that for you?'

"'When he died on the cross for my sins.'

"How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?'

"'About twelve months ago.'

"'How did you know that the work which Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners was done for *you?*'"

"'She at once replied, 'I read it in the *Bible and believed that it was just so.*'

"Who could ask for a better experience than this?

"An eminent Scotch minister (Dr. W. L. Alexander) had doubted the genuineness of the great work going on near him among children, until he was once in a prayer-room where many little ones were praying; and he says of that scene: 'I stood listening, and the tears rushed down my cheeks as I listened. I could not help it, because I felt that I was reproved that I had doubted the work of God in that particular, and now he had brought me face to face with the work itself.'

"Would any one want a better Christian experience than this from a little child in Boston?—'I listened to the sermon, and felt more sorry and more sorry for my sins; and a kind lady took me by the hand and showed me the way to the blessed Saviour, and then, when I got home, I went straight to my bedside, and prayed to God to give me a new heart, and take Satan out of my heart, and to make me his child. And then I went and asked my mother's and father's forgiveness: and then I felt better. And then I prayed to God again, and then went to sleep. The next day I felt so happy that I felt like singing all the time. And now I feel as if I had given my heart to Christ.'

"If it be asked how early should we expect the conversion of our children? We answer, just as early as we begin to labour and pray in earnest for it. And should parents and Sunday-school teachers do their full duty to children in this regard, adult conversion would become the rare exception, and early conversion the rule. There is a vast amount of scepticism on this subject among the churches, which must be removed before this world is given to Christ. As McCheyne has said, 'Jesus has reason to complain of us that he can do no mighty works in our Sunday-schools because of our unbelief.'"

The Merchant of Haarlem. By W. H. S. KINGSTON. Partridge and Co.

A TALE of King Philip's reign in the Netherlands, vividly showing the sufferings of a country where the Inquisition ruled unchecked, and Popery laboured to stamp out every spark of liberty and truth. The more of such narratives the better.

Scripture Proverbs, Illustrated, Annotated, and Applied. By Francis Jacox. Hodder and Stoughton.

Whoever Francis Jacox may be, he is in a fair way of producing a library of his own. His books are almost as full of things rare and curious as those of the elder D'Israeli. Chatty, gossipy, anecdotical, racy talk is his forte. The man has read everything, good, bad, and indifferent, and must have filled multitudes of notebooks, while reading. We wish he had left out the novels, for in these he abounds and superabounds till he wearies us. If he had illustrated Bible subjects with facts, however queer and odd, we should have seen some use in the illustrations, but to mix fact and fiction is to offer us a medley which we cannot admire. So little do we know of the realms of fiction, that we do not always find it easy to discover whether the incident quoted is from actual history or from the novelist's dreamland. We do not believe in this fashion of desecrating inspired texts; we are not superstitious, but it seems incongruous to set the jewel of truth in a ring of base metal. The present volume is portly in size, and in many parts most fascinating in matter, just fitted to beguile a weary hour, and hold the reader spell-bound. Sift out the rubbish from the dust-heaps of novels, and gather out the valuables of actual fact, and the gems of poetry, and the result will repay you; but few of us have time for so laborious a process. We wish Mr. Jacox would not impose the discriminating work upon us. He could do good service if he would burn his novels, or never quote them again.

Those Holy Fields. Palestine Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. S. Manning, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

At once a magnificent drawing-room book, and a most reliable volume for the library. We do not know which to admire most, the magnificence of the binding and the engravings, or the excellence of the matter. Seldom do luxury and utility meet on such equal terms, and so completely defy the critic to say which bears the palm. It is *the* work of the season for a present.

The Parlour Menagerie: wherein are exhibited in a descriptive and anecdotical form the habits, the resources, and the mysterious instincts of the most interesting portions of animal creation. John Hogg and Co.

Mr. Hogg, of the "Weekly Instructor" of days gone by, has occupied his later years by compiling this remarkably attractive volume. His early tastes would have made him a naturalist had not circumstances drifted him in other directions; he now returns with zest to his first love, and makes us almost wish that he had never been divided from it. His object in writing the "Parlour Menagerie" is to make young people fond of living things, and prevent the formation of those cruel habits which are still so prevalent, but which would soon be banished if children were better instructed, and taught to feel kindly towards animals. We are rather rich in natural history literature, but we do not know of another work so full of memorable anecdotes calculated to foster kindly habits. The engravings are in the style of Bewick, and really exhibit the animal depicted, doing so all the better because no scenery is placed around it to distract the attention. Those who wish to make a superior present to a young friend would find this a very suitable book.

Lucy Bell's First Place. A story of Domestics. By Nelsie Brook. Partridge and Co.

Servants will read it and be the better for it. It should be in every kitchen library. By the way, is not a kitchen library rather a rarity? Should it be so? The girls ought to have a little time for reading now and then; and would it not be the best way, to prevent their reading trash, to put good, attractive books in their way? We translate Bibles for blacks, let us not forget the whites at home.

The Boys Who Could Not Read. Religious Tract Society.

Do you know any lads who do not like going to school, and spelling over words and sentences? Give them this book or read it to them, and if it does not cure them, nothing will.

The Other Side of Things. By the Rev. Wickham Tozer, Kennington. James Clarke and Co.

Our neighbour writes with remarkable liveliness, and there is always something in what he has to say; something, we mean, to think over and to remember. Mr. Tozer has made up this book of a number of very telling, common sense, original essays, which cannot fail to be read with pleasure. We are both amazed and amused to find him informing us in the Introduction that John Wesley gave Calvinism its death-blow, —he might as reasonably have said that Cardinal Wiseman gave Protestantism its death-blow. Calvinism was never in better heart than now, and its power over human minds will increase as time rolls on, for although it does not comprehend all truth, it takes so clear a view of the Godward side of it, that it must abide. We most cordially invite Mr. Tozer to look at the "*other side*" of Calvinism among his other "*things*."

Joshua and his Successors. An Introduction to the Books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and Samuel I. By W. H. Groser. Part I. Sunday School Union.

Contains useful information, critical remarks and explanations, written specially for Sabbath-school teachers. It is not the aim of the writer to expound or make a spiritual use of the history, he confines himself to one department, and does that well. For the average teacher time will be better spent in reading Matthew Henry upon the subject, but we hope the number who are above the average is daily increasing.

Ecclesiastica, or a Book of Remembrance, wherein the rise, constitution, rule, order, and discipline of the Church of Christ, ordinarily assembling at Wykecroft, in the parish of Axminster, is faithfully recorded. J. Snow and Co.

It is meet that such ancient and honourable records should be preserved and presented to after generations. Much of interest is to be found in this Book of Remembrance; it ought to be placed in the archives of every Nonconformist library.

The Scripture Calendar for 1875. Bemrose and Sons, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

Having used this calendar during 1874 we can speak very highly of its utility. We hung it up in our study, and by tearing off the paper for each day we had the day of the month always before us. The texts are too short, but we do not know how that could well be helped. It is a very neat little affair, and only costs 1s. Buy it.

Natural History Stories for my Juvenile Friends. By Mary Howitt. Partridge and Co.

Surely in this instance taste and art have reached their summit. We are at a loss to imagine anything more truly beautiful than this book, either as to its outside or inside. It is a diadem of beauty. The stories are most excellent, all inculcating the lesson of kindness to animals, and all sweetly told. No one of all our readers who will purchase it will ever dispute our judgment; every engraving in it is a work of the highest art, and worthy of a great master. Harrison Weir especially deserves our warmest commendation. Landseer will never die while Weir lives. The price is only 5s.

The Martyr Graves of Scotland: being the Travels of a Country Minister in his own Country. By Rev. John H. Thomson, of Eaglesham. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints, and we do well to have such deaths in remembrance; therefore we welcome all books which preserve in the church the memories of the martyrs and confessors of old. This work will have great charms for the faithful sons of covenanting fathers, especially for those who dwell in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," a land won for Christ by heroic struggles, and patient endurance unto death. There are engravings of the more notable graves, and interesting details of Scottish history, so far as it bears upon the persecutions of the Lord's witnesses. Mr. Thomson has done well so to travel that he has made more plain to us the footsteps of the flock.

Within the Wicket Gate; or, Beginning to Live for Christ. A Book for Young Christians. By Robert Tuck, B.A. James Clarke and Co.

Very good and sensible advice; not very deep or brilliant, but likely to be useful to those for whom it is written. It is a small thin volume; we would mention the price if we knew it. Publishers are not wise in their generation, or they would mark the price in each book, and this would be a great guide to those who wish to purchase, but do not like to commit themselves to a large outlay.

Illustrative Anecdotes and Pithy Pieces of Prose and Verse. Compiled by T. B. S. Partridge and Co.

Mr. Smithies modestly veils his name, but we venture to mention it because we regard him as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. Those splendid engravings and telling papers which make up the "British Workman" and "Band of Hope Review" are influencing thousands for good all over the land. He does well to compile a volume like the present, and use again his costly engravings, interspersing them with new ones. The little work is most prettily bound, and the pieces truly answer to the description "pithy." Just the book for a farm-house.

The Trades and Industrial Occupations of the Bible. By W. G. Lewis. Religious Tract Society.

It was a happy circumstance which led the thoughts of our well-beloved friend in this direction. He here traverses a road but little trodden by biblical writers, and gathers treasures as he marches over it. Mr. Lewis has done his work with care, and the result is a volume perfect after its kind, and thorough in its illustration of the subject in hand. Students will feel that when they desire to know about oriental fullers, and potters, and tanners, and apothecaries, and so on, they can refer to Mr. Lewis as the master of all the trades, neglecting none.

Ruth and Patience. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. Seely, Jackson, and Halliday.

This sweet story is one of a series reprinted from that popular work "Ministering Children." In its present form it ought to have a large circulation, for it is cheap, and can be the more readily given to children. It is an admirable story.

The Treasure in the Beach, and What it did for Gilbert West. By M. A. P. Sunday School Union.

Another little story, and a very good one too.

Notes.

A friend who writes to express thanks for the benefit received from our printed sermons by himself and his afflicted wife, sends us a copy of an inscription written in a copy of The Interpreter which he gave to his niece and her husband on their wedding day:—"This work, which was written by Mr. Spurgeon to promote the worship of God in families, is presented to Henry and Ellen T—— on their marriage, by their pastor, at the request of their uncle and aunt, whose earnest desire is that they may habitually use it for that purpose. Luke xi. 9. 10; Phil. iv. 6." May the Lord of all the families of Israel fulfil the desire of his servants.

From among many other kind letters upon "The Interpreter" we select the following:—

"Dear Sir,—The writer of this, a retired minister of the Methodist New Connection, has the pastoral charge of an excellent charity known as Firth's Almshouses, founded in 1869, by Mark Firth, Esquire, of Oak Brook, Sheffield. There are thirty-six houses for forty-eight persons; twelve of the houses to be occupied by man and wife, or two sisters, widows, or two spinster sisters, the rest widows or spinsters, one in each house; they should be sixty years of age, natives of Sheffield, and members of a Protestant congregation. One part of the pastor's work is to conduct a short service each morning, sing, read the Scriptures, prayer. At

first we read from 'Cobbin's Condensed Commentary,' the chapter, and reflections at the end. Also frequently from 'Morning by Morning,' reading a chapter containing a passage on which you have reflections, and found them very profitable. Sometimes a portion from 'Doddridge's Family Expositor,' occasionally from 'Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises,' only a few of the shortest. Two years ago you announced the 'Interpreter.' I ordered the first number, and at once concluded it was the work we needed, and begun with it the first of January following, and have read from it by far the greater part ever since. The writer of this was surprised after the eighth number to find Mr. Spurgeon expressing a little surprise that the sale was not more extensive, and saying it was suggested that the mode of publication in numbers had interfered. The writer of this felt assured this was the case, and was strongly inclined to write and encourage by assuring him it would make its way when complete in one volume or two. The booksellers would not allow me the usual discount to ministers, because it was a periodical; and if they have done so in other towns, many ministers and others may have preferred waiting, as it would be cheaper, etc. But as for me—aged—my people aged, we did not know we should live two years, and could scarce expect it in some instances, and to have waited two years to save a few shillings would have been a great loss in the way of instruction and spiritual profit, so we went on in numbers until complete, and though some have died in the course of the reading—died in the Lord—yet most are spared to this present. When you commenced with the New Testament we began to read in the New every other week. My people have often thanked me for placing 'The Interpreter' before them; by it their faith in the truth as it is in Jesus has been greatly confirmed, their views of Christian privilege and duty enlarged, and their personal piety promoted. We sincerely thank God that this work was suggested by the Holy Spirit, that your valuable life has been spared to finish it. We have no doubt it will prove to thousands, as it is to us, a great blessing. I read it to the almspeople in my family worship, and often in my closet. I trust the Great Head of the Church has a great deal more work for you to do, and if so, he will spare you until it is done. The 'Sword and Trowel' is read, and then I send it round, as a weekly tract, to the delight of our folks.—Yours, C. J. DONALD."

On Friday, December 11th, the men of all trades who had worked in the building of the New College came to supper with us. More than 250 accepted the invitation. A choir of Orphanage lads sang to them, and Mr. Murphy, Mr. Cuff, Mr. Smith, and Mr. W. Olney took part with us in addressing the men. There was great attention, and a deep feeling was aroused in many. We feel sure that conversions were wrought that evening. The welcome at the feast upon the tables before them prepared their minds to hear the more readily of the feast of mercy.

Another of our students, Mr. Miller, leaves us to become a missionary in India. We are more glad of this than tongue can tell, for we count it the highest honour the College can have, to send out missionaries to heathen lands. Men who will leave all for Jesus are wanted. Are there not more in our churches?

Dr. Barnardo had a great meeting at the Tabernacle, December 8th. We need a great deal for our own works, but we are glad that our friends at the Tabernacle should help other workers also, and Dr. Barnardo is one of the greatest of them all. May God ever bless him and prosper his many noble enterprises.

On Monday evening, December 7th, many hearts were touched, and an after-meeting was held in the vestry, at which several testified that they had found peace with God. We have a continuous work of grace going on among us. Nearly fifty were added to the church on the first Sabbath of December, and one hundred in October and November.

Mr. W. Joynson, of St. Mary Cray, who on many occasions proved himself to be one of the best friends of our work, has gone to his rest. His loss will be severely felt all over the county. His generosity to churches and individuals was very great. Possessing immense wealth, all gained by his own exertions, he was very independent in spirit, but had a large and generous heart. May the divine blessing rest upon his descendants evermore.

Mr. Evans, from our College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Staley Bridge. Mr. Pring is visiting Glastonbury and Shepton Mallet with the view of establishing Baptist churches in those towns. Mr. Baster has commenced his work at Surbiton, which place has been hitherto supplied by our esteemed helper, Mr. Dunn.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—November 26th, twenty-three; December 3rd, fourteen; December 14th, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 15th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Edwards	50	0	0
V. W. Sunderland	6	0	0
Mr. S. Newton	0	5	0
Mr. T. S. Child	5	0	0
Mrs. Akehurst	0	5	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
O. O.	0	5	0
S. S.	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield	0	10	0
Miss Walker...	0	11	3
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Per Mrs. Withers—	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Helass and Co. ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Leach	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	0	5	0
Mr. Gostage'...	0	5	0
Mr. Withers...	0	5	0
	2	6	0
Mr. G. Startin	5	0	0
J. R. B.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. Gosling	0	10	0
E. and A. W.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Campion	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Wade	10	10	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
Mrs. Hare	0	5	0
Miss S. Peachey	0	8	0
Mrs. Legge	1	0	0
Messrs. Fisk and Son	5	0	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. L. Eyres	0	10	0
Collected by Master C. Welton	0	5	0
Collection at Eythorne, per Rev. J. Stubbs	6	10	6
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Nov. 22	47	13	6
" " " " 29	20	11	1
" " " Dec. 6	36	0	6
" " " " 13	40	0	3
	£247	7	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 15th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Mills...	0	3	11
A. Mite from Daisey	0	1	2
A Friend, per Mr. S. Gray	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Legge	1	9	6
Mrs. Legge	1	0	0
C. A. E. Denham	0	5	0
Mrs. Parkin...	1	5	0
Mr. T. C. Robinson	0	7	6
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith	3	0	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
Miss Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Cocks	0	5	0
Messrs. Starkey and Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. B. Smith and Sons	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	2	2	0
Godalming	0	2	6
V. W., Sunderland	4	0	0
Stafford	1	0	0
X. Y. Z.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Garner	10	0	0
Mrs. Tye	1	10	0
Mr. S. Newton	0	15	0
Mr. J. Mc.Cleery	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hall	1	0	0
G. W....	1	0	0
J. G. B.	0	10	0
G. W. C. and J. P....	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child	5	0	0
Rev. T. W. Medhurst's Bible Class ...	12	8	3
Per Rev. A. A. Rees	5	0	0
Mrs. Mulley...	0	5	0
Mrs. Copley	0	14	0
Mr. G. Francis	3	11	0
Offering Boxes, Myrtle Street, Liverpool	3	0	0
Part Proceeds of Lecture, per Mr. Wilkes	2	17	2
H. L....	0	10	0
Mrs. Davis	1	10	6
Mr. G. Steel...	1	1	0
Mr. Stiff	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Dalgety...	5	0	0
Durweston Chimers and his Boys ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
O. O.	0	5	0
A Birthday Thankoffering	0	5	0
T. S.	5	0	0
W. R. T.	0	2	6
T. T.	0	2	6
C. B.	0	2	6
J. W....	0	1	0
Eizzill	0	10	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	2	6
M. M. S. K....	0	5	0
A Wellwisher, Oundle	1	0	0
Mr. P. J. Wilkins	1	0	0
Miss Lang, per Mr. King...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield	0	10	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	10	1
Harriet and Emma	1	0	0
Mr. J. Brockie	1	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0
Psalm cxii. 13	0	10	0
Mrs. Abbott...	0	13	0
Miss Abbott...	0	6	0
Mrs. Trestrail	1	1	0
Mrs. Osborn...	0	13	0
Mrs. Robertshaw	0	13	0
Miss Powell	0	16	0
Mrs. Pope	1	12	6
Miss Joyce	1	1	5
Mr. W. H. Reading	1	1	8
Miss Crawford	0	12	0
Miss M. L. Nisbet	1	10	6
W. S.	0	2	0
Mr. R. J. Wilkinson	10	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture in Edinburgh, per Rev. F. H. White	7	7	0
A Freechurchman	0	10	0
Young Woman's Bible Class, Sandhurst, per Mrs. Brine	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. Collings, per Mrs. Withers	0	10	0
Master G. H. White	0	2	0
A Nurse	0	6	6
J. R. B.	1	0	0
W. H., Thornton Heath	5	0	0
David and his Mother	0	10	0
Mr J. J. Gillies	0	15	0
Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Miss Bullock	0	10	0
Cromer	0	5	0
E. F.	2	0	0
Mr. W. Perkins	0	9	0
Miss Champion	2	17	1
Miss Waddington	0	10	0
Mrs. Wagborn	0	8	0
Miss Choat	0	18	3
Mrs. Simmonds	1	4	1
Mrs. Gosling	0	10	0
Miss Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0
Miss Herbert	1	0	0
Miss Katie Turnbull	0	5	6
Mr. Doddington	0	18	3
A Disciple of the Benificent Society	0	10	0
Mr. J. Barton	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Kennedy	0	5	0
Mrs. Mayne	0	5	4
Miss Descroix	1	7	6
Rosa Conquest	0	1	3
Mrs. Marsh	1	0	0
Clara	0	5	0
In Memoriam	3	0	0
Dr. W. Mc. Gill	2	2	0
Miss Carter	4	0	0
An Aged Mother	0	10	0
An Old Pilgrim	0	5	0
Mr. D. Mathias	1	1	0
13855	5	0	0
Miss Peck	10	10	0
A Friend	0	7	0
Mrs. Morrell	0	3	0
Mr. T. Young	0	10	6
Miss Swain	0	14	10
Mr. Pearce	1	10	0
Mrs. Tamkin	0	2	0
Baptist Sunday School, Driffield	0	10	0
Messrs. Fisk and Son	5	0	0
Mrs. Healey	0	10	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Miss Wade	5	0	0
Miss M. Curling	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Rev. E. Bott	1	0	0
Miss Nellie Fela	1	3	3
N. Orders	0	15	0
W. E. C.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Simpson	2	5	0
Dull-gate	0	10	0
Miss Martin	2	0	0
Mr. B. Law	0	3	6
Mr. J. Bate	1	0	0
A Coal Carter and a Cobbler	0	10	0
Mrs. Northcroft	1	0	0

Annual Subscriptions:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. Withers:—						
Messrs. Helass and Co.	1	1	0			
Mr. J. Boorne	0	10	0			
Mr. J. H. Fuller	0	5	0			
Mr. J. Withers (quarterly)	0	5	0			
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1			
				2	2	1
Mr. C. Alldis				1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:—						
Mr. Airey	0	5	0			
Rev. W. Cloake	0	5	0			
Mr. H. Keen	0	5	0			
Mr. S. Pewtress	0	5	0			
Mr. May	0	5	0			
				1	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Le Cappelam	5	5	0
Collecting Books and Boxes:—			
Miss Louisa Archer	1	11	2
Master William Lyers	0	4	10
Miss Fairey	0	9	8
Mrs. Bunker	1	0	0
	0	6	6
Master Hanson	0	7	8
Miss Court	0	15	11
Miss A. Dunn	0	3	9
Mrs. Neville	0	5	3
Miss Underwood	0	5	4
Miss E. Boyle	0	3	0
Miss A. Conquest	0	1	5
Master Dellacourt	0	8	0
Master R. Cullum	0	12	6
Master T. F. Shaw	0	2	10
Miss Sidery	1	2	6
Miss A. Belcher	0	7	1
Miss Clark	1	3	6
Master John Spong	0	4	7
Master G. Conquest	0	2	9
Miss Price	0	6	9
Master Bolam	0	7	11
Miss Annie Page	0	3	4
Master W. J. Jefferson	0	7	6
Miss A. Wintle	0	3	10
Master Romang	0	11	7
Master Pankhurst	0	4	2
Miss E. Butler	0	7	8
Miss Hutchings	1	2	5
Mr. Gooding	0	7	9
Master A. Pankhurst	0	3	9
Master J. Hubbard	0	6	9
Master Ellmore	0	3	11
Miss Burman	0	14	6
John Salter	0	4	2
Master W. Cone	0	6	9
Mrs. Oxenford	0	11	5
Miss Blake	0	13	4
Mr. Farrier	1	13	11
Master A. Imbush	0	8	2
Miss Chate	0	5	1
Mrs. Young	0	6	4
Miss Passmore	0	8	3
Mrs. Kentfield	0	9	8
Mrs. Buswell	1	13	6
Miss Crockett	0	4	11
Miss C. Fidgo	0	2	11
Mrs. Baker	0	12	2
Miss Winslow	1	7	3
Miss Mundy	0	2	6
Miss Hale	0	7	3
Miss Hertzell	0	5	4
Mrs. Hinton	0	4	0
Miss Westerman	0	8	2
Mr. Buckmaster	0	4	6
Mr. Cunningham	0	11	9
Mr. Saxby	0	3	0
Miss Pearcey	0	2	1
Miss Alice Davis	0	8	1
Mr. Griffin	3	5	11
Miss Crowder	0	6	0
Miss Viner	0	5	7
Miss Loosley	0	8	2
Mrs. Knapp	0	18	5
Miss Olive Rooke	0	3	11
Mrs. W. J. Evans	1	7	5
Master J. Everett	0	7	9
Miss Emily Croker	0	10	4
Master Storer	0	4	7
Mr. Steer	0	6	4
Mrs. Allbury	0	4	5
Mrs. Fairman	0	9	3
Master J. Matthews	0	6	9
Master J. Cane	0	2	5
Miss Evans	0	2	5
Miss A. Munday	0	4	1
Miss M. Jones	0	7	9
Master Jago	0	6	3
Master W. Chite	0	0	8

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Romang	1	5	0
Miss L. Mundy	1	4	9
Miss Ashman	0	7	10
Mrs. Kerridge	0	6	11
Miss Louisa Sayers	0	7	0
Miss West	0	15	10
Miss C. Richardson	0	5	4
Miss Patrick	0	2	0
Master E. Blogg	0	2	0
Miss Moon	1	14	4
Miss Skinner	0	4	8
Master W. Allen	0	3	5
Miss Oxenford	0	4	1
Miss Law	1	3	3
Master A. Stracey	0	10	6
Mr. Johnson	1	2	8
Mr. Gobby	0	4	11
Mrs. Gwillim	0	17	1
Mrs. Turner	1	19	4
Miss F. A. Field	3	18	0
Mr. Sullivan	0	4	6
Miss Wright	0	4	8
Mrs. Davies	0	6	10
Master S. R. Waters	0	4	6
Mrs. Mallison	0	4	0
Mrs. Limbert	0	13	6
Master E. Allen	0	4	1
Master Phillips	0	16	9
Miss Wand	0	9	0
Miss Higgs	2	4	8
Mrs. Gisbey	0	2	11
Mrs. Raybould	1	2	8
Master George Phillips	2	6	6
Miss Amelia Phillips	5	2	1
Miss Helen Phillips	5	1	9
Master Willie Phillips	0	10	0
Miss Jephs	4	4	0
Master Edmonds	0	8	11
Mrs. Bonsor	3	5	0
Mrs. Allum	0	16	0
Miss Day	0	17	0
Master A. Mitchell	0	5	0
Master E. Allen	0	3	10
Master W. Ward	0	6	0
Miss Craig	0	15	0
Miss Maynard	0	16	3
Master A. G. Ward	0	5	6
Master A. Bunting	0	4	0
Master C. Boot	0	6	10
Master Bunting	0	6	6
Master J. Lawson	0	8	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	9	10
Miss J. A. Langton	0	14	0
Mrs. Samuel	0	11	0
Mr. Ed. W. Saunders	1	15	0
Mr. Crofts	1	7	0
Miss Hughes	0	10	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Miss Burden	1	17	3
Miss A. Moulton	0	3	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	11	0
Miss Keys	1	3	6
Miss Gobey	0	8	0
Mr. Luff	1	0	0
Mr. Round	0	7	4
Mr. Ed. O. Boot	0	10	0
Mrs. Rose	1	1	0
Miss Howard	0	3	0
Miss Buckmaster	0	9	0
Miss M. A. Wells	0	5	6
Miss Waters	0	5	0
Miss Billiter	0	5	0
Miss Weeks	0	13	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	5	0
Miss Chilvers	2	4	0
Per Mrs. Evans:—			
Mr. Arthur Pash	1	1	0
Mrs. Pash	0	10	0
	1	11	0
Master James Caney	0	1	0
Miss Read	0	10	8

	£	s.	d.
Master A. Read	2	11	1
Mr. Woollard	3	17	9
Miss J. Cockshaw	0	15	0
Miss Hallett	0	10	0
Mr. Youngs	1	5	0
Miss Thompson	0	12	0
Mrs. Drayson	1	1	6
Miss E. Fryer	1	13	0
Miss Anne Lefevre	1	3	8½
Mrs. Bowles	2	5	6
Mrs. Marsh	1	1	0
Miss Peters	0	6	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	8	6
Mr. Harding	1	0	2
Miss Isley	0	16	0
Mr. Romang	1	0	0
Miss A. Badenock	0	15	0
Miss E. Hughes	1	1	0
Mrs. Sanderson	0	10	0
Miss L. Lovegrove	0	14	6
Miss Alderson	0	8	0
Mrs. Hinton	3	0	0
Miss Cockshaw	0	10	0
Miss Olive Charlesworth	1	7	10
Miss A. Charlesworth	0	15	9
Master Willie Charlesworth	2	4	4
Miss Hughes	1	0	2
Miss Parker	1	10	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Miss S. E. Cockrell	3	3	0
Miss Miller	0	7	9
Mr. C. Miller	1	8	0
Mr. T. Johnson	0	14	6
Mrs. Carruthers	5	0	0
Master H. Johnson	0	2	8
Mr. G. Ely	0	13	6
Master T. Johnstone	0	3	3
Mr. C. Howes	0	15	4
Mr. Bantick	1	5	6
Mrs. Tiddy	1	5	6
Miss Pyne	0	15	9
Mr. G. Faulkner	0	15	6
Mrs. Stafford	5	0	8
Miss Richardson	0	8	0
Mr. Dougharty	2	2	0
Miss Darkin	0	5	0
Mrs. Green	0	12	0
Miss Green	0	2	0
Mrs. Pettit	0	2	0
Mrs. Duncombe	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	15	0
Miss Smith	0	10	0
Miss Goodchild	0	18	7
Miss Pearce	1	8	0
Mr. Tofield	0	10	6
Mr. Mitchell	0	2	8
Master C. Ledger	0	15	5
Master Canning	0	3	8
Miss Heath	0	3	11
Master F. Prebble	0	2	8
Master J. S. Moore	0	5	2
Master H. Allen	0	7	10
Miss Roan	1	19	2
Miss Kate Everett	0	9	4
Miss Sarah Neale	0	9	0
Master F. Capon	0	1	6
Master H. Spong	0	10	2
Miss Spratt	0	4	7
Miss Wilcox	0	0	9
Mrs. E. Belcher	0	3	9
Miss H. Heath	0	3	4
Master F. Drew	0	14	9
Miss L. Potier	0	19	11
Miss Susan Turner	0	17	6
Mr. G. Cullum	0	6	4
Mrs. Augar	0	13	2
Mr. F. Jefferson	0	7	11
Mr. Smith	0	3	1
Miss J. Maynard	0	9	3
———	0	2	11
———	0	4	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hubbard	0	4	11
Miss Dougharty	0	13	0
Miss Evans...	0	9	6
Master Hayball	0	3	6
Miss Baldock	0	4	3
Mr. Sanderson	0	2	7
Master J. Mitchell...	0	3	11
Mrs. Root	0	7	8
Miss Avery	0	12	1
Master C. Thomas	0	3	2
Master C. Carden	0	6	2
Master H. Edwards	0	0	11
Mr. E. Glenny	0	11	6
Master Wheeler	0	7	5
Master Gobby	0	14	5
Miss Larkman	0	3	9
Miss Moulton	0	4	5
Miss E. J. White	0	9	9
Master McKibbin	0	3	1
Master R. Padbury	3	1	3
Miss Spratt	0	4	7
	£165	18	1

Orphanage Christmas Dinner.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Morrison	0	10	0
Mrs. Townsend	5	0	0
Mrs. T.	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Barlow	1	0	0
Mrs. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie Tice	0	1	0
Lottie Tice	0	1	0
Bennie Tice	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Edwards	3	0	0
Mr. G. James	1	0	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Henry Bridge	0	5	0
Papa	0	5	0
Lizzie...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Gladdish	1	10	0
Mr. W. Smellie, Jun.	2	2	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Miss Carter	1	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
Arthur, John, Annie, & Gerty Bennett	0	8	0
Clara Foukes	0	1	0
Mrs. Northcroft	1	0	0
J. W.	0	2	6
G. B. A.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. G. Lawrence and Friends	3	3	0
Alice	0	5	0
Mr. W. S. Aldridge	0	3	0
J. J.	0	5	4
Mrs. Stafford	0	10	0
	£35	2	10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions, &c.:—A Chest of Apples, J. D. Treherne; A Sack of Apples and Sack of Potatoes, W. Marchant; 4 Cwt. Fruit Preserve, S. Chivers and Sons; Box of Eggs, Mr. Potier; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; Box of Oranges and Half Box Valencias, per Hanson, Evison, and Barter; Fruit, etc., for Christmas Pudding, J. T. Daintree; A Sack of Flour, per S. E. R.; A Sack of Flour, Mr. Neale; box of Currants, ditto Valencias, ditto Prunes, ditto Peel, Mr. Llewellyn; A Sack of Peas, P. Keevil; A Ton of Potatoes, J. M.

Clothing, &c.:—Six Boys' Overcoats, Mr. Heath; 12 Pairs Socks, Mrs. Davies; 12 Pairs Socks, "Little Burt's Aunt"; 12 Woollen Comforters, Miss Jones; 6 Woollen Comforters, "The Little Maynards"; 44 Yards of Cloth, H. Fisher and Co.; 6 Cotton Shirts, Mrs. Booth; 2 Pairs Knitted Socks and a Piece of Edging, E. Hubbard.

Sundries:—Fourteen Books for Boys' Prizes, Messrs. Cassell; 46 Ditto, E. Stock; 24 Ditto, J. Clarke.

Donations, &c.:—Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith, £1; Collected by Miss Simms, 10s; Thankoffering, Miss Simms, 10s; E. Stiff, Esq., £5; Collected by Mrs. Shilling, 13s; Janet Ward, 10s; 38 Coins in Pillar Box at Orphanage Gate, 6s 3d.—Total, £8 9s 3d.

Christmas Offerings:—Miss Easty, 2s 6d; Mrs Virtue's Children, 10s; A Christmas Gift from the Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, £2 0s 6d.—Total, £2 13s.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Pendleton District	40	0	0
Sheppey	5	0	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Worcestershire Evangelistic and Colportage Association	30	0	0
Ryde District, per Miss Hadfield ...	10	0	0
Ledbury District, per Mrs. Barber ...	10	0	0
Kington District	10	0	0
J. P. Bacon, Esq.	5	0	0
Malden District, per Mr. S. Spurgeon...	2	10	0
— Hamson, Esq.	1	1	0

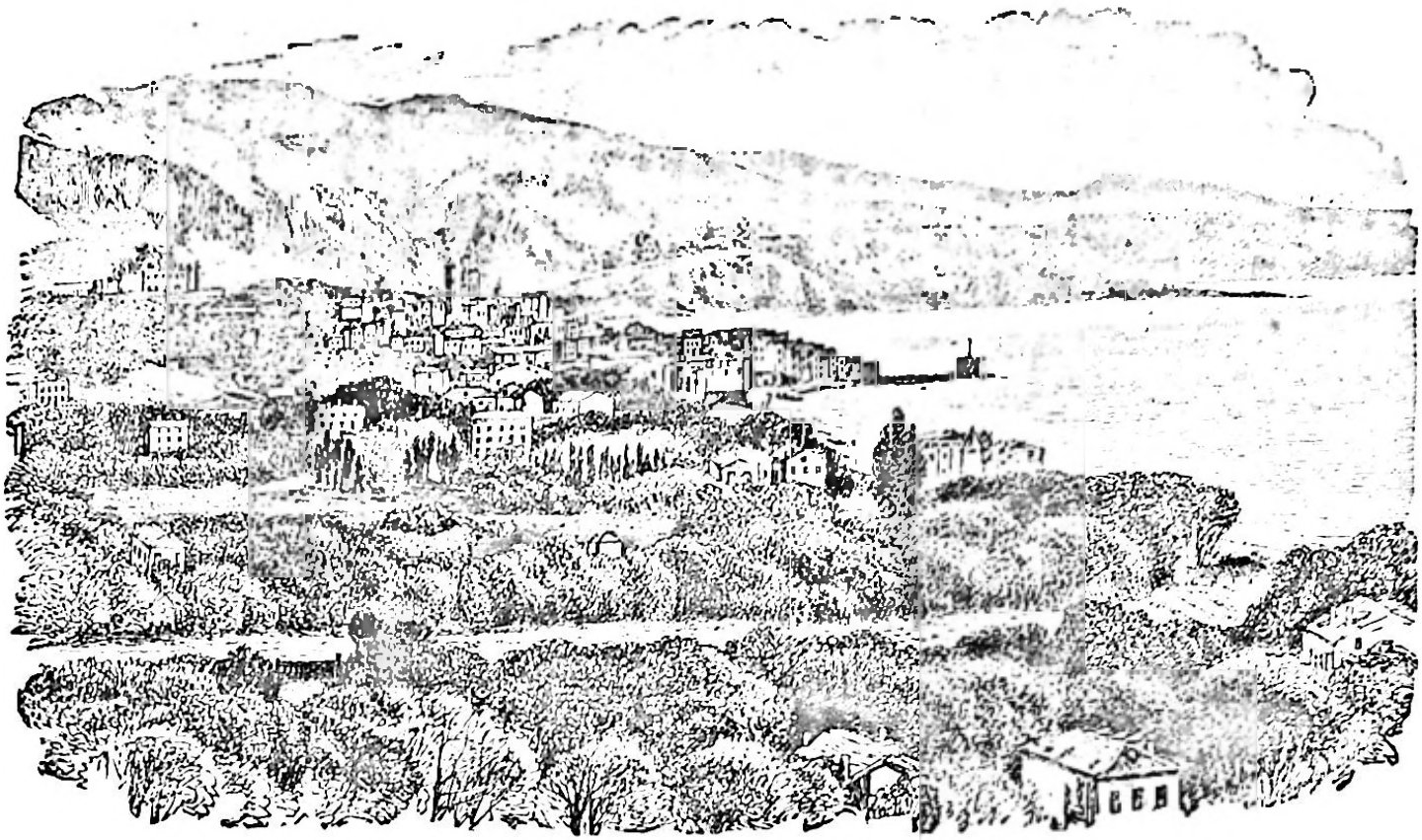
	£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. Box	0	1	0
Per Mr. Tait, Worcester	0	1	3½
Messrs. Fisk and Sons	5	0	0
A. R. B.	3	0	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
Mrs. Legge...	0	5	0
W. Ely	0	5	0
	£131	3	3½

W. C. Murrell, Esq., 1 Ton of Best Coals for the use of the Society.

Our subscribers will kindly note that our list of donations was closed so early this month, owing to the necessity of printing early, that numbers of amounts are not acknowledged, but shall be inserted in the February number.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



MENTONE (FROM THE WEST).

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

Our Winter Retreat.

FOR reasons of health we take our "minister's holiday" in the winter instead of the summer. It suits us best to leave our seagirt isle when it is most smothered in fogs. It is a long time since we had a day's sunshine, and we are about to make a journey in search of it. We remember a book entitled "A Stray Sunbeam"; surely the bad example set by one has affected all the rest, and the sunbeams have turned every one to its own way. We go to find out where their haunt is. When this number of *The Sword and the Trowel* reaches our readers we hope to be far away from fogs and frosts; not exactly in a land

> "Where everlasting spring abides
> And never-withering flowers,"

but in a region as near akin to it as we can expect to meet with in this world of changeful seasons. We shall at least be in a spot where the swallow never migrates, where the lizard basks and sports in the sun all the year round, where the brilliant dragon-fly darts before the eye in mid-winter, and the spider spins his web every month in the year, and finds abundant insect food. On our last visit we remained for a whole month and never saw a drop of rain, and only noticed a single threatening cloud, and that was the theme of conversation among the sojourners beneath that azure sky; so that we could almost realise the expectation of rain which filled Elijah's bosom when he saw the little cloud arising out of the sea. The benefit which we derived from our stay was so great that we cannot think of it without devout gratitude, and the wish that many other rheumatic sufferers were able to share the

privilege. The dryness of the atmosphere and the delicious warmth of the sun proved to be nature's best medicine, and we returned to pass a whole year with only a slight return of our disorder, though working on with incessant strain.

Thinking that our friends would like to see our retreat as far as it can be represented upon paper, we have borrowed two or three of the many engravings which adorn our friend Dr. Henry Bennett's most valuable work, entitled "Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean; or, the Riviera, Mentone, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Algeria, Spain, and Biarritz, as winter climates," published by John Churchill and Sons, New Burlington Street. This book is exceedingly well written, and, unlike a guide book, is attractive reading even to those who may not be able to visit the places personally. The author has an eye for the sublime and beautiful, a taste for natural history, a relish for the moral teachings of creation, and an absorbing interest in his subject; hence he is never prosaic and dry, though always practical and to the point. He has been in a very large degree the maker of Mentone as a health resort; and as Brighton honours "the first gentleman in Europe," and Cannes cultivates the memory of Lord Brougham, from a lively sense of obligation, Mentone may well cherish the name of J. Henry Bennett as her benefactor. Restored from the borders of the grave by the influence of its sunny clime, this able physician makes Mentone his constant winter residence, and draws towards it, both by his book and by his personal influence, so large a number of visitors, that it is almost to be feared that accommodation will soon be difficult to obtain, for even now villa residences can only be procured for the season at enormous rents. At present, however, one may spend five weeks at the best hotel, and after paying the railway fares of both going and returning, will find that he has not expended more in the whole time of his absence from home than it would have cost him to reside in a corresponding hotel at Brighton. This may encourage invalids who suppose the expenditure to be excessive. Compared with the once popular voyage to Madeira, the cost is little and the toil of travelling nothing at all. It is a long way for a sick man, but it can be accomplished in four comparatively easy stages; London to Paris, Paris to Lyons, Lyons to Marseilles, and Marseilles to Mentone. The strain upon the strength cannot be mentioned in the same day with a sea voyage down the Channel into the boisterous Atlantic.

Mentone is a small Italian town of about five thousand inhabitants, pitched upon a mere cornice of land, guarded by a background of hills, and shut in by an amphitheatre of lofty mountains which most effectually protect it from the north-west, north, and north-east winds. The mountains seem to fold it in their arms and clasp it round, as a mother embraces her babe; indeed, the simile may be pushed further, for as the child lies upon the warm bosom of love, so does Mentone flourish in the radiated heat which the limestone rocks pour forth. There are occasional frosts, but the abundance of lemon and orange trees covered with fruit at mid-winter, and the blooming of the veronica and the flowering of the rose at the same season, prove that these are not very frequent nor of great severity. Ice may be found in the valleys which are chilled by down-draughts from the mountains, but cold is a thing of the

night, when the invalid is safe in his chamber; the day is warm, and, as he sits in the sun, he is generally glad of an umbrella to screen him from its powerful rays, and that, be it remembered, when further south at Florence or Rome he might be shivering with cold. The temperature falls suddenly when the sun sets, and, consequently, it is the invalid's duty to get within doors at once; but from sunrise to sunset he may move about at a gentle pace, or sit under the rocks, and think that summer is holding sway; indeed, it seems almost ridiculous to read in our letters from home of the wretched weather, the deep snows, or the dense fogs, which are afflicting our friends in the land we have left behind us. We never felt so much before the beauty of the comparison of the Lord Jesus to the sun, for in the Riviera the sun is everything, he is the father of the flowers, the ruler of the weather, and the comforter of those to whom his wings bring healing: out of his range the balm departs from the air, and the climate is little or no better than elsewhere, but beneath his beams life laughs for joy. The Italians have a proverb that where the sun does not enter the physician must, and we have proved it true all too sadly, for in a room with a northern aspect at Nice we were chilled to the bone, and assailed in such a manner with our painful disorder, that it was a month before we recovered. If the Sun of Righteousness does not visit our souls, we shall soon be in an evil case, languishing and pining for lack of the spiritual health which he alone can supply.

Those who require dissipation to render a holiday pleasant will think Mentone dull, and prefer the gaieties of Nice—our taste lies in the direction of quiet and repose. "There is nothing to see here" was the exclamation of a young swell, who reckoned theatres necessaries of life. Nothing to see, with that glorious sea before you, those innumerable valleys, that gorgeous scenery, those weird olive groves and golden gardens! Nothing to see, where every turn opens up a new vista among the mighty hills, or, as you climb, fresh Alps on Alps tower before your eyes! To the blind, beauty herself has no charms. To the man who sees in nature the garments of the Invisible One, the footprints of infinite love, all nature furnishes recreation and enjoyment. The fact is that it would be hard to find a place with so many walks near at hand as Mentone; you are out of the town in a moment, a single turn takes you into a secluded valley, or to a lonely foot-track among the rocks, whence you have only to look back upon the glorious Mediterranean, or forward to lofty mountains. There are footways innumerable among the olive and orange gardens, and one's rambles are not abruptly brought to a pause by announcements that "TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED," such as in our own country confine us to dusty roads shut in by hideous walls, which deny to the tourist even a glimpse of nature's loveliest landscapes. Here, when feeble knees forbid a walk of many miles, a few minutes will place the invalid upon a position fit for an emperor, where he may sit under the olive and figtree, none making him afraid, and drink in health and beauty at the same moment. Nothing to see! The fop, the debauchee, and the idiot may have the monopoly of such an exclamation. There is everything to see that a restful spirit can desire.

Never shall we forget when our eye first caught a glimpse of Corsica

across a distance of at least one hundred and twenty miles: it rose like a dream of fairy-land, a vision hardly to be realised as actually before our opened eyes. We had been told that at sunrise the tops of the mountains of Corsica could be seen, but we had looked in vain, and it was while we were climbing a rock in the afternoon of the day that quite to our surprise the fair island seemed to rise like Venus out of



the sea. Owing to the rotundity of the earth the shores of Corsica, which are ninety miles distant, are not visible, but the mountain summits, which are from six to nine thousand feet above the sea, are distinctly to be seen, with the markings of the clefts and ravines, and even the masses of cloud anchored upon them. The clearness of the atmosphere may be readily inferred from this fact. When our heart is clear of all doubts and unbeliefs our spiritual eye can behold the land which is very far off, and far o'er the sea of time the bejewelled city may be seen gleaming in a glory brighter than the sun.

The old part of Mentone is just like every other Riviera town, made up of lofty houses, arranged in narrow alleys instead of streets. Standing on the pitch of a hill it is all up and down, except in the part which visitors frequent, which is a wider street, and forms a portion of the famous Corniche road. This road keeps very near the sea for the simple reason that the rocks come down so nearly to the water, in many parts of its course, that it must either run by the ocean's edge or be carried aloft over the hills. In passing through Mentone it traverses one or two bridges over mountain torrents, and beyond it, towards St. Remo, it is carried over the lofty arch which spans a ravine dividing France from Italy. From this main road by the sea there are lesser roads, bridle paths, and walks into the mountainous regions. Beyond the frontier are the famous bone caves, in which have been found organic remains, flint instruments, and portions of charcoal. The supporters of the pre-Adamic existence of man have here gathered ammunitions of war, but for our part we are not converted to their theory, and moreover our hands are so full of matters which concern the present race that we care not to inquire whether any other humanities occupied the world before our own came upon it. Even if men existed before Adam, it would make no difference to the Mosaic history, which does not profess to tell us of any other race but our own. We think the idea to be all moonshine, but are not at all alarmed for the Scriptures, whether it should turn out to be true or not. It is, however, very interesting to see the indisputable evidences that the caves were once inhabited by creatures which were neither vegetarians nor members of the Peace

Society, but in all probability were men of like passions with ourselves. Many of the remarkable relics are preserved in the local museum.

Everybody who visits Mentone goes over to Monaco. The Casino and gaming-tables there are great attractions to gamblers of both sexes, but altogether apart from these enticements the spot is charming. The little principality of Monaco is almost the only place in Europe where the abomination of public gambling is allowed, and there under the eye of all comers it is carried on to the fullest extent. It is sad to see this vice so glaringly displayed in a place which, for its beautiful gardens and picturesque position, is worthy to be called a paradise. Truly the serpent is in every earthly Eden. While we were enjoying the loveliness of land and sea we heard the cooing of pigeons, and saw that vast numbers of the pretty creatures were preserved in elegant houses, and were kept in readiness for pigeon-shooting. On the outside of the houses were poor wounded birds wanting to get in and associate with their old companions. We were sick at heart to see them suffering. What sport our countrymen find in shooting these innocent creatures we cannot tell! It is an amusement only worthy of savages, and yet the aristocracy are the chief patrons of it. It is sad that it should pollute so lovely a scene. And yet we do not know; perhaps this pigeon-shooting outside is an instructive arrangement, intended to warn the unwary who venture within the gambling saloons, an intimation that what is done outside by means of powder and shot is performed upon superior game within the Casino by a surer method. Many a bird is trapped, plucked, wounded, and done to death at the gambling-table, where sights are occasionally witnessed which the lover of his race would wish to forget. The rock of Monaco is altogether a thing of beauty, whether you walk around it or look down upon it from the lofty platform at Turbia, which well repays you for the labour of the ascent.

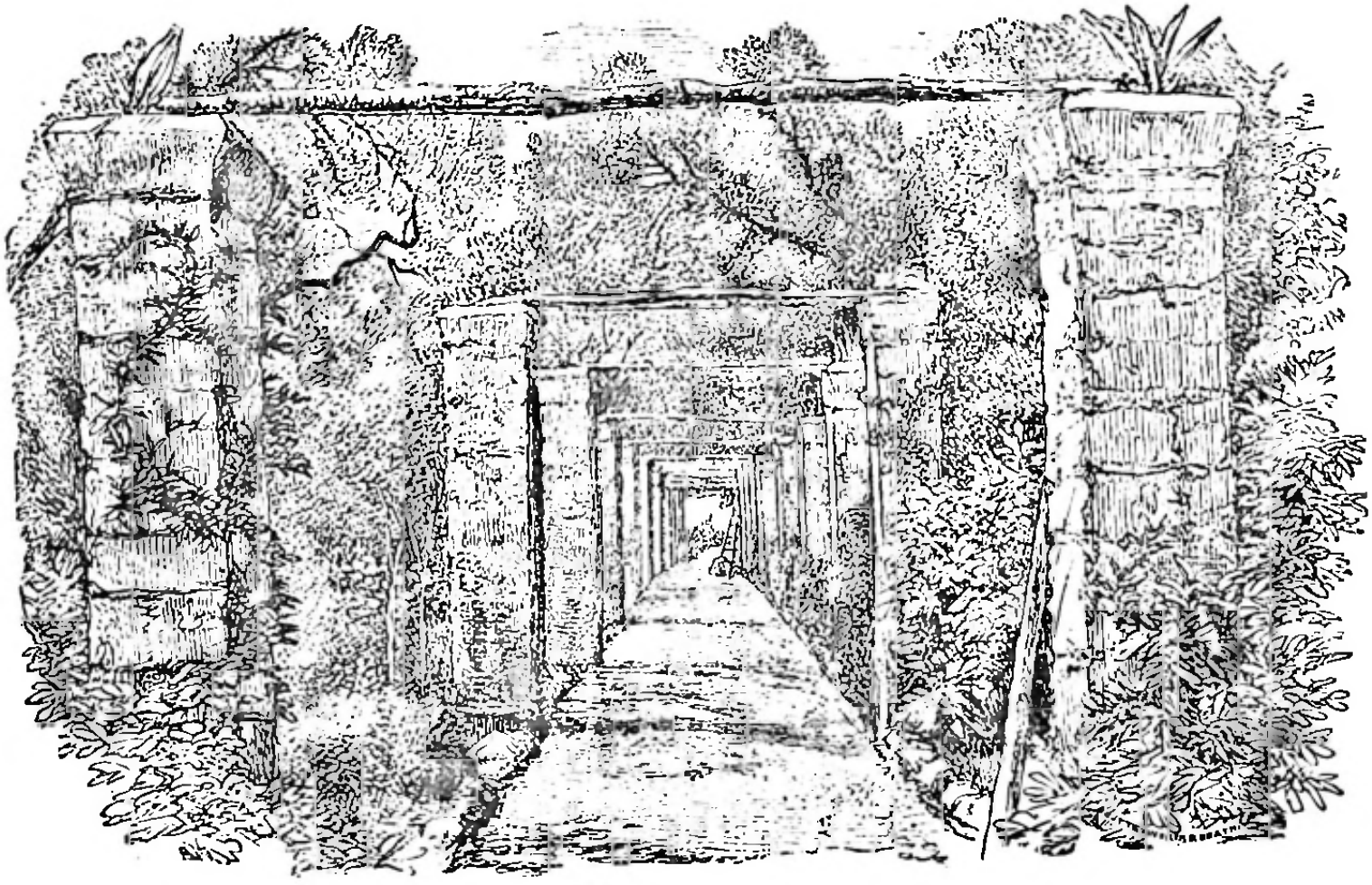
Roccabruna and Castellar also afford excellent excursions, and to Nice by road and back by rail is an easy day's work. In the other direction Bordighera and San Remo are very pleasant rides along the shore. To us the most charming resort is Dr. Bennett's garden, just over the Italian frontier. The main avenue of it salutes the eye upon entrance, and, being full of the choicest flowers freely blooming, it delights you at once. The doctor has terraced the rocks, and, by employing women to carry up baskets of earth to fill up the terraces, he has, by perseverance and skill, created a garden where else had been nothing but bare stone. He has also restored an ancient Saracenic tower, which forms a picturesque object. The view is magnificent, and there are dainty seats at points of sight most desirable. There is a croquet-ground, fernery, and summerhouse, and best of all a hammock where the sick man may lie at ease and gaze around him. If he does not get well there what can become of him? We never knew hours roll away so swiftly as those we spent in friendly chat with the Doctor in his Elysium; all that could comfort the suffering body and brace the wearied mind we had around us, and we praised God at every breath for his infinite love in providing "so sweet a rest for wearied minds."

The doctor says of his garden:—"I have long had a garden in heather-clad, fir-covered Surrey, where summer flowers smile on me when I return from the south, but it is only a few years ago that the

thought came to establish a garden on the sunny shores of the Riviera. At first I was satisfied with the luxuriant wild vegetation of winter in this region, with the sunshine, and with the natural beauties of the district. As I became more and more familiarised with my winter home I began to grieve that the precious sunshine, light, and heat, that surrounded me should be turned to so little horticultural account. Nature in these southern regions is left pretty much to herself as regards flowers, and it is surprising what floricultural wonders she does produce unassisted. Then the desire came to see what I myself could do with the gardening lore previously acquired in England. So I purchased a few terraces and some naked rocks on the mountain side, about a mile from Mentone, three hundred feet above the sea level, with a south-westerly aspect, and thoroughly sheltered from all northerly winds. Here, hanging as it were on the flank of the mountain, I have set to work, assisted by an intelligent peasant from the neighbouring village of Grimaldi, whom I have raised to the dignity of head-gardener, and in whom I have succeeded in instilling quite a passion for horticulture. We think we have done wonders in the first three years of our labours, and, as the results obtained throw a considerable light on the winter climate in this part of the world, I shall briefly narrate them. I am encouraged to do so also by the reflection that should this work fall into the hands of others trying, like myself, to establish a winter garden in the south of Europe, my experience, slight as it yet is, may be of some avail.

"I would firstly repeat that I think I have found out why horticulture is so utterly neglected in the south of Europe, and in warm countries generally. Mere ordinary gardening—the cultivation of common garden flowers—is attended with considerable expense, owing to the necessity of summer and even winter irrigation, if any degree of excellence, or if certain results are to be obtained. In climates where, as on the Riviera, it does not rain from April until October, where the rain falls tropically, in cataracts, at the autumnal and vernal equinoxes, and where often in midwinter there are droughts of six weeks' duration under an ardent, burning sun, frequent watering becomes indispensable for most garden plants. Thus additional labour is required, and a heavy expense entailed, in addition to that of the ordinary work of the garden.

"On the other hand, southerners of the higher and middle classes are thrifty and economical, have few outlets for activity, and are at the same time indolent. Those who have property usually live on one-fifth of their income, and put by the rest. They thus provide for their children, and yet can remain quiescent, taking life easily, and spending their days in an agreeable state of 'dolce far niente.' By such persons horticultural expenses are considered an extravagance, and those foreigners who indulge in them are thought to be all but demented. They understand paying labour for planting and irrigating orange-trees, cabbages, peas, or wheat, because there is a return—a profit on the transaction; but to spend good money on roses and jasmines, unless to make perfumes for sale, passes their comprehension. Thus my Mentone neighbours think I am preparing for the erection of a large house, and nearly all the masons in the country have applied to me for my



DR. BENNETT'S ITALIAN GARDEN (ENTRANCE).

patronage. They cannot understand any one making a mere flower garden for pleasure on the mountain side, a mile or two from the town.

"In the gardens planted as adjuncts to the villas built for strangers many flowers and plants will thrive and blossom, more or less, all winter, with scarcely any care. Thus, the following grow luxuriantly:—Aloes, Cactaceæ in general, Iris, Maritime Squill, Wallflowers, Stocks, Carnations, Marguerite, Geranium, Marigold, Primula (common and Chinese), Violets, Pansies, Nemophila, Crocus, Snowdrop, Hyacinth, Ranunculus, Narcissus, Ixia, Sparaxis, Hepatica, Roses, Chrysanthemum, Salvias of many kinds, Lavender, Mignionette, Tobacco, red Valerian, Daphne, Veronica, Nasturtium, Petunia, Cyclamen, Camellias, Azaleas, Calla Æthiopica, Begonias, Cineraria, Verbena, Cytisus, Cistus, many species of Passion flowers, Chorozema, and many Australian winter flowering Mimosæ and Acaciæ. As stated, many of these plants can rest in the warm, dry summer without being injured thereby. They are all, or nearly all, perennial in this climate. They start into life with the autumn rains, flowering more or less early in the winter or spring, and most of them continue in full bloom from Christmas to April, a month which, horticulturally, corresponds to June in England.

"Most winters, in England, paragraphs appear in the newspapers, from residents in the more favoured regions of our island, giving lists of the flowers still blooming in their gardens. It may be remarked, however, that these lists never appear after Christmas, or the end of December at the latest. The fact is that in England November and December are generally rainy, and not very cold months; although the weather is very often damp, foggy, cold, and unfavourable to human health, it does not actually freeze so as to destroy vegetable life. The hard frosts of winter generally commence about Christmas or the week after, and then the autumn flowers are all destroyed to the ground, and no such floricultural triumphs are possible. On the Genoese Riviera, on the contrary, after Christmas, if there has been sufficient rain, vegetation takes a start and rapidly gains ground, under the influence, not so much of a higher night temperature (for we feel the January cold of continental Europe), but of the increasing length of the day, and of the ardent light and sun of an unclouded sky."

Lest we weary our readers with a theme in which they must naturally take less interest than the actual visitor to that sunny region, we break off abruptly for the present, hoping to resume the theme when on the spot; if we do so we shall insert a second article in our March number. Till then we ask for prayer that our many enterprises may not flag during our absence, that no untoward incident may occur, and that the means for carrying on the Lord's work may be constantly forthcoming. Brethren, pray for us.

Positivism.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"We know . . . . And we know . . . . And we know."—1 John v. 18—20.

IT is remarkable how throughout the whole of John's epistle he continually uses the word "know." It has quite refreshed me to read through the epistle carefully, and to observe how, as the clock strikes the same note again and again, John seems to have kept to this monotone, "We know, we know, we know." In this age, when it is fashionable not to know anything, when the professedly learned would hold us in a state of perpetual doubt, and our great poet tells us that there is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds, and everybody seems to be bewitched with what is called "modern thought," it is quite cheering to one's ear, and delicious to one's heart, to hear the bell strike out again and again, "We know, we know, we know." After all, there is something certain somewhere, some grip for our anchor, some foundation to build our eternal hopes upon—something that can be trusted, something besides cloud and will-o'-the-wisp. "We know, we know, we know." Take your pencils and read through this first epistle of John, and underline the word "know," and you will feel the force of our remark. Look at the second chapter, "Hereby we do *know* that we *know* him." "He that saith I *know* him." "Hereby *know* we that we are in him." In the thirteenth verse we read, "Because ye *have known* him." "I write unto you little children because ye *have known* the Father. I have written unto you, fathers, because ye *have known* him that is from the beginning." "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye *know* all things." "I have not written unto you because ye *know* not the truth, but because ye *know* it, and that no lie is of the truth." And so in the third chapter, verse after verse. "The world knoweth us not, because it *knew* him not." "We *know* that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." The fifth verse—"Ye *know* that he was manifested to take away our sin." And so it is, on, on, on, all through the chapter—"we know," "ye know," and "they know."

And why is this? It seems to me, first, that John had the echo of his Master's words ringing in his ears. He laid his head upon his Master's bosom, and caught his Master's spirit; yea, more, his Master's thoughts; yea, more, his Master's very words. Continually as you read John's first epistle you are reminded of passages in his gospel. The epistle seems to be the essential extract of the gospel. John, the beloved of Jesus, reproduces his Master more fully than any other apostle. Listen to the Master's words in the fourteenth chapter of John, fourth verse: "I go to prepare a place for you. And whither I go *ye know*, and the way *ye know*. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" (Seventh verse)—"If ye had *known* me, ye should have *known* my Father also; and from henceforth ye *know* him and have seen him." Hear how the *know* rings out! Again, attend to our Lord's prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John—"Now they have *known* that all things

whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee." "They have *known* surely that I came out from thee." "O righteous Father, the world hath not *known* thee: but I have *known* thee, and these have *known* that thou hast sent me." The words of Jesus had so fastened upon John's mind, and had so deeply impressed his heart, that when his soul wanted words it caught at those which had rooted themselves so firmly among the most happy memories of his life. I attribute the preponderance of the word "know," which constitutes itself an idiom in the epistle, to the fact that the expressions of the Master had been treasured up by the servant.

Furthermore, John is one in whom we see very little of mental conflict. Thomas had brain in excess of heart, and hence he had his doubts, and exclaimed, "Except I put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." By-and-by he became a grand believer, and indeed a very leader in true doctrine, for he was the first that ever inferred the deity of Christ from his wounds when, looking at the scars, he said, "My Lord and my God." John was too intimate with Christ to doubt, and he had too much heart to be a questioner, too much of earnest, intense, loving life to be subject to those diseases which spring from preponderance of intellect over affection. His soul was, like his Lord's, on fire with love divine, and it burnt up the chaff of doubt too rapidly for it even to have seemed to be there. It had only to be scattered over the flame to vanish at once. It is very beautiful to notice how positive John is in his writing. I like the commencement of his epistle, it is so different from the wavering talk which we hear now-a-days. He begins thus—"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon (that is, intensely gazed upon) and our hands have handled of the word of life; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." Is not this true "positivism"? Where will you find it if you do not find it here? Speak of dogmatism! Here is dogmatic teaching indeed. He does not hesitate, or fear, or doubt for one moment. His evidence is too sure, and his conviction too firm; and hence it is that he rings out that bell so clearly, "We know, we know, we know."

The full assurance, expressed by the word "know" arises from the fact that perfect love always casts out hesitancy and doubt, which are a form of fear, and, as John tells us, "Perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment." Love cannot endure a doubt. If love is crossed with doubt it becomes jealousy, and that is cruel as the grave. A man had better meet a wolf in the depth of winter, or a bear robbed of her whelps, than a man in his jealousy, for his fury burns like coals of juniper, which have a most vehement flame. Love must have certainty. Those whom we dearly love must be beyond suspicion as to their reciprocal affection. As to a doubt whether there be a Christ, or whether he be the Son of God, or whether he loved us and gave himself for us, this may be indulged in by those who love not; but where love is supreme it sits in state like God upon the cherubim, and the Dagon of doubt falls down and is broken in pieces. If the church of the present age loved Jesus better she would speak much more confidently about him,

and in so doing she would speak more like the oracles of God: but where the damp of lukewarm affection settles down, the cold chill of doubt is sure to follow; and it is in these wintery nights of declining love to Jesus that the frost of unbelief binds up the rivers of spiritual life. The Lord quicken the love of his church, and as soon as that is done, her sons will say, as John did, "We know, and we know, and we know," and the grand old positive spirit of Luther and of Calvin, blazing with the enthusiasm which came with Whitefield and Wesley, will come back to the church, and God will bless the world thereby.

I am about to speak upon the forms of Christian knowledge. "We know" . . . "and we know" . . . "and we know."

Here I note, first, that Christians have this knowledge in seven different forms, of which the one draws on the other, like golden links of a precious chain.

And, first, *we know*; that is to say, we have INSTRUCTION; and herein we are saved from ignorance. The Christian is not ignorant of the gospel and its great primary truths, but he knows them, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and by searching the Word. That use of the term we have frequently in this epistle. I will give two specimens. The twentieth verse of the fifth chapter: "We know that the Son of God is come, and that he hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true." We know the fact of incarnation, and the mission of our Lord Jesus Christ, for we have been so informed by the Scriptures. In the sixteenth verse of the fourth chapter we have another instance: "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." We know the love of God, for it is revealed, and we accept the witness of the Spirit concerning it.

We know the great facts of the gospel, and this is no small blessing. Myriads of our fellow creatures are unaware of the first principles of the faith, scarcely knowing that there is a God, and altogether ignorant of the wondrous plan of redemption by the blood of Jesus. Even in this (so called) Christian country there is much ignorance about these things. I wish that Christian people would more frequently question others about what they know of Christ. No book is less read, in proportion to its circulation, than the Bible, and certainly no book less understood. With all the preaching we have—and some of it very excellent—there is everywhere a great ignorance of the rudimentary truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. One is surprised to find that the language which is used in the pulpit is not understood at all by the mass of the people. They do not know where the preacher is: he is somewhere up in the clouds, they learn nothing from his big words. They suppose it is all right, and very good, and they listen to it; but as far as instruction is concerned many a preacher might almost as well speak in Syriac. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound." It is a happy thing to know that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has come in the flesh, that he took upon himself the sins of his people, that he bore the wrath of God on their behalf, that by believing in him men are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses. It is a blessed thing to know that "in him we have redemption through his blood," and sanctification and eternal life. It is a blessed thing to know the Holy

Ghost; to know that he converts the soul, and comforts, and illuminates, and guides, and sanctifies; it is well to know something of the future life; to know the doctrine of election, the doctrine of effectual calling, and the doctrine of the eternal security of the saints. Many there be who have not found out these truths; and if we have done so, it is not a thing to boast of, but a matter to be very thankful for. I am afraid the Bible is so common that we are not duly grateful for it; and the preaching of the gospel has become so usual a thing to us that we are not sufficiently mindful of the high privilege conferred upon any one who is permitted to hear it. Be glad, dear friends, that so far as instruction in the gospel is concerned we are not left in the dark, but we can say, thanks be to God, *we know*, for we have been taught, some of us from our youth up; we know, for we have searched the Scriptures; we know, for we have listened to a gospel ministry; we know, for we have weighed, and judged, and studied these things for ourselves.

There is a far higher knowledge than this, which I shall speak of secondly. By knowing is frequently meant APPREHENDING and understanding. This kind of knowledge is opposed to a mere hearing of doctrines and facts without understanding their inner meaning. To wit, a man may know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that he died, but he may not understand the great truth of substitution, and why and wherefore Jesus died. Now, I do not say that any very deep understanding of the truth is necessary to salvation, but I do say that it is an inestimable privilege to be able to go deep into these things, and to know not merely the facts but the reason of the facts, and the teaching of the facts. A nut is very well, but I prefer to crack the shell, and get the kernel. It is delightful to read the Word, but to meditate upon it and understand it is the great matter. In instruction we are like the cow when cropping the grass, but apprehension is like the same creature ruminating: when she lies down and chews the cud, it is then that the real nourishment is gained. John uses the word "know" in that sense in the second clause of the twentieth verse of our text: "And we *know* that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may *know*." That is, he has taught us what is meant by his coming. From our very childhood we knew that Jesus came in the flesh, but perhaps it is only a little while ago that we understood how

> "He bore, that we might never bear,
> His Father's righteous ire,"—

and how he stands as our representative before the throne of God at this moment. We know the doctrine of imputed righteousness as a matter of fact, but, perhaps, we have not even now entered into the full sense of our acceptance in the Beloved. I urge upon every one who knows the truth to pray daily for a deeper understanding of its innermost meaning, that he may know the marrow and fatness of the covenant, may dig into the mines of revelation, and turn up those masses of gold which surface readers never discover. The Scriptures do not at once yield up the whole of their wealth even to a student. He must dig and dig, and dig and dig again. Jerome used to say, "I adore the plenitude of Holy Scripture;" and well he might, for there is a

mighty fulness in it. I think it was Henry Martin who, when he had to translate the Bible into the Persian, said that he never knew the Word so well as when he had to go over every syllable of it. You remember Uncle Tom spelling "L-e-t let, n-o-t not, y-o-u-r your, h-e-a-r-t-s hearts be troubled," and so on, and how he said that every letter of it was sweet. After you have thought over a verse for hours you feel persuaded that you have found out its full teaching; perhaps you have looked to learned authors and noticed the correct text, and many good thoughts thereon, and yet further on a new meaning starts up; and perhaps weeks after, when that text has been abiding under your tongue like a sweet morsel, you all on a sudden say, "I never saw this before. Here is something fresh, and more wonderful still. Now I know the inmost sense of this delightful Scripture."

How I wish that all Christians in this sense *knew*, so that they could say "We know, we know, we know." We ought not merely to assert our belief in an orthodox creed, but we should know the meaning of it. We should not merely confess that such and such are our doctrinal sentiments; but we should go into truths like bees into the cups of the flowers, and find out where their honey lies. O that we could all feel that we have gone into the secret caves of revelation, the Spirit of God holding a flaming torch and leading us into all truth. O that we might all see the innumerable sparkles of those precious gems which glitter in the deep places where the lion's whelp hath not trodden, far down where only the Spirit of God can lead, and where only an eye that has been touched with heavenly eye-salve can see. Oh, for a church made up of people who understand, and therefore know!

We know by instruction, and we know by apprehension; but there is a sweeter sense than this. "We know," in a third sense, by PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE. You will find that meaning in such passages as the second chapter, at the thirteenth and fourteenth verses—"I write unto you, fathers, because ye have *known* him that is from the beginning." Our text is another specimen. "We *know* that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may *know* him." I will not quote all the texts; there are many of that kind. Thus we know the Lord himself. A friend comes to you and he says, "Do you know such a person?" You say first, "I know there is such a person"—that is instruction. Being further asked, "But, do you know him?" you answer, "Well, I know that he was a fine tall man, a soldier in the infantry, and that he went to the Crimea." That is a sort of knowing him by apprehension, but does not fully answer the question, "Do you *know* him?" You say, "Well, I cannot say that I *know* him, for if I were to see him I could not recognise him, I have never even spoken to him." To be acquainted with a man is a higher order of knowledge than the former, and in that sense believers know God, and know Jesus Christ, and know the Holy Spirit. They are acquainted with God. "No man hath seen God at any time," but we have spoken to him, and he has spoken to us. We have not heard his voice with these ears, but we are sure that we have heard him in our hearts. Our spirits know his voice. We have sometimes been bowed down with terror as he has spoken, and brought us under the spirit of bondage, but now we know the sound of his voice as a spirit

of love, and we respond to it, crying, "Abba, Father." We know the voice of Jesus. We are like the sheep who will not follow a stranger, "for they know not the voice of strangers;" but we know Jesus, and when he speaks to our souls we answer to his call. We not only know his voice, but we know *him*. We have come into personal contact with the Christ of God, not in mere imagination, but in fact. As surely as we live, the eternal God in Jesus Christ has looked upon us and has touched us—nay, more, has wrought a miracle on us, and has made us new creatures, "begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." I speak not of you all. I speak only of those of whom it is true that they do know the Lord. The Lord Jesus has become our familiar acquaintance. We tell him all our griefs. There is not a trouble but we carry to him, not a sorrow but we pour it into his bosom; and he, on the other hand, reveals his heart to us, for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

True believers, especially full-grown believers, when they are advanced in the divine life, know the Lord Jesus Christ as they know their friends, yea, as they know their very selves. They speak with him as a man speaketh with his friend; they even know him as they cannot know their friends, for they have received him into themselves, and they have become one with him. They have eaten his flesh and drunk his blood, and he is in them, and they in him—an intimate knowledge excelling all other knowledge beneath the sun. Though they do not profess to know all that is to be known of Christ, for there is a love of Christ that passeth knowledge, and heights and depths there are beyond all mortal ken, yet they do know him, and their daily aspiration is to know him more and more fully.

See, then, that as apprehension surpasses instruction, so acquaintance rises far beyond apprehension. May you and I know with this third knowledge, and live in the sweet enjoyment of it all our days.

Out of this rises a fourth degree of knowledge, namely, that of CERTAINTY as opposed to scepticism. When we are under instruction doubts may arise; when we apprehend and understand doubts may still trouble us; but when we come to be acquainted with Jesus, they are less likely to haunt us. Out of fellowship with Jesus springs the higher state of absolute certainty as to divine things. John himself was very certain. I read to you the commencement of his epistle just now, and you saw how confident he was; and we find him writing all through his epistle with equal strength and force of assurance. He says in the third chapter, the fifth verse, "Ye know that he was manifested to take away our sin, and in him is no sin." And in the twenty-fourth verse, "And hereby we *know* that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." In the fifth chapter read verse nineteen: "We *know* that we are of God;" and few as he felt that his brethren were, and the whole world engaged on the other side, in the spirit of Athanasius he cries, "The whole world lieth in the wicked one." He allows no force to the evidence even of a contradicting world, because one man abiding in the truth has more weight in his witness than millions under the power of the father of lies. Now, brethren, this is a blessed state to get into—that of certainty. I am utterly amazed at hearing

it continually asserted that the thoughtful public teacher must make great allowances for "the spirit of the age, which is one of earnest scepticism." I do not believe it. The spirit of the age is that of thoughtlessness and trifling. But what have I or any other Christian man to do with the spirit of the age? The spirit which is in us by which we ought to speak is the Spirit of God, and not the spirit of the age. In what spirit are Christian ministers to speak? The spirit of the first century, while the first century lasts, I suppose; the spirit of the second century when the second century comes in; and so from age to age the spirit of the Christian is to alter. Can it be so? You remember when they condemned Leighton because he did not speak according to the times, he replied, "If all of you are speaking for the times, let one poor brother speak for eternity." Was he not correct? Surely the spirit of the truth never changes, for truth is immutable. Surely the Spirit of God never alters, for he is divine. Have we one medicine for one age, and another medicine for another? Does it run thus—"Go ye into all the world and *adapt the gospel* to every century"? I find it not so written. Our standing orders are, Preach the gospel, *the* gospel, the same gospel, to every creature, thoughtful or thoughtless, philosophical or ignorant, civilised or uncivilised. *Semper idem* is the motto which the gospel may write above her temples. There let it stand. She cannot alter. For her to alter were death to truth and treason to Christ. Though we believe not, and though the age grow doubting, he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself. Ah, brethren, if you are not certain about these things, may God grant that you may be certain. Oh, to be uncertain whether the Saviour loved me and gave himself for me, it were as death to my soul! Some find delight in pulling down, as far as they can, the eternal pillars of the temple; but to see a sacrilegious hand laid on the least of them is painful in the extreme. There hangs my hope on yonder bloody tree, where the incarnate God offered up expiation for my sin; if you can disprove the doctrine of atonement, my comfort is gone, I care no more to live, there remaineth nothing for me. Therefore is my soul driven back by sheer necessity to fundamental truths, and cannot be content till she casts away the rubbish of human opinion, and gets down to the rock again—the sheer granite of eternal verities which God hath spoken, which are "yea" and "amen" in Christ Jesus. Brethren, labour after this. Let it not be to you a question whether there is such a thing as regeneration; it cannot be a question if you yourself are regenerate. It will not be a question whether there is such a thing as justification, if you are justified. You cannot doubt as to sanctification, if you are yourself consciously sanctified, any more than angels in heaven will doubt whether there is a heaven while living there and enjoying the glory of it. May we get up to this fourth point, which is that of absolute certainty as opposed to scepticism.

But now, fifthly, there is a knowledge of another kind, very useful in these days, namely, that of DISCERNMENT as opposed to a readiness to receive erroneous teaching. That meaning was intended by John. Read in the second chapter, beginning at the eighteenth verse:—"Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists, whereby we know that it

is the last time. They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us. But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and *ye know* all things." He does not mean that the saints know everything, but they judge, they discern, they know truth from error. When doctrine presents itself to you, ye know whether it is of Christ or of antichrist, and act accordingly. You are able to judge, to discern, and to distinguish. In the fourth chapter you have it again, at the second verse:—"Hereby know we the Spirit of God (or discern the Spirit of God). Every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." "Hereby," says he in the sixth verse, "know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." We know which is which, even as our Lord says—"A stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." And again, "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." There is a spirit of discernment, and much is it wanted now-a-days. It comes to us in the following way. Instruction, apprehension, acquaintance, certainty,—these bring discernment to detect the false from the true. Very delightful, too, is it to my mind, to see how the least instructed Christian, who does but know his Lord and love him, is not to be led astray. Mere professors like to hear a man who can speak fluently; and if he will use very pretty phrases and talk about cataracts, and the rippling rills, and the skies, and the clouds, and heaven knows what besides of mimic poetry, they cry up the orator mightily. The child of God thinks not so, for he has another way of judging. He says when he hears such rhetoric, "There was nothing for me." "What do you mean? There were plenty of flowers." "I cannot eat flowers," saith he. He judges whether he was fed or not, and he knows what he can eat. Nobody teaches sheep what is good for food and what is not; they know by instinct. I do not suppose they could preach a sermon upon healthy herbs and unhealthy plants, but they know by some means, and so do believers. They could not write it down; they could not compose an essay upon discernment: but they know what they can feed upon, and they know what they cannot feed upon, and they have very sure tests within them. "Ah," says the believer, "that will not do for me. There is no Christ in it. I cannot away with it." They listen to some humble preacher, who loves Jesus Christ and lifts him high, and they say, "Ah, well. He puts his *h*'s in the wrong places, and his grammar is deficient; but we were blessed, for when he exalted our Master and preached of him our very hearts danced within us for joy." I have felt just that myself: I have sat and cried as if my heart would break to hear Jesus Christ spoken of by a plain working man; but have felt indignant when I have listened to a learned thinker confusing the minds of the simple by words worth nothing at all. I was yesterday in a certain place, where needing refreshment, it was pressed upon me to purchase something, which was said to be very good to eat; and as far as I could make out when I partook of it, it was *nothing* beaten up and blown out to a great size, and a little sugar powdered over it; and it reminded me of the sermons that I have read, in which there was nothing whatever, only it was blown out extensively, developed

into a great size, and a little sugar of rhetoric put to it. Hungry souls cannot feed on wind. They will not have it. They very soon go away. Of course the fine fashionable people, the empty professors, who look for words only, say, "Oh, you must not be uncharitable. We cannot expect doctrine in every sermon," and so on. Thus, like the wild asses, they sniff up the wind and are satisfied therewith; but not so the people of God, they feel that time is too short, and eternity too long, and hell too terrible, and heaven too precious, to have their Sundays frittered away by pretty little essays which have as much connection with Mahometanism as with the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. There are plenty of such preachers abroad, and abundance of gentlemen who will pat them on the back and say, "These are highly intellectual brethren, and are fit to occupy large spheres." Our business is to preach Jesus Christ, and if we cannot preach him, let us take to tailoring, or ploughing, or cobbling, or some other honest way of earning one's livelihood. To preach anything else but Christ crucified, is to betray our Lord and Master, and most assuredly to bring upon ourselves confusion and condemnation in the last great day of account. May we have, dear brethren, given to us the spirit of discrimination that we may know the precious from the vile, for if we do so as preachers we shall be as God's mouth; and may we as hearers have the same discrimination, that we may ever be able to receive that which is of God, and to reject at once with solemn determination that which is according to the spirit of the world and not after Jesus Christ.

I pass on from that form of knowledge to another, which is this; by knowledge in this epistle, is frequently meant ASSURANCE in opposition to anxiety. That is the frequent use of the term here, as in the second chapter, the third to the eighth verse:—"Hereby we *do know* that we know him if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby *know* we that we are in him." Then in the fourteenth verse of the third chapter:—"We *know* that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." In the twenty-fourth verse:—"Hereby we *know* that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." Far too seldom do Christians reach this point. They should do so; and they should come up the ladder by the steps I have described; but many seem to think that it is almost necessary for them always to say most timorously, "I hope I am in Christ. I trust I am saved." They dare not say, "I know that I am in him, and that his Spirit is in me." Now, if they have never reached this round of the ladder, God forbid we should condemn them, for some of God's children remain trembling and doubting for many a day; yet they should not be content to be there. It ought to be the desire and aim of every one of us to know whether we are saved or not, because it is not a question that we can afford to leave in doubt. Any person here who has invested his money in any commercial enterprise, who should have it hinted to him this evening when he reaches home that it is an unsound concern, would not be at all likely to be quiet until he had discovered whether it was so or not;

and therefore our souls' eternal interests, which are far more important, cannot be allowed to remain in suspense. As soon as ever the question is raised a sensible man will be unsatisfied till it is settled. "Can it be settled?" says some one. "Can it be?" Oh, brethren, believe me, many of us do know our calling and election. Why? Because God has given us infallible tokens. He says, "Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ hath everlasting life." We do believe in him; we trust him with all our hearts, and God has said that we are saved and have everlasting life: shall we doubt God? Then "we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." If we feel a hearty love to God's people, inspiration tells us that we have passed from death unto life. Shall we doubt it? No, we will believe it. "Well," says one, "that seems to me to be presumption." Do you think so? Suppose you promise your children to-night that you will take them out to-morrow morning, and one of them says to you, "Well, father, I hope you will." There is no joy in his countenance,—why? Because he says he does not think you will; he is afraid it would be presumption to believe you. Do you not think it is presumption in him to doubt you? Look at that other little one. You say, "Jane, I shall take you out to-morrow." She claps her hands with delight; the thought of doubting you never enters her little head. Is she presumptuous? What, presumptuous to believe her father! Surely, it never can be presumption to believe God! To disbelieve God and to think highly of yourself—that is presumption; but to trust God and to believe his word, is there any presumption in that? "Ah," says one, "but if I knew for a certainty that I was saved I am afraid that I should grow careless." Why so? Full assurance is the very thing that makes men watchful. They feel it such a great joy to be beloved of God that they are afraid of doing anything to grieve him. The man who does not know whether he has any money or not is not likely to be very watchful over the box which may, perhaps, contain something, or may not; but if he knows that he has a treasure there, he will take good care that nobody shall rob him of it. Brethren, if we were slaves, under the spirit of bondage, and had to be whipped to do what was right by the fear of being sent to hell, that would be one thing; but the children of God are not slaves, they are sons; and because God's everlasting love to his own dear children can never turn into hate, do they therefore disobey their heavenly Father? God forbid! Some boys once went to rob an orchard, and they asked one little fellow to go with them, and they used this argument,—"Why," they said, "if *we* get caught robbing the orchard, we shall be sure to be flogged, each one of us; but you may go because your father is too fond of you to beat you." The little man replied, "And do you think that because my father loves me I am going to grieve him? Not I." Love is the best bond in the world; and when we are free from those fears which some think to be such checks to sin, then love becomes the mighty force which makes us say, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God? Loved of my God so truly, how can I sin?" Assurance is the mainspring of holiness in a Christian.

I cannot, however, enlarge upon that. I only pray that you may all try it, and that every one of us may know that we know our Lord,

may know that we are in him, may know that the Spirit abideth in us, and may know that we have passed from death unto life.

The last word is this. There is another knowledge, namely, the knowledge of UNSTAGGERING FAITH, which knows a thing which is not as yet. You have an instance in the second verse of the third chapter. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but *we know* that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Why, O great apostle, did you not say, "We *hope* that when he shall appear"? No, no, he did not hope it at all: he knew it: he was sure of it. But do we not generally say, "We trust that when Christ shall appear it will be so"? So far true; but oh, it is better when faith reckons the things that are not as though they were. A man will take a thousand pound cheque from his neighbour, and say, "I have the money." "My dear sir, you have not. You have only a piece of paper." "Ah," says he, "but it has a good name to it. It is as good as gold." Surely the promise of a God that cannot lie is as good as the fulfilment! Faith knows it is, and therefore rejoices in it. So we have it again in the fifth chapter, at the fifteenth verse, upon another subject. "And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, *we know* that we have the petitions that we desired of him." That is the way to pray—knowing that God hears us. We cannot see him; there is nothing that will make us see him except faith, but we are sure he is hearing us, and we are sure that he is answering us, and we act upon it. Though there occurs no change in the aspect of our affairs, yet we have committed them to God, and prayed about them, and we know they are all right. We have been asking God to help us in our work, and as yet we have not seen a hand stirred to help us; but we know that help is near. We know it. I bless God that for some little time instead of worrying myself about a thousand things which concern this church, and the College, and the Orphanage, and the Colportage, and I cannot tell you what—enough cares for any dozen men—whenever I have any sort of trouble it has been my sweet privilege to breathe a prayer to God and leave all my anxieties at his feet. I do the best I can to keep things right, and then I leave them with the Lord. If these works are not his work, then let them go to pieces. If they are, then he will attend to them. I am an instrument in his hands, and as such I do the little I can do, and leave the rest to him. It is wonderful how smoothly things go when we trust them with the Lord. Your fidgetting and worrying do all the mischief. Something gets between the wheels, and they will not work; and I will tell you what that something is. It is your own finger, and when you feel such a squeeze that you cannot bear it, it is a lesson to you. Take your finger out, and let it alone. The best way to do with a great trouble is to pray to God about it, and then put it on the shelf, and never take it down any more. You have come here on a week-night, some of you, with a heavy burden. All the time the preaching is going on, and the praying, and singing, you have lost your load, or have not felt it; but just as you get outside, you say, "I have left my burden inside! Let me go and take it up again;" and you feel it on your mind as heavily as ever. Beloved, this is not the way to trust God. The way to trust him is to cast your care on him altogether. "All things work

together for good to them that love God." Be sure that when you pass through the rivers they shall not overflow you, and through the fires, they shall not burn you. Be sure that as your days so shall your strength be. Be sure that God will bring you through, for he will deliver his people out of all troubles, and give them a sure admittance into his eternal kingdom and glory. We should speak with certainty. Of troubles and trials and deliverance from them, and of all the future we should say, as our text has it, "We know, and we know, and we know." That is how Paul spoke. "We know that all things work together for good." He did not say he thought it, and he hoped it, but "we know." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and by its assuring power "we know, and we know, and we know."

Now, dear reader, if you are unconverted, what do you know? If you know not the Lord, what do you know? Nothing that is of any use to you spiritually, by any true knowledge. Oh that God might make you know this,—that you are lost by nature, and unless forgiven, you will be lost for ever and ever; and when you know that, I pray the Lord by his Spirit to make you know that there is a Saviour, and that he is able to save unto the uttermost: and then may he make you know in the fullest sense that he loved you and gave himself for you. So may you know him, and be found in him when he comes in the clouds of heaven.

The Great Master.

"I AM my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master."

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible? Is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done *right*. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look-out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are to be master over a strong company, and if you *don't* master them they will master you.

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now I would undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should surely fail if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under his direction. He is regulator, and where He is Master all goes right."

"'One is my Master, even Christ,'" repeated the young man slowly and seriously; "all who put themselves under his leadership, win at last: he shall be my Master henceforth."

Spain again.

A PAPER FROM A LATE STUDENT OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, NOW LABOURING IN MADRID.

POOR Spain! So says everybody who knows it. So thought the martyrs of the sixteenth century, as they saw God's light retiring from their fatherland; so thought the nations of Europe in this nineteenth century when they beheld Matamoros and his companions banished their country because they loved Christ, and proclaimed his word; so have we thought as on the *Quemaderos** of Valladolid and Madrid, we have considered the country's present Christless condition.

Again the doors of Spain, for centuries barred against the *gospel*, have been opened, and the Lord has sent a few of his heralds to make known the glad tidings of salvation. Upwards of two years ago, when the course of my beloved fellow-labourer, Mr. Thomas Blamire, and my own, were completed at the Pastors' College, we believed ourselves called to Spain; and the Editor of this magazine and the church under his care commended us to the work of the gospel in that land. Since then we have been engaged in circulating the word of God, in conversing with the people in the public parks, amongst the children, and publicly preaching the word. Of each of these branches of work I would now say a word or two, first observing that our places of labour have been Barcelona and Madrid.

The circulation of the word of God. When we arrived in Barcelona everything betokened a revolution. A few days before a number of republicans had taken up arms against the government, and bills were posted all up and down the city calling upon the people to assert their rights. A few days after our arrival we received a message that King Amadeo had abdicated, and another a few hours later to say that the Republic had been proclaimed in Madrid.

"We know what a Spanish revolution means," said some.

"We shall have bloodshed." said others.

"You must not go out of the house to-day," some friends kindly advised us.

But we did go out. We saw soldiers in great numbers returning from delivering up their arms to the new government; from every street companies of armed civilians were sallying; nobody was to be seen unarmed. Here and there political harangues were being delivered to crowds from various balconies; and an individual on the Rambla was surrounded by a hundred people as he read to them a paragraph from the daily newspaper. Everything was stir and excitement.

We went home to consult. "What can be done?" we asked each other; "What can be done?" we asked of the Lord in right good earnest. Now for action. Here is a book-room. In one corner are capital tracts, every one of them showing forth *Christ* as the Saviour,

* The Smithfields of Spain.

and not one of them saying an offensive word against Rome. There are thousands of *portions* of the word of God, and copies of the complete book; and here is the New Testament with the Greek word for *baptism* translated by its proper equivalent,—*immersion*.

"But we want something to attract attention."

"Then here is the very thing, 3,000 of the *British Workman* in Spanish. Its fine pictures will draw the people."

"Yes, that's right; so they will."

Soon the two horses were yoked to the Bible coach; soon the Bible coach was stored with the books, and in a short time we were at the foot of the Rambla, the principal thoroughfare of Barcelona.

A crowd assembled immediately. The great rush prevented us from attempting to *give* even the tracts, but we held up an assorted lot—a tract, a gospel, and a *British Workman*, asking about a halfpenny for the three. In a moment a score of hands were up and quickly supplied; and another score, and another, and so we continued handing out our books until dusk. That afternoon we sold 2,000 halfpenny-worths, and perhaps we had never seen such a precious bagful of coppers before. *Each copper told of a part of the word of God put into the hands of a Spaniard.*

Of course this was not done without some persecution and annoyance, such as tearing and burning a few of the books by the priests and their party, but it was interesting to see about fifty Spaniards at a glance as they went up that Rambla reading their books; and no less pleasing was it to see here and there a group formed around some purchaser as he read to them some fascinating story, long before told by the Lord Jesus to other crowds as they followed him in Palestine.

Yes, this was in Spain; and while the political excitement lasted such days of distribution continued. In one day, besides the portions, we sold forty Bibles and one hundred and twenty New Testaments.

What a contrast was this to the work of those brethren who had risked their lives and liberties a few years before! They were obliged to work secretly, and steal into the private house, into the shop or public park, and deal with the *individual;* but here on the public street of one of the chief cities of Spain the word of God was circulated, and we have seen about five hundred about us listening to the gospel, broken as was the Spanish in which it was conveyed.

Have you seen any fruit from this kind of work, it may be asked? We have. A grocer in a village got a Bible. The book was condemned by the priest, and the shopkeeper used it as waste paper. A lady received a leaf of the Bible with some goods. The truth therein came home with power to her soul. She went back, obtained the remaining leaves, and so used them, that the colporteur sold over a dozen Bibles on his next visit. Again, a man in Avila, north of Madrid, obtained the word of God, read it, and was converted. He took an open stand in the town. All were turned against him by the priests. The Lord tried the man's faith by the death of his only son. The mother sent for the priest to administer extreme unction. The priests made a great to do about the funeral, so that, contrary to custom, a large number assembled at the grave side; and the weeping father stepped down into the grave and preached the gospel, standing on the coffin lid. Yet

another case. Standing in the prison of Madrid a short time ago, one of the prisoners handed us a letter from one of his relatives. The prisoner had sent him some of our books, and God's word had found a lodging place in his heart. He had told of the peace he had obtained through faith in Christ to his fellow townspeople. The priests were against him, and had advised his wife and family to leave the heretic. He enclosed ten shillings, asking us to send back three Bibles, one for himself and one each for two others who wished to study it with him. God says, "My word shall not return unto me void; but it shall prosper."

Let us now turn to the *conversations in the public parks of Madrid.* We left Barcelona for the capital, and on arriving in Madrid we had opportunities for speaking with the many who frequent the parks for the sake of the shade afforded by the trees from the heat of the sun. Sometimes twenty and more have listened, sometimes about a dozen, and sometimes as many as Jesus had when he talked with the woman of Samaria at the well of Sychar. On these occasions we met with all classes.

"Did you ever see one who came from the dead to tell of these things?" the infidel has asked. "No, sir," we answered, "but if one should come you would not believe him; 'For if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'" A Deist once produced a book which he had written, entitled, "God"; "I have studied this subject over fourteen years, but I don't believe in Christ," said he. "You occupy a terrible position," was our answer, "for 'He that believeth not *the Son* shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.'" He asked for further conversation, and on several occasions visited us, after which he wrote, saying, "I now believe on the Son of God." May his faith be that of the heart, and not the assent of the head merely! To a priest we offered a tract, but he wanted nothing of such things. "Frankly speaking," he said, "all that I want is money. I understand you buy people over to your religion. How much do you give for an ordinary person, and how much for a priest?" "We really don't believe in such conversions, but if you like to listen, we can tell you how to get plenty of money." We commenced by showing him how he might that morning be at peace with God through Christ; but every now and then he interrupted by exclaiming, "Yes, yes, but the money, the money!" At last we opened our Bible at Matt. vi. 33, and read to him, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." But his face only seemed to manifest dissatisfaction. One day we spoke to a young man about his soul. He said, "God seems to be against me, sir. I have no peace. I have thought long about these things, and last week I was stirred up anew to consider them. I was passing a sentinel who, without my noticing it, had cried to me the third time, '*Quien vive?*' (the Spanish watchword) and at last I heard the hammer of his gun fall upon the cap! But the gun did not go off. I said within myself, 'Oh, God, if I had been shot I would have been in hell'" "If Jesus now stood before you and me here, saying to us both, 'I have died for the sinner, trust me, and I will save you both,' what would you say?" "Oh, sir, if he would only

allow me to trust him!" We had over five hours' conversation together over the word of God, and when he went towards his home, he looked up and said, "Ah, it may thunder to-night; it has thundered long in my conscience, but now I have peace with God." We might add other instances, but these must suffice.

A few words as to *the work among the children.* Remembering that the Lord Jesus used to bless them also when they were brought to him, so we have been encouraged to endeavour to bring them. The well-known Spanish preacher Don Antonio Carrasco went to the great American Conference of Christians of all denominations, and was lost in the *Ville au Havre* on his homeward journey. Before going he gave to a friend the entire control of his day school, and ever since that friend and ourselves have taken the charge of the daily Bible instruction. Sometimes we have thought, when standing before from forty to sixty of these dear Spanish children, that some of our English brethren would have been pleased to sit down amongst us, and hear them singing such a hymn as—

"Todo fué pagado ya,
Nada debo yo;
Salvacion perfecta da
Quien por mí murió."

The Spanish translation of—

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all
Long, long ago."

Nor would it afford less pleasure to see them, their Bibles in their hands, reading with interest and hearing expounded some portion telling of the Son of Man who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

The Lord, we believe, has converted four of these children; and in some of them we have seen the fruits of faith. One day we were speaking about the words, "I was sick, and ye visited me," and "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." On hearing it, one said, "Well, there is a boy dying in such and such a street; I will visit him, and tell him of Jesus." And so she did. One day we spoke of having two coats, and giving one to a needy brother. "I have not two coats," said one of the girls, "but I have two shawls, and that scholar over there is shivering with cold, wanting one. I will give her a shawl." And she did so. Would to God that this method of dealing with the Word of God were more general. We are sure Christians will not forget this class of work in their prayers.

"But," the reader may enquire, "have you no place for *the public preaching of the Word?*"

Yes, two; for one of which the Government pays the rent, and for the other there is no rent to pay.

"What do you mean?"

The first is the prison of Madrid, and the second the open air.

"But do they allow you to preach in the prison?"

Yes, for about six months we have spent from an hour and a-half to two hours in it every Lord's-day morning. It is interesting, is it not, to hear of the prison doors of Spain, so recently barring in the witnesses of Jesus, now barring in his Word?

"But do not the priests hinder you?"

Yes, they tried to get us shut out two or three times, but without success. The fact is, we have a written warrant from the Governor of Madrid to visit any who may wish to see us; and the prisoners are so glad to get the books we bring that they *all* wish to see us. But the priests, when they could not get us shut out from the men, bribed the boys with money to say they no longer desired our visits. This only continued for a fortnight. The boys again begged us to return, and we were glad to do so.

Let me describe a day in the prison. Our bags are full of books, such as the gospels and some of the epistles, printed separately; a quantity of tracts, and a hundred copies of *El Christiano*, a weekly periodical of eight pages of somewhat the size and style of Duncan Matheson's *Herald of Mercy*. It is April, and a bright sun and cloudless sky combine to make a cheerful morning. We pass the military sentinel at the entrance of the prison, turn to the right, go up a few stairs, and on knocking receive admittance, the door-keeper casually announcing, "Los Protestantes." At once a dozen men surround us, begging for a copy of *El Christiano*. They hear a word or two, get a tract, a gospel, or the periodical, and bid us good morning. We now pass through an iron gate, go along the passage, and we are greeted by about a hundred prisoners. The Bible is produced, out of which they hear a portion read, and a brief application of it to the unsaved. On the same floor is the artisans' room (also for prisoners). Here we must deliver the Bible, for which one of the prisoners has paid. On entering they form a circle round us, and hear our advice to the purchaser as to the key to understanding the book. "The word 'blood' is often found in this book," we told them. "Without blood, is no remission. Not the blood of Abel's lamb, nor yet of that slain in Egypt, but the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The purchaser was glad to get his book; and another prisoner ordered one to be brought the following Sunday. Upstairs are the boys. As soon as we go in, forty of them form themselves into two files, facing one another. A Spanish hymn is sung, a parable, miracle, or some other interesting portion read, a few words spoken about it, they then get the books, and are off to their corners to read them. We now read with a sick man; six or eight others are surrounding his bed. He asks on leaving, "But how can I obtain this confidence of present salvation of which you speak?" But now let us go down stairs. There we shall find about six hundred prisoners, divided into two compartments. In one of these compartments are the very worst prisoners in all the gaol; those in the other are not so bad. Amongst the latter we must go first. Out they come into the yard on our entering. They have now heard the gospel and received our tracts. "Jailor, you have never yet allowed us to go into that other large compartment," we said, speaking of the worst prisoners. "No, gentlemen," he replied, "did you go amongst them they would tear you to pieces." He had some reason for saying this.

A few weeks previously four of such men went out to settle a dispute armed with knives. Three of them were brought back dead, and the other seriously wounded. "Let us in amongst them; we want to show them that we have confidence in them." Three times we asked admittance, and were as often refused, but at last the jailor said—"I'll tell you what, if you will risk it, you may stand before the large iron gate and speak to them. They will all be able to come to you." We did so. Our presence was soon responded to; for immediately the men came up hooting and yelling more like wild beasts than human beings. "You don't know how bad we are," we said; "we have got bad hearts, and if we had our deserts we should be in hell this morning. But do you know God loves even such as we are, and sent his Son to seek and to save the lost. Perhaps *you* think that nobody loves you, but you are quite mistaken. God loves you and wants to save you. Perhaps you may think yourselves as bad as we are; but no matter how bad, the arms of Jesus are open to you. Now, let us suppose a case. You know Castelar.* He comes to this place and says, 'I want to speak to you about two books. You know there is one in the office containing each of your names and the duration of your imprisonment; but I have another book here. I want your names, and promise to set every man at liberty who trusts me with his name.' Who would refuse his name on such conditions? Nobody. Well, but there is a greater than Castelar here. Jesus asks your names. He wants to free you from hell and sin. He has a book of life, and asks you to trust him with your names. Let us do it now, and he will save us." The men listened, and then and ever since have gladly received our books. So much about the prison.

"But as to *the open air work*. Have you been able to do it to any great extent in the troubled state of the country?"

Round about Madrid we have been undisturbed, and have preached the gospel in twenty or thirty of the surrounding towns and villages. To these we often go on foot, but when possible by rail. This above all others is the work that Spain needs, and such work has afforded us much pleasure. Suppose you were about to enter that village with us. The people have never seen a Bible; they have never heard God's trump of jubilee proclaiming liberty to the captive, and telling man that he may return to greater possessions than Adam lost. Would it not do your heart good to go with us to hand these tracts and portions of the Word to those sitting in darkness?

One day we entered a village with such feelings. We commenced about ten o'clock in the morning, and went on preaching till about five, p.m. The singing of the hymn in the street acted better than a bell to bring out the people. Eight separate crowds surrounded us, as we shifted our standing, and attentively did they listen to the touching parables of the Lord. Our tracts were greedily sought after. After the sixth meeting the chief magistrate of the place demanded our documents, and asked us why we had so stirred up the place. "What have you been speaking to the people?" We used it as an opportunity to preach the gospel to the magistrate and others in the

* Then President of the Republic.

office. He was satisfied with our answer, and said to us on leaving, "Come again whenever you like." The name of the village was Pinto.

At *Valdemoro* the magistrate refused us liberty to preach or sing. "I'm afraid you're a set of Carlists," he said. We sat in the office an hour and a-half, refusing to go away till he gave us what we sought. "What will you tell the people if I allow it?" "That every Christian should obey the Government when it allows liberty of conscience, as Spain does." "Then you may go and preach just as you like." And so we did. After the first meeting, we went away to the fields for lunch. Whilst sitting, we saw the people coming to us from every part of the village. They sat round us, and said, "Preach to us, preach to us." We were glad to do so. The hymn was sung, the word read, the good news declared, and as they received our tracts, many said, "Let us pay you for them." Many a time has such a camp-meeting taken place. At the last meeting in this village the magistrate was present, and assisted us to distribute our tracts with his own hand.

But it is not always so smooth as this. At Vicalvaro we preached twice, and had taken our stand for the third meeting, when men and women came forward shouting at the top of their voices, "Que viva la religion; que viva la virgen! A Francia! A Francia!" (Long live religion; long live the virgin. To France! To France! thinking we were French people.) We stood on, and the continued clamour brought a large crowd. God gave us opportunity to speak. An old man demanded an outline of our creed since the Fall. "We cannot," we answered, "they will neither hear you nor us." Immediately everybody cried, "Yes, we'll make you give it, we'll make you give it." All was quiet, and we spake of the Fall and the curse in consequence. Nor did we fail to speak of the lifting up of the Son of Man. As we spake of the judgment, a well chosen stone for the purpose, of about two pounds weight, struck the speaker below the left temple, near the eye, causing the blood to flow. Worse results doubtless were intended by the person who threw the stone. More signs of hatred were shown, but the people got nearly all our books, and we believe, as it often happens, in the midst of the persecution the Spirit spake in power to the people.

Thus much, reader, of our work in Spain, which we have written that you may be stirred up to help us by your prayers, and may pray the more earnestly and intelligently because you know something more of our needs.*

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* This effort on the part of our brethren, Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire, is on their part a pure matter of faith in the living God. They are not connected with any society, and are not depending upon us. The Lord finds them helpers as it seems good in his sight. It has been a great pleasure to us to render a little aid, and we shall be glad if their work commends itself to our readers as it does to us, for then they will probably do as we have done. We feel especially anxious about them now that Alfonso has come to the throne: the son of Isabella is not likely to allow religious liberty, or if he permits it in name he is sure to hamper it with a thousand injurious restrictions. May the King of kings hold him in check.—C. H. S.

The Holy Club.*

EVEN so enlightened a writer as Mr. Borrow pronounces the eighteenth century to have been "the happy days for Englishmen in general;" for, says he, "peace and plenty were in the land, and a contented population, and everything went well." While not disposed to cross swords with the accomplished traveller, we still maintain that the notion of an uncommon prosperity having been enjoyed during the period in question, though accepted by gipsies, is not believed in by ordinary readers of history. The upper sections of the middle classes probably found it easier to live when there was little competition; and existing mansions, with their spacious gardens, still speak of the quiet ease which could be enjoyed under certain conditions in the days of the first Georges; but were the times such as any reasonable being would wish to recall? In what does national prosperity consist? Was not the eighteenth century a time of moral deadness and of spiritual darkness, a time of retrogression rather than of advancement? The golden opportunities of the Revolution of 1688 were gone for ever, and high promises were not realised. Among politicians patriotism gave place to mere expediency, and, because the influence of Puritanism was wanting, religion flagged, and even threatened to die out of the land. The Dissenters were fast lapsing into a heartless rationalism, while the Established clergy promulgated a morality they did not practise. The children of devoted sires lifted up their voices against being righteous overmuch, and Laodicea was the model church of the period.

In the days of George the Second, when Walpole and Queen Caroline ruled, England greatly needed a Christian leaven of some sort, so that even that which characterised THE HOLY CLUB, which raised its voice at Oxford in 1729, was far better than none at all. There was but little religion abroad, and few to teach the gospel or to exemplify its precepts in their lives; many of the clergy lived scandalous lives, and evangelical preachers were few and far between. Certain advanced philanthropists were beginning to perceive the necessity of founding charity schools, though even these more than half believed that learning was a luxury for well-to-do people, and not a heritage for the multitude at all. The main roads of the country were infested with robbers, who sometimes affected to mix chivalry with their crime. The Jesuits and the Jacobites were alike busy, though the adherents of the Stuart dynasty, since their reverses in 1715, were not able to effect much beyond imparting a feeling of unrest to the political world. It was the golden age of thieving, gipsyism, and crime, and yet the punishment of wrongdoing was never more sanguinary.

It is not difficult to imagine what life must have been in the English

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* I. The Oxford Methodists. By Rev. L. Tyerman. Hodder and Stoughton.
II. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman. Hodder and Stoughton.
III. The Life and Times of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., Rector of Epworth, and Father of the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the Founders of the Methodists, By L. Tyerman. Hodder and Stoughton.

University cities in such an age. Luxury and indigence, learning and ignorance, reigned in proximity. Every sect outside the Established Church was despised, while the best friends of Anglicanism mourned over the failure of their favourite system to convert the masses. Each university was a rendezvous for the young and the dissipated. Thither resorted fashionable rakes who desired to carry off with a minimum of work the *prestige* bestowed by a classical training, and to these gentry sports and wine parties constituted the chief attractions of life. Judicious or worldly-wise parents desired to see their sons conform to the reigning order of things, and to avoid being too religious. How incredulously, then, must the town have listened to the news that gay, cultured Oxford had actually set up a prayer-meeting—that young men, whose birth, knowledge, and connections eminently fitted them for a short life and a merry one, had changed pleasure for austerity, and indulgence for religion.

Robert Kirkham, one of the first to join the company, had until latterly known no richer earthly enjoyment than such as belonged to calf's head and bacon, and jugs of the best cider. There was at least this advantage peculiar to the times, those who would be religious were forced to be really in earnest. There were no half-way houses for the accommodation of religious loiterers in 1729. The Holy Club became entirely separate from the great world outside its little circle, social joys were relinquished, and a rigid separation set up. Robert Kirkham, who was moved to forego the delights of good cheer for an ascetic life, was a friend of the Wesleys in their youth, and Robert's fair and accomplished sister Betty very narrowly missed becoming the wife of the founder of Methodism. The characters of both Robert and his sister must have exhibited many interesting points, and hence we regretfully lose sight of them in the dim distance of years. Other names also promised to rise into prominence, but passed away into oblivion. There was *W. Morgan*, who, dying a monomaniac, was pointed at as a victim of enthusiasm by persons who understood his disease as imperfectly as they did his religion. There was also his brother, *Charles Morgan*, whom the attractions of the Holy Club drew away from greyhounds and libertines, and made him feel a yearning after higher things. We catch a passing glimpse of one and another, and then they recede, to be hidden from view for ever. The lives of those early Methodists were full of promise; some abundantly fulfilled the most sanguine expectation, and others accomplished little, or never relinquished the pharisaism with which the Club commenced.

The Oxford Methodists, as they first appeared, were a self-denying, self-righteous race. People are necessarily self-denying when they would purchase heaven by their own deeds. It is surely worth a little fasting, toil, and bodily suffering if Paradise can be won by such simple means. Such professors derive much satisfaction from their self-denials, and feel a contentment like that of marketers who give a good price for a good thing. They went about the business of saving themselves with the steady determination of heroism. While their words of prayer and exhortation ascended from prisons, hospitals, and cottages, and while debtors and felons were taught to read their Bibles, these eager workers were themselves unaware of the grand truth that

salvation is by faith in Christ. They were slaves of an ideal standard of righteousness to which they would fain have attained. They fasted and prayed, and were rigorous in their lives, without gaining the peace for which they pined. Yet who may cast a stone at them? They had misread Scripture, and therefore failed to teach the gospel in its fulness, but any men are praiseworthy who in an age of declension witness for the need of religion, and denounce the shameless sins of the community.

Of the Wesleys and Whitefield we will say nothing here, as our aim is only to mention the stars of the second and third magnitude in this article. But those three eminent men were the elect of God to carry out to practical and beneficial results that which the Holy Club could not have compassed by reason of its ignorance of salvation by grace. They outstripped the others in grace as well as gift, and their work abides to this day.

In its earliest days, while all the members were alike in the dark concerning the leading doctrines of religion, a bond of fraternity bound the members of The Holy Club together; but when, in subsequent years, certain members became enlightened an impassable wall of separation rose up between old acquaintances, those who remained high churchmen standing proudly aloof from the more liberal evangelicals. One of the brotherhood, John Clayton, a strict, formal churchman of a severe type, and of a haughty pharisaic spirit, disdained until the end of his days to soil his ecclesiastical linen by associating with the Wesleys after they renounced self-righteousness to lay hold on Christ, and to preach a free gospel to the poor. For such an unsullied being as *John Clayton* to have stooped to fraternise with companions who officiated in barns, on commons, or even in the streets, would have been too great a condescension. Yet as a man he was surprisingly stedfast in adherence to principle, and scorned to swim with the stream. So strong was his attachment to "The Church," and to the deposed royal family, that he refused to acknowledge the Hanoverian Succession, and was episcopally suspended for taking psrt in the rising for the Stuarts in 1745. He was stationed at Manchester; and, though Manchester was a comparatively small town in those days, it was not too insignificant to play a part in contemporary history. As we look upon it through the glass of history, one scene after another passes before us in rapid succession. The Rebels think they have a fair chance of reclaiming England for Charles Edward and popery. Music, illuminations, and bonfires give *éclat* to the Young Pretender's proclamation. Every charm which native beauty and rank can give to the occasion is there! The invader is fêted and caressed, praised and encouraged, until he supposes himself to be a chivalrous hero destined to free England from the German yoke. Clouds gather; the war-blast is blown, and reverses overtake what was thought to be a march of triumph. Defiant standards have to be lowered, lights put out, and the heads of leading Jacobites instead of the Stuarts' proud ensign stud the Manchester Exchange. Amid these scenes moves John Clayton, a late member of the Oxford Holy Club. Though he escaped with his head, he never forsook his principles. Bowing to no other sovereign than "James the Third," he would have accounted it a

privilege to have been permitted to pluck the beard of "the Hanoverian usurper."

Coming back to the Holy Club, *Benjamin Ingham* strikes us as a character of another mould. He was one of the early friends of Wesley at Oxford, but in consequence of his seceding to the Moravians, and accepting their doctrines, he partially separated himself from his former associates. During college days he lived a willing captive of the enthusiasm which struck root in the University, and perplexed himself with scruples and questions which would not now-a-days occur to rational men, such as—Was it excusable, if driven by necessity, to sleep in the same house with a Quaker? What should be done if a friend appeared on a fast-day and required you to dispense hospitality? and other such moral dilemmas. To such a man the politics of the day presented few attractions; he was too deeply engrossed with the heavy, self-imposed tasks of fasting, reading, and visiting; and so he remained until the light of a better belief enabled him to rise from the grovelling doctrine of salvation by human merit. Prior to becoming fully enlightened his zeal carried him across the Atlantic to labour among the Indians of Savannah. Subsequently he visited Germany, and extended his acquaintance among the Moravians, who were then attracting notice in England, and upon joining their communion he turned his back on former friends.

In his native county of Yorkshire this intrepid evangelist found his life-work. Being earnestly aggressive, his manner of working gained little favour among Anglican conservatives, who professed to see in ignorance and spiritual blindness the best securities of public order. Squires, parsons, and churchwardens, comfortably fixed in their respective spheres, disliked being startled out of their somnolent habits by the awakening voice of the innovator who purposed giving the benighted peasantry more religion than could be found in the parish church. Bishops also were as prudent in those days as in our own, and in response to popular clamour the Methodist was shut out from the Yorkshire pulpits. In this way dignitaries of the church forwarded the work they desired to suppress by driving the most effective preachers away from the narrow boundaries of ecclesiastical buildings into the fields and highways. We may estimate the power wielded by Ingham and his compeers by the fierce attacks of the newspaper press. The majority of journalists were then violent partisans, each defending his clique by insult and invective, such as are now characteristic of street quarrels. If in our own days an evangelist were reviled by clerical pharisees, and called a visionary, an impious cheat, and a fit subject for Bridewell, and all this in a leading London journal, he would consult his own judgment as to the need of a rejoinder, and would probably find in silence not only the most dignified, but the most telling defence. Preachers, however, could not thus ignore their enemies in the times of George the Second. Though they might succeed in turning Yorkshire upside down, they knew that the missiles of an enraged mob were less dangerous, in one sense, than the insidious charges of unprincipled libellers, and hence the press was both feared and made use of by the early Methodists. The clergy of Yorkshire had, however, other argu-

ments in their quiver than such as are usually shot at a venture by literary controversialists. A "Rev. George White," a magisterial vicar, headed a mob, appointed the constable of the parish second officer, and proceeded to break up one of Ingham's congregations, dragging the preacher and one or two others along the street, like common felons, to the hall of justice.

But while the man whose labours resulted in the formation of scores of churches in the largest English county came in for a large share of popular abhorrence, other strange things were happening. What must have been the surprise in aristocratic circles when the news gained currency that a Methodist itinerant who valued faith above earthly possessions, had won the affections of Lady Margaret, a daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, and furthermore, had actually made Lady Margaret his wife. What, perhaps, made the match still more monstrous in the opinion of gossips, was the happiness of the couple during twenty-seven years. Society was outraged because they did not quarrel like cat and dog. Lady Margaret was a gem of womanhood—one such as not every preacher may hope to win. Who, indeed, can properly estimate the influence of such a woman? She is supposed to have been the means of converting her brother's wife, the Countess of Huntingdon, one of the greatest benefactors of the century.

The saddest reminiscence of Ingham is that he ultimately marred his life-work by imbibing the sentiments of Sandeman, whose heresies were likened to a "Northern blast."

Ingham's contemporary, *John Gambold*, though a still more unsatisfactory character, died in faith and hope in 1771. Coming out from the Church of England, he joined the Moravians and allowed his fine intellect and liberal education to serve the cause of the erratic Count Zinzendorf, and he did so in days when Moravianism was synonymous with many foolish extravagances.

In his direct association with the early Methodists, *Count Zinzendorf* makes a considerable figure in the story of the eighteenth century. The Count's family occupied a high position, his father having been a minister of State under the King of Poland. Having been early left an orphan, Zinzendorf enjoyed the acquaintance of Spener, a celebrated pietist of the times, but, perhaps, he derived still more solid advantage from being placed under the care of Augustus Francke, in the orphan house at Halle. He early showed his enthusiastic nature by instituting among his companions a society called "The Grain of Mustard Seed." This bent of mind being unsatisfactory to his friends, the young scholar was placed at the University of Wittenburge, where it was hoped he would improve in a manner worthy of his brilliant prospects. The Count, however, was not to be diverted from his prescribed course. He held religious meetings, and though opponents say that his life was not free from frivolities, he seems to have been sincerely anxious to arrive at truth. He began preaching when about twenty years of age, and cultivated the friendship of such solid divines as crossed his path. In the fashionable circles among which he moved he was regarded as a phenomenon, and being cultivated, talented, and handsome, was permitted to hold up his head with the highest. At Paris he attracted attention by his able and impressive addresses,

though in the age of Voltaire it would have been singular if he had not earned a fair share of ridicule; indeed, his indiscreet zeal secured him his full measure.

When Zinzendorf was in his twenty-second year a change in his life occurred, consequent on one of those inexplicable circumstances which frequently illustrate the workings of Providence. A stranger, belonging to a sect of whom the Count had probably never heard, begged an interview. The stranger—Christian David—told a remarkable story. It appeared that, in spite of the efforts of the Austrians to crush them, the followers of John Huss still lived in Moravia, and on account of the hardships suffered by these poor people, David demanded the Count's sympathy on their behalf. Zinzendorf's enthusiasm was fired, and when some would have given only advice, he volunteered help. He invited the Moravians to settle on his own estate, and hence originated the colony of Herrnhut. The colony increased in numbers, and from being their protector Zinzendorf became their leader and apologist. He was a hard-working and zealous man, and travelled extensively in the cause of the gospel, but when he grew older he contracted strange doctrines and fancies, so that we doubt if his death, in 1760, was not rather a relief than a loss to the Moravian brotherhood. Such was the man and the system with which the Wesleys at one time seemed to be in danger of becoming entangled.

It is agreeable to turn from the mistakes of Moravianism to *James Hervey*, who, with the exception of Whitefield and the Wesleys, is still the best remembered member of the Oxford Holy Club. The culture and taste of to-day detect many faults in the laboured style of this author, but Hervey pleased the polite ears of his own age, and his fame still survives in the homes of England. He was a gentle creature, overflowing with love and amiability. His mind was delicate and refined, while such was his physical weakness that had he abstained wholly from work no one could have charged him with wanton idleness. At Oxford he ranked high among the pharisaic Holy Club, having been nothing behind the chiefest in his efforts to save himself. He penned elegant letters to extol virtue and self-denial, though he understood little about the Christian life. But such a man could not continue to read the Bible and maintain his acquaintance with Whitefield without arriving at a clearer understanding of religion: his eyes were opened, and with no small joy he perceived that salvation is by faith alone. When the great change occurred Hervey was a young man of twenty-four, residing with a gentleman in Devon, and amid the congenial scenes of the beautiful West, or in the grounds of Hartland Abbey, the first notes were made of the "Reflections" and "Meditations." In his elegant retreat all things conspired to aid the author in his work, and, to crown all, he had a Christian host who prized his society. During three years Hervey discharged the duties of curate of Bideford, winning the love of the people in an eminent degree.

On one occasion we meet with Hervey among the crowd at Bath, whither he may have gone to drink the waters. In that age Bath was the fashionable capital of England, a city where the rich and the gay kept constant holiday. There, as a prince among pleasure-seekers, was found Richard Nash, surnamed the "Beau." Envied and admired

by weak persons like himself, and pitied by others, the celebrated fop was not overlooked by the observant curate, who wrote him a letter of faithful warning, such as few pleasure-hunters are privileged to receive. Hervey alluded to a case of too-late repentance, a striking scene witnessed by himself. "I remembered you, sir," wrote the earnest curate, "for I discerned too near an agreement and correspondence between the deceased and yourself. They are alike, said I, in their ways, and what shall hinder them from being alike in their end? The course of their actions was equally full of sin and folly, and why should not the period of them be equally full of horror and distress? I am grievously afraid for the survivor, lest, as he lives the life, so he should die the death of this wretched man, and his latter end should be like his." The effect produced on the gambling devotee of fashion was probably transient, though the letter was not destroyed.

Leaving the West, Hervey became curate to his father, whom he finally succeeded, and hence we associate his life with Weston Flavel. We see him in Northamptonshire surviving from year to year, with his life hanging on a thread, and often apparently not worth a day's purchase. His usual circle of acquaintance was limited, for such a man's friendship was not courted by the indifferent clergy, nor did Hervey, with his fragile body and retiring nature, see aught attractive in the society of roystering county gentry. Death literally stood by while he worked, but the overshadowing night of the grave only stimulated him to more earnest effort. He distributed his entire literary profits in charity.

Certain restoratives for consumptives effective of good in the present day were unknown a century ago, and the most eminent physicians were powerless to relieve Hervey's disorder. Bleeding and change of air were perhaps the two most popular remedies in vogue. In 1750 Hervey removed to London to try what the metropolitan air would do for his drooping system, and here he tarried at the house of Mr. Whitefield and other distinguished friends.

After his father's death Hervey, by succeeding to the livings of Weston Flavel and a neighbouring parish, gave the enemy some reason to reflect on his conduct as a pluralist. He acted conscientiously, however, and was beloved by the poor parishioners, to whom he preached effectively without notes. In looking back on the life-work of a man like this, the matter for wonder is that one so debilitated should have been enabled by grace and strength of will to battle against weakness, and to make five talents gain five others in a manner which would reflect credit on the strongest. Though in his latter years an unfortunate misunderstanding separated Hervey and Wesley, the rector is still accounted a chief among that noble band of Methodists who, in the gloomiest period of a dark century, first groped out of darkness themselves, and then set up lamps for others. While the two greatest preachers of the age laboured to awaken the multitude to a sense of their condition, Hervey's quieter task consisted in placing the gospel before cultivated minds; and the wide difference between ordinary church-goers of that age and our own appears in the fact that our author always supposed his works to be unsuited to the taste and capacity of common people. During many years prior to his death each day might have

been considered the last of Hervey's life. Like Baxter he spoke as a dying man to dying men; and his faint spark of life went out, like the final flash of a long-flickering lamp, on Christmas-day, 1758.

Many other names occur of men who, having a zeal for religion, were contemptuously styled Methodists by the wise people of the eighteenth century. Now-a-days, many of these would not differ from ordinary evangelical ministers; but to the dead world in which they lived they were zealots, righteous overmuch. Not that these men were all alike worthy. Some never deviated from the pharisaism in which they set out, and one, in the person of *Wesley Hall*, lapsed into profligacy and contempt.

To Mr. Tyerman, the industrious historian of Methodism, the reading world is considerably indebted. He is a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, and though exceptions may be taken to some portions of his books, they will win favour from this and from another generation as monuments of patient research. The broad stream of the Methodist Reformation, as inaugurated by Whitefield and Wesley, divided into two heads, representing the theological sentiments of the two leaders; but in Wesleyanism and Calvinism there are more points of agreement than of divergence, and it is well to keep these in the foreground.—G.H.P.

Smooth Words.

THE men who said "Prophecy unto us smooth things" have many imitators and successors, but the "voice crying in the wilderness" is not wholly silent; and it is an earnest call that prepares "the way of the Lord." Says the "Christian Intelligence,"—A softened phraseology may suit the tastes of a degenerate age, but it kindles no inspiration, corrects no great wrong, conquers no giant evil. Rugged men, like John the Baptist, Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox, and Hugh Latimer, have been the world's reformers. Every one of them was a theologian who believed and preached and fought for the pure doctrines of the word of God. Sentimental opinions, diluted interpretations of the holy Scripture, indifference to the primal principles of religion without regard to the analogy of faith and the history of doctrine, never yet made any positive mark in the church of God. Churches thus formed do not grow. Negative preaching does not feed the soul. "Liberal Christianity" has little or no productive power: with the disuse of the terms conversion, regeneration, and other cardinal words, it has lost everything which they signify; and it is dying of inaction. Humanitarian Christianity exalts man, but lowers the scriptural ideas of God and of redemption. It boasts of its widening horizon, but its vision is earth-bound. It has no evangelising spirit or strength. It only leaves the pagan in his blindness. The nations of earth would never have had the Bible in their own tongues had its translation been left to the "blind guides" who ignore the great commission as persistently as they oppose the entire evangelical system of faith. We greatly mistake the tendency of human nature if those who are clamoring against theology do not rapidly drift into the same channel of inefficient religionism with those who, though they may have a name to live, are as useless and inefficient as the dead.

The Pilgrim's Progress of 1678.*

STUDENTS in English, as well as the more ardent admirers of John Bunyan, will prize Mr. Elliot Stock's FACSIMILE of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which runs line for line, and page for page, with the original edition, and even resembles that edition in its paper and binding. The famous allegory first made its appearance in 1678, having been "Printed for *Nath. Ponder*, at the *Peacock*, in the *Poultrey*, near Cornhil." We are told that "the present edition is strictly a lineal descendant of that of 1678; for the type now used has been cast from moulds made in 1720, which were taken from the Dutch type used for the first issue." The second part, which was given to the world six years after the first, is printed in a much smaller type and has fewer illustrations. It is also a curious fact that the conversation between Christian and "Master Worldly-Wiseman" did not first appear in the original issue, but in the second edition, which came out a few months subsequently. The only copy of this first edition known to be in existence is in the library of H. S. Holford, Esq.; the book is remarkably clean and well-preserved, and we have heard it said that the market value is not less than £500!



When Christians unto carnal Men give ear,
Out of their way they go, and pay for 't dear,
For Master *Worldly-Wiseman* can but shew
A Saint the way to Bondage and to Woe.

In looking through the volume we meet with many typographical curiosities; *e.g.*, "The name of the Slow was Despond." "Drownded;" "loaden with the burden;" "Travailer;" for "traveller;" "travel in birth," and many other similar examples.

In some modern editions the editors have marred the work by omitting the marginal notes, and only a slight examination of these addenda in the present volume, will show how considerable a loser the modern reader is by this custom; for the notes show the quaint wit of the author as well as the text.

* The Pilgrim's Progress as originally published by John Bunyan. Being a facsimile reproduction of the first edition. London, Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, 1875.

Indeed, to omit the notes is to give the reader a mutilated copy of Bunyan's handiwork.

Subjoined are a few examples of these notes as they originally appeared. When Pliable forsakes Christian at the Slough of Despond:—"*A Man may have Company when he sets out for Heaven and yet go thither alone.*" When the Interpreter is speaking to Christian:—"*Things that are first must give place, but things that are last are lasting.*" When Christian vainly warns Simple, Sloth, and Presumption:—"*There is no persuasion will do if God openeth not the eyes.*" When Christian encounters Formalist and Hypocrisy:—"*They that come into the way, but not by the door, think that they can say something in vindication of their own practice.*" We meet with the exclamation, "O *brave* Talkative." Sentences are also scattered up and down the ample margin of the book as pithy as many of our best proverbs, *e.g.*, "*To cry out against sin, no sign of grace.*" "Great knowledge no sign of grace." "*Christ bought nothing in this* (*Vanity*) fair." "Christian *snibbeth his fellow for unadvised speaking.*" In the seventeenth century *to snib* meant *to check* or reprove, and is akin to *snipping*—to take off the nose or tail. The market-garden men *snip* turnips when preparing them for the London shops, but still pronounce the word *snib*.



A more unequal match can hardly be,
Christian must fight an Angel; but you see,
The valiant man by handling sword and shield,
Doth make him, tho' a Dragon, quit the field.

In the second part of the allegory similar quaint sayings continue to enrich the margin:—"*Christ when in the Flesh, had his Countrey-House in the Valley of Humiliation.*" "*Weak folks' Prayers do sometimes help strong folks' Cries.*"

This work is something more than a typographical and artistic curiosity; it presents to us the author as we are not accustomed to see him in other editions of his immortal work. Editors, improvers, and grammarians have done much more for their favourite than readers have either asked or desired; so that we feel no ordinary satisfaction in possessing what Bunyan really wrote. Having his quaint mannerisms and searching wit now perfectly restored, the reader may imagine that he is actually looking upon those antiquated pages which first surprised and then delighted the world in the days of our Puritan Fathers.

Notices of Books.

Soul Depths and Soul Heights: an Exposition of the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. John F. Shaw.

Good, sound, and spiritual, as Dr. Winslow's writings always are, but the book is wrongly described in the second part of the title, for it is by no means an exposition *of* the psalm, but a comment *upon* it. If we had found in reading these discourses more of David and less of the Doctor we might have thought them an exposition; but as it is, they are simply very sweet sermons upon the various verses of the psalm, and they ought to have been described as sermons or comments. We wish our excellent author had appreciated John Owen more fully, and if he had also studied Andrew Rivet's Meditationes, Sibbe's "Saints' Comforts, being divers sermons on Psalm 130," George Hutchinson's forty-five sermons on the same theme, and Archbishop Leighton's Meditations, he might have put himself into a position to have achieved the work which his title set before him. His sermons will be read to edification by many believers, and this we doubt not was the real aim of the author, rather than that which accidentally appears upon the title-page.

Messrs. Wm. Collins, Sons, and Co., of London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, issue the *Portable Commentary*, two vols. cloth for 15s. The two vols. contain critical and explanatory remarks by Messrs. Jamieson, Fausset, and Brown, *without the text*, and consequently they are all the cheaper for the student to buy. The matter is too condensed to be all that one could wish for, but still it is wonderfully full for the price, and will serve a student's turn exceedingly well till he can afford to buy the Library Commentary, issued by the same publishers, which is altogether the best commentary upon the whole Bible produced in the last fifty years. This last consists of six volumes, at 14s. each, and very cheap it is. We would not be without it on any account. It is as much a standard necessity in every good library as Matthew Henry, or Gill, or Adam Clarke. We wish Messrs. Collins the best success in their many excellent publications.

Sacred Lyrics. By Henry Lockwood Kerby and Endean.

More poetry! Yes, and rather better than usual. Belshazzar's feast is really a very respectable poem as poems go in these degenerate times. We do not, however, see the good of rhyming the twenty-third Psalm in any other forms than those in which we have it already. The old Scotch version—

> "The Lord my Shepherd is,
> I shall be well supplied."

is so nearly the original, *verbatim et literatim*, that the poets had better let it alone for the future. We do not admire Mr. Lockwood's edition of it at all. Here it is—

"The Lord is my Shepherd, there is nought
I can need.
By the waters of comfort my feet he shall
lead.
To green pastures of plenty my food he
shall bring,
And my soul to my Saviour for ever shall
cling."

Now, why bring food to green pastures? It reminds us of farmers carrying Swede turnips to the sheep when the grass is getting rather scanty. This is better than the last line, where the soul which has been compared to a sheep brought into green pastures is resolved *to cling*; sheep in our part of the world never do that.

The Young Missionaries. By Mrs. Leamer. Sunday School Union.

We set this apart as a specially good and holy story. It did us spiritual good to read it, and we can hardly believe that any one could rise from its perusal without being the better. The scene is laid in France, and the first missionary is a poor suffering girl, whose almost unconscious influence casts a sacred spell over all around, and conquers them for Christ. We suppose the price to be eighteen pence, or less.

Sunday Afternoons With Jesus. Bible Readings on the Life of Christ. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke, 13, Fleet Street.

HAPPY are the girls who belong to a Bible-class which receives such instruction. Teachers might, by a wise use of this book, give their classes a splendid series of lessons upon the most interesting topic in the world. Miss Farningham has done well to publish her notes.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Hodder and Stoughton. Price One Shilling.

WE are among the simple people who believe that when Joshua bade the sun stand still there was a real prolongation of the day, and we are somewhat startled to find the editor of this new periodical commencing his first number by putting this down as "a childish blunder." We do not believe him one bit. We like to hear him explain, but not explain away. The new periodical contains substantial and scholarly articles, such as thoughtful men will be glad to read; but we do not believe that it will live, and if it does we are quite out of our reckoning. Weighty biblical subjects cannot be discussed piecemeal in monthly portions, and yet on the other hand long articles send magazines to their long home. These subjects must be solidly dealt with, but life and dash alone can keep a magazine going. The gentlemen who have contributed to the first number are all most able writers, and with their aid the periodical ought to flourish, but, if it does, our opinion of the affluence and intelligence of our ministers will undergo a great change.

Expository Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By ADOLPH SAPHIR. Shaw and Co.

MR. SAPHIR has in this volume, in his usual solid and suggestive manner, expounded the first seven chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Upon a topic so wide and so difficult it would not be possible that any writer should express views in all of which we could exactly agree, but with Mr. Saphir we always feel perfectly safe. The old gospel in its purity, and as a whole, is very dear to him, and he writes upon it with an unction and a power which are only felt by those who write from the heart. We hope he will expound the rest of the epistle, and that thousands will be edified thereby. The price is 6s. 6d., and the work is worth the money.

The Bible Educator. Edited by E. H. PLUMTRE, M.A. Three vols. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE three volumes now complete contain a vast amount of Biblical instruction, written in a more popular style than is to be found in the Cyclopædias, and also a great deal of new material not yet comprehended in any of them. It gives us joy to see such a book upon the Bible published at so cheap a rate, and it gladdens us still more to know that there are purchasers forthcoming in sufficient numbers to remunerate the publishers. At six shillings each the volumes are very cheap.

The Villages of the Bible. By PAXTON HOOD. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE Sabbath evening lectures must have been listened to by delighted audiences; they are so full of thought, so fresh, so instructive. Mr. Hood has worked his subject thoroughly, and given the geography, the history, and the traditions of each of the villages, as well as the scriptural information upon them. We are persuaded that he will both interest and instruct many readers.

Great Modern Preachers. Sketches and Criticisms. James Clarke and Co.

THESE sketches have already appeared in the "Christian World Magazine." They are honestly written, but from a point of view with which we have little sympathy, viz., the position of a broad-school theologian; they handle with kindly appreciation and generous criticism Alexander Maclaren, Canon Liddon, Morley Punshon, Thomas Jones, James Martineau, J. H. Newman, Binney, Spurgeon, Baldwin Brown, Hull, Stopford Brooke, Beecher, and Robertson. These are all men about whom a good deal may be said one way or another, and the writer has succeeded in making many noteworthy remarks upon them.

Practical Readings in the Book of Jonah. By Joseph S. Exell. Pentney, Narrow Bridge Street, Peterborough.

Mr. Exell has published an excellent book; one of the best comments on the book of Jonah which has yet been produced. Those who listen to such discourses as these as their ordinary spiritual food are a highly favoured people; there are thoughts enough on each page to furnish raw material for a volume to certain Doctors whose works, once so popular, can now be had for a mere song, and dear even at that. We shall be right glad to hear of Mr. Exell again; he has rare gifts for popular useful exposition, and should not allow his talent to be buried. We would suggest to his publisher at Peterborough that the book ought also to have a London publisher's name on the title-page, or its sale will be needlessly limited. Jonah has now had about as much attention as he deserves, for he is a testy old fellow at best.

The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By Gilbert White. The Standard Edition by E. T. Bennett. Thoroughly revised, with additional notes, by James Edmund Harting, F.L.S., etc. Illustrated with engravings by Thos. Bewick, etc. Bickers and Son, 1, Leicester Square.

This is truly called the standard edition of White's "Selborne," for it is so in every way. It is quite a pleasure to have such a book before you; such type and clear printing help one to enjoy the most enjoyable book all the more. White's "Selborne" is a general favourite, in fact, it is one of the few immortal books. Those who have never seen the Hampshire village, and have no very clear idea of the position of Woolmer Forest or the Hanger, are nevertheless enthralled by White's cheerful happy talks about birds, and beasts, and fishes, and plants, and all things else Selbornian: he has been to his village what Boswell was to Johnson, only in a less fussy manner, and his style is as charming as that of Walton in his "Angler," only not so antique. We have now been three times to Selborne, and hope to make the pilgrimage again. It is a singular spot in many respects, as well as a singularly beautiful one. We certainly should not choose a house in the village street as a residence, for it is shut off from the southern sun by the almost perpendicular hanging wood, but anywhere else in the region one might live in quiet and roam amid beauties endless. With Gilbert White's book for a companion every field and lane is marked with interest; read his letters on the spot, and you will appreciate them as you never did before. We hope Messrs. Bickers will find enough lovers of nature surviving among us to render this publication a success; we have, indeed, no doubts upon the matter.

Noble Lives: a Book of Examples for Young Men. By H. A. Page, author of "Golden Lives." Daldy, Isbister, and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

An exceedingly well-written set of lives of men lately taken from among us. The selection has been made with true catholicity, and the result is all the more telling in the direction of example. Here we have Bishop Patterson and Duncan Matheson, Sir Henry Lawrence, and Sir Donald McLeod, Dr. James Y. Simpson, and Henry Alford, and other equally excellent men. The volume deserves a place in every library intended for young men, and older folks may read it with great profit. The following humorous verses by Dean Alford are new to us, and we give them because they so well describe the present condition of our bewildered dignitaries:—

"I'm glad I'm not a bishop,
To have to walk in gaiters,
And get my conduct pulled about
By democrat dictators.

"While I by my cathedral
Sit writing at my ease,
And fanning my grey temples
With the wanton summer breeze,

"From Longley down to Sodor,
From Exeter to Lincoln,
They've knots to cut or to untie
Would make me mad to think on."

Onward. Partridge and Co.

This is a lively temperance magazine, issued in the north as the organ of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. It is always interesting.

Faith's Miracles; or the Power of Prayer Exemplified in the Life of Beate Paulus. By MARY WEITBRECHT. John Shaw and Co.

THE substance of this little book has already appeared in the "Sword and Trowel." Such narratives honour the Lord and stimulate his people to like precious faith. To a certain order of minds the incidents here recorded will appear to be incredible and romantic; to us, who have learned to trust the invisible One, they are confirmed by our own experience. Verily there is a God that heareth prayer.

The Silent Teacher; or, Words for the Weary, the Lonely, and the Afflicted. Religious Tract Society.

SHORT pieces for those who are too ill to read much, printed in large type for failing eyes, and written in a simple style for those whose understandings are not very vigorous. The Society does well to cater in this way for the aged and infirm; many such will, we trust, be encouraged, consoled, or aroused by the plain papers thus presented to them.

Robbie's Christmas Dream, Sketches of My Childhood, Little Fan, or the London Match Girl, The Young Exile, Sam Silva, The Young Comforters. William Oliphant and Co.

SIX ninepenny juvenile books, each with illuminated side and coloured frontispiece. They are marvellously cheap, and pretty. Just the books for presents where much money cannot be afforded. The children of England are catered for abundantly in the matter of story books; there are rather too many than too few now-a-days.

Pearls from the Golden Stream. Houlston and Sons.

THIS little halfpenny periodical, of which fourteen volumes have been issued, is brought out by the Strict Baptist brethren, and shows a laudable zeal for the instruction and conversion of the young. We wish success to all such efforts.

Child's Own Magazine. Sunday School Union.

THE annual volume makes a very pretty book.

Notes.

WE had a glorious Christmas at the Orphanage. Our loving friends sent us much more than was needed to provide for the expenses of the day, and there is quite a bonus to pay over to the general fund. Great was the joy and rejoicing, and there was nothing to mar the pleasure. The orphan lads presented to the President an album containing all their portraits, with the inscription, "From the boys of the Stockwell Orphange to their best earthly friend." A little lady who was told that this was our Christmas present, wanted to know however Santa Claus could get it into our stocking! A very natural enquiry, seeing that the album is the largest we have ever seen, measuring nineteen inches by fifteen.

New Year's-day was a second high-day at the Orphanage, for then mothers and aunts came to see the boys, and Mr. Spurgeon gave away the prizes. It was a very excellent meeting, much was said that was well calculated to be a blessing to the poor widows and to their boys, and their real gratitude was shown by the hearty way in which they brought in the various small sums, which in the aggregate made up the amount of £75 17s.

The Annual Tea Meeting of the College was held Wednesday, Dec. 30. The ladies, with their usual generosity, gave the tea, and we gave our Sermons in Candles. We are afraid that misreports of our remarks at that meeting may lead to misunderstanding. Our students are in all respects equal to those which have preceded them, and we trust that many of them will become eminently useful. Still, we earnestly wish that young men of the upper and middle classes would consecrate themselves unto the Lord; their early advantages would be much in their favour, and help them to take leading positions in the church. Many who think themselves called to preach are evidently under a delusion, for they have neither capacity for learning, nor ability for teaching; we should rejoice indeed to see those young men coming forward whose five talents employed in business would make them rich, or exercised in a learned profession would

bring them honour. We want the best men for Jesus. The noblest human mind is not too good a raw material for the Lord to use in fashioning a minister of the gospel. We fear that wealthy parents discourage the aspirations of their sons to preach the gospel, because they see our ministry to be poor; but, though this is too sadly true, yet for Christ's sake even poverty should be endured. The cure for the poverty of our ministry lies in the increase of its mental and spiritual power. We believe that for young men of ability, zeal, and abundant grace, there is no more honourable, happy, and holy course open in this world than the ministry of a Baptist Church.

The best laid plans of mortal men are often set aside. Instead of journeying to our warm retreat, we are made the prisoner of the Lord at home. Pain seized upon us suddenly as an armed man, and made our feet and legs useless except for suffering. We had much to do,—too much, and to our grief we could not even so much as think of all the good things we had planned. We have the best advice, both from our surgeon and physician. Our friend Dr. Palfrey, who has watched us for years, came again to counsel us. The disease springs from mental causes, and can be as fairly reckoned upon, when an extra pressure of care or labour occurs, as the tides may be calculated by the moon. We shall now have rest, if the Lord will, and be at our work again when that rest is over, but it is very sad to be pulled up thus in full course, when good is to be done and so much of it lies before us.

The Annual Church-meeting at the Tabernacle was held Jan. 8, without the Senior Pastor, whose absence and sickness every one bewailed. After tea, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon took the chair, and there was a warm-hearted, loving, prayerful, enthusiastic meeting. Everybody seemed to feel that as the leader was absent each one must do his best to keep up the interest, and prevent the meeting from flagging. The right noble officers who so faithfully aid the pastors at all points were there in force, and so were the hundreds of loving brethren and sisters who make up the strength of the thousands of our Israel.

We have received many prescriptions for the gout, both for inward and outward application, and should have been dead long ago if we had tried half of them. We are grateful for the kindness although we cannot utilise it. Those who would really aid in the restoration of our health can best do so by preventing our having any anxiety about either College, Orphanage, or Colportage while we are away. If the funds keep up, and the works are carried on by those engaged in them, and especially if the Lord will bless the enterprises, it will be better to us than all the lotions, liniments, specifics, and elixirs put together, with twenty sorts of magnetisms thrown in.

In leaving home the Pastor commits his church to the Lord's hands, hoping that as last year a revival broke out during his absence the same may occur again. Special services to that end will he trusts be held, but he leaves all to the brethren at home.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—December 31st, 1874, twenty-three.

Appeal for Prayer on behalf of more than One Hundred and Fifty Millions of Chinese.

There are nine provinces of China, each as large as a European kingdom, averaging a population of seventeen or eighteen millions each, but all destitute of the pure gospel. About a hundred Roman Catholic priests from Europe live in them, but not one Protestant missionary.

Much prayer has been offered on behalf of these nine provinces by some of the friends of the China Inland Mission, and during the past year nearly £4,000 has been contributed, on condition that it be used in these provinces alone. We have some native Christians from these regions who have been converted in our older stations, and who are most earnestly desiring the evangelisation of their native districts. Our present pressing need is of missionaries to lead the way. Will each of your Christian readers at once raise his heart to God, and spend ONE MINUTE in earnest prayer that God will raise up this year eighteen suitable men to devote themselves to this work? Warmhearted young men who have a good knowledge of business,—clerks, or assistants in shops who have come in contact with the public, learned to discover the wants and to suit the wishes of purchasers, are well fitted for this work. They should possess strong faith, devoted piety, and burning zeal; and be men who will gladly live, labour, suffer, and, if need be, die for Christ's sake.

There are doubtless such *in* the churches of the United Kingdom. May the Lord *thrust many of them out*. We shall be glad to hear from such.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

China Inland Mission,
6, Pyrland Road, N.,
January, 1875.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 16th, 1874, to January 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
T. H., Scotland	0	2	0
A Friend, Edinburgh	0	5	0
Mr. Carter	3	10	0
Miss Gosling	1	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	2	6
J. R.	15	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Mr. Gardiner	1	6	6
Miss Spliedt...	2	0	0
Firstfruits	0	10	0
The Misses Challis...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Matthewson	10	0	0
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	14	0
Mr. Vickery...	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Miss A. Sievewright	0	9	4
Mr. J. Shirley	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	15	0
No. 1	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	5	0	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	5	0	0
Mrs. T. H. Wooderson	0	10	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Rev. C. M. Birrell	1	1	0
Mr. Gainsford	5	0	0
Mr. Chessher	0	5	0
A Friend, Aberdeen	0	10	0
A Working Man	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
C. S. F.	0	5	0
Mrs. Scott	1	0	0
W. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Tod	0	10	0
Mr. G. Bruce	2	8	6
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
Ellon	0	10	0
Miss Benzies	0	10	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. Churchill	5	5	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6
Mr. W. B. Coward...	20	0	0
M. M. Bradmore	0	5	0
E. M. C.	0	5	0
Dr. Bell	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Cumming	0	10	0
Mr. W. Prott	1	0	0
H. M.	0	3	6
Mr. Bowker's Bible Class	17	0	0
Mrs. Bydawell's Box	0	3	7
Mr. J. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Fergusson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Mr. J. Russell	2	10	0
Mr. H. Mansell	5	0	0
A New Year's Present	30	0	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbet	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. E. King	0	10	0
Mr. Belgrave	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. E. Crawford Wade	2	0	0
C. and T. S.	2	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Dec. 20	50	3	10
" " " " 27	50	0	0
" " " Jan. 3	60	4	6
" " " " 10	30	2	9
	£380	2	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 16th, 1874, to January 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
United Brothers' Benefit Society ...	2	9	3
A Friend, Edinburgh	0	2	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier ...	0	19	0
Mr. W. Ayrie	0	10	0
Mr. A. Goodwin	10	0	0
Miss Hannah Fells	0	5	0
A Widow, per Mr. Henson	0	4	6
Mr. Priestly...	10	0	0
Miss Campbell	1	0	0
Mr. Goldston	2	0	0
A. I....	0	10	0
Mrs. G. J.	0	10	0
W. B....	0	7	9
Mr. Nash	0	2	6
Miss Leith O. Edmundson	0	10	0
Mr. G. Hilder	10	0	0
Mrs. Donaldson	1	0	0
C., E., and M. C.	6	16	0
Mr. E. Battell	0	10	0
Mr. C. Buckell	5	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, C. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Vinson...	1	0	0
J. R.	15	0	0
J. L.	0	8	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	0	0
Miss Wheeler	0	10	0
Miss Weeks	0	4	0
Miss Mc. Gowan	0	2	6
Mrs. Robertson	0	2	0
Mr. W. H. Snell	1	0	0
Not more than others I deserve... ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Evans	0	17	3
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel," Dumfries	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Gibson	1	4	0
B.	0	5	0
A. B.	1	0	0
Notting Hill	0	2	0
First Fruits	0	10	0
Mrs. Challis	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Rodwell	0	2	6
Mr. W. Matthewson	15	0	0
Mr. W. Finlayson	0	7	0
Galatians v. 16, 17...	0	10	0
Mr. Vickery...	1	0	0
A Christmas Offering from Martham Baptist Sunday School..	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
M. and F. Woodhams	0	12	0
Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Barrett	0	10	0
United Presbyterian Mission Sunday School, Crossgates	0	6	0
A Thankoffering for Little Nathalie ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Grundy	0	10	0
H. C. E.	0	3	0
M. D. S.	0	10	0
Kingston	0	5	0
Mrs. Stubbs...	0	5	0
Baby's Farthings	0	1	0
Johney	0	1	0
J. K. F.	1	1	0
A Student	0	2	6
Collected by Miss New	0	10	0
In memory of Dear Currie	0	10	0
Willie and Joey Bloom	0	5	0
A Friend	1	0	0
M. E. B.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Shirley	0	5	0
Mrs. Armstrong	1	0	0
A Constant Reader	0	5	0
A Friend at Dartford, per Rev. A. Sturge	10	0	0
S. and K. Wheatley	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. C. Richards... ...	2	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	7	5
Mr. N. Read	0	10	0
Mr. Shepherd	5	0	0
Warren, Owen, and Bertie Biddle ...	1	0	0
Miss Meyhew	0	10	6
Mr. W. J. Hendley	0	2	3
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	5	0	0
Mr. Edwin Woodeson	0	6	6
Mr. E. Underwood	4	0	0
Collected by Miss Bowley	1	12	0
Mr. J. Carlyon	0	5	0
Baptist Sunday School, Cellardyke, per Mr. Thomson	4	0	0
Miss Grant	1	0	0
Mr. G. T. Welsh and Mrs. Fox, per Rev. G. Hearson...	2	0	0
Mr. Chesser	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	1	10
A Friend, per Mr. Court	1	0	0
A Friend, Aberdeen	1	0	0
Three Friends, Craig	1	5	0
Mrs. Battrum	0	10	0
Miss Strugnell	0	5	0
Mrs. C. A. Davis	1	0	0
Mother and Little Ones	0	2	6
Per. C. H. S.	0	11	0
T. W. B.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Christmas...	0	2	6
Miss Cowen	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hassell	1	0	0
Offerings, per Mr. J. McBain	1	0	0
Mr. W. Moir	1	0	0
Long Preston Baptist Church	0	10	0
Esperance, ...	5	0	0
W. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Tod	0	10	0
Mrs. Lake	0	12	0
Ellon	0	10	0
Mrs. Scrivener	1	0	0
Mrs. Woolland	8	10	0
Mr. J. Bain	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Toller	0	18	6
Janet Davidson	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	6
Darranvellan	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies	0	19	0
Mrs. Walker	0	5	0
Mrs. Brine	0	5	0
Mr. T. Scott	100	0	0
Miss Benzies	0	5	0
Sarah Reynolds	0	6	0
Family Offering, Aberdeen	1	8	0
Sunday School, Glorebridge	1	3	6
Two Friends, Pittenween	0	5	0
Part of a Tenth from the Country ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. Fawcett	2	0	0
Mrs. Cook	0	10	0
Mrs. Robinson	2	10	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Long	20	0	0
Mr. Churchill	5	5	0
Richmond Chapel Sunday School, Liverpool...	1	10	6
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6
Mr. H. C. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Coe	1	1	0
Sermon Readers, Swansea	1	0	0
Mr. C. Wire	1	0	0
Mr. Burnard	1	0	0
Mr. Lake	1	0	0
Mr. Barnes	1	0	0
Friends	1	0	0
Mrs. Fellows	0	2	6
E. M. C.	0	5	0
Mr J. Cox	0	12	2
H. C. E	0	3	0
Mr A. H. McTavish	1	0	0
A Strict Baptist	2	10	0
H. and W.	0	12	6
Miss E. Burton	1	0	0
Mr. R. Bate...	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. R. Bate	0	10	0
Dr. Bell	1	0	0
Mr. G. Searle	2	0	0
Mr C. Hooper	2	2	0
E. B. J.	0	10	0
First Cheque	1	1	0
Mr. W. Prott	1	0	0
Mr Wadland	0	5	0
W. H. S. N.	0	5	0
In Memory of Louie and Olive	1	0	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. Vince	0	4	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
E. S., Hastings	2	0	0
Mr. Yeaman, per Rev. F. D. Cameron	1	0	0
Mr. Daintree	1	0	0
F. R.	0	10	6
A Friend, per Rev. S. Crabb	1	0	0
Mr. J. Esson	25	0	0
Miss Hagger	1	0	0
Miss Lucy Houghton	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. McKay	5	0	0
Mr. W. White	2	2	0
Miss Ann Brown	4	10	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. John Ford	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. Daniels	0	5	0
Mrs. Haynes, per Mr. Russell	0	10	0
Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mrs. Hunt	0	10	0
C. and T. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Hinton...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Johnson	2	0	0
Mr. Priestley	0	14	0
Mrs. Mott	1	5	6
Mr. Hobson	10	12	0
Master J. M. Dupont	0	12	7
A Clapham 'Bus Driver	0	10	0
Ditto (collected)	0	2	6
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mrs. Cruickshank's Bible Class	1	1	0
Mr. J. Peace Jones	0	15	6
Annan	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
L. H.	0	2	6
A Friend, per Mr. Jas. Fergusson ...	0	5	8
W. A. M.	0	2	0
X. O	5	0	0
Fanny Paul	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. R. Waugh	1	0	0
Mrs. Mason	0	10	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lock	0	10	0
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0
C. S. Macdougall	0	2	0
Mrs. Dix	10	0	0
Mr. Jas. Mills	5	5	0
Every Little Helps	0	5	0
Fizzil	0	10	0
Mr. R. Brown	0	10	0
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Store ...	0	9	6
Mr. W. Pedley	1	1	0
A. E. Y.	10	0	0
A Scotch Friend	1	0	0
A New Year's Mite	0	1	0
From the Little Folks at 20, Duke St., Brighton	0	6	0
Mr. C. A. Rose	2	2	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wright	0	7	6
Mr. T. Rowles	0	5	0
Mr. J. Russell	5	0	0
Mrs. De Kavanagh	0	5	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cooke	1	0	0
Mr. G. Kerridge	0	5	0
Proceeds of Christmas Tree	2	0	0
E. D.	0	10	0
Miss Anne Steer	0	5	0
Mr. T. Steer...	0	5	0
Z. Z.	0	10	0
M. P., A Thankful Reader of Sermons	1	0	0
E. W. P.	0	11	0
Mr. J. R. Brown	0	2	0
Mrs. Sargeant	0	5	0
Mrs. Mary M. Slater	2	0	0
Mr. W. R. Bristow...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
J. W.	0	4	0
Per Mrs. Olding	1	0	0
Friends in Kelso, per Mrs. Dods ...	1	0	0
G. W....	1	0	0
E. W....	1	0	0
Mr. E. King...	0	10	0
Mr. Scriggs	0	5	0
Mrs. James Robotham	2	6	0
Miss Toovy	1	0	6
Mr. J. Cubey	2	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
M. D....	5	0	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Probin	0	5	0
Mrs. Probin	0	5	0
Mr. Telfer Higgens ...	0	5	0
D. B.	0	5	0
In remembrance	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
Miss Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0
Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0
Mr. G. Dix	0	5	0
Mr. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Bremner	0	5	0
	3	0	0
	£525	2	5

Orphanage Christmas Dinner.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Stafford	9	10	0
Mary, Nellie and Edith Spurrier ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	5	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
O. T. and M. G.	0	10	6
Three Servants, Sevenoaks	0	4	0
D. E. G. Wilts	0	2	6
R. T. T. H. M.	0	12	0
Mrs. Frearson	0	3	0
Mr. W. Bigg	1	1	0
G. J. G.	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Matthews	0	2	6
Mr. Alfred Hine	0	10	6
Mr. W. Hine	0	10	6
J. A.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Rickett	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
S. M. A. G.	0	5	0
Friends at Hardway and Elson... ...	1	2	3
S. E. M.	1	0	0
R. S.	0	10	0
A Country Minister	0	2	0
Mrs. Wright...	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Cook, per ditto	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Taylor, per ditto	0	1	6
Mr. Smith, per ditto	0	1	0
Mr. James, per ditto	0	1	0
Mr. Belward, per ditto	0	0	8
Mr. T. Jesper	0	10	0
J. N.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Scivwright	0	9	11
Friends per Mr. G. Lawrence	0	7	0
M. E. S. K.	0	5	6
Mr. M. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. J. Harper	1	0	0
D. O.	0	5	0
Ted	0	2	6
E. T. S.	0	2	6
Friends at Bures	0	9	0
Mrs. Tyrer	0	10	0
Class in Willow-street Sunday School, Accrington	0	5	0
A Friend at Dartford, per Rev. A. Sturgo	2	0	0
Mr. E. Underwood	1	0	0
A. Tinman	0	4	0
Ernest and Harold Talbot	0	10	0
	£39	3	4

New Year's Offerings, per Mr. Charlesworth:—

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Apted, F. G., 5s. 2d.; Abbey, J., £1; Andrews, F. W., 9s.; Adkins, J., 17s.; Brown, J., 5s.; Bourne, C., 6s.; Bligh, F., 4s. 7d.; Brown, A., 3s. 9d.; Brick, E., 1s.; Burt, A., 13s. 3d.; Barrott, C., 11s. 9d; Bowtell, E., £1 1s. 6d.; Bluntack, W., 5s.; Colley, A., 6s.; Cockerton, T., 7s.; Coles, G., £1; Corke, L., 5s. 11d.; Campbell, C., 10s. 1d.; Cockerton, A., 2s.; Christmos, J., 6s.; Crisp, J., 4s.; Clarke, M. E., 6s.; Dawson, T., 4s.; Digby, C., 3s. 10d.; Dixon, T., 3s. 1d.; Day, A., 6s.; Davis, A., 7d.; Dalby, W. E., £1 1s.; Dear, A., 8s. 4d.; Emmett, S. J., 2s. 8d.; Evans, T., 1s.; Ellis, G., 7s. 1d.; Eves, G. B., £1; Evans, W. J., £1 4s. 5½d.; Fourness, E., 6s.; Fanner, Wm., 10s.; Furby, A., 2s. 6d.; Fairchild, 2s.; French, E., 3s. 6d.; Fulton, H., 19s.; Fordham, J., 3s.; Gatten, J., 3s.; Glassbond, F., 6s. 2d.; Godsmark, R., 8s.; Goodman, W., 12s. 3d.; Gubbins, S. J., 11s. 8d.; Glaysher, G., 10s.; Goddard, H., 9s. 3d.; Herriffe, T., 5s. 9d.; Hockheimer, C., 5s.; Hart, F., 5s.; Hobbs, J. E., 2s.; Hedges, W., 4s. 6d.; Harper, A., 12s.; Hawley, B., 16s. 6d.; Hinckley, 6s.; Hadden, 5s. 6d.; Hardman, F., £1 6s.; Hards, H. E., 17s. 8d.; Hollands, 17s. 6d.; Johnson, G., 3s. 6d.; Jones, A. R., £1; Jordan, A., £1; Laker, A. W., 5s. 4d.; Lee, E., 4s.; Ladds, Wm., 3s. 9d.; Larkin, F. £1 0s. 6d.; Legge, S. J., 10s. 5d.; Lonnon, A. J., £1; Lewis, H. G., 15s. 2d.; Marsh, H., 1s. 6d.; Morley, H., 2s. 6d.; Mallett, E. J., 5s.; Morgan, J., 1s.; Mumford, A., 5s.; Mitchell, R., 6s. 6d.; Mister, W. J., 11s. 2d.; Mills, J. A., £1; Madigan, Wm., 10s.; Nevill, F., £1 6s. 10d.; Oakill, Wm., 12s.;

Phipps, H., 11s.; Parker, G., 4s. 6d.; Passingham, J., 16s. 6d.; Perry, F., 1s. 2d.; Phillips, B., 2s. 6d. Pitt, F., 4s.; Pratt, A., £1; Parker, F., 13s.; Parker, 10s. 7d.; Record, A., £1; Rogers, W. E., 5s. 5d.; Robinson, H., £1; Raynor, Wm., £1; Roberts, G., 6s.; Richards, G., 5s.; Read, F. W., 2s. 6d.; Samark, H. B. and A., £1 15s. 6d.; Salter, 3s. 6d.; Saunders, J., 6s. 6d.; Sceats, Wm., 5s.; Styne, R., 13s. 4d.; Smith, H. W., £1; Simmonds, J., 15s. 5d.; Smith, G. C. £1; Scott, G., £1; Saunders, D., £1 1s.; Smith, H. F., 3s.; Smith, H., 5s. 9½d.; Thornton, H. C., 3s. 9d.; Tatum, F., 3s. 1d.; Thompson, P. C., 2s. 6d.; Valler, W., £1; Walton H., 5s. 6d.; Wood, T. M., £1; Wiles, Wm., 12s.; White, A. W., 7s.; Wells, W. H., 5s.; White, W. E., 1s.; Wheeler, Wm., 11s. 1d.; Wood, W., 5s.; Wrout, W. F., 2s.; Woollett, 16s.; Weatherby, J., £1; Webb, C., £1 5s. 9d.; Witherdon, 7s.; Webster, G., £1; White, C. F., 18s.; Whitehead, Wm., 19s.—Total, £64 16s. 4d.

Special List:—Simms, R., per Miss Warmington, £1 1s.; Little Bob, per Master Baseley, £1; Maynard, J., per Master May, £1 2s.—Total, £3 3s.

From Boys who have Left the Orphanage:—Amey, H. J., 12s. 4d.; Aves, A., £1; Baker, I., 4s. 1d.; Bramble, H., 8s.; Bromfordge, W., 5s.; Carter, R., 12s.; Evans, E. C., 6s. 8d.; Paice, F., 4s. 6d.; Graham, A., 18s. 10d.; Hitchcox, S., 3s. 5d.; Ladds, F. G., 5s.; Plant, C., £1; Schneider, F., 8s. 5d.; Smith, R., 10s. 11d.; Stratford, J. W., 7s. 4d.; Townsend, C. W., 5s. 6d.; Wooder, G., 6s. 1d.—Total, £7 17s. 8d.—Grand Total, £75 17s.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions, &c.:—3 Barrels Broken Biscuits, Huntley and Palmer; 7 lbs. Tin Henry's Baking Powder, Anon; 3 Sacks Flour, Mr. Downing; 1 ditto, Mr. Russell; 1 ditto, Mr. Collins; 1 ditto, Mr. Saunders; 1 ditto, Lawman; Case of Oranges, 3 doz. Small Pots of Jam, 1 Jar Marmalade, 6 Small Boxes Fish, Mr. Austin; Case of Oranges, Bags of Nuts, Mr. Vickery; 2 Half Boxes Valencias, 1 Box Orange Peel, C. A. Carter; A Fowl and 3 Rabbits, Mr. Peter Cowell; 3 Half Boxes Valencias, Anon; 1 ditto, Anon; Some Plums, Currants, Figs, Chocolate, and Bonbons, Mr. Arnold; 6 Small Boxes Figs, Anon; 4 Currant Cakes, M. A. Lines; Some Sweets, Mr. Tuckett; Some Bonbons, Mr. Pascall; 240 Boxes French Plums, Mr. W. Harrison; 2 Boxes Valencias, Mr. Dean; A Turkey, Mr. Tubby; Some Apples and a Goose, John Page; 100 lbs. Cake, Peek, Frean and Co.; 3 Turkeys, A Friend; Some Apples, Mr. Woodnutt; Ditto, C. G. C.; Bag of Rice, Mr. Potier; 170 lbs. Meat, 50 Cauliflowers, J. C. Goslin.

General:—12 Flannel Shirts, Miss Tolly; Small Parcel for Sale Room and Pair of Wool-binded Slippers, E. P. H.; 27 Flannel Shirts, per Rev. W. H. Burton; Pictorial Map, Lizzie Calker; 56 Articles for Prizes, Mr. T. Olney; 1o2 Ties and Bows, Rix and Bridge; 14 Pairs Knitted Stockings, Anon; Christmas Tree, Mr. Fryer; 8 Flannel Shirts, 40 Pairs Socks, East Lothian; Toys for Christmas Tree, Mr. Zimmerman; Set of Wall Texts, Morgan and Scott; 12 Woollen Comforters, Mr. C. Barratt; Antimacassar, T. L.; 3 Gross Copy Books, Mr. G. Calder; 240 New Shillings, Mr. J. Duncan; 12 Woollen Comforters, Anon.

Donations for Christmas Festival:—Dr. Swallow, 10s; Rev. J. S. Morris, 10s 6d; Mr. Buckmaster, £2; "A Plum for every Boy," £1; Rev. J. Collins, £1 7s; Sunday School Scholars, Sittingbourne, 9s 4d—£3 16s 10s.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
H. M., quarterly	10	0	0
W. R.	7	10	0
South Wilts District, per Rev. G. Durrell	20	0	0
Sheffield District, per Rev. J. M. Stephens	10	0	0
Cloughfold, per Rev. A. J. Parry ...	10	0	0
Coxall, per Mr. T. Rogers	10	0	0
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, quarterly	7	10	0
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Co., annual	2	2	0
E. Brayne, Esq.	0	10	6
Mr. Walmsley	1	1	0
E. H., Berkhampstead	0	12	0
Tewkesbury District, per Rev. T. Wilkinson	7	10	0
Wrexham District...	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	15	16	11
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
Leamington	10	0	0
Messrs. Evans, Haydock...	40	0	0
Eyethorne Baptist Church	7	10	0
Ross District, per Rev. W. H. Tetley ...	15	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Cameron	0	4	2
Mrs. Tebbut...	0	5	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mr. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. J. Beckley	0	5	6
D. E. G.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Mathewson	5	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Mr. E. Coulson	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	2	10	0
Mr. G. Morgan	0	5	0
Dr. Bell	1	0	0
Mrs. Hilton	0	2	6
Mr. W. Pelley	2	2	6
Mr. J. Russell	2	10	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	5	0	0
C. and T. S.	1	0	0
	£248	19	7

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1875.

Notes from "The Diary of James Calder."

WITH REMARKS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN years gone by we were frequently assailed by brethren who insisted upon it that a deep and continual sense of the corruption of the heart was the main token of a child of God. To be tempted was to them the index of spiritual life. They looked upon strong faith as questionable, and upon full assurance as presumption; joy in the Lord they were afraid of, and abiding peace they dreaded as "a treacherous calm." We remember well the croaking of a brother of this school, whose looks were black as a raven, and whose tones were mournful as the cry of the bittern. His was a deep experience, rumour also added that it was an unclean one; he knew the plague of his own heart, and the hell which lurks within the breast, and being thus made wise by experimental teaching, he was able to sweep away the whole race of professors with the besom of destruction, for he viewed them all as rotten at the core, "dead-letter men at best," and utter strangers to the essential experience of the tried children of God. Of this we have had enough and more than enough, and we feel some consolation in the belief that this peculiar phase of thought is passing away: but we have had little space for congratulating ourselves, for the peculiarities of one party have only vanished to give room for those of another. The pendulum is now swinging in the opposite direction, and the watchword of "*Corruption* deplored" is now exchanged for "Perfection attained." We do not judge the teaching which has led up to it, the disciples may misrepresent

their masters; but we now hear of brethren who are "pure as the driven snow," whose experience is victory unbroken and conflict closed, and from whom doubt and sin are utterly banished. If we believed these good people's descriptions of their own characters and attainments we should rejoice; but being always dubious of a man's recommendation of himself, and being painfully aware that we personally have nothing whereof to glory, we hesitate to accept, we question, and in some cases we utterly reject, the assertions of these super-excellent beings. There is abundant room in the church for very great advances in the divine life, and we do not doubt that many beloved brethren have made these advances; long may they maintain them, and still proceed from strength to strength: but we are sure that they are not beyond the assaults of Satan, the suggestions of the flesh, and the power of original corruption. They do sin and will sin; they will be tried, and the reality of their graces will be tested, and, it may be, some of that which glitters will not turn out to be gold; they will find daily need for divine help, for flesh is frail, and the firmest resolves, like those of Peter, may not survive the appointed ordeal; they will learn that they are men of like passions with the rest of us, and that even if they daily walk in the light as God is in the light, and have constant fellowship with Him, they will still need that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son should cleanse them from all sin.

We have frequently turned to our well-furnished library of Christian biography to discover whether those whom we have been accustomed to revere as men of God were in the habit of talking as our superior brethren are wont to do. With the exception of Fletcher of Madeley, and others of his school, we find none. On the contrary, Watts well describes the saints of other days in that verse:—

> "Once they were mourning here below,
> And wet their couch with tears;
> They wrestled hard, as we do now,
> With sins and doubts and fears."

It is consolatory to see the footsteps of the flock, and to know that in the sorrows and conflicts of our inner life we are companions of those who have gone before. Though we dare not frame excuses for ourselves from the failings of others, we may at least be preserved from despairing self-accusations, by observing that others, who were undoubted saints, were, like ourselves, compassed with infirmity.

These remarks were suggested by the perusal of "The Diary of James Calder of Croy,"* one of those mighty apostles of the Highlands, whose spiritual power is felt to this day, though they have been with God these hundred years. Mr. William Taylor, of Stirling, has done good service to the church of God by the publication of this Diary. Its deep, rich, fresh, loving records will awaken echoes in many hearts, as they have done in ours. Eschewing both the incessant moans of the corruptionists and the immutable smiles of the perfectionists, Mr. Calder's face, as seen in the glass of his Diary, appears to us to be the natural countenance of a spiritual man; and as in water face answereth

* "Diary of James Calder, Minister of Croy." By the Rev. William Taylor, M.A., Stirling. Stirling: Peter Drummond, Tract and Book Depot. London: S. W. Partridge and Co. 1875.

to face, so does our inner life tally with his. We have purposely selected passages which illustrate the good man's changeful moods and show the hills and dales over which he followed the pathway to the skies.

1763. *Friday, October 27th.*—This day my sore complaint of heart-coldness, heart-estrangement, heart-atheism, was awfully felt, especially in the morning, as it has been for some mornings past, to the terror and distress of my poor benighted soul. Had some little breathing of relief, through the Lord's mercy, in secret prayer and at family worship. But, alas! I still carry about this sore and awful plague—the want of heart-felt love to Christ, and soul-solacing complacency in God. Ah! I fear that I've somehow provoked the Lord to hide his blessed face from me and to withdraw the benign influences of his Holy Spirit. O blessed Lord! show me wherefore is it that thou contendest with me; and oh! may I be helped to look up, and sigh, and pray, and wait for the dawning of the day and the cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

Saturday, 26th.—In yesterday's memorandum it was my petition that the Lord would let me see why he contended with me and hid his face from me. This day I perceive that the Lord, by the present heavy dispensation, is rebuking me in my solitude for the little care I took to keep near him and to solace my soul with his presence, his countenance and his love, while my children were about me. This I saw in a light that was very affecting and humbling; and, glory to his name! while I was confessing my spiritual idolatries, shameful departures, and backslidings, and attempting to betake myself to the blood and righteousness of Christ with all my sins, and follies, and deadness, and coldness, and darkness, he was pleased of his infinite mercy to receive me graciously, and to manifest somewhat of his love and glory, and his reconciled countenance to my poor soul. This was a sweet reviving cordial. My darkness vanished, my cold heart began to warm, and my weary soul found rest under the shadow of Emmanuel's wings, and was blessed with some little delightful experiences of what I was earnestly praying for several days past, and that is, a heart-felt complacency in the ever-blessed God in and through the Lord Jesus Christ. Thanks! eternal thanks, to the God of all grace for this seasonable savour and revival. O for a clearer display of his glory shining in the face of Christ—for richer and sweeter experiences of his loving-kindness that's better than life! May I be thankful for this sweet dawning, and may I take it as an earnest of the rising sun and the perfect day.

1768. *Jan, 11th.*—Saturday, Sabbath-day, and this day, my soul has been (except the time I was lecturing and preaching in the house of God) involved in darkness, distress, and awful desertion, which was most sensibly felt at the midnight hours, when mine eyes were kept waking and my soul meditated terror. On Sabbath night especially I had a clear, distinct, and most humbling and alarming view of the atheism and vileness of my heart and nature—of the pride and vanity and formality which mingled with duties and my sacred administrations. The sight filled me for a moment with trembling and horror, and "unless the Lord had been my help, almost my soul had dwelt in silence; when I said, My foot slippeth, my soul sinketh, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." I was held up a little, yea, sustained, by these words, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;" and these other comfortable words, "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which is lost;" and many other passages and promises of the Word of God came to view in this sore emergence, which removed a great deal of that terror and slavish fear that had seized on my soul. Nevertheless a perfect cure was not yet effected; my sore still ran in the night. I remembered the happy time when I had my songs in the night; but now I thought the Comforter was at a distance, and my silent harp hung on the mournful willows. But blessed be his name, though weeping endureth for a night, on the morn joy ariseth! The clouds began to scatter in the morning by some comfortable beams of the Sun of Righteousness that darted in from

his blessed Word on my benighted, disconsolate soul; and at family worship in the morning I had uncommon liberty and enlargement. At night my discouragements recurred—the clouds began to gather again; but in time of the evening sacrifice they were happily dispelled.

Two things I observed as to this dispensation: one is, that at this precise time, when I was in greater distress of soul than I had experienced for twenty years past, providence (and a noted providence it was) put into my hand the Memoirs of the great and venerable Mr. Thomas Shepherd, in which I found exercises and distresses of soul very much resembling my own, for which he blessed God as an infinite mercy to him; and glory to his name, I hope I can join my note of praise to his! I had infinite need of these humbling views of myself; and I think I see more need of Christ this day for my poor soul than I have seen for twenty years past; and I see enough in Christ—glorious, precious Christ, the adorable Redeemer—to justify, to sanctify, to save, to solace, and glorify a poor castaway like me, a mass of guilt and corruption like me, to the eternal praise and glory of free, free grace! May heaven and earth praise him! Amen.

The second thing I remarked with respect to this distressful exercise is, that whereas there are several young people at this time under my ministry, and under my particular inspection and care, though few of them are of this poor parish, who are in great distress of soul under a deep law-work and spirit of bondage, as some of them have been for a year or two; and though they are daily on my heart at a throne of grace in my poor way, and though I have visited several of them at their distant habitations, and spent many hours in conference and prayer with them in my house; yet it is now a very long time since my soul was in the case of their souls, I thought, and I still think, that my fellow-feeling and sympathy with their sore and agonizing distress and soul-anguish, was not, and is not, so very tender and affectionate as it ought to be; and therefore I thought that the Lord saw it meet to hold this bitter cup for two or three nights and days to my mouth, to give me a new taste of the wormwood and the gall of their anguish and distress, which I long since experienced; to awaken in my soul more tender and deep sympathy towards them, and more fervent prayers for them than ever.—This I hope is, and will be, one of the happy effects of my sore exercise . . . O how loudly am I called now from my late experience to be more concerned for them than I have ever been! Lord Jesus, hear the sighs and groans of these precious prisoners of hope, and turn them to songs of praise and joy! Amen.

12*th*.—From morn till eve there were here with me one after another a number of exercised souls, some of them in great soul-distress, but under a most promising work, which I believe on solid grounds will terminate happily in glory to God and the Redeemer, and eternal salvation to them! This resort of exercised souls to my house, seeking Jesus who was crucified, I take for my delightful New-year's gift from my infinitely liberal Master; and glory to his name, some such inestimable New-year's gift he was pleased to give me for some years past. Glory to his name! Amen.

17*th*, *Sabbath Eve*.—The Lord was singularly kind to-day, especially in the second exercise. Sweet, satisfying, and glorious were the views I had of the mystery of redemption through Christ, and great was the liberty I had in declaring to the great congregation the views I then had of Christ and of God in Christ, and the great and solacing truths of the gospel. I observed several of my auditory as much affected as I was, and some of the gallery bathed in tears. Lord, follow with a remarkable blessing! Amen.

1768. *Feb. 3rd*.—Would wish to be retired to-day. Many are my calls, great are my errands to a throne of grace, outward troubles and inward distress, without are fightings, within are fears, afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted, the knell of death ringing in my ears, and the Comforter that should relieve my soul at a distance;—mourning without the sun. O my God; my soul is cast down in me; depth called unto depth, thy waves and billows going

over me. Nevertheless, I trust that the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day, and that yet his song will be with me in the night, as it sometimes has been, and my prayer to the God of my life. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God, for I trust I shall yet praise him? Amen! Besides, I have a great and solemn work in view, and the time is drawing nigh. Let me be helped, O Lord, by thy blessed Spirit this day, to plead and wrestle at a throne of grace for thy most gracious countenance, and most favourable and special presence on that occasion, if I am spared to set about it.

Six o'clock afternoon.—Adored for ever be the Lord for his marvellous lovingkindness shown to my poor distressed soul to-day! It well becomes me to say and sing with the psalmist, "I was brought low and he helped me." He brought me out of a horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and established my feet on a rock, and put a new song in my mouth, even praises to my God and Redeemer. O! let heaven and earth praise him; for I cannot do it enough. It is now some years since I had such near access, such humble confidence, and such holy joy in the Lord as he vouchsafed me this day. He helped me to read clearly his special paternal love in a long train of merciful dispensations, signal interpositions, gracious vouchsafements, seasonable chastisements, remarkable deliverances, wonderful manifestations, sweet satisfying consolations and sealings of the Spirit, surprising assistances in duties—out of weakness bringing strength, and his frequent and merciful acceptation of my poor oblations in and through Christ, and giving many answers to my poor prayers, and many, many a time turning my heaviest groans into the sweetest songs. And shall I not now say and cry out with humble joy, "My Father, my Father, thou hast been the guide of my youth, and the strength of my age"? I then was led to see what an undutiful, untowardly, prodigal, disobedient child I was; which I was made to bewail bitterly before him for some time, with vows and resolutions, in the strength of grace, of a more filial temper and conduct for the future. As to some sore external trials, I was likewise eased by being helped to plead his fatherly power, wisdom, love, and faithfulness, as to their having a happy issue—plead likewise as to the other points, and specially the solemnity in view; and I hope, unworthy as I am, for an answer of peace in due time, for the sake of our adorable Jesus, to whom, with the Father and Spirit, be eternal praise and glory. Amen! Amen!

1774. *Sabbath, Jan. 9th.*—Some sweet liberty in the first discourse; much confusion and formality in the second. Lord forgive, for Jesus' sake! I brought this darkness, formality, and confusion on myself by setting out in a proud and blind dependence on myself, on what I had lately received, and often received. Lord, make me wise to my own salvation, and that of others! Amen.

Monday, 10th.—Glory and praise for ever be to God in Christ, for the sweet and blessed liberty he has afforded me this morning. My clouds of yesterday, yea, all my clouds, are scattered, all my bonds are loosed; my soul is established on the Rock laid in Zion. I stand accepted with unspeakable joy in the perfect and most glorious righteousness of my redeeming God. I have access, with humble boldness, to a throne of grace, to a mercy-seat, and there I am at once blessed with pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace! What shall I render to the Lord? Heaven and earth praise him! Amen, amen!—Visited worthy E—th G—t on a bed of languishing. Great sweetness, light, and liberty in conference and prayer with this dear, blessed, handmaid in Jesus! Conference with sundries. This was a blessed day to my soul—the best, upon the whole, I had for seven, I may say for twenty years back. I was never more sweetly and solidly established on my Rock, my Centre, my Heaven, the Lord Jesus Christ. Blessings, blessings, blessings to Him for evermore! Amen.

Out with a County Evangelist.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

HAVING some particular researches to prosecute, the reader will please accompany us into the fair county of Dorset, remembering, in the meantime, that the district claims regard on account of historical memories, both ancient and modern. The town of Dorchester, whither we are bound, was early a Roman settlement, and Roman relics are still occasionally discovered, while the great amphitheatre remains to remind us of the cruel sports in which the heathen colonists delighted. The antiquarian visitor regrets that the castle should have disappeared, and also that the most ancient portion of the town should have been destroyed by fire in the reign of James the First. He will also remember that the country around Dorchester was the scene of more than one hard contested battle in the time of the civil war between the Parliament and Charles the First. There, too, the notorious Jeffreys, the butcher of "The Bloody Assizes," rioted in his favourite pastimes of abusing and hanging the enemies of tyranny, twenty-nine persons on one day, and eighty on another, having been consigned to the executioner on the occasion of his chief carnival. Though formerly an important place, Dorchester has dwindled into comparative insignificance, while England has progressed in power and wealth, and this is accounted for by the fact that the town is set among hills of chalk instead of mines of coal. The cloth trade was formerly active, but now little is done in that industry, and there is no other staple manufacture. It does not appear that Dorchester ever took a large share in religious movements; but it is satisfactory to find that the priory of Popish times became at last a Dissenting chapel.

While much is written and spoken about the onerous duties and lenten fare of rural pastors, it is well to remember that there is another class who fare quite as hard, and have opportunities of being equally useful. We refer to Association and Home Mission evangelists, who itinerate over wide districts, and do a work among scattered villagers similar to that which is carried on by the city missionary in the town. It would not be easy to point to any body of men who merit our gratitude more than these, for in the nature of their work, at least, they closely resemble the first apostles. Their stipends are always small, and their educational acquirements are frequently scanty; but in spite of all drawbacks the amount of work some of them are able to accomplish awakens both our gratitude and surprise. The successful evangelist comes of a hardy race of men, who show an aptitude for a particular work because they are in love with it; and no man wanting those sterling qualifications which the grace of God can alone impart will be likely to succeed in the evangelist's arduous calling. Men of various social grades and of widely diversified talents spend their lives in this service, and while the majority do not aspire to be ranked among "gentlemen," some might even claim the distinction belonging to a gentle origin. In every case, it is necessary to keep up a reputable appearance, both at home and abroad; for to fail in this

would be to forfeit the respect of the poor and to earn the disdain of those who move in superior stations. In a word, the evangelist must be "a real gentleman" in the eyes of the common people, and to others of a higher grade he must exhibit the attributes of respectability.

Aware of the interesting nature of the rural evangelist's operations, we felt desirous of looking more closely into his work, and of learning more about his difficulties and conquests, especially as he too frequently labours from the beginning to the end of the year without attracting the sympathy of near neighbours, much less the kindly notice of friends in the distance. The district around Dorchester was selected as the sphere of investigation, because we happened to be acquainted with the evangelist stationed there, having made his acquaintance at a country church in youthful days. We then profited by the ministry of a much loved pastor, who, as one interested in our friend's future welfare, hoped he might in some way be made useful in the Master's vineyard. What is the lasting influence of one good man! That pastor's counsel and teaching are even now bearing fruit in their continued influence over the evangelist's life. The deceased pastor is daily remembered, and at times the worker half imagines that the friend of earlier years is looking on his present labours as an interested spectator. He related a circumstance connected with a recent visit to the far-away village of his nativity: he was passing through the churchyard, and by the pastor's grave, when memories of other days became so overwhelming as to render it difficult for him to set one foot before the other.

The county evangelist, as we have found him, is a kind of pastor, village confidant, and itinerant gospeller all combined in the same person. In the instance now under review he is also the bishop of a wide, fertile diocese, about fifty miles in circumference, and extending over seventeen parishes; he has five chapels or preaching-stations, and the clergy who acknowledge his supremacy are a number of volunteer unpaid preachers, without whose assistance the numerous Sabbath and week-day services could not possibly be maintained. Certain of the stations are about sixteen miles or more apart, and until a good brother of the Church of England presented our friend with a mare and dog-cart, besides giving a man a weekly salary to attend to both Poppet and the vehicle, he was obliged to travel the weary country on foot—a labour, we need scarce remark, far exceeding the endurance of flesh and blood, so that he broke down and approached near to the gates of death.

Having arrived at our friend's house, situated at Fernwood,* and seven miles from Dorchester, one blustering wet day in October, we at once began a study of the interesting mission he has undertaken. It was satisfactory to find so indefatigable a worker well housed, the cottage with its garden and orchard being roomy, well furnished, and scrupulously clean—thanks to the care of wife and daughters—so that after a tedious ride by rail and road we found ourselves at last at a most comfortable terminus. But it is Wednesday evening, and hence, after partaking of refreshment, we repair to the week-night service in the

* This name is fictitious, as are also the names of other villages mentioned. We are thus cautious for obvious reasons.

village, where the chapel accommodation is as yet only indifferent, a new structure being in course of erection. The present building, a quondam cart-shed, seats a hundred and fifty persons, the interior presenting a homely appearance perhaps seldom surpassed. There is a gallery in which the air must be stiflingly hot on crowded nights; there are candles for the pulpit, paraffin lamps for the congregation, while the hard straight-backed wooden benches give no encouragement to drowsy worshippers. We were struck by the novelty of the scene, but felt that it was good to be there; indeed, each of the three services which we attended was really profitable as well as interesting. At the conclusion of one of these an old man shook hands with the preacher, and declared that what he had said was "beautiful." This appreciative hearer was quite right; had we heard the same discourse in a London chapel we should have said it was a good sermon.

Rising refreshed on the following morning we were glad to find it was a high day, a tea-meeting having been arranged to come off at Encombe, a village station twelve miles distant. Of course there was a little bustle and excitement of preparation, for these festivals come as welcome changes where life is uneventful and monotonous. Our trusty servant and fellow traveller, Poppet, has to be fed and groomed betimes. Though Poppet is not the fleetest of mares, she is both gentle and willing, and not much addicted to shying at less important objects than steam-ploughs. All preparations being complete, away we go, up one hill side and down another, at one time seeing the road stretch for a mile ahead, and then enjoying the magnificent view of a vast expanse of country, or passing some notable mansion or historical site famous in the annals of Old England. We realise with some emotion that we are riding over the battle-ground of the Civil Wars, and as we rattle through the streets of Dorchester town we do not fail to remember Jeffreys—Lord Hategood of "The Pilgrim's Progress"—whose chair is still preserved as a relic of the times, and memento of the Bloody Assize. Some miles further on we halt at the homestead of a considerable farmer, who, being seriously ill, demands our attention to the extent of making enquiry about his health, and we are not permitted to leave until both ourselves and Poppet are entertained with the best which hospitality can afford. Such is the estimation in which our companion is held that the very servants are glad to have an opportunity of serving him.

Having dined, we pursued our journey, and were soon at our destination, the village of Encombe being visibly excited in anticipation of the approaching "tea." The cottage, wherein the repast will be spread, an ancient structure and the freehold property of the tenants, is now decorated with flowers and evergreens, such as will earn the hearty encomiums of the unsophisticated guests. To accommodate all the visitors two rooms are thrown into one, the lights being candles and paraffin lamps; and were the ceiling only a little higher there would be little reason to complain of discomfort. Low ceilings and broad chimneys, however, were the rule in the olden time, and certain of the Dorset cottages are hoary with age; one we noticed bore a date in the wall—1570.

As it is still only afternoon, and the company will not assemble until

six in the evening, our time is occupied at a neighbouring house in completing the preparations. The air of Dorset around the county town is known to be bracing, and the appetites of the natives are correspondingly hearty. It is as well to be acquainted with this fact, and to act according to your knowledge, otherwise you may provoke remarks more pointed than complimentary. "It's no use yer cuttin' kek like that," cried a woman of the district to a companion—who, not quite understanding Dorset manners and customs, was slicing the "seed" and the "fruit" into hunches of ordinary size—"It's of no use yer cuttin' up kek like that; people yere about wants somethink to eat, not to look to." There is no danger of any mistake being made on this score on the present occasion; the tea brewing, with the rest of the provision, being most liberal and satisfactory in quality.

As the hour of six fast approaches, and all things are in readiness, we adjourn to the cottage, which being duly criticised by the guests, the verdict pronounced is, that the place "Looks like a fairy-land." The company is numerous, the poorest being dressed in their best, while the viands are thoroughly enjoyed by all. It is a social re-union, such as persons accustomed only to town life can but imperfectly understand; and the evangelist is so busy in looking after the comfort of others, that he has little time to take a proper share of the spoil. One has something particular to communicate; another has a question to ask, until the man resembles a father or chief moving about among a great family of dependents.

It must be understood that this feast inaugurates the week-night services for the winter, the first of which is now held after the seats are re-arranged. It is a pleasant sight to see the villagers assembled, and still pleasanter to look through their ranks and note the converts of this mission, some of whom, from being violent opposers, have come round to be earnest helpers in the work. The sermon that now follows rivets the attention of most persons in the room, and is well adapted to the requirements of the humble audience. The preacher likens himself to a directing-post,* he is always telling people in which way they should go, and he adds that news of souls having been brought into the fold had reached his ears that very week. He refers to a recent severe illness; he has been "near the gates;" and while ready to go, he is still delighted to stop and continue the service in which he is engaged. Then come some touching allusions to early days, and to the departed pastor, who he sometimes thinks is even now cognisant of the trials and joys of those who lag behind on earth. The language of the discourse is homely, but the appeals are searching, and the people, who are spoken to in a familiar way, show that they know how to value the honesty of a true heart. "My dear fathers," "My dear mothers," are phrases often used, with frequent hymn quotations. The meeting closes with a collection for the county hospital, and, after supping at the house of an hospitable neighbour, we again take to the road, in company with Poppet, and reach Fernwood a few minutes after midnight.

* The directing-post points the way, but never goes; the evangelist, however, both directs others and goes himself.

We will now look back a few years, and to the day of small things at Encombe, the facts of the case coming from the evangelist himself, as we sit by the fireside in his snug home, after the excitement of the tea-meeting has passed away. The work was begun ten years ago, the visitor being at first but ill received, Encombe being a dark, wicked village, and the natives blindly prejudiced against the gospel. On a certain day he called at no less than fifty houses, but, in consequence of the abounding ignorance and profanity, he was allowed to read and pray in seven only. That was an awful state of affairs; but the condition of the place has now so far improved that there is not a single house in which our friend would not be cordially welcomed, and he believes that he has no enemy throughout the whole parish. Nor is the experience of the worker bare of striking conversions. At the house of a well-to-do couple, where we and Poppet were entertained, we saw exemplified what the grace of God can effect in transforming those who live only for earth, into citizens of the kingdom of heaven. Times were when both the master and mistress were stoutly opposed to religion, ridiculing those who made a profession; but the manner of their conversion shews that people who are farthest away from Christ, are often chosen vessels in which he will magnify his sovereignty and power. We are still sitting by the fireside of the snug cottage among the Dorset hills, and on the pretty high-road between Dorchester and Sherborne, when our friend is asked how all this happened.

"Well, one day," he replies in effect, "I was in Encombe distributing tracts, when Mrs. ——— chanced to espy me; she asked of a neighbour, 'Whatever is that man about?' and on finding that I was a gospeller, she remarked, that if I came to her she would give me enough to satisfy me for good. When I went up and knocked, she came to the door holding a piece of bread in her hand, concealed beneath her apron, and this she presently held out before my face, asking me if I would take something to help me along the road. I at once replied that I was not in want, and that I could offer her the bread of life, of which a person may eat to hunger no more. At this she was apparently surprised, and offered no further resistance. The husband of this woman was in well-to-do circumstances, and, besides being a thorough-going worldly character, he was addicted to drinking and profane swearing. He, of course, hated religion, and regarded professing Christians as sneaks and hypocrites. Well, soon after all this happened, I was again preaching in the village street, when both Mr. and Mrs. ——— joined the throng, the wife being by this time a willing hearer, but her husband remaining a hardened opponent. About this time the cottage was opened for service, and Mrs. ——— became a regular attendant, and though her growing taste for religious services was roughly opposed at home the opposition did not hinder her. After things had gone on in this way for some time the man himself was seen to enter the cottage sanctuary, not that he desired to hear the gospel, but because he thought of being able to disprove what was spoken. The poor fellow little thought of what lay before him: just then a fiery trial suddenly overshadowed him, plunging the whole family into deep distress, so that all were now glad enough to send for me to counsel, comfort, and pray for them. The dark cloud passed

away in a most merciful manner, and the welcome deliverance was attributed to the prayers which I had earnestly offered to God on behalf of the poor sufferers. Trouble was not yet done with, however; the tempter reappeared, and, drink being the man's master sin, he yielded, and fell as low as ever. Then the gracious purposes of God began to appear, though the man was destined to pass through one of those dark crises which frequently precede the soul's freedom. I was preaching in the cottage from those words, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' when I plainly perceived that the arrow of conviction had reached the sinner's heart. The man seemed literally to writhe in agony as he sat in his seat. The word had indeed found a home in his heart. That night he made me go home with him, and on the road he remarked, 'I wish I had your head.' 'It is the heart, not the head, that must be touched,' I told him. 'Well,' he replied, 'I wish I had your heart.' For some time he continued in a state of great mental agony, and entertained many gloomy forebodings. While he continued in this condition, he one day sent for me, and, after a little conversation, we knelt together in prayer. I shall never forget that time; his burden fell as if in a moment, and, jumping to his feet, he declared that he felt his sins to be pardoned. All this happened years ago, but his life has never, from that day to this, belied his profession, and he has been one of my helpers, both in preaching and visiting. I look upon this as one of the most striking cases of conversion at Encombe, but there have been many others, and there are people in the village of good social position who also aid the good cause."*

As mention has been made of the county evangelist's helpers, we must not lose sight of the men who evince such self-denial for the cause of Christ. Some of these are converts of the mission, and in all cases they are men who, working hard for their bread during the week, cheerfully walk long distances, in all weathers, to the village stations on the Sabbath. The preacher that we ourselves enjoyed the pleasure of hearing walked fourteen miles in the rain to keep his engagement.

On the morning after the cottage tea-meeting we are astir early, Poppet is again in a state of readiness, and is under an engagement to carry us to Somerton, another station which is also twelve miles distant from our base at Fernwood. The growth of the work at Somerton has been extremely interesting as well as encouraging. The services were first of all held at a cottage; thence they were removed to a blacksmith's shop which cost £30 for fittings, but now there is a pretty chapel, erected at a cost of £250. Here we dined with a worthy farmer who is a general benefactor to the poor neighbours, and though a member of the Church of England is still a father to the county mission. The farm being an extensive one, the homestead is replete with every appendage of rural affluence; and the common opinion is that when Mr. ——— goes hence, Somerton is not likely to see his like

* It will be understood that we give the substance of what the evangelist told us in his several narratives, without professing to report him *verbatim et literatim*. Were we to adopt the latter course our article would swell into undue proportions.

again. When sickness or distress abound, the kitchen at "the house" becomes alive with activity just as if it belonged to "a little hospital," as we were assured. Though a bachelor living by himself, it is the farmer's custom to have a large joint every Sabbath, and the greater part of this is dispensed to the needy, the sick and the aged. Old men are never discharged from service on account of failing strength; they are allowed to retain their cottages free of rent, and to work or remain indoors as inclination dictates, on something like half-pay. In these days of agitation and of disagreement between master and man such things come as pleasant news, besides explaining why the farmstead is significantly called "the house."

Somerton strikes the townsman as being an out-of-the-way place, the main street, for the most part, consisting of labourers' cottages, but it clearly does not lie out of the way of divine grace, neither are its roofs too lowly for Christ to enter. When the cottage services were first instituted, the first convert was an old bedridden man who lay in the room above—the word found its way through the openings of the ceilingless room, and lodged in his heart to the saving of his soul. One old woman, in expressing her thankfulness, remarked that before the mission was commenced they thought themselves all in the right, but now she had learned that they were all in the wrong. The Word at times achieves sudden triumphs. A young woman—a servant at "the house"—went home convinced of sin, in a state of great agitation, and became a changed character. Another, who had trusted in "read prayers," was led to see her error, and died rejoicing. A good work is really going on all around, and we express our surprise at what we see; "Yes," replies our friend, "the Lord *has* wonderfully blessed my efforts."

One of the best-remembered conquests of the gospel in Somerton was that of a village infidel—a *rara avis*—who was well known among the Dorset hills of this district. The man was utterly degraded, apparently believing in nothing but his own existence, or in what he saw on the solid earth on which he lived and toiled. The farmer at "the house" befriended the man, winning thereby an influence which he longed to use for the man's advantage. The sceptic's ignorance and obstinacy were really pitiable, but it was not improbable that he could be conquered and enlightened if spoken to judiciously about the claims of the gospel.

"I went to see him," says the evangelist, "I found him chopping wood on the hearth, and when I mentioned the subject of religion, and proposed that I should pray, he showed symptoms of restlessness. I prayed, however, and when I rose the man was shedding tears. When illness overtook him, I visited him again until conscience troubled him, and I urged him to pray." "I can only use the words of the Lord's Prayer," he said. "Cry out in the language of the Publican," I replied, "'God be merciful to me a sinner;' or in the words of the blind man, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' He learned to pray indeed, earnestly using the words I had suggested, he was led to repentance, and died with words of praise upon his lips."

The gentleman who resides at "the house"—a man who deserves to be lastingly remembered as "the good farmer of Somerton"—would, I

believe, acknowledge the spiritual good he has personally derived from the evangelist's visits, and he has reason to be grateful on another account besides ; for his brother, another wealthy agriculturist of the district, became through our evangelist's instrumentality a really striking example of the power of divine grace. Until old age, this gentleman commanded an influential local position, his religion, meanwhile, consisting in a mere attendance at church, and, like some others of his class, he was addicted to profane swearing. The master of " the house " became painfully anxious as he saw the end approaching, and earnestly desired that brother Thomas should see a Christian friend, but scarcely knew how to arrange for the meeting. The way would have to be carefully prepared, for an abrupt descent on the privacy of the dying man's chamber would not only be followed by defeat, but would stir up his indignation. Calling one morning at his brother's house, the good farmer made some reference to the invalid's worldly affairs ; he trusted they were all straight and square and so on. But no, they were not yet settled. Were they not ? then they should be seen to at once. " Then there is another thing, brother," continued the visitor, " It is necessary that all should be right between God and your soul ; I should like you to see a friend of mine who can speak about these things." That was a novel thing to the dying farmer. What should there be wrong between God and himself ? He was certainly not aware of there being anything amiss ; he had certainly not been worse than others, and taking all things into consideration, was quite content to take his chance. But stay, if it must be so, and just to oblige a kind brother, he should not object to see the friend who had been mentioned. That concession was enough. The way was open. The good farmer hastened from the room, mounted his horse, and, did not stop until he had reached our evangelist's door, the latter was requested to hire a conveyance at once, and proceed to the invalid's house, without letting it be known that a third party had interfered. On the occasion of this first visit, the welcome accorded was not remarkably cordial ; but having read and prayed, the visitor was politely requested to come again. The farmer was visited in this manner during six months, without apparent result, though a change was actually taking place. Not satisfied, however, the evangelist asked a searching question which drew forth a welcome confession.

" Do you really feel, sir, that you receive good from my visits ?" he said, on noticing that the old man frequently wept under the words of Scripture.

" I would rather lose all that I possess than miss your visits," replied the farmer. " If I had only known what happiness is theirs who love the Lord, how would I have loved him in past time !"

" You are not afraid to die, then ; not afraid to meet the Saviour ?"

" Not in the least ; I believe my sins are all forgiven."

This gentleman soon after died in Christ, and a daughter, who has likewise entered into rest, was converted through the visits of the evangelist to her father. These examples are given to show that a mission, however humble, may be made, by tact and courtesy, to extend its operations to the upper classes. Not only are cottagers brought into

the fold, the affluent and influential are won for Him who has made of one blood all nations of the earth.

During our rides about the county, we one day passed through a town, we will call Rundleton. Rundleton is not properly a station of the mission, but there is a nonconformist chapel, the congregation being in charge of an aged pastor, whose health is failing. While passing along the main street we have many questions to ask. "What is that building?" "Who was that you spoke to just then?" "What a fine old church," &c., and our companion is as busily employed in satisfying this inquisitiveness. "Do you see that open door?" he asks. "Yes." "In the room above there I've seen a man pull the hair from his head in a frenzy of despair. He was a backslider; but in a merciful manner the peace he had forfeited was given back to him. But, ah, it was a terrible case!" "Then see yonder cottage." "Yes." "Well, a man once threatened to stab me in that place. 'He didn't allow no strangers there,' he said. 'My good friend, I've come with good news,' I answered. 'Good news, eh; what is it?' 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners.' 'Oh,' cried he, suddenly changing his tone, 'if that be wot yer come for, stay as long as yer like. My wife wants some one like you to talk to her.' That man was afterwards converted, and still lives to honour the Christian life." An interesting place is Rundleton; one might have spent an hour or two very pleasantly in the parish church, and besides, there are the traces of an extensive fire, which must have occasioned unusual consternation in the small community. "This house," again remarks our companion, pointing to a carpenter's workshop by the roadside, "this house was formerly a Dissenting chapel. The pastor was a good old man, whom I remember well, and at his death the lease of the property went back to the squire. The people were rather poor, but loving the old sanctuary, they were very anxious to renew the lease and continue their meetings, so that the squire's agent was requested to carry their petition to his master. The application was quite fruitless, for the rich landlord declared that he was determined to have the people out, and he should turn the chapel into a carpenter's shop. The people left, and the order to transform the building was carried out to the letter; but was it not strange that the first job of work done in that same carpenter's shop should consist in making the old squire's coffin?"

Though not wishing to interpret this occurrence as a judgment of heaven, we concede that it was a strange coincidence. But are men still at work in the place?

"Oh yes," replies our companion, "they are making the window-frames for our new chapel at Fernwood."

(To be continued.)

The Cranfields—Father and Son.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

I.—THOMAS CRANFIELD.

FROM the date of its formation, by Rowland Hill, Surrey Chapel has been a vast hive of Christian industry. Its societies are adapted to meet the condition of the neighbourhood, in all the phases of human need. Each society has its own committee and staff of workers, and for nearly a hundred years there has been a succession of good men to carry on the work. The shadow of the "Lincoln Tower" of "Christ Church" already begins to fall upon "dear old Surrey," and before the eclipse becomes total its history should be written. The task to which we are now committed is to convey to our readers some idea of a few of the men who have helped to make "Surrey" famous. In selecting the Cranfields for our present paper we do not intend to imply that they are the most conspicuous amongst the Surrey worthies. We are as impartial as the student at a university examination, who when asked to give the names of the major and minor prophets, replied, "I do not wish to draw any invidious distinction."

Thomas Cranfield was born in 1758, in Southwark, and spent his early years in pursuing a course of folly and sin. When nineteen years of age he enlisted as a soldier, having absconded from his employers, to whom he had been apprenticed. The regiment he joined was under orders to proceed to Gibraltar, and the prospect of being for ever separated from his friends led him to reflect upon the folly of his conduct, and the awful destiny which awaited him if he still remained unsaved. About this time his father became converted under the preaching of the Rev. W. Romaine, and was able to offer him the counsel he most needed. He was proof, however, against all his father's appeals, and became "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." The siege of Gibraltar was attended with all the horrors of war—famine, suffering, disease, and death; but no impression for good seems to have been made upon the young soldier. In 1777 he returned home, having married the daughter of a brother officer. He was greatly surprised to hear his father engage in family prayer on the evening of his arrival, and was easily persuaded to accompany him to hear the Rev. R. Cecil the following Sunday. Prayer was made for him without ceasing, and at length he found the Saviour under the ministry of the Rev. W. Romaine. He had not long to wait before he was able to rejoice in his wife's conversion. He now commenced business in Goswell Street, and in fellowship with some young men of "like precious faith" he opened his house for a daily prayer-meeting, and his efforts were soon blessed to the conversion of two lodgers. Remembering to have heard Mr. Whitefield preach in the open air he felt the divine command to be irresistible—"Go thou and do likewise;" and he soon sallied forth with a companion to preach to the passers-by at the corner of the City Road. They were pelted with offensive missiles; but, undaunted by the opposition, they persevered in the good work—an example we commend to all young men whose hearts the

Lord has touched. Working for Jesus is a rare tonic to brace up the energies of our spiritual manhood.

Thomas Cranfield was now called to pass through a series of severe and bitter trials. His furniture was partially destroyed by fire; his family lingered on the border of the grave from malignant sickness; and thieves entered his dwelling, carrying off every article of value. So terrible were the straits to which he was put that his children often cried for bread when there was none to give them. On one occasion he and his wife spent the whole morning in prayer for their mid-day meal. It was their only resource. They had scarcely arisen from their knees when a knock was heard at the door. It was a pious woman who owed him a shilling, and had come to pay it. In this way their prayer was answered, and they sat down to a homely meal with grateful hearts.

His attention being drawn to the brick-makers of Kingsland, as a profane class of men for whom little had been done, he went to the foreman and induced him to open his house for prayer, and they held a meeting every morning at five o'clock before the men commenced work. The young enthusiast went round to the houses of the men and called them up in time for the meeting. The little band soon increased and afterwards removed to a larger room near the old Kingsland Gate, where they became known as the "Devil-dodgers." In his diary about this time we find the following entries:—"I see more and more of the awful nature of sin, that it is infinite—I feel that I am a wretch undone. . . . . The Lord has given me this day some delightful discoveries of himself as my Saviour and Friend. Oh, the glories which I see in Christ! Oh, that I could live more to his praise. Lord, make me any thing, so that I may live to thy glory. Give me a love for precious souls." As he grew in the knowledge of his own unworthiness, and the Saviour became increasingly precious, his zeal for his glory in the salvation of sinners became a master passion. His visits to the sick poor were as frequent as his business engagements would permit, and he would often deny himself necessary comforts to relieve their wants. "One Saturday, at the early meeting, he was informed that a pious man, one of the fruit of his labours, had not tasted meat for several months. At night Mr. Cranfield purchased a leg of mutton, and, having tied it to the knocker of the poor man's door, he gave a loud knock and ran away." In this way he relieved the pressing wants of a poor family and made his own heart glad.

While we honour the man for his devotion to the glory of God and the good of his fellow men, we must express our regret that his zeal led him to neglect his business, and as he fell into difficulties he incurred liabilities which he could not honourably discharge. The inside of a debtors' prison is not a fit sanctuary for a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. How many true Christians have become hopelessly embarassed, bringing misery and disgrace upon themselves and families for lack of that prudence and discretion which wisdom demands. We are not surprised to find Mr. Cranfield, at this juncture, an easy prey of the enemy of souls. He was induced to ally himself with the "London Corresponding Society," which was started, in connection with the leaders of the French Revolution, for removing social grievances by

other than constitutional means. His spiritual power was sacrificed and his joy in the Lord withered in the uncongenial atmosphere in which he lived. This is an old device of Satan, and we fear that multitudes in the present day are the deluded victims of the "God of this world." Social and political expedients command the energies of many who, were they living in fellowship with God, would be wholly devoted to the spiritual vocation to which they are called. The truest reformation begins with the heart, and works from within outwards. With the reception of the gospel of the grace of God men are brought into subjection to the law, and become true to all the relationships in which they stand to their fellow citizens. Mr. Cranfield, at length, saw his folly, and returned to the Lord as a penitent backslider, and once more became a "true soldier of Jesus Christ." He learned by a bitter experience, that carnal weapons were not fit instruments to carry on a spiritual warfare. His first efforts were directed to the circulation of gospel tracts as an antidote to the blasphemous writings of Tom Paine and Voltaire, and afterwards he commenced a Sunday School in Rotherhithe and another in a brickmaker's home at Tottenham. Ultimately, he resigned the Tottenham School to the Wesleyans and commenced another in Kent Street, Southwark, one of the lowest neighbourhoods in London, and was brought into connection with the Rev. Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel. Kent Street school was soon filled to overflowing, and though the supply of voluntary teachers was limited, Mr. Cranfield and three others commenced a fourth school in the equally destitute neighbourhood of the Mint. Two others were soon started in Gravel Lane and Garden Row, and the whole were incorporated as the "Southwark Sunday School Society," under the presidency of Rowland Hill. Services were also commenced in the Mint lodging-houses, the resort of the thieves, tramps, and beggars who infested the metropolis. The work thus commenced continues to the present time, and is sustained with vigour by an earnest band of teachers, mostly members of the Surrey Chapel and the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The old scholars' meetings, which are held annually in each school, have revealed thousands of instances in which the gospel has proved the power of God unto salvation.

When Mr. Sherman succeeded to the pastorate of Surrey Chapel he secured the services of Mr. Cranfield as a district visitor, at the nominal salary of ten shillings per week. There are many of the older members of Surrey Chapel still living who cherish the memory of this old saint wending his way through the narrow streets of Southwark on his errand of mercy. His faith in God strengthened as his years declined, and his prayers became more fervent as he neared the border of his heavenly home. When Mr. Kirk was announced to preach to the children of the Southwark Sunday School Mr. Cranfield spent the night in prayer to God. Towards morning he slept for an hour, and then attended the seven o'clock prayer-meeting.

Of the many forms of usefulness which he adopted, the simplest and not the least prized was his Scripture Lottery. Having written a number of precious texts on small slips of paper, he would insert them between the leaves of his Bible. Meeting a friend he would offer him the chance of drawing from his lottery. Many proved these texts to be words in season.

The grand lesson of this good man's life is, that ordinary gifts consecrated to the service of God will command the truest because most lasting success. A mere official would have turned traitor under the difficulties which only fired the heroism of Thomas Cranfield. "The best of both worlds" theory never influenced his conduct at any period of his career. He lived for God, for eternity, and counted no sacrifice too great in the service of him who had bought him with the price of his own life-blood. The sight of sorrow and suffering commanded his sympathy, and he often gave away the last shilling he had in the world without knowing, at the time, the source from which his own wants would be supplied. He never was in doubt as to the Lord's ability to meet his necessities. On one occasion, when he had taken some food to a poor starving family, he felt sad for the moment when he remembered his own family would go hungry unless the Lord interposed to supply their need. As he hurried homewards he turned sharply round a street corner, and overturned some earthenware articles exposed for sale. Believing he had done no damage, he proceeded on his journey, when he heard a voice calling after him by name. He turned and saw it was the owner of the shop, and at once concluded he had broken the articles he overturned. His mind was, however, soon set at rest on this point, for the good woman told him she had merely called him back to repay ten shillings he had lent her in a time of trial. Some may dismiss this story as a mere coincidence, but we can trace a Father's hand, who, in this strange way, honoured his servant's faith and supplied his wants.

We have endeavoured to record some of the methods of usefulness adopted by this servant of God during a period of fifty-five years, with the hope that many may be stimulated to consecrate their talents, their energies, their possessions, and their time, to the blessed service of their Saviour.

He laboured to the last, and passed away, as the sun sinks to rest when his course is finished. When his daughter entered his room, he said, "It is all over, my girl, I am going home at last. The Lord grant me strength and patience."*

> "He is the happy man, whose life even now
> Shows somewhat of that happier life to come:
> Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
> Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
> Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
> Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
> Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
> Content, indeed, to sojourn while he must
> Below the skies, but having there his home." COWPER.

* If any desire a fuller record of the life and labours of Thomas Cranfield, we commend to them a modest little book, entitled "The Useful Christian," published by the Religious Tract Society.

Evangelists and Revivals.*

BY DR. FISH.

WE may define evangelists as preachers without pastoral charges. As thus defined, the apostles were evangelists—tellers of the good tidings to the people at large.

Our blessed Lord went from place to place preaching and performing his mighty works. In the three years of his public life he travelled three times over Galilee. Three times he visited Jerusalem. For weeks together he preached at Capernaum, a border town where many were coming and going. Six months he labored beyond Jordan, and twice he sent out disciples to extend his work. He came not mainly to teach, and yet through his public life he labored as an itinerant. Thus he spread his gospel among perhaps three millions of people.

Paul was the prince of evangelists. In five and twenty years he travelled three times over a great part of Asia and Europe. Twice he spent two years as a prisoner, preaching to all who came to him, as well as to successive soldiers to whom he was chained. At one place he wintered, at another he spent a year and a half, at a third two whole years, so preaching "that all they that dwell in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus."

Modern missionaries, in the main, are evangelists. So were many of the earnest preachers of early days. Whitefield spent most of his life as an evangelist. So did John Wesley, who rode horseback 100,000 miles in his visits from place to place.

In this country, from the earliest times, there have been men acting as evangelists. More than a hundred years ago the Philadelphia Baptist Association appointed Rev. Messrs. Edwards and Gano to visit and preach as evangelists. Dr. Nettleton, in the first half of the present century, was a famous evangelist. Inspired with the earnest wish to

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* As the Lord is so divinely blessing those two consecrated evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and revivals are breaking out on the right hand and on the left, we judged it a fitting time to issue a work upon the subject. We therefore advised our publishers to reprint Dr. Fish's Handbook of Revivals, and they have done so. The book gives a great deal of information, meets many objections, and suggests many useful methods. Dr. Fish has transferred the copyright in England to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, and the work is issued at 5s. We have enjoyed the reading of the work, and though it is decidedly American, it is none the less interesting and valuable. The chapter on Evangelists which we now give is very much to our mind. As we have informed our readers, we have undertaken personally to support one brother as an evangelist and he has done great service. If our means allowed we would sustain several brethren, but we can do no more until we are aided in the effort. We are sure it is one of the Lord's ways of blessing the churches, and one in which wealthy Christians might feel great joy in serving the Lord and his church by supporting a picked man. Our object in extracting the following chapter is to bring both the book and the matter of evangelists under the notice of our readers.

give himself to the foreign mission service, but prevented from so doing, he gave himself to the work of an evangelist; first among destitute churches, and then, upon the calls of his brethren, to the visitation of churches with pastors. And everywhere the Lord went with him and wonderfully blessed his labors. Eternity alone will tell the multitudes led to Christ in connection with his itinerant services. The names of others might be mentioned who were also much blessed in this work. And yet such labors in our day are not looked upon with favor. A chief cause is found in the imprudence of some evangelists. Great scandal was brought upon this class of preachers by one James Davenport, more than a century ago. His excesses caused the ministry to look with suspicion upon this style of service, and to dread even the name evangelist.

Rev. Joseph Fish, of Stonington, Connecticut, in a sermon which he published in 1763, informs us of the visit of Mr. Davenport to his church some twenty years previously. Speaking of the revivals of that day, he says, "In these strange operations, there was a marvellous mixture of almost everything *good and bad*—truth and error, chaff and wheat. For while the spirit of God wrought *powerfully*, Satan raged *maliciously*, and acted his old subtle part to deceive. This happened, or at least was carried to the highest pitch, under the preachings and ministrations of a wonderful, strange, good man, (the Rev. James Davenport, of Long Island,) who visited these parts in the time of our religious concern and awakening; a young man of undoubted real piety, fervent zeal for God, love to souls, and ardent desire to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. But, (thus it was permitted,) a man, while with us, under the powerful influence of a *false spirit* in a great part of his conduct, as *many* then told him, and as he himself did afterwards acknowledge with deep abasement. Satan, taking the advantage of his zeal in religion, transformed himself into an angel of light, and hurried him into extremes; yea, artfully carried him beside the truth and duty, and beyond the bounds of decency."

It is not difficult to trace the effects of the misguided zeal of this man in the existing coldness towards itinerating ministers.

And this has been enhanced by men since his time. Any one familiar with the religious history of the churches for the last forty years, can recall the names of evangelists who have not commended themselves to the good judgment (if indeed to the confidence) of their brethren generally. Dr. Humphrey, in his Revival Sketches says: "The great demand for preaching in western revivals, brought out a number of zealous young men with but little experience, who felt it their duty to enter into the work and help the pastors wherever their services were desired. They soon took the name of evangelists, or revivalists, as they were more commonly called. Some of them, in process of time, became zealous overmuch. They introduced measures which many pastors of riper judgment and more experience in revivals could not approve. And as their zeal increased, they wanted to go to places where they were not sent for. Nor would they be hindered for want of *regular* invitations. Influential members of the churches who sympathized with them were approached, and enlisted to overrule the judgment of their ministers, and wring from them a

reluctant consent. If the ministers would not yield, they must be broken down, as the phrase was. This was often attempted, and sometimes succeeded. Nor would the evangelist long consent to labor under the advice and direction of the pastor. He must give up the reins, and stand aside and look on, or take a subordinate part in the revival. The consequence was, that divisions were created in the churches, part holding with the pastors and part with the evangelists; and though scores of converts might be announced, some churches were actually weakened, and to such a degree that if not quite broken up, in what has since been called the 'burnt district,' they have scarcely recovered to this day. Not only were good ministers driven from their congregations in this manner, but such prejudices against revivals were created by these extreme measures, that it has taken a whole generation to remove them."

But while eccentricities and rashness are justly chargeable to some who have acted as evangelists, it should not operate as an argument against this class of laborers. Richard Baxter remarks that though the word of God is divine, our mode of dispensing it is human; and there is scarcely anything we have the handling of but we leave on it the print of our fingers. Imperfection attaches to our best endeavors; and why should we be suspicious of a particular kind of labor because of the extravagance or unworthiness of some who have undertaken it?

Much can be said in favor of this particular instrumentality. Undoubtedly it is of divine appointment, for "he gave some evangelists." And if it be insisted that their functions in primitive times were unlike those performed now, it devolves upon the objector to show the *essential* difference. True, they did not labor chiefly with churches, but outside of them; although this is not clear as to Apollos, at least, whose fame as an evangelist was in all the churches. But at first there were no churches with whom evangelists could labor. It was needful that they preach in new localities, like our modern missionaries. This carrying the gospel into "the regions beyond" engrossed all their time and attention; a prominent exception, however, being found in the apostle Paul, who, with other labors, visited and strengthened the churches,—co-operating with the pastors. To reason from the early practice therefore, as against the present, seems scarcely allowable. We doubt whether an argument against modern evangelism can be drawn from New Testament order.

Again: experience attests to the great usefulness of this agency. We have spoken of Whitefield and Wesley. It is also well known that Luther and his fellow-laborers carried forward the work more as *evangelists* than as pastors. Hosts of itinerant preachers and colporteurs went everywhere conveying the word of life to the homes and hearts of the people.

The early revivals in this country were directly connected with the labors of Edwards, the Tennents, Wheelock, Pomroy, Pendleton, and many others, who either had no pastoral charges, or gave them up for the time, and went out as evangelists to places far and near, arousing the churches and warning men to repent. The same was true of the later revivals, as remarked above in regard to Nettleton and others.

It were not difficult to point to some men now who are honored

and beloved as the helpers of pastors in "bringing in sheaves," and the extent of whose usefulness it is impossible to over estimate. What multitudes of souls, both among those in glory and those toiling for Christ, are witnesses to the good accomplished by the untiring energies of men whose names might be mentioned.

We are fully aware of the unfavorable opinion of many as to some of the men and measures connected with evangelism during the last half century. Nor do we say there is no good ground for it. But it may well be asked, what had been the condition of the churches to-day without that class of labor to which exception is taken? Certainly the churches never made greater progress than within the period of modern evangelism. And who will undertake to say that it is not owing, largely, to the new impulses given through this particular branch of effort?

Farther. We can easily see some peculiar advantages in evangelistic labor. For one thing, it stimulates expectation and hope, and impels to prayer and readiness for a blessing. Speaking of the great revivals at the beginning of this century, Baird says: "As one means of extending the work, ministers who had enjoyed the presence of God among their own people were selected by some ecclesiastical body and sent forth, generally two together, on preaching tours among the neighboring churches. The *expectation* of their coming drew large audiences wherever they preached."

"The churches which they visited being in most cases *prepared to receive them* by a previous season of fasting and prayer, and animated by their presence and labors to redoubled fervor of supplication, were in many cases favored with an immediate outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Under these and similar influences the work of God spread into more than one hundred towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and into a still greater number of places in the new settlements of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and New York, which had but recently formed a wide-spread field of missionary labor."

For the time being, as we see, these men were evangelists, and the facts alleged were what would have been expected. For, if a minister and church *know* of the speedy coming of an evangelist, the feeling is that they *must bestir themselves*. Sluggishness and procrastination are put away. The preaching is more earnest. Responsibility for the success of the proposed special effort is felt; prayers are more fervent and direct; and thus the way of the Lord is prepared. Expectation is awakened in the *community*, and the people are ready to come together, at least to hear the strangers, and to witness what occurs. And the first thing in saving men is to gain a hearing. A principal reason why the masses perish is because they *never* hear preaching.

Again, through the labors of evangelists the various gifts of the ministry are in a measure diffused. One man has specially the gift to *teach*, another to *incite*. Or, as we may say, the one *prepares* fuel and the other *kindles* it. One preacher, too, may have no aptness in revival work, and another may excel in this, and in little else. Thus one class of talent is supplemented by the other.

Dr. Geo. B. Ide, of Massachusetts, after a great revival among his people in connection with the labors of Mr. Earle, said that his parish

was like a garden in the spring with the beds all laid out, and the seeds all planted in them; and that it only needed the additional sunshine that came along with the evangelist to make the seeded rows shoot forth. So in multitudes of cases. One man plants and another waters; while it is God that giveth the increase. One sows (he is specially fitted for that), and another reaps (he is specially fitted for that). And again, one man excels in winning souls to Christ, and another in building them up in the faith. And why should not *all* the gifts of the ministry be brought into requisition, and diffused far as possible among the churches for their edification?

How often, too, does a disheartened minister find cheer and strength in the coming of an evangelist. His work may drag heavily, and yet a *little* added power would accomplish wonders. Mr. Earle once likened himself to the additional horse with whiffletree attached to hitch on and help pull the load up the hill. The disciples went forth two by two. But the pastor labors on alone; and like "the coming of Titus" of old, may be the visit of a brother minister. Iron sharpeneth iron; countenance cheers countenance; and so the feeble hands become strong, and the work goes bravely on. Often is a single visit of an evangelist the very thing that saves a church, and insures a long and successful pastorate. But for this many a man had quitted his field and let the interest die.

Hundreds upon hundreds of feeble churches, too, without settled pastors, have been saved from extinction by such visits of God's servants, and after that have been able to support a minister.

Once more. There is no reason to doubt that it pleases God to bestow his converting grace in special measure in connection with the labors of some evangelists. It is undeniable that through them great numbers of souls are gathered into the Christian ranks; and there is no conceivable way of accounting for this acknowledged success but on the ground here indicated. It seems good to the Most High, in the sovereignty of his operations, to accompany with the extraordinary power of the Holy Ghost the preaching and the means, which are in themselves simple and in no wise remarkable, of men whom he has evidently raised up for this particular work. Say what we will, God sets the seal of his approval on these labors; and what "he hath cleansed, that call thou not common or unclean."

Nor is it by any means certain that one reason for the infrequency of revivals is not to be found in the neglect of this instrumentality. And if churches generally, instead of viewing all evangelists with suspicion, and speaking evil of their work and their office, were to pray for more and better men of this class, it were a mighty gain to the cause of Christ. And when the harvest is so plenteous, and the laborers so few, it is little less than appalling to witness the frequent indiscriminate denunciation of a means which has been, and is, such a power for good.

In saying this we are not depreciating the pastorate; far from it. Nor would we be understood to hold that the system of evangelism has not its drawbacks, and could not be improved. There is danger on the part of churches of a distrust of the established means of grace, and a morbid craving for extraordinary measures: and on the part of the evangelists, a longing for immediate rather than permanent results; an

adoption of doubtful measures and management to hurry such results; and an unhealthy love of notoriety through the press, and the like. These, and perhaps other tendencies are to be guarded against. But such tendencies are not sound objections to the system itself; for there is nothing perfect beneath the sun. The field is wide for evangelistic labor, and in the time when many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased, likely it will be more extensively called into requisition than now.

It is a most delicate service for an itinerant preacher to go in and labor with a pastor of ordinary standing in a revival. And it requires great wisdom, prudence, and self-forgetfulness, lest the latter be thrown into the background, and his influence unintentionally impaired. The biographer of Nettleton bestows a high praise in saying, that an instance probably cannot be mentioned in which his influence led to the dismission of a pastor; but many instances might be mentioned in which he was instrumental in strengthening the hands of pastors. He would treat ministers with such kindness, and speak of them with such respect, as to make the impression on the minds of their people that they were worthy of their confidence; and thus not a few who had almost lost their influence, were firmly reinstated in the affections of their people.

Of course the true evangelist will *watch his own heart*, and be right before God. He will not act an assumed part: affecting a measure of sincerity and godliness that does not belong to him. How holy a man does it become him to be! How much on his knees! How intimate and uninterrupted his transactions with the Throne! If Luther trembled every time he entered the pulpit, well may an evangelist tremble as he sets foot on new ground, and puts himself into vital connection with a special work in behalf of God and men! His very zeal and success expose him to peril. Human passions, hateful pride, and uncharitable bitterness may be mixed with his zeal for the Lord; and when abundant blessings are showering down, the enemy of his soul is sure to attempt to puff him up with the idea that he has eminent gifts, and the highest tokens of God's favor, and so *he* may go forth and act among his fellow creatures as if peculiarly wise and good.

President Edwards' words on this point are much in place; and no doubt they were called forth by some of the revival preachers of his time. He says: "There is also great temptation to an *assuming* behaviour in some persons. When a minister is greatly succeeded from time to time, and so draws the eyes of the multitude upon him, and he sees himself flocked after and resorted to as an oracle, and people are ready to adore him and to offer sacrifice to him, as it was with Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, it is almost impossible for a man to avoid taking upon him the airs of a master. All young ministers in this day of bringing up the ark of God should take warning by the example of a young Levite in Israel, Uzzah the son of Abinadab. He seemed to have a real concern for the ark of God, and to be zealous and engaged in his mind; but God smote him for his want of humility and taking too much upon himself."

Doubtless this is one reason why God subjects these his servants to so many humiliations, and defeats, and trials. In this way they

are kept where he can consistently bestow upon their labours his blessing.

It must be added, that if the evangelist should respect the position of the pastor, so should the pastor respect the position of the evangelist. Obligations are not all on one side. It not unfrequently happens that the evangelist is assailed, publicly or privately, and perhaps by those from whom better things should be expected. In such cases the pastor, above all others, should "hold such in reputation." Sometimes it may be necessary (not often) to resort to the public press to expose a base slander or a lurking insinuation. Possibly it may have to be done in the open assembly. Except in extreme cases, however, it is decidedly better that neither the assailed party nor the pastor take any notice of the matter. If the brethren of the church, including the minister, give to the evangelist their hearty and persevering support, all will be well. The "strife of tongues" will in this way be silenced, and God will take care of both the workman and the work.

But a pastor who is not ready to be the *true brother* to the evangelist acts a very unworthy part in inviting him to come to his assistance.

In this connection we must record the belief, that the habit of some excellent brethren in the ministry of passing indiscriminate censure upon evangelists and their work, is a sin that ought to be repented of. Did not our Lord teach that speaking lightly of one of his servants was to "despise him that sent him"? If *ministers* denounce their brethren (who at least have a *conscience* in pursuing their often thankless task) what must be expected of the world? We commend the thought to all preachers and theological teachers.

The following resolutions, adopted by an association in Maine, after a season of rich spiritual harvesting, embody sound views upon the topic under remark:—

"1. God honors the established ministry of the Christian religion by employing, in the conversion of sinners, usually, the truth as preached by his faithful ministers.

"2. The establishment of such a ministry, however efficient and successful in any branch of the church, has by no means exhausted the instrumentalities of salvation; the prerogative being still the Lord's to project, even into the most cultivated portions of his vineyard, new and additional means.

"3. Masses of precious truth, imparted by many an able and faithful pulpit, sometimes lie inoperative, at least in that which is most essential, because unquickened by the Spirit—by importunity of prayer—by devout ardor of sympathy—by fervor of appeal—and by variety of motive made intense and almost irresistible. To do this may demand, for a time, men and measures not usually employed.

"4. Evangelists are of divine appointment, and have their peculiar work. That work is never in derogation of, but always collateral and auxiliary to, the established ministry; being designed merely to supplement its officers and labors, and thus be tributary to the conversion of souls, the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the glory of his name."

Down with Sin.

I HAVE read of a devout man, who had amongst many other virtues the gift of healing, unto whom divers made resort for cure; among the rest, one Chromatius being sick, sent for him. Being come, he told him of his sickness, and desired that he might have the benefit of cure, as others had before him. I cannot do it, said the devout person, till thou hast beaten all the idols and images in thy house to pieces. That shall be done, said Chromatius; here, take my keys, and where you find any images let them be defaced, which was done accordingly. To prayer went the holy man, but no cure was wrought. Oh, saith Chromatius, I am as sick as ever! I am very weak and sick! It cannot be otherwise, replied the holy man, nor can I help it; for certainly there is one idol more in your house undiscovered, and that must be defaced too. True, says Chromatius, there is so indeed; there is one all of beaten gold, it cost two hundred pounds, I would fain have saved it; but here, take my keys again, you shall find it locked up fast in my chest, take it and break it in pieces; which done, the holy man prayed, and Chromatius was healed. The moral of this story is this: we are all spiritually sick, full of wounds and putrefied sores; Christ, our spiritual physician, tells us, that if we will be cured, we must break off our sins by repentance. Now this we are willing to do in part, but not in whole; we would fain keep one Delilah, one darling beloved sin, but it must not be; there must not be one sin unrepented of; we must repent as well for our Achans as for our Absaloms, our Rimmons as our Mammons, our Davids as our Goliaths, our covert as well as our open sins, our loved as well as our loathed lusts, our heart abominations as well as our gross transgressions, our babe iniquities as well as our giant-like provocations. Our repentance must be universal, or it will be to no purpose.

Herod turned from many evils, but would not turn from his Herodias, and that was his ruin: Mat. vi. 18-20. Judas' life was as fair and as free from spots and blots as the lives of any of the apostles; no scandalous sin was to be found upon him; only that golden devil covetousness was his sin, and his everlasting ruin. His apostleship, preaching, working of miracles, hearing of Christ, and conversing with him, &c., were to no purpose, because of that serpent he kept in his bosom, which at last stung him to death. If a man lives in the practice of any known sin, the union between sin and his soul is not dissolved; and if that union be not dissolved, Christ and his soul were never united, and therefore such a person can never be saved.— *Thomas Brooks.*

Offences against the Laws of Mrs. Grundy.

WE met the other day with an amusing proof that the habit of creating new transgressions is by no means a novel one. Actions in themselves most harmless have been tortured into crimes, hands held up in pious horror, and the condemned offender given over as hopeless, and all for nothing at all. Tiberius offered a reward for a new pleasure; but these purists spend all their ingenuity upon inventing new faults. Men, slimy with cant, or mouldy with meanness, or crazy with crotchets, or addle-brained with conceit, wanting a little relief for the qualms of their sick consciences, fix upon some indifferent or commendable act in better men than themselves, and raise a hue and cry about it till you would think the hounds were out and in full pursuit of a fox. Let the modern sin-factors see themselves in their ancestors, as they read the dreadful crime laid to the door of good Bishop Farrar in the days of Queen Mary:—

"LII.—Item. He daily uſeth whiſtling of his child, and ſaith that he underſtood his whiſtle when he was but three days old. And being advertiſed of his friends that men laughed at his folly, he anſwered, 'They whiſtle their horſes and dogs, and I am contented; they might alſo be contented that I whiſtle my child.' And ſo whiſtled him daily, all friendly admonition neglected."

Think of this—a bishop whistling! Was this apostolic? Can you conceive of either Peter or Paul whistling? How would the bishop like to do this with all the clergy of his diocese looking on, and if he would not do it in their presence, why do it at all? How would he like to die whistling? What a bad example for the younger clergy. Suppose they were all to take to whistling! Besides, what a nuisance to hear whistling in a room, and what a shame to hear it from those lips which ought to be occupied with psalms and hymns! An Anti-Whistling Society was loudly called for when a bishop's lips were puckered for so profane an exercise! For equally innocent matters we have known men denounced in this year of grace 1875 as ferociously as if they had killed their mothers.

To the charge of whistling the bishop replied, "that he doth use with gravity all honest-loving entertainment of his child, to encourage him hereafter willingly, at his father's mouth, to receive wholesome doctrine of the true fear and love of God; and saith, that he hath whistled to his child, but said not that the child understood it; and he confesses that he hath answered to one that found fault with him, as it is contained in the article."

For this, among other equally trivial charges, good Farrar was condemned to die. Men cannot now-a-days burn those whom they judge, but they can blow the smoke of their severe comments in their eyes, and they can annoy them by for ever harping upon the supposed failing. One is bound to pray for a soft heart; but in these days it is almost as needful to pray for a thick skin. May the Lord deliver us from unreasonable and Pharisaic men, is a needful sentence in the daily petitions of many a public man. Like the frogs of Egypt, the croaking censors cannot let our chambers or our kneading-troughs

alone: the only escape from them is to disregard them, and, instead of fighting with them, to treat them as Uncle Toby did the blue-bottle which had worried him: putting it out of the window, he said, "I'll not hurt thee; I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me."

Mrs. Johannsen on Prayer.

THIS cold morning, before I was fairly awake, I heard the creaking of Mrs. Johannsen's brogans upon the frosty walk beneath my window. The faithful creature was ready for her day's work, while I was playing the sluggard. I found her waiting in the kitchen when I went down, and sent off as rapidly as possible for water to begin the washing.

"Ma'am's got no water," said Mrs. Johannsen. "No; nor any one else," I returned, quite fretfully, as I thought of the many long weeks passed and the long winter to come, in which water must be brought from Lake Michigan, if indeed we are not compelled to break up housekeeping for lack of sufficient steam force to supply in this way a waterless town.

"I goes round every house," said my washerwoman, without seeming to notice my impatient inflections—"I goes round every house. They all say, 'O dear, I got no water. Too bad.' But nobody say, 'Gott forgeef mine sin. I have made a bad sin, and got no water. Gott be merciful, and send us rain!' Tey alls complain, but tey don't pray."

It was said too good-naturedly for me to take offence, but the rebuke I did take to my heart. After breakfast, as I stood in the kitchen again clearing things up, the great prayer controversy intruded itself into the homely company and surroundings of the moment, and I resolved to investigate the confidence of Mrs. Johannsen in her theory.

"So you really believe," said I, "that if we all went to praying we should have rain?"

"Don't ma'am believe so?" she answered cunningly.

I tried to imitate her 'cuteness, and replied, "But you know the learned men say that God sends rain when the clouds get full and when the air is just right."

"But suppose," (with a rising and indescribably scornful inflection), "that man—what you call him...in te Bible, tat prayed for fire to come down and burn up the sacrifice, he tought, 'Gott he send te fire when he gets ready!' No. He said, Gott, show tine own glory youst now!'"

It is impossible for me to give in writing any correct idea of the faith that seemed concentrated in those last words, "just now."

"I will tell you what we do in te old country. Once tere was a long time and no water, youst like tis. Ze crops all failed, and we tought tere would be great famine. All te people complained, but te ministers and te priests tey say, 'you must all pray for rain to-day;' and so tey all stayed in te church all day, fasting and praying, and when tey go home at night tey all get slop wet wit te rain, when tere was very mooch sunshine in te morning. Yes; you see!"

I wish I could put in the triumphal circumflex in those last few words that Mrs. Johannsen did. Let us be thankful that so many of us have the triumph in our hearts, however, even though we are not childlike enough to confute scepticism with it in Mrs. Johannsen's simple way.

And, after all, what way could be better? But this was not all her story. "Tere's a woman up by me tere," she continued, pointing toward her home. "She told me what happened in te old country where she was. Te Metodeests in Sweden te people call bad names. I cannot bring it into English what tey call tem, but it is a bad name. Te people tey be Luterans—almost all. So, one very bright day, te Luteran minister met a little girl going to te church wit her umbrella. 'Wat for you go wit your umbrella, tis fine morning?' he said.

"'Because we shall have rain to-day,' said te little girl.

"'How do you know?' said te minister.

"'O! te Metodeests are going to pray for rain at te church all day, and it will rain when I go home to-night,' said she.

"And tis woman said it was an awful big rain, and I tink it was, because tat little girl had so much faith in her believing. See! see! She didn't pray Gott to send rain when he gets ready. Ach, no! When people want tings very bad, tey say, 'Youst, now,' and God sends youst now. I tink it is poor faith tat says, 'to-morrow,' or, 'one year from to-morrow.' Don't ma'am believe if we prayed youst now, Gott would send rain even tis cold morning?"

Such faith staggered me. The thermometer stands, even now, at high noon, three degrees below zero. Receiving no answer, Mrs. Johannsen, the teacher, fell back, and Mrs. Johannsen, the washerwoman, asked professionally:

"Does ma'am want bluing in her clothes?"

But I wanted to test her still further. Her husband had gone back to Sweden on an errand of mercy, and so I said:

"Of course, then, you pray God to keep your husband safe on the sea this cold weather?"

"Ma'am's right. I pray for him while I wash."

"And do you believe God is keeping him safe, though you cannot see or know anything about it?"

"Ach, yes, I do."

"But what if there is a great storm," said I, venturing cruelly on her faithful love.

"Gott is mighty to save te ship," she answered sternly and sublimely.

I said no more, for I felt I had exhausted all possibility of shaking such wonderful trust. And why wonderful? My thoughts ran over the conversation—back to the original question of water supply, which only a few evenings since a party of us were pleasantly discussing. We were all "in the same boat," if such an illustration is possible to so dry a state of things. We voted the Holly water-works an immediate necessity, but said never a word about fasting and prayer, or looking to God for help in our distress.

And this is why Mrs. Johannsen's faith is wonderful; because of our unbelief.—*North-western Advocate.*

The American Temperance Crusade of 1874.*

BY A FRIEND UPON THE SPOT.

THE American Temperance Crusade bore some resemblance to the romantic movements of the Middle Ages, from which its name is derived. If its object had been less worthy, and its promoters less intelligent, it might have been judged and condemned on the same grounds. It was characterised throughout by a wild tumultuous enthusiasm. The current of popular opinion became so swift and turbulent, that although it flowed in the right direction, great danger menaced the cause committed to its influence. The true friends of temperance, who had laboured on when public opinion either frowned or sneered, hailed the event as the dawn of the grand social era for which they had worked and prayed. Broken-hearted women, who had drunk deep of the dregs of the cup of shame and suffering, mixed by the debauchery of sons or husbands, or fathers, lifted their hearts to heaven, assured that the angel had come who would pluck their wretched friends from the indolence and vice which drink had engendered. Christian men, who believed that external reformation, apart from inward regeneration, would prove transitory, and, perhaps, be succeeded by a terrible reaction, strove to help on the movement despite their fears, lest, peradventure, they might be mistaken, and prove a stumbling block in the way of a salutary and beneficial reform.

The listless multitudes flocked to the daily prayer meetings, just as they would to a camp meeting, or any other assemblage where excitement and novelty were to be found.

Demagogues, like vultures, scenting their prey from afar, thrust themselves forward on every occasion, vieing with each other as to who should say the wildest and most extravagant things.

Politicians, remembering how shortlived such excitements are, and knowing also the permanent gratitude their support would evoke, sought by every art known to them to capture the movement. The Prohibitionists grew confident, and calculated upon carrying their adherents to the fore-front of the political army. Democrats coquetted with the movement, by pretending conversion to teetotalism, some even claiming that twelve hours had changed the sot into a thoroughgoing abstainer, and so delighted were the earnest women, that while the smell of whisky yet lingered about their converts, they were welcomed as exponents of temperance views. Republicans claimed to have always loved the cause, and spoke of the liquor traffic and slavery in a breath, claiming to be ready to abolish the one as they had the other.

While the churches were sparsely attended at the morning and evening services, the temperance meetings were thronged to overflowing. It mattered not how poor the speaker might be, if he were sound; nor how good, if he counselled moderation and prudence. The one evoked sympathy and support,

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* Having received this paper from an esteemed friend in the United States, although it is a little out of our usual line of subjects, we print it because it is in itself a very interesting record, and yet more because it shews what can be done by a people earnest, united, and thoroughly aroused. Considering how much they have had to suffer, we wonder mothers and wives have not done the like in England long ere this in sheer exasperation. We should be very far from wishing to see a display precisely similar to that which is here described, but, if wisely directed, a kindred enthusiasm might accomplish marvels. When the whole church shall be aroused, and all believers shall become intense in spirit, other evils, as well as drunkenness, will find the land too hot to hold them.

It is well to add that we do not mean to hold any discussion on the topic suggested. We give the paper, and there is an end of the matter as far as our pages are concerned.—C. H. S.

to the other they turned a deaf ear. The infallible way to crowd a church was to announce a temperance sermon. So absorbed was the public mind, that Christ and him crucified aroused but little interest even in the breast of professed believers.

The public very largely seemed to imagine that tectotalism was the one thing needful, and to account a man's conversion to sobriety to be almost as divine a phenomenon as the conversion of a soul to God. In most places the pulpits rang with praise of the crusade and maledictions of the saloon keeper; the drunkard was everywhere pitied, and consoled as a victim who had been more sinned against than sinning. He who ventured to remonstrate upon any part of the movement, was sure to be assailed with scornful words and uncharitable suspicions. The press at first contented itself with reporting speeches and incidents, with a little or no hostile criticism. The fear of a diminished list of subscribers was ever before their eyes, until the excitement abated, and then they ventured to mount the tribune.

In some of the cities startling incidents occurred. In one an ordinance, closing every drinking place, was passed in a single night, in the presence of a crowd of crusaders, who had demanded the enactment, with courage equalled only by the intrepidity of the Magna Charta barons. Having secured the ordinance, they astonished the assembled councilmen by singing the doxology.

In another, a solemn oath was taken that no intoxicating liquor of any kind, neither for medical nor convivial purposes, should ever enter the place again; and when suspicion was aroused that a load of the forbidden fluid was on its way from the depot to the drug stores, a valiant host overhauled the suspected contents of the dray. One woman, in Illinois, discovered that a doctor had prescribed some sort of alcoholic stimulant for her husband, and that a certain druggist had filed the order. Armed with a revolver, Mrs. W——— visited the drug store, and presenting the pistol at the head of an alarmed clerk, demanded the surrender of the prescription. The clerk told her she must see the doctor and get him to revoke the prescription; thereupon she visited the doctor, employing the same powerful arguments, and secured an instant revocation of the order. Many affirmed they would sooner see their children die than permit them to taste the accursed beverage. All declared they were enlisted for life in the holy war, and would never cease till death snatched them from the conflict.

Their modes of operation were extraordinary. 1. *Street praying*.—One afternoon we saw a band of twenty ladies take their station before a drinking saloon, where every blind was drawn down and no sign of life within was evident. One prayed, then all sang. Another prayed, and again they sang. We distinctly remember one of the prayers, it was very devoutly expressed, and struck as very direct and peculiarly personal to the publican within; it was in this wise:—"O Lord, pardon this saloon-keeper! Thou knowest how much misery he has caused by his sinful traffic. Lord, we wish him well; open his eyes to see his sinfulness. Lord have mercy on his poor soul. Forgive him for shutting his house and heart to us, thy servants." Sometimes the saloon-keeper was inordinately polite, gave thanks for their solicitude, and explained the respectable character of his establishment. Others resented the intrusion, and flung the feast at Cana, and Timothy's infirmity, together with the apostle's remedy, in the face of the crusaders.

One of the strangest features of the meetings of the crusaders was the indiscriminate use of the songs of evangelical Christians. Jew and Gentile, Unitarian and Presbyterian, Romanist and Baptist, worldling and Christian, sang in concert, "Rock of Ages," "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?" "Sweet hour of prayer," "Oh, for a closer walk." The pertinacity of the ladies was remarkable. It mattered not what was the state of the weather, indeed, the more inclement it became the more heroic were they: kneeling down on the kerb-stone in front of closed saloons, amid half-melted snow or slush, with rain, or snow, or hail descending upon them, they defied the elements, and asserted their willingness to suffer or die for the cause they had espoused. Strong men grew

hysterical in their feelings and extravagant in their expressions of admiration. Women stood aghast at the obdurateness of the *Saloonatic* (as he was called in derision) who could resist such a spectacle of self-sacrificing ardour. Many clergymen grew as passionately enthusiastic as the women themselves, one of them asserting his belief that they were "as much inspired as the holy apostles."

2. Another method was designated *the parade*. As many ladies as could be induced to go marched two and two up the main street with slow and solemn step, looking as mournful and devoted as Sisters of Mercy. This was designed to be a mute declaration of the numerical strength of the league.

3. In some places small companies of ladies, with the utmost self-possession, took their station inside the various saloons, and remained there through the day, spending their time in knitting and watching those who entered, and taking down the names of all who drank.

4. At the daily prayer meeting, noted publicans or tavern proprietors were prayed for by name. Reports were received from the praying bands and read to the assembly. All this time the moderate drinkers had nothing to say, they left the men who had catered for their depraved appetite in the lurch, and some of them, after having surreptitiously obtained their drinks by entering the back door of the rum shop, came forth inspired afresh with admiration for the temperance party. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the extreme excitement which prevailed. A few straws will indicate the swiftness of the current. The McConnelsville ordinance (which was designed to stop social tippling altogether) having been passed by the city council of Akron, the people of that little city grew excited over the subject, and the pen used by the President of the Council in putting his signature to the document was put up to auction and sold for two hundred and fifty dollars. In a neighbouring town a clergyman debilitated by sickness, went to the drug store and purchased six or eight ounces of brandy. The fact was discovered, and well nigh terminated his pastorate. In another place a druggist refused to abandon the sale of alcoholic liquor, when the following incident occurred, which was published at the time in a leading paper, and, so far as I know, its veracity was never impeached. The druggist had locked his door, the ladies prayed, and with them notably one clergyman. His whole manner was that of angry virtue, he is reported to have prayed that God would strike the offender dead before morning and send him to the lowest hell. Another brother said in his prayer "that there was no hope of D——— ever being saved; that he had sunk too low." The older citizens tried to cool this fury, but without success. Some of the party even pleaded earnestly with the landlord of the hotel where the druggist lodged not to allow so great a sinner nor his clerk a lodging place. The next morning the obdurate druggist was about to turn his weary steps homeward, when a prominent lady waved the black flag in his face as a parting salute.

On the other hand, some few of the dealers in drink retaliated with vituperation and ribaldry; they fiercely impeached the purity and sobriety of the clergy, and flung at them portions of the Word of God with most horrible blasphemies, and they affected to see nothing in the movement but hypocrisy, madness, and political wire-pulling.

In some cases the women were assaulted and openly ridiculed, their characters were aspersed, and every item of scandal ever circulated at their expense was related afresh. Indeed, it was a wild time when good men trembled lest in the fray they should inadvertently hinder the work of God, and good women grew reckless through a zeal born of love of virtue, and hatred of vice; when bad men became either morose or hypocritical, and when even wise men were driven to say imprudent words and do foolish actions; when the scum of self-seekers and hypocrites sought cheap martyrdom or doubtful notoriety; yet was it also a time wherein the lifeboat was launched in prayer, and manned by brave and earnest souls, who knew not and seemed not to care whither it drifted, so that they could save wrecked and ruined men.

The ladies engaged in the movement were of all classes, from the highest to the poorest. Stately dames, whose known prudence and dignity forbade the idea of their ever assisting such an enterprise, became its leaders. Women of the world of fashion laid aside their gaiety and pleasure-seeking, and plunged nobly into the work. Those whose hands one would have thought were filled full enough with maternal and household cares spoke, and prayed, and worked as assiduously and constantly as the rest. Even Episcopal churches became the scene of temperance prayer-meetings, presided over, as they were all, by ladies. Baptists forgot close communings, and affiliated with any and all denominations. In a word, the condition was revolution. Persons who had never opened their lips in the ordinary church prayer-meetings poured forth melting and impassioned addresses to God in public. Those who for years had excused themselves from evening-services, or from attending church altogether, grew enthusiastic and were present at almost every meeting.

We now purpose showing the cause of the crusade. If this be fully appreciated we are well assured that the indiscretions of the campaign will all be forgiven at sight of the deep and terrible experience which stung American women into frenzy.

In that part of America where the crusade was most successful—the western part—moderate drinking is almost unknown; the liquors are adulterated and pernicious, maintaining almost as tenacious a hold upon the consumers as opium. They who drink of these liquors have one of two inevitable courses before them. If they drink to excess they will die as notorious drunkards; if they drink regularly without excess they will certainly be the victims of dyspepsia, or may eventually sink to besotted wretchedness. A certain writer remarks—"All who have heard the temperance lecturers of the Western villages will remember the vigour and fire with which these travelling orators always delighted to paint the deep and emulous depravity of those two classes of malefactors—viz., the rum seller and the moderate drinker. The drunkard was always much more kindly treated. He was always represented as a suffering innocent, who would reform and live cleanly if it were not for the temptations held out by the dealer, and the baneful example set by the cold-hearted aristocrat who 'only drank what was good for him.' These were the only speeches relished by the audiences, and consequently the only ones made. They pleased the wives and mothers of drunkards, who formed the bulk of the audience."

From one cause and another moderate drinking is in this region regarded as an impossibility. So deep-seated is this conviction, that those who have abstained all their lives, if they drink at all, "go on the spree," as it is called: that is to say, become filthily drunk. They believe that to drink is to get drunk, so they get drunk when they drink. Moreover, the physical constitution of Americans, it is argued, is so excitable and nervous that it is a moral impossibility for them to drink and yet have control of themselves. Then, again, the people believe that there never was, nor is anywhere, temperate drinking: English people are held up as a nation of beer guzzlers; Frenchmen are condemned as a race of intoxicated wine-bibbers. The Germans even are not spared, but Lager falls beneath the universal curse, and the Teutonic race is added to the list of drunken nations.

From one cause and another to drink at all in these States means loss of reputation, crime, disease, and death. The women of the west have suffered fearfully from this cause. I hardly know a family in this city from which I write but can relate experiences of a drunkard's delirium or incapacity. They know that if their son or father or brother abandons his temperance principles, there is little hope for him; thus they have been goaded by the memory of past agony, and stung by the fear of future suffering into one great effort, in which they cared not what they lost or incurred so that the ardent liquors which worked such ruin might be swept away for ever. Of course there were hypocrites and self-asserting people who pressed to the front, of course

there were stupid fanatics, of course there were frothy, gushing creatures, but the fact which gave the crusade its influence and sweeping power, was that women whose hearts had been broken and whose bodies had been wounded by their liquor-maddened relatives, were determined to bear it no longer. No man who knows the domestic history of this people, unless his heart be steel and his conscience dead, but must admit that the pathos of the crusade far exceeded its folly. The crusaders handled the liquor dealer roughly, it is true; it is true they practically forced entrance into the private rooms of grog-shops; it is true they prayed at a man whether he would or no; it is true they demanded a surrender of his casks and liquor; it is true that if he gave permission they rolled his whiskey barrels into the streets, and emptied their contents, and seemed to care little where he and his children would get bread: but the majority of the saloon keepers excited little sympathy, and were viewed as men who had forfeited their rights. If the women stepped out of their sphere, they had stepped out of theirs: if the women trespassed on their liberty, they had ruined those women's husbands, and heard their appeals either with indifference or mockery. Indeed, the grog-sellers had sold to their boys fresh from school, to their fathers when it was notorious that drink made them devils, to their husbands who now lie in the distant cemetery cold in death, with the shame of drunkenness as their unwritten epitaph. Most saloonists seem to have sold with a stolid resolve to get gain, caring neither to whom or how much they sold. When these men pleaded their rights, the community laughed them to scorn. The law spurned the men who had systematically violated both the rules of society and the instincts of common humanity. They proved great cowards in the heat of the war, as great cowards as their customers who have since recovered their self-possession, and now clamour for the repeal or modification of prohibitory ordinances, who whimper over "hasty legislation and impracticable schemes," and cry for their cups as they used to do for their mothers' breasts. The grog-sellers were always looking furtively and anxiously about for signs of the approach of the crusaders, asking of one another, with tremulous accents, "Will they make a raid on us to-day? What had we better do?" Some of them yielded to the pressure of the times, and signed a solemn pledge never again to sell intoxicants of any kind; whereupon the church bells were set a ringing, as if they celebrated a national victory. A few became active temperance partizans, and were led about the country as extraordinary trophies of the crusade.

Reaction has followed; yet we have reason to hope that the women's work has not been in vain. No doubt many drunkards have been reclaimed, but results cannot be stated with certainty; for drunkards are generally so morally depraved that their pledges are not always reliable Of 500,000 men who have taken the pledge in the United States says Dr. Chambers, on the authority of the *Band of Hope Review*, "350,000 have broken it."

In most of the cities where prohibitory ordinances were passed they have been repealed, and in others they are practically a dead letter. Forbidden the saloon, they form drinking clubs and keep spirits or beer in a rented private room, where members of the club drink as often and as deeply as they choose. The law does not forbid buying drinks in bottles, so instead of the public saloon we have no end of pocket and private ones.

The reaction is as much owing to the friends as to the enemies of the crusade. First of all their strength was impaired by the fanaticism of the prohibitionists. Lewis, who claims to have originated the crusade plan, was openly and vehemently rebuked for his hostility to that party, Then the worldly element crept in. The temperance women started with the sublime and simple resolve to confine themselves to prayer and persuasion. At first their efforts had all the disingenuous, tender, and pious characteristics of Christian womanhood. The burden of their pleas was, "You dealers in intoxicating liquors are in a bad business; you know it yourselves, you are tempted and trammelled by the greed of gain. Be men, and abandon it now and for ever.

You know us, you know our husbands, and fathers, and sons; our heads are grey with sorrow; you and we have seen many of them go down to a drunkard's grave. Pity us! Pity yourselves! We have told our Father in heaven of our love, and pleaded for you. We trust not in a human arm; we do not threaten, we will not coerce, we trust alone in God, and the means within our reach, which it becomes us to use."

Their demeanour had all the pathos and beauty of a sorrow-stricken mother or an anxious sister. Many and many a man was subdued and affected. At length the worldly element crept in, political lawyers and others obtruded their services, men's committees of advice were formed. These counselled the spy system, advised appeals to law, and busied themselves to institute a reign of terror. Here was the fatal mistake—the spell which sanctified, although fanatical, womanhood had thrown around the saloonists and their customers was broken. The sacredness of prayer was lost sight of, and the liquor men laughed in scorn at a faith which, instead of moving mountains as it claimed to do, employed a myriad of legal sappers and miners, who could do no more than remove a trifling portion of the obstruction. The result was the same as that which we might expect if a minister preached against the vices of the age, pleaded in yearning tones for men to abandon their sins, and concluded by pointing to a dozen policemen seated behind him, and saying, "if you don't heed *me*, *these men* will lock you up." They began in the Spirit and ended in the flesh, they began with the divine ram's horns and ended with human battering rams. Before the former the walls tottered, before the latter they proved impregnable.

We read, I think it was during the thirty years' war, that a certain city resorted to a strange plan for the purpose of saving their ill-garrisoned town from pillage and flame. They clothed all the children in white, and sent them forth to intercept the conqueror and sue for peace and safety. The sight of the crowd of beautiful and defenceless children melted the heart of commander and men alike. Similar was the influence of the thousands of Ohio women as they pleaded with their national foes. But the politicians negatived their power, just as the influence of that German band of children would have been negatived if their fathers and brothers had come behind them armed to the teeth and hissing, "If you don't heed the children, you shall know the power of their fathers and brothers."

The reason politicians had more controlling influence than Christian ministers lay in the fact, as it seems to me, that the clergy were either as fanatical as the crusaders, or else lacked moral courage to point out the dangers which menaced the movement, for no man was an acceptable ally unless he pronounced in favour of the cause, without qualification or reserve. The few who dared to claim hearty loyalty in theory and practice to New Testament temperance, and at the same time rebuked the fanatical, unprofitable, and worldly elements which co-mingled with the wise and devout, were openly and furiously denounced as secret allies of the enemy. They who asserted that man must be born again before he could cease to be a drunkard in heart, and proclaimed that the gospel alone could save the community, were regarded with suspicion and frowned on as sanctimonious obstructionists. Another element of weakness was the co-operation of infidels and spiritualists. They were so thorough and pronounced on the temperance question, that the crusaders hardly dared to notice or criticise their extravagance and blasphemies. One of this class in my hearing scornfully charged the church of Jesus with being tacitly opposed to temperance, and hurled the old calumny, in other's words 'tis true, but with unmistakeable emphasis, which was launched at our Divine Lord, viz., that we were wine-bibbers and friends of publicans. Alas! they fired into their own ranks. For if Christian teetotallers and temperance men were taken from the cause, few with character and true power to carry it on would be left. Americans have nobly thrown off the old European and despotic shackles, but the chains of the demagogue are worn and even sought.

Reviewing the whole history of the movement, one is impressed with its romantic and unusual character; distressed that so great an object should be unattained; instructed that man's salvation from sin cannot be effected by human agency alone; and if the crusade has taught nothing else it has rebuked the feverish and impatient spirit, which refuses to endorse the truth, "Our weapons are not carnal."

Dr. Leifchild Preaching from the Gallows.

MINISTERS are charged by the apostle to preach the word; to be instant in season, out of season, reproving, rebuking, exhorting with all long-suffering and doctrine; doing the work of an evangelist, making full proof of their ministry. Whenever an inviting opportunity occurs of addressing a multitude on the things belonging to their peace, they are joyfully to embrace it; not shrinking back from timidity, or refusing on the false plea of a so-called prudence; but, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, opening their mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel; "holding forth the word of life."

As good stewards of the manifold grace of God, they are to strive earnestly to be qualified for all the exigencies of their office, and to be prepared for extraordinary as well as ordinary services. To this end they must not only furnish their minds with all kinds of knowledge suitable to their calling, but must likewise *train* them to the prompt and ready use of the materials thus accumulated. They must habitually cultivate the art of speaking extemporaneously, and of abandoning themselves to the resources they are conscious of possessing. Without this, the richest stores of knowledge and experience may not be available on most important emergencies, and opportunities of usefulness may hence be lost that can never be recalled.

Wayside opportunities for scattering the seeds of truth, if wisely employed, are sometimes more productive of good results than are the more regular labours of stated times and places. The multitude, by whatever cause they may have been first attracted, are never displeased at having their attention adroitly turned to some fresh object of interest; and when once their curiosity is excited and their best feelings aroused, they are not slow to receive impressions of the most salutary nature, leading not unfrequently to permanent results. The faithful minister, therefore, will thankfully avail himself of any startling occurrence or sudden calamity, any solemn event or alarming providence, to subserve the great object for which he lives—the glory of Christ and the salvation of men. No false modesty nor fear of man will operate to deter him from the prompt discharge of this duty. In humble dependence on the Most High, he will go forward regardless of all earthly considerations. "Faith is proved to be very defective," says the late John Foster, "whenever creatures are more *dreaded* than the Sovereign Lord of all creatures is *trusted*."

One of these extraordinary occasions for the exercise of my ministry occurred many years since when I was residing at Bristol, the record of which, as I now peruse it, reawakens in some measure within me the emotions it then inspired.

The late Reverend Robert Hall and myself were once staying together at the village of Clevedon, about ten miles from the above city, then first becoming a favourite resort for visitors from the adjacent parts. We had been associated in the service of dedicating to God a new place of worship, which had been erected chiefly by the contributions of the friends at Bristol, many of whom were present to witness the result of their efforts in a village which had been but a few years before entirely destitute of the means of religious instruction. The neighbourhood, however, for miles around was still in a state of the darkest ignorance, and as a consequence all manner of vice and impiety abounded.

At the time of which I write, a gang of youths of desperate character, who by their daring crimes had become formidable in the the locality, had been apprehended at a little distance from this place; and three of the ringleaders having been convicted, had been condemned to be hung on a spot as near as possible to the scene of their outrages, with the view of holding forth a salutary warning to their companions. The execution was to take place on the morrow, and an unusual excitement prevailed. It was naturally assumed that a vast concourse of people would be gathered on the occasion; and a Christian lady, full of zeal for the cause of truth, waited on Mr. Hall, with an earnest request that he would attend and address the assembled multitude. She was ignorant of his physical incapacity for such a service, but so far succeeded in impressing him with its importance that he sent for me, and entreated me to go in his stead. I felt at once that it was an opportunity not to be lost, and therefore consented without hesitation. Several friends meanwhile engaged to furnish religious tracts, to the number of several thousands, for distribution.

I started the following morning, which was Easter Monday, and reached the spot, a few miles from the village, at ten o'clock. It was a spacious common, with an area capable of containing ten or twelve thousand persons. I saw them, as I approached, crowding towards it in all directions. The rude apparatus for the execution, which had been hastily prepared during the night, rose conspicuously to view. A cross-beam had been erected, under which a temporary platform had been placed on the top of a wagon. On this stood the three youthful culprits, who, with ropes round their necks, and terror depicted on their countenances, were for a while exposed thus to the awe-struck multitude. Upon a given signal, the ropes having been properly adjusted and fastened to the beam, the wagon was drawn away, and the wretched youths remained suspended in the air, amidst the groans of the vast motley throng and the tears and lamentations of mothers, many of whom were present with their own offspring as spectators of the scene.

I then requested permission of the sheriff to address the multitude, at the same time soliciting his aid to preserve order. He assented, and agreed to give me his presence after the dead bodies had remained suspended for an hour, as the law required. At the expiration of that interval I was asked to occupy the very platform from which the criminals had been launched into eternity, and under the beam from which the ends of the fatal ropes were still vibrating in the air above me. For a moment I was appalled. The height to which I was elevated, the mass of human beings I saw thickening around me, waiting with upturned countenances and a painful curiosity to hear my words, all conspired to fill me with unwonted emotions. But no sooner did I open my lips than the liberty of my speech, the strength of my voice, and the ready occurrence to my mind of suitable thoughts and images, were such as assured me of the Divine presence and support to a degree I had never experienced before, and which to this day I devoutly acknowledge.

For one whole hour the attention of this rude and strange audience was enchained, their deep silence being interrupted only by audible sighs and exclamations of excited feeling. My spirit was stirred within me, and I was animated with new life. My voice rose to an unusual pitch, and was heard to the extremity of the crowd. After addressing them at first in the language of exhortation and warning, I was moved to that of invitation and entreaty. I spoke to them of the Crucified One, who had thus himself been made a spectacle to men and angels. I told them of the malefactor who hung by his side; and as I repeated the words of that malefactor's prayer—'Lord, remember me,'—I heard them reiterated with loud sobs by several in the crowd, while tears streamed down from eyes unused to weep. When I spoke of mercy for the guilty in the breast of him who, for their sakes, was nailed to the cross, and when I pointed to the sky where he is now sitting in authority to show pity and pardon to the penitent, they looked up to the blue firmament as though they had seen the heavens opened, and expected his visible appearance among them.

At the close, after solemn prayer, in which all seemed to join, the sheriff publicly thanked me, and commending my address to the consideration of the people, ordered them peaceably to disperse. They did so, but not before making a rush to the place where I stood distributing the tracts I had brought with me. "*Give I one.*" "*Give I one,*" was repeated by a thousand voices until all were supplied, and the place was again quiet.

On returning to Bristol that afternoon, with Mr. Hall, and recounting to him, as we drove along, the above particulars, we saw the villagers on every side repairing to their respective homes, reading or hearing read with evident seriousness the tracts which they had received. Mr. Hall was deeply affected. The tears stood in his eyes, as he said to me, with much emotion, "Sir, I envy you the honour God has put upon you this day. Sir, I would give all I possess to have had the privilege of delivering such an address."

Some months afterwards I had the satisfaction of knowing that two or three individuals at least had from that hour forsaken their evil courses and turned unto the Lord.

During my last visit to Bristol, in 1858, I went to Clevedon, and conversed with some of the old inhabitants who remembered these circumstances, and who reverted with thankfulness to the great moral changes which had been wrought in the neighbouring villages since that period. I found, also, to my great joy, that in the immediate vicinity of the memorable spot where I stood on the occasion alluded to, a convenient place has been fitted up for the preaching of the gospel, where numbers regularly assemble on every Sabbath-day, and where a devoted band of Christians meet for weekly prayer and praise.

"Mr. Spurgeon's absence from the Tabernacle."

A CASUAL visitor, with a fixed idea in his mind, sees, or thinks he sees, what would never be thought of by those who are constantly on the spot. Proverbially lookers on at chess see more than players, and the same remark applies to other matters. A writer in the *Christian World* has visited the Tabernacle during the Pastor's absence, and has made observations which have excited more indignation among our friends than anything which has appeared in print for many a day. All who have called upon us in our sick chamber have, without exception, denounced the article as a comedy of errors, and have marvelled that such things could have been concocted. We felt that if the writer's remarks were well deserved our life-work had been a very poor one: if our people can only receive their spiritual food from one hand, and will only hold together because of the presence of one man, they are individually childish and collectively a rope of sand. We could not think so badly of them, but we were saddened to read that any outward signs had led an evidently friendly writer to form such an estimate of them. One thing we knew, namely, that the pretty anecdote given in the article was utterly without foundation. The writer says, "We have heard that there are seatholders frequenting the Tabernacle who will rudely walk away on seeing a stranger in Mr. Spurgeon's place; and these selfish souls are said to have been scathingly rebuked by a smart American brother who could flourish a little mother-wit when occasion demanded. Casting his eyes round the sanctuary, and instantly divining the reason why one and another were leaving their seats, the Rev. Mr. Jonathan gave a parting blessing to those who usually frequented that place for the purpose of worshipping Mr. Spurgeon. By-and-by he hoped that they who were there to worship God would have it nice and quiet to themselves. Such a speech was terribly severe, but it was well deserved." Now, to our knowledge, nothing of this kind ever occurred. The tale is old and hackneyed and was worn threadbare in the days of Rowland Hill, it is scandalous to plaster it upon the Tabernacle walls.

Having seen our church-officers and leading friends, they are unanimously of opinion that the church and congregation deserve the highest praise for the exemplary manner in which every work has been carried on, and every service attended. The month of January is usually the most trying time of the year, and if ever a spare seat is to be seen it is on a raw Sabbath of that month. The congregations, despite our absence, have fallen very little below the average of other years, and have frequently been crowded. The prayer meetings have, if anything, been better attended, owing to the desire of the friends to join in prayer for the Pastor's restoration, and the weekly offerings have exceeded those of the same period last year by some £36. The enquirers coming forward to see the elders have been as numerous as ever, and the additions to the church will not be less when the Pastor comes home to gather in the sheaves. The love, unity, zeal, and industry of the brotherhood have borne every strain without a sign of giving way; in fact, in nothing has there been any declension or failure, nor any reason for issuing the unfortunate article to which we have alluded.

Our work has been attended with no excitement, and no violent labouring to kindle fanaticism; hence for twenty-one years it has gone on steadily, and has gathered strength. Our army numbers 4,800 *persons*. The names on our roll represent living men and women who are really with us; for our discipline is firm, and *names* are not allowed to remain year after year to swell a nominal force, and sustain a lie. Our people know the gospel, and are for the most part established in it. Of course, the younger folk have yet to be confirmed; but, as a rule, they believe firmly, and are not ignorant as to the reason of the hope which is in them. Moreover, the major part both work for the Master, and give regularly to his cause: hence their interest in church effort and in the church itself is hearty and enduring, and we are able to trust them in our absence. The Lord has not been so graciously with us these many years without result, and that result is not so superficial and evanescent, that the Pastor's sickness can empty the pews and deaden the services. To God, the ever blessed, be all honour and glory, for he has done it, and we are but the weak suffering instrument in his hand. Because it is his work we magnify it, and none shall depreciate it without protest.—C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

Israel's Iron Age; or Sketches from the Period of the Judges. By Marcus Dods, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

Dr. Dods seems to think that to find in Samson and other judges types of our Lord Jesus is "mere fancy," and that he has got hold of a "rational principle of interpretation." He tells us that "if you merely wish to find analogies and figures for New Testament truth, it is very easy and very profitless work." So he may think, but Paul was of another mind when he found in the story of Sarah and Hagar such admirable illustrations of the two covenants. Mr. Dods "rational principle" makes his book very dry and savourless to spiritual minds, and deprives it of much of the value it might otherwise have had. He is, moreover, a dangerous teacher when he says so much in defence of speculative minds whose border runs very close to heathenism; he compares such to the tribe of Zebulon, who feel "the irrepressible longing of the born seaman, who *must* lift the misty veil of the horizon, and penetrate its mystery." Had he likened them to pirates we should have endorsed his metaphor.

His sketches are, however, useful in their way, and may be profitably referred to as casting a sort of moonlight radiance upon a portion of history which needs still further illumination.

Mother's Friend. Hodder and Stoughton

The volume in paper is cheap at 1s. 6d., and is full of useful instruction.

The Gospel of John; a Metrical Rendering. By GILBERT Y. TICKLE. Bagster and Sons.

WE very greatly prefer the gospel in our own version, and have not the slightest care to see any more experiments as to "how the apostle's language would fall into the flowing cadence of the heroic measure." Here is a specimen:—

"Yet, still, there was a man, a Pharisee,
Whose name was Nicodemus, having rule
Among the Jews. The same—thus eminent—
To Jesus came by night and said to him,
Rabbi! we know that thou hast come from God,
A teacher! for no one such signs as these,
Which thou art doing, ever could perform,
If God were not with him in very truth.
To Nicodemus Jesus, answering, said,
Amen! again Amen I say to thee,
Except a man be truly born anew,
He cannot see revealed the reign of God."

The Persecuted Princess; a chapter of French History. By GEORGE CAMPBELL OVEREND. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

A BRIEF life of Catherine de Bourbon, sister of Henry IV. of France, who, when her brother forsook the Protestant religion, remained faithful under the fairest blandishments and most distressing persecutions. It is a sad story, illustrating not only the power of grace, but the dangers of ambition. We commend its perusal, for it is true.

Stories of the Old Romans. Religious Tract Society.

THE reading of this attractive volume will go far to teach young people Roman history. The choicer incidents are taken and told in a manner peculiarly simple and pleasing. The engravings are after the Etruscan manner, suiting the matter of the book exceedingly well; indeed, the whole get up is most excellent. In the good old days of the birch-rod a child would have to suffer inconceivably before it could have learned so much from the old dry histories as it would now gather from this book of stories in an hour or two, smiling all the while. The road to knowledge is now a flowery pathway.

Forgiveness of Sin and Reconciliation to God. By HAY MACDOWALL GRANT, of Arndilly. Tenth Thousand. Morgan and Scott.

VERY clear and precious statements of the way of salvation, put together in a neat form. The laborious evangelist who wrote these words has gone to his reward, but we trust that in this earnest little treatise he will live on and speak to many who never listened to his earnest appeals while he was yet among us.

Voices of the Prophets. By EDWIN HAMILTON GIFFORD, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

THIS book consists of a series of lectures upon Scripture prophecy, delivered in connection with an endowment left by Bishop Warburton, for that purpose. Limited on this account, to some particular feature of the subject, the author has selected what he styles the moral aspect of prophecies in relation to the times and circumstances in which they were uttered. Every student of the Bible must have observed that the most remarkable prophecies of the Old Testament often occur where we should have least expected them, and without any seeming connection with surrounding circumstances. It is here contended that upon a more careful investigation a moral propriety will be seen in the historical facts with which the prophecies are interwoven, both with respect to the prophet by whom they were uttered and the people to whom they were made known. The authenticity, moreover, of the narrative with which a prophecy is associated better authenticates the prophecy itself in after times to others. This opens a wide field of inquiry which is far from being exhausted by the volume before us. There is surely some reason why Scripture prophecies occur where they do, instead of being presented by themselves in a tabulated form. That reason appears to be that a moral and spiritual life might be infused into them, and this is particularly manifested in those prophecies of the Old Testament which have their fulfilment in the person and work of the Messiah. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

Emilia's Inheritance. By Emma Jane Worboise. James Clarke and Co.

One of Miss Worboise's multitudinous novels; we are not an admirer of any works of fiction, and the religious ones as a rule we like least of all. We are informed that this is one of the best of the kind, but even if it be, we do not recommend our readers to spend time over it. If they will read fiction, Miss Worboise will, however, give them better pabulum than most writers.

Claims of Animals. A Lecture delivered on behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Partridge and Co.

A capital lecture. When the lecturer next doth hold forth may we be there to hear. It is neatly issued, with plentiful woodcuts, and the profit, if any, is to be given to the Society whose excellent object it pleads.

The Territorial Visitors' Manual. By the Rev. W. Tasker, of Dr. Chalmers' Territorial Church, West Port, Edinburgh. Johnstone and Hunter.

A little book which has reached the fourth edition. It is full of the wisdom which comes of practical personal experience. If each one of our wealthy churches in England would work up a district we should have no more complaints about the failure of the voluntary principle to meet the case of the poor.

Remarkable Facts: Illustrative and Confirmatory of different Portions of Holy Scripture. By the late Rev. J. Leifchild, D.D., with a preface by his Son. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have on a former occasion recommended this work, and we are glad now to see that it has reached another edition. All our aged ministers should, like Dr. Leifchild, leave behind them some record of personal reminiscences; by this means our treasury of illustrative facts would be enriched, and fresh evidence of the power of the gospel would be supplied. Ministers will find among these remarkable facts several of which they can make good use. Elsewhere, in this month's magazine, we give an incident entitled "Dr. Leifchild preaching from the gallows," which we have extracted from this work.

Fireside Homilies. By the late Henry Alford, D.D. Edited by his widow. Daldy, Isbister and Co.

The dean in these homilies talks with his daughters on the Sabbath evening, after the day's work is done, and very pleasant talks they are. The good man's household must have been a little heaven, and the girls must have had angels' faces and angels' privileges. The matter is deliciously put, and is full of good wholesome teaching. We wonder what our total abstaining friends will think of the Dean's remarks upon the turning of the water into wine. "The Lord Jesus acted here with one of his beneficent bestowals, as he uniformly acts with the rest. He created in abundance, lavishly, profusely. He created that which he has made for good, but which man's evil may turn into mischief. It is the dispensation of Eden over again: the tree in the midst, open and accessible. Thus God does, helping man with his grace. But how do men act in the same matter? Had Eden been man's garden, instead of God's, we should have had a cast-iron fence with spikes round the tree of knowledge: had some of our present philanthropists been guests at that wedding we should have had them beseeching the Lord of bounty and grace not to create wine that might inebriate, as we have them now trying to gain credence for the fiction, that what he did create was not wine at all. Well, darlings, let us be thankful in our bodies and our souls that God knows better, and that we are in his hands." If *we* had been guilty of such an utterance we should have had half the Templars in England writing to us, and as we are already the best advised, instructed, lectured, bullied, persuaded, threatened, warned, denounced, be-rated, and scolded man in England, we are happy that it is Dean Alford, and not C. H. S. who has committed himself in this way. We think the Dean should have had a little of the attention with which we have been favoured. Alas, it is too late now.

The Life and Labours of the late Rev. James Maden, of Gambleside. By James Maden. Elliot Stock.

A very neat, well-written memoir of a truly good man, a general Baptist minister of the best type. He preached because he could not help it, and because the Lord helped him in it. Fee or reward he asked not, and when his people did try to support him, it was by their own choice, and the amount never exceeded £50 per annum. He did a great work in Rossendale, and his memory is fragrant. Would God there were thousands such. His early days were spent among the highest school of Calvinists; these drove him to Methodism, and the Methodists led him to Christ. He afterwards read the Scriptures for himself upon baptism and became a Baptist,—but the old-fashioned Baptists called him a baptized Methodist: in due time he united with the General Baptist Association, and never had those brethren a better man among them.

His preaching was evangelical in matter, natural and lively in style, and greatly blessed of God to the conversion of sinners. We do not endorse Mr. Maden's doctrinal views, but we do not wonder at his embracing them rather than the fatalism which was put before him as the only alternative. Had the whole gospel been preached to him in his youth, we doubt not that his views would have been more like our own. Some of the anecdotes are very singular and deserve quotation. In his first meeting-house at Gambleside, "The weather frequently interfered with the comfort of the hearers, on account of the roof of the house being so defective. On one occasion, a poor man who was not very vigorous in intellect, looking up to the source of a constant dropping, while the preacher was speaking, remarked aloud, 'It rains here.' A humorous story is told of the same man, who, in a chapel near Colne, sat before an old lady who fell into a profound sleep, and began snoring terrifically. Harry turned to his neighbour, and said, with a bold and dogmatic tone, 'There's a pig somewhere;' and refused to be quieted till the noisy animal was put to silence. It is said he banished one bad habit for a time, and made it a very hazardous experiment to go to sleep if he were present in chapel. Such a character might yet be useful, if he could take the round of our congregations, to scare and terrify drowsy hearers." While James Maden was a local preacher the following incident occurred:—"The Primitive Methodists held many camp meetings in various parts of the country, and the local preacher of Harwood-Lee was now well known, and his services were very acceptable and much in request. He was invited to speak at an open-air meeting near Goodshaw, where he had spent his early years, and he consented to go; but when he arrived he found himself in a great difficulty. Glancing over the people, he saw Mr. Saunderson, a shopkeeper, to whom he had been in debt ever since he left his native part. He felt strongly tempted to keep out of the cart provided for the speakers, to prevent his creditor making remarks on his inconsistency; but he prayed for help, and the Lord gave him grace, so he stepped into the cart and began speaking. He strongly commended religion, and set forth its influence for good, on all who receive it. He said, 'If a man is poor, and has got into debt, and he becomes a Christian, he will be made sober, honest, and industrious; and he will pay every penny he owes as soon as he is able,' and when saying this, he gave an oblique glance at the grocer, as if to say, 'That is for you; I will pay you as soon as possible;' and Mr. Saunderson gave the responsive look, as if to say, 'I am glad to hear that; go on, all is right now.' And the speaker did go on, for he felt now that his course was clear to speak boldly in the name of the Lord. It is pleasing here to remark that this debt was entirely paid off in a short time after."

It is a great privilege, through their memoirs, to make the acquaintance of good men who belonged to other sections of the church, who, though they followed not with us, were true followers of our divine Master. It enlarges the heart, and casts out bigotry. May the time come when all Christians will find a joy in believing that the good Shepherd has other sheep which are not of the fold in which they themselves lie down, but are still of the one flock

which he hath redeemed with his most precious blood.

Cook's Handbooks to Venice and Florence at One Shilling each are published by *Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus*, and also by *Hodder and Stoughton*. What can a visitor want more in the way of guide to either of the cities? Mr. Cook gives you all that you need, and no more.

The Year of Salvation. Words of Life for Every Day. A Book of Household Devotion. By I. I. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D. T. and T. Clarke.

VERY excellent: but why begin the year on the first of December? The reason is because men observe holy days and sacred months, and so run back to the beggarly elements of the law. The author tells us that the four Sundays preceding Christmas have always been specially observed by the Christian Church; we admit that a part of it has been weak enough to do so, but we demur to his assuming that the whole Church is equally fallen. A large portion of the church of Christ has not even the semblance of respect for the so-called "Christian year." It is a pure invention, a traditional accretion of unwarranted observances, a system of superstition throughout. If there be any one day in the year in which it is pretty sure that our Lord was not born it is the 25th of December, and it is not a little remarkable that because we do not know the day the (so-called) church has fixed it; while the day of our Lord's death, which might be known with tolerable accuracy, is shifted from year to year. The whole scheme is more or less borrowed from ancient heathen festivals, toned down with Jewish rites, and decorated with sprigs of Popery, with here and there a flower of Christianity. The volume before us would have been altogether to our mind if this legality had not marred it; it is a dead fly, and makes an ill savour; but still the ointment is very precious. Anything which the eminent writer has to say upon Holy Scripture is always worthy of thoughtful reading. As a comment upon the former and latter portion of our Lord's life, the work will hold a high place in the estimation of the devout. When the second volume is ready, we should like to see an edition commencing with January 1, with the Papistical fasts and festivals in the distant background, if not altogether ignored. We thought our Dutch friends had outgrown baby-clothes.

The Realm of the Ice King. By the author of "Saved from the Wreck." Religious Tract Society.

A BOOK of martyrs to the spirit of discovery. The dreary pole is the centre towards which courage, patience, skill, and heroism are pressing, and if they never reach it the attempt will have done great things in developing the grander virtues of manhood. Failures appear to count for nothing, and the smallest modicum of success whets the appetite of adventurers. However many may stiffen in death amid the eternal snows, there are always volunteers to fill the ranks; may more of such self-sacrificing devotion be seen among Christians: we do witness some of it, but Jesus deserves ten times more. The close of this volume touches upon this point in relation to Arctic missions, and tells us that "Hans Egede, a Norwegian, was the first who sought to carry the gospel to Greenland. H was followed by the Moravians, o United Brethren, men of marvellou self-denial and faith. 'There was nc need,' says one of the latter, 'of much time or expense for our equipment. The congregation which sent us forth consisted chiefly of poor exiles, who had not much to give us, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes on our backs. Being accustomed to make a shift with a little, we did not trouble our heads how we should get to Greenland, or how we should live in that country. We neither knew nor imagined how it would be with us.' Such were the circumstances in which these simple-minded men set out on their journey, and which awakened the admiration of the poet Cowper—

> 'See Germany send forth
> Her sons to pour it on the farthest north:
> Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
> The rage and rigour of a Polar sky,
> To plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
> On icy plains and in eternal snows.'

"When on their way the first missionaries had an interview with Count von

Pless, Lord Chamberlain to the King of Denmark, who asked them how they intended to provide for themselves in inhospitable Greenland. 'By the labour of our hands and the blessing of God,' said one of them, 'we will cultivate the ground and live upon the produce. For this purpose we will take seeds with us, plant a garden, build a house, and be burdensome to no one.' 'But the ground is frost-bound, and nothing will grow there; and there is no timber with which you can build a house.' 'Then,' was the reply, 'we will dig a hole in the ground, and live there.' 'No,' continued the Chamberlain, 'take timber with you and build a wooden house, towards which I will contribute;' and he then placed in their hands fifty dollars, the first money contribution for the spread of the gospel among the wandering and thinly scattered tribes of Greenland.

"The sufferings of the little band parallel anything endured by the crews of our exploring vessels. Exposure to shipwreck, privation of food, the enmity of the natives, the prevalence of the small-pox, and the rigour of the climate, were endured with ardent love and simple, self-denying zeal. They gave up home, ease, and every earthly comfort that they might preach Christ in the utmost ends of the earth. A description of a winter scene is given by one of these labourers. 'The ice and hoar frost reaches through the chimney to the stove mouth without being thawed by the fire. Over the chimney is an arch of frost, with little holes through which the smoke discharges itself. The door and walls are as if they were plastered over with frost; and what is scarcely credible, our beds are often frozen to the bedstead. The upper cider-down bed and the pillows are quite stiff with frost *an inch thick*, from our breath. The flesh barrels must be hewn in pieces to get out the meat, when we thaw it in snow water and set it over the fire; but the outside is boiled sufficiently before the inside can ever be pierced with a knife.'"

The book deserves our highest approbation. It is beautifully bound, excellently illustrated, and every way superlative.

The Commentary wholly Biblical. Three vols. quarto. S. Bagster and Sons.

This is very greatly to be preferred to a reference Bible by those whose purses can allow them to purchase it. The texts are here printed at length, and really are a commentary upon the passage. Many of the references commonly given are merely verbal, and in no way assist the reader, but the Scriptures quoted in "The Commentary wholly Biblical" elucidate the places to which they are set. We know this by having used the work for years, and it is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we mention it to our readers. The three volumes quarto cost in cloth £2 16s., and in morocco £4 19s. They would make an admirable present for a minister, and would suggest to him, and aid him in, the duty of comparing spiritual things with spiritual, and opening the casket of the Infallible Word with a key of the same metal as itself.

The Testimony Attested: a Popular Manual of the Evidence in Support of the Authority and Inspiration of the Scriptures. By the Rev. James Copeland, M.A. Andrew Elliot.

One of the most useful little books we have seen for many a day. Within a narrow space the author presents evidence from heathen and Jewish historians in support of the leading facts of the gospels. He then shows that Jesus was divine, and goes on from his testimony to prove the divine authority and plenary inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures. A young man who has studied this manual will be prepared to meet most of the objections commonly raised against the plenary inspiration of the Bible. It is a little storehouse of ammunition for the soldiers of the cross. The author dwelling far away in Dunedin, in New Zealand, has done good service to the rising race by this compilation. Though we are at the antipodes of each other we are glad to be fully agreed.

The Golden Chain, Saucy Sally. Johnstone and Hunter.

Two books of stories for children, very neatly bound, and cheerful in style.

Daily Watchwords: Morning Thoughts on Scripture Texts. M. A. J. M. Religious Tract Society.

Very pious, but not very striking or suggestive. These pieces have already appeared in "Sunday at Home," and probably have done their best work in that form.

Notes.

We do not know how it can be managed, but it would certainly be an excellent thing if the Nonconformist bodies could organise a representative system by which they could speak for themselves. As it is, we hear of a Nonconformist committee doing this, and another committee resolving that, and a third committee declaring the other. Possibly the representative authority of these gentlemen may equal, or even exceed, that of the nine tailors of Tooley Street; but we certainly should like to know their names and the sources of their representative power. We are now in great danger of being misrepresented by little knots of individuals who assume to speak on our behalf; and perhaps we are equally in peril of being dragged through the mire by a few talented but headstrong leaders, who, possessed by one idea alone, rush forward blindly like so many infuriated bulls. Presumption might be checked and impetuosity moderated if the voices of the more temperate minority could be heard, but under present circumstances the dissidence of Dissent fails to secure a hearing. Concerning certain resolutions passed of late by the great unknowns who work the Nonconformist oracle, we have said again and again, "Speak for yourselves, gentlemen. You do not represent the Dissenters of England. No, nor half of them." A large number of Nonconformists would attend a meeting called at a particular crisis, and give their opinions upon an important question, who nevertheless will never be active members of political societies, having, as they judge, something better do do: these persons ought not to be left to be misrepresented by a handful of wire-pullers, but should have some means of recording their judgments. If Nonconformity is to be a power in the land, it must grow out of its almost self-elected committees, and provide itself with legitimate representation. For London the board of Deputies of the three denominations offers the most available nucleus. By those deputies the churches who choose to send their delegates are already represented, and all other Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational churches have the same liberty.

We venture very humbly to suggest that the Nonconformist opposition to Mr. Forster has been quite as earnest as is consistent with a Christian spirit. It certainly does not fall short in point of bitterness, nor do its failings lean to the side of forbearance. Mr. Forster is no enemy to Nonconformists; he has a crotchet and he sticks to it, but we believe that he has a warm side towards us. Is he to be driven from us? We are great claimants of liberty for ourselves; do we allow none to others? The noblest order of men are seldom driven by opposition, except it be in a direction the very reverse of that which was aimed at by their antagonists. This may be an infirmity of noble minds, but it is one to which we in a great measure owe Mr. Gladstone's liberalism,—Oxford goaded him into a position in advance of his anticipations. Are the Nonconformists desirous of following the suicidal tactics of the university Tories? We believe Mr. Forster to be a most sincere and honest Christian man, open to conviction, and ready to go as far in our direction as his conscience will allow. He has made mistakes in his Educational Bill, but what mortal man could avoid doing so? The Dissenters themselves could not at one time have told him their own minds, even if he had been willing to legislate for them alone. Had any other member of the Gladstone cabinet been charged with the arduous task of preparing a School Bill he must have incurred an equal share of unpopularity from one side or another, and probably might have provoked even more opposition. The mistakes of a friend should not be viewed in the same light as the wilful attacks of an enemy. The continuous concentration of Nonconformist wrath upon the head of an individual because he conscientiously differs from us upon one point may possibly be justifiable, but it is not at the first blush so manifestly Christian as to evoke admiration. Our duty is done when we add that against the perpetual hunting down of Mr. Forster we enter our personal protest, and we believe we speak the mind of multitudes of the very staunchest of Dissenters.

On Tuesday, Jan. 26, Mr. Henry Vincent delivered a Lecture in the Tabernacle, in

connection with the Liberation Society. An attempt at disturbance on the part of certain Church Defenders was very readily put down. If we are not to be allowed liberty to express our own views in our own buildings things have come to a pretty pass. Happily there are yet laws which secure us freedom of speech, and the Tabernacle is the very last place in which the breach of those laws will be tolerated. Romanists murdered Murphy for using free speech, and semi-Romanists appear to be following their example by creating riots at Nonconformist meetings, but we warn them that they mistake their times. Such tactics are out of date, and will recoil on those who use them. We accord to others the right to promulgate their views without riot and disturbance from us, and we mean to maintain the same right for ourselves. That cause which needs the aid of disorder must surely be upon its last legs.

We are very sorry that our esteemed friend, Dr. Kennedy, issued a pamphlet severely criticising the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whom we judge to be sent of God to bless our land in an unusual degree. Dr. Bonar's reply strikes us, as amply meeting Dr. Kennedy's strictures, and needing no supplement. But we are sorry to read every now and then the most bitter reflections on Dr. Kennedy, as though he were an enemy of the gospel. Now, we know him to be one of the best and holiest of men, and quite undeserving of severe upbraiding. Nothing but zeal for the truth has moved him we are quite sure. He is fearful lest the doctrines of grace should be forgotten, and he is jealous for divine sovereignty. He is also fearful that the work owes more to music than to the force of truth, and is more the work of fleshly excitement than of the Holy Spirit. Is it altogether an unpardonable sin to feel such a sacred anxiety? We think not. At the same time we do not feel as Dr. Kennedy does. Had the revival under our American friends been what he thinks it to be, and what most similar ones have been, his remarks would have been timely and useful, although they would even in that case have been fiercely resented. As it is there are many things suggested by his pamphlet which it will be well for the people of God to ponder, and in so doing they may be saved from grievous disappointments. We feel sure that Mr. Moody does not count Dr. Kennedy an enemy, nor wish to silence him, and we trust that others will learn the same moderation of temper and speech. Convince Dr. Kennedy that the Lord's hand is in the work, and his powerful voice and pen will be secured, and he will not be slow to issue a retractation: but to denounce him as an opposer of the Spirit's work is unchristian, and to those who know the man it is a monstrous libel. We cannot expect all men to see alike, and we ought to admire the courage which enters an honest protest, even though it be a mistaken one. We wish that the religion of this age had more in it of the deep, heart-searching, devoted, and unflinching piety of our Highland brethren; while we also wish that some of our northern friends were more joyous in heart, and less severe in their judgment of other servants of the Lord. The matter ought to end in both sides quietly learning something from each other, and resolving that if they cannot agree in each other's views they will at least abstain from ungenerous judgments and angry replies. The work which God is doing is so great and manifest that it cannot be injured by any man's comments upon it; those engaged in it can afford to turn such things to profitable account.

Our evangelist, Mr. Higgins, has wasted no time, but has from Jan. 10—17 been labouring in Newtown, Montgomery, in connection with the church under our friend, Mr. Thomason. Both church and congregation felt much benefit from our brother's earnest labours. From Jan. 20 to 26 Mr. Higgins worked at Wells, Somerset, where we hope to raise a Baptist church. We have placed a student there, and also at Shepton Mallet, and in both cases we hope to get a permanent footing. The evangelist is the best pioneer. We wish that friends of the Baptist denomination living where there is no church of our faith would let us know their need, and aid us in planting new interests.

During the early part of February Mr. Higgins aided the special meetings at the Tabernacle, and preached in London. His engagements stand Feb. 27—a fortnight of services in Shoreham. March 10—Ilkeston, Derbyshire, for a month. May the Lord set his seal upon this work, and move his people to aid in it.

As it is now some eight years since the Tabernacle was painted and repaired, it is resolved to perform this necessary work while the Pastor is laid aside; the building will therefore be closed on Sabbaths March 7, 14, and 21. Week evening services will be conducted as usual in the lecture hall, and the Sunday School and Classes as usual.

It is amusing to us to read accounts of

our being in Italy and hoping to return at such and such a time, the fact being that up to the morning of this day Feb. 19, the time of writing this, we are still at home, with no prospect of a holiday abroad, but some hope of a change at the seaside. If newspapers would take even the smallest care to print the truth they might be of some use, but, as it is, it is generally safest to believe very little more than half of what you see in their columns.

The funds of the Orphanage are very low. When the tide has ebbed quite out the flood will come. Our 230 boys persist in eating and wearing out their clothes, or we would not even mention the matter of failing funds; but appetites are stubborn things, and our boys have double-barrelled ones.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—Feb. 4, twenty-two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Elder	1	0	0
A Friend, Annan	20	0	0
Mr. A. Sheppard	0	10	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
F. J. W.	0	10	0
A Brother, Dundee	0	2	0
Mrs. Snell	1	0	0
S. S., Suffolk	5	0	0
Miss Miller	0	10	0
A. E. J., Willingham	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	10	0
Mr. J. F. Yeates	5	0	0
Gith	0	5	0
H. O.	3	0	0
Mr. Macfarlane, per J. L. K.	0	4	6
Miss Winslow	2	0	0
Miss Burrows	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Hughes	0	10	0
Samuel Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. B. Wilkinson	2	0	0
Miss Bullock	1	1	0
Part Proceeds of Lecture at Spatton	0	7	6
R. L.	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Charlotte Ware	0	10	0
Free Church	0	10	0
Mr. J. Callander	7	0	0
βαπτισμα	8	0	0
J. S. H. B. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Lambert	0	5	0
Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
Mrs. H.	0	10	
Mrs. S.	0	5	
Mr. Dawson	1	1	
Proceeds of Lecture at Brixton, per Rev. J. T. Swift	5	0	
Mr. West	0	10	
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Jan. 17	16	14	
" " " " 24	32	2	3
" " " " 31	36	0	6
" " " Feb. 7	30	2	9
" " " " 14	36	2	10
	£232	7	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Leeson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	1	0
Mr. C. C. Irvine	0	10	0
One who desires to do good	0	1	0
Mr. James Trickett	0	10	0
Third Ten Shillings	0	10	0
H. B., Camden Town	0	2	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Grace	1	0	0
Miss Couch	0	10	0
Mrs. Gibb	1	0	0
Vost's Money Box	1	0	0
Mr. G. Elder	1	0	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mr. D. Ashton	1	10	0
Metropolitan Store	0	10	0
Godalming	0	2	6
Mrs. Allan	5	0	0
Mrs. Rowe	0	6	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. A. Wilson	2	0	0
Miss Galloway	0	12	0
Mrs. Lynn's Class	0	3	0
E. H.	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. William Mayo	0	15	0
Friends, per Mrs. Dods	0	3	6
Mrs. Bent	0	5	0
Mr. Phillips' Class, Westbourne Grove	0	6	0
J. M. G.	2	0	0
F. I. W.	0	10	0
M. R. M.	1	0	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Mr. H. Arnold	0	12	3
Mr. Browning	0	1	0
Mrs. Snell	1	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture by Mr. Cracknell, South Shields	6	0	0
Mrs. Goodson	0	4	0
A. Z.	2	10	0
My first earnings	0	4	0
Friends, per Mrs. Pomeroy	0	3	6
A Friend, per Mr. Stone	3	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	10	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0
U. B.	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
The late Miss Turnbull, per A. T. ...	0	10	6
Mrs. R. L. Combe	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Paterson	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday School, Hawick ...	1	9	6
Mr. J. F. Yeates	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
The old home	0	1	0
Baptist Sunday School, Locher	1	0	0
Gith	0	5	0
Mr. J. Rettie	2	0	0
Miss Burrows	0	10	0
Mrs. Allbury	0	2	0
Children's offering, per Mr. Evans ...	0	5	0
Fred. Gerry and Theresa...	0	3	0
Mrs. B., Edinburgh	0	5	0
J. I. V. A. D.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Luff	0	10	0
Birthday offering, Ellen	0	5	0
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0
Mr. T. Webster	5	0	0
Mr. W. Tebbutt	2	2	0
A Laugton Friend	0	5	0
Mrs Case	2	0	0
Baptist Sunday School, Charles-street, Kennington, per Mr. Haywood ...	1	3	6
Thankoffering for a life spared	2	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Finlayson and family	1	4	0
B. C. N.	0	2	0
Sunday School, Halbeath	0	3	6
Mr. Rainbow	0	5	0
E. W. E.	10	0	0
Mrs. Lambert	0	5	0
Mr. T. Osborn	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Sunday School, Dalton, Devon	0	4	6
W. J. B.	2	3	9
Mr. J. Slater	5	0	0
Collected at Finchley, per Rev. J. Chadwick :—			
At Lord's Table 1 4 0			
Mr. C. Hazell 0 10 0			
Rev. J. Chadwick 0 5 0			
Miss Nellie Chadwick ... 0 9 0			
Mr. Toovey 0 2 0			
	2	10	0
Mr. W. Izard	1	0	0
Mrs. L. J. Woods	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry...	2	0	0
A few Friends, Brockley	2	5	0
Mrs. C. P. Hawkes	0	4	0
Mr. S. C. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mrs. Butler	0	19	4
Miss Fitzgerald	0	6	0
Collected at Eythorne and Ashley Sunday Schools, per Rev. R. Marshall ...	2	5	0
J. A. M.	1	0	0
Mr. Walter J. Miller	1	1	0
Mr. West	0	10	6
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Lillycrop, of Windsor	1	1	0
Mrs. Herschell	4	0	0
Mr. T. Watts	2	0	0
Mr. J. Jones	1	1	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Rev. W. Mummery	0	5	0
	£138	1	4

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Tiddy, 10s; Mann, 5s 4d; Walters, 3s; Tarry, £1; Clarke, 14s; G. E. Dean, 2s 6d; T. Baker, £1 9s; Knibb, 12s; W. Osman, 5s 9d; E. Deavin, 5s 9d; Jacobs, 15s; H. Shuttleworth, 10s 6d; C. H. S. Davis, £1; J. Coleman, 12s; Conquest, £1; Court, 3s; B. Simms, £1; Farley, 11s; L. Parry, £1; Harris, 8s; Smith, 1s 5d; Lavender, 9s; Ehlers, 4s; E. J. Cook, per Mrs. Samuel, 5s.—Total, £13 6s 3d.

From Boys who have Left the Orphanage:—M. Mee, 6s 8d; B. Edmunds, E. Nicole, 19s 4d; R. Latimer, per Mr. Harding, 7s 1d; H. Brooker, 6s 6d.—Total, £1 19s 7d.

General:—Service of Song, Balham, less Expenses, £6 9s 5d; Mr. Wayre, 10s; Master Norton, £1; Master A. McG. Brown, 11s 6½d; collected by C. Gladdish, 13s; G. T. Congreve, £2 2s; Collections at Willingham after Sermons by Rev. G. Hearson, £6 15s 7d; Moiety of Sunday School Collections at Bushey, £3 11s; collected by the Girls of the Practising Schools, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, £1 1s 9d; Seventy Coins in Pillar Box at Orphanage Gate, 18s 1½d.—Total, £23 12s 5d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions, &c.:—56lbs. Meat, J. Goslin; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; 2 Sacks Flour, T. R. Phillips; 27lbs. Veal, Mrs. Cooper; Sack Parsnips, ditto Turnips, Bushel Carrots, A. Parker; 28lbs. Baking Powder, Mr Freeman.

Clothing:—6 Pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Brooks; 25 Flannel Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Baptist Chapel, Wynne Road, Brixton; 2 Dozen Scotch Caps, Mr. Goldston.

General:—6 Books, per P. D. C.; 18 Articles for Sale Room, Mrs. Cooper; 5 Cwt. Soap, Mr. Knight; 11 Articles for Sale Room, M. A. Chesterman.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
R. Clark, Esq., Cheddar District ...	10	0	0
W. Higgs, Esq., for Sheppey	5	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Rev. H. A. James	10	0	0
Offord, per Mr. W. R. Giddings... ...	10	0	0
Hillmorton, per R. V. Masters, Esq. ...	10	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
J. Howard Angas, Esq., South Australia	20	0	0
Dorking, per Sir A. Cotton	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
P. A. V. H.	1	1	0
Mrs. Lefroy Courtenay (annual) ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Heming	0	5	0
Mr. A. F. Coles	0	2	6
	£74	19	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1875.

London.

A PLEA, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TRAVERSING all parts of London very frequently, we are nevertheless lost in it. Has any living man any idea of the vastness of our metropolitan world? It is not a city, but a province, nay, a nation. Every now and then we find ourselves quite at sea in a locality which we thought we knew as well as our own garden; the large mansion is gone, and the park which surrounded it, and our friend's house with its almost rural appurtenances is swallowed up by a town, the garden and paddock of six acres are cut up into building lots, and a large public house stands on the site of the arbour where we held familiar chats and talked about the cows. We lose our bearings, and think we have taken the wrong turning, for lines of contractors' make-believe houses have replaced that fine old avenue of trees, and the green pastures and still waters have vanished, dissolving into an ugly view of rows of tenements, all of the same hideous pattern, with roads not yet recovered from being up for the drains and gas. We need explorers to pry into the mysteries of London, old and new, and the maps need as frequent altering as the almanacks.

We cut out from an American paper the other day a short article which shows how what Cobbett called "the great wen" is demanding more and more space in the body politic; it is worth reading, though it contains not a tithe of what might be said.

"In few cities are there more than half-a-dozen railway stations. In London there are at least one hundred and fifty. Some of the

railways never pass beyond the limits, and of one, the Tottenham and Hampstead, 'Punch' says 'No one ever travels by it, as no one knows where it begins or where it ends.' The Metropolitan and other intramural railways run trains every three or five minutes, and convey from twenty to fifty millions of passengers annually. Clapham Junction is the great south-western centre, and through it seven hundred trains pass every day. Its platforms are so numerous, and its underground passages so perplexing, that how to find the right train is one of those things that no fellow can understand.

"As a proof of the expansive nature of London traffic, it was supposed that when the Metropolitan Railway was opened, all the City to Paddington omnibuses would be run off the ground: but, although it carried forty-three millions of passengers last year, it has been found necessary to increase the number of omnibuses on the southern route, and they yield one per cent. more revenue than before the opening of the railway.

"Besides the railways, there are some fourteen or fifteen thousand tram-cars, omnibuses, and cabs traversing the streets; there are lines of omnibuses known only to the inhabitants of their own localities—such as those across the Isle of Dogs, from Poplar to Millwall; from London Bridge along Tooley Street to Dockhead, etc. The London Omnibus Company have five hundred and sixty-three omnibuses, which carry millions of passengers annually.

"It is more dangerous to walk the streets of London than to travel by railway or cross the Atlantic. Last year one hundred and twenty-five persons were killed and two thousand five hundred and thirteen injured by vehicles in the streets. Supposing every individual man, woman, and child made one journey on foot in London per diem, which is considerably above the average, the deaths would be one in eleven millions, while the railways only kill about one in fifty millions of passengers, and the Cunard Company of Atlantic steamers boast of having never lost a passenger.

"Other tokens of the immensity of the population of London are that three-quarters of a million of business men enter the city in the morning, and leave it in the evening for their suburban residences.

"There are ten thousand policemen, as many cab-drivers, and the same number of persons connected with the post-office: each of these tribes of workers, with their families, would make a large town. When London makes a holiday, there are several places of resort, such as the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, Kew Gardens, etc., which absorb from thirty to fifty thousand visitors each. The cost of gas for lighting is £2,500,000 annually; the water supply is one hundred millions of gallons per diem. In the year 1873 there were five hundred and seventy-three fires; and for the purpose of supplying information on the passing events of the day, three hundred and fourteen daily and weekly newspapers are required.

"What London will eventually become it is idle to predict. It already stands in four counties, and is striding on to a fifth (Herts.) The probability is that by the end of the century the population will exceed five millions, and will have quintupled itself in the century. Should it progress at an equal rate in the next, it will in the year 2,000

amount to the enormous aggregate of twenty-five millions; and the question that naturally arises is how could such a multitude be supplied with food. But the fact is, the more its population increases the better they are fed. In the Plantaganet days, when the population was not a third of a million, famines were of frequent occurrence, but now, with the command of the pastures, the harvests, and the fisheries of the world, starvation becomes an almost impossible eventuality, even with the twenty-five millions of mouths to feed."

Our heart has been palpitating with the question,—what is to be done for these millions religiously? Whatever it is, it ought to be done at once. We ought not to allow new towns to spring up around us, and to begin their history without the means of grace. It is far easier to secure a fitting position for the house of prayer at the founding of a new suburb than it can be afterwards; and we are much more likely to get the ear of new-comers than if we allow them to form the habit of going nowhere, or of frequenting the mass-houses of ritualism. Every Christian denomination should be on the alert for London; it is the first duty of Londoners themselves, but believers in the country are also concerned in the right condition of the metropolis. London is in some respects the very heart of the world; it influences every land, its vice is a plague to the whole human race, and its religion may be a balm to the remotest lands. London must be the Lord's; we long to see it set as a gem in the diadem of Jesus, as the Kohinoor among his crown jewels.

We long to commence more churches in and around London, and to see those churches comfortably lodged in suitable meeting-houses, or chapels if we must use that name. The Anglican church builds its temples everywhere; they spring up in amazing numbers, and no fear is entertained that they will be too near each other. They secure the people by being first on the ground; dissenters are slow, and find themselves too late; if they were more generously enterprising they would not remain so much in the rear.

We know of an instance where a piece of land was given for a chapel, the London Baptist Association voted its annual grant, friends on the spot added to it, a neat house of prayer was built, and a good man placed in it. Three or four gentlemen guaranteed a moderate salary, and the work began. In one year a church has been formed, a large Sabbath school collected, and a good congregation gathered. The place has been self-supporting from the first, the guaranteed income has been exceeded, the debt is but nominal, and a tower of strength has been added to the Baptist body. What has been done in one case might be accomplished in scores of positions. We have done a similar work over and over again by means of our College, and when our health is restored we mean, by God's grace, to be at it again. Without the slightest injury to existing interests new ones may be formed, and the work, by God's blessing, can be carried through with ease. The people want the gospel; in some localities they are pining for it; only let the fountain be opened and the thirsty ones will flock to it. We have lacked faith, but whenever God has given it to any they have found difficulties vanish and success awaiting them.

For our own part we cannot live if Christ's kingdom does not grow,

we hunger and thirst to see men saved. How can they hear without a preacher? The preacher must be sent among them, and they must be evangelised, and then churches will be formed, from which the light will be yet further spread. By means of our young brethren in the College very many districts have been supplied with the means of grace, and we trust our beloved friends will not cease to supply us with the funds to keep that work in full operation. Not only London, but England and the world must have the gospel. Men and brethren, help! We ask for your prayers, your personal aid in the districts where you live, and a portion of your offerings to the Lord. Our pleadings are with God that he will move you to act promptly, earnestly, and liberally.

The Scarlet Line in the Window.

A DISCOURSE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"She bound the scarlet line in the window."—Joshua ii. 21.

EVERY little incident in a remarkable conversion like that of the harlot Rahab is worthy of notice. The apostle James selected her as an illustration of the fact that faith is always attended by good works, and he asks, "Was she not justified by works when she had received the spies with peace?" while Paul quotes her as an instance of justification by faith, and says, "By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not." If both these eminent apostles found an illustration of an important doctrine in her life, we, surely, may do the same. If the hiding of the spies under the flax had some significance, so also had the hanging out of the scarlet line.

The two spies whom Rahab had concealed made an agreement with her that as soon as they were gone she should hang out a scarlet line in the window by which she had let them down, that they might know in the day of battle the house in which she dwelt. She fulfilled their request, and displayed the chosen emblem. In connection with that line I observe four things.

I. First, I see AN OBEDIENT BELIEVER. She was told to tie the scarlet thread in the window, and she did it; there was *exact obedience.* It was not merely *a* thread, *a* line, but the *scarlet* line. She did not substitute a blue, or a green, or a white line. The order was *this scarlet* line, not another, and she took that particular one. Obedience to God will be very much seen in small matters. Love always delights to attend to the little things, and thereby makes the little things great. I have heard of a Puritan who was charged with being too precise, but his answer was excellent, "I serve a precise God." The Lord our God is a jealous God, and he is very jealous of his commands. It appeared a little mistake that Moses made when he struck the rock instead of speaking to it, and yet he could not enter into the promised rest because of his offence. A small action may involve a great principle, and it is for us to be very cautious and careful, searching out what the Master's will is, and then never halting or hesitating for any reason whatever, but doing his will as soon as ever we know it. Christian life should

be a mosaic of minute obediences. The soldiers of Christ should be famous for their exact discipline.

I commend scrupulous obedience to all of you, and especially to those young people who have lately made a profession of their faith in Christ. Do not be as your fathers were; for the generation which is now going off the stage neither reads its Bible nor cares to know the Lord's will. If people searched the Scriptures we should find them come together in union, but the least read book in all the world, in proportion to its circulation, is the Word of God. It is distributed everywhere, but it is read scarcely anywhere with care and attention, and with a sincere resolve to follow its precepts at all hazards. You come and listen to us, and we give you little bits taken from it here and there, but you do not get a fair notion of it as a whole. How can you? Ministers make mistakes, and you follow them without enquiry. One elects this leader, and another that, to the creation of varieties of opinions and even of sects, which ought not to be, and would not be if all stood fast by the standard of inspired truth. If the Bible were but read, and prayed over, many errors would die a speedy death, and others would be sorely crippled. Had that inspired book been read in the past, many errors would never have arisen. Search ye, then, the book of God, I pray you, and whatever you find there be sure to attend thereto. At all costs keep to the Word of God.

Notice next that hers was *obedience in a very small matter.* She might have said, "I do not think it is essential to tie a piece of line in my window. Can I not be preserved just as well without it, seeing I believe in the God of Israel? I have faith, and I have shown it by my works by hiding the spies, you cannot suppose for a moment that I shall perish simply because I have not complied with a regulation about a scarlet line." In this way many, now-a-days, enquire whether they may not omit those duties which they consider to be non-essential to salvation. Now, this is a question which I never intend to answer for anybody else, because I never intend to ask it on my own account. Whether or no a believer will perish because some known duty or Scriptural ordinance is neglected, is a question which only selfishness would raise. Are we only to do that which will procure our progress, or secure our salvation? Are we so grossly selfish as that? Does a loving child say "If I refuse to do my father's will, shall I not still be my father's child? Shall I not still be fed and clothed by him?" Only an evil child would talk thus. The true son enquires, "What would my father have me to do? I will do it cheerfully for his sake. What doth my father forbid? for what he forbids shall be hateful to me." Rise above all questions concerning essential and non-essential, and learn to obey in all things; if it be only tying a scarlet thread in the window, or washing in water, do as you are bidden, and in nothing rebel.

Remember, too, that this small matter of obedience, as some call it, had an important symbolical signification. I am not sure that they meant by it that the scarlet thread should be the same to Rahab, as the blood over the lintel and on the two side posts had been to Israel in Egypt; but it does strike me as being very probable. Those two men were so acquainted with the passover and the sprinkling of the blood, and the

consequent preserving of the house, that it was very natural that they should give Rahab a sign akin to the token which God had ordained for his people Israel when his angel passed them by in the day of doom. Therefore, trifling as the colour of the cord might seem, it had a deep significance; and even so commands of God, which are little in themselves, are great in symbolic teaching. Great errors have come into the Christian church by the alteration of simple points in God's commands, and, therefore, since a little thing in the sign may involve a great thing in the substance, it becomes us to cultivate exact obedience. "Oh," says one, "but I fear we shall always be in error." Assuredly we shall, unless we endeavour to avoid it. Unless we give abundant attention to the word of God we shall fall into mistakes beyond number; errors are unavoidable if we do not study our perfect chart, even as it is certain that a man will lose his way if he never enquires about it. At any rate, we need not rush into mistakes by omitting to use our judgment, and to inform our understanding. Ask the Lord to teach you by his Holy Spirit, and you will not be taught wrongly. Commit yourself to his instruction, and be willing to do what he teaches you, and you will not go amiss.

This woman's *obedience also arose out of real faith*, and was the exponent of that faith, for when she tied the scarlet line in the window she expressed her confidence in the fact that Jericho would be destroyed, and that she would be saved because she had received a promise to that effect. She would not have hidden the spies if she had not believed in their God; and after having done so, if her faith had failed her, she would not have complied with the covenant requirement to hang the scarlet line in the window. Beloved, obey in faith. The obedience of the slave is little worth; the obedience of the child is precious for it is a fruit of love. That keeping of God's commands which comes of slavish fear lacks the very heart and bowels of obedience, for love is absent; but as God's dear children, resting alone in Jesus, confiding on your Father's promise, feel that because you believe you must *obey*, not because you dread hell or expect to win heaven through any works of yours, but because you have believed in him to the salvation of your soul, and therefore, it is your joy to do his bidding.

Thus we have enlarged upon the first point of the text, that in the hanging out of the scarlet line we discern an obedient believer.

II. Now, secondly, we see here AN APPROPRIATED COVENANT. These men had made a covenant with her that she should have her life spared, and those of her family, if she concealed their secret, and if she tied a scarlet line in the window. As she tied up that line she did, as it were, say, "I claim the covenant that you have made with me." Beloved, let us speak about this for a moment, for we want more and more to be able to appropriate covenant blessings. How do we appropriate Jesus? *By simple faith.* Faith is the hand which touches the head of the great sacrifice, and lays sin upon it, that sin may no longer lie upon the sinner. Faith grasps Jesus as the bread of life and makes that bread to be our own, that we may feed upon it, and may live for ever. Thus the grand thing for appropriating Christ is to obtain faith, and to gain more and more faith. Do you remember when first of all you tied a scarlet line in your window, and said, "Christ is mine"? I do remember the very

hour and the precise spot, but many cannot tell the moment or the occasion, nor need they agitate themselves about it if they still continue to tie that line in its place. Still you do remember that there was such a time when you could say, "Jesus is mine?" You apprehended Christ because he had apprehended you. If such an hour as that has never come to you, may it come even now. Jesus Christ can save you, but he must be appropriated, or he will be no Saviour to you. Remember that God the Holy Ghost himself, though he is the author of faith, cannot believe for you; you must believe personally and for yourself. Certain persons talk very much of repentance as the gift of the Holy Spirit, and their witness is true, if they would not exaggerate it so as to leave the impression on men's minds that the Holy Ghost repents, and that the sinner has little or nothing to do with it, for that is not true, since it is clear that the Holy Spirit has nothing to repent of, that repentance is an act of the repenting sinner's own soul, and faith a personal exercise of the heart, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness. If we do not ourselves repent and believe, Christ is not ours, and we are none of his, neither shall we obtain any benefit from his life and death. Tie the scarlet line in your window, for it will not be tied there for you; you must do it with your own hand. And I do pray that even now you may have boldness through Christ to say, "Yes, Jesus shall be mine; I dare with humble confidence to appropriate him for myself, since he is given freely to poor needy sinners, and I am such a sinner."

Faith is the first and grandest way of tying the scarlet line in the window, but let your faith follow on in *the use of the ordinances and means of grace*, for these assist her in laying hold upon Jesus. I have often found it most blessed to sit at the communion table and feel while I ate the bread and drank the wine, that faith was in active exercise, so that I said to myself, "Yes, as certainly as this bread is put into my mouth, and goes into my bodily system, so as to become a part of myself, so that nobody can ever take it away, even so I have by faith believed on and received into my soul the incarnate God, and in that way has he become mine, so that none can separate him from me, or me from him." The ordinance itself will not give you Christ, but often does the symbol blessedly enable the soul to realise Jesus, and contemplate him so as to partake of him. In that draught of wine, so typical of his blood, how often has our soul said, "I rest entirely upon the Redeemer's bloody sacrifice. His substitutionary pangs, griefs, and merits, are all my trust before God, and I receive them as my sole reliance for the remission of sin, and take them into my very self, just as I drink of this cup, and thereby the juice of the vine courses through my veins." Continue, beloved friends to appropriate Jesus Christ, and let every communion season be a tying of the scarlet line afresh in the window.

Let *your life* be a course of action correspondent to the belief that Christ is yours. I am afraid many believers live as though Jesus Christ did not belong to them at all, nor yet the blessings of the covenant. Do you think that we should be so desponding when we have losses in business if we really believed that all things are ours, and if we had tied the scarlet line in the window, and appropriated all things as ours

in Christ? Do you think we should be so soon fluttered, and made to doubt whether we are saved or not, in times of temptation, if our faith took a firm grip of Christ and tied the scarlet line in the window fast and firm, by claiming the covenant of grace as ours. Beloved, some of you have only appropriated a part of Christ. You believe you are pardoned, but you scarcely know that you are justified. You are justified and covered with his righteousness, but you have not laid hold upon the sanctification which Jesus gives you. You have a measure of grace, but you have not yet believed that Christ can sanctify you wholly, spirit, soul, and body. We are stinted and stunted, lean and lethargic, because of our failure to grasp with holy confidence the infinite treasure which is stored up in our All-sufficient Lord. He is ours and all things are ours in him. "According to your faith so be it unto you" is the rule of that great house over which Christ presides. This woman took the covenant which she had made with these men to be hers, and showed that she did so by tying up the line. The covenant was made with her, and she knew it and believed it; in like manner, O brother in Christ, by a living faith, grasp the promises of God and claim them as your own.

Here let me say, let us do this by displaying a corresponding restfulness. After Rahab had tied the line in her window we do not read that she did anything else, except bring her father and her mother and her sister and her brother under her roof. She did not make preparations to defend the house against the siege; there is no notification that she appealed to the king to have a special guard to protect that part of the wall. I do not believe that she had a solitary fear, or a moment's terror; the scarlet line was in the window, and she felt secure: she had appropriated the promise, and she believed it would not be broken. It is a high privilege to dwell peaceably and quietly in the finished work of Christ, and in the sure immutable promise of God that cannot lie! Why fret ye yourselves, and question ye yourselves, and go about with a thousand anxieties when salvation's work was finished on the bloody tree, and Christ has gone into the glory, and has carried in his perfect work before his Father's face? Why mourn ye, and suspect your safety, when the Lord hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in him? We which have believed do enter into rest, the peace of God is ours. Let us by our resting show that we have tied the line in our window, have claimed the finished work, and therefore rest henceforth from our own works as God did from his.

III. Thirdly, I see here AN OPEN DECLARATION. Rahab tied the scarlet line, not in some secret part of the house, but *in the window*. It was her public declaration of faith. I do not say that everybody understood what she meant by that; only those understood it who were in the secret with her, and that sufficed. She hung out the red flag from the window, where it could be seen by those who needed to see it. It was not that she was ostentatious, and wished to attract attention, but she was bound to make a public sign, and she did it. Now, some of you believe in my Lord Jesus, and yet you have never united with his people. You are resting in him, but you are mightily afraid that anybody should know it. Be not ashamed of Jesus! The

wonder is that he is not ashamed of you. If he was not ashamed to take upon him your nature, and die for you, you need never blush to own his name. Come forward, ye trembling ones, tie the scarlet line in your window, and say, "We are his, and we confess it."

Let it be a *scarlet line* that you tie in the window, however, namely, an avowal of true faith in his precious blood, a declaration of confidence in atonement by blood; for there are some who profess a sort of faith, but it is not faith in the substitution of Christ. It is unfashionable now-a-days to believe in the old doctrine of atonement. Modern "culture" has expunged it, or altered it in such a way that no real atonement is left. There be many who are too advanced to avow the old-fashioned gospel, but, as for us, we tie for ever the scarlet line in our window, and stand by the truth once delivered to the saints. Our declaration of faith is that we believe in the real and literal substitution of Christ who died "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." In the midst of a thousand new gospels, none of them worth the breath that utters them, we hold to that ancient gospel of the prophet Isaiah—"the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Beloved believer, if the doctrine of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and his substitutionary atonement be indeed your hope, avow it; avow it boldly, and let there be no mistake about it in these evil times: tie the scarlet line in your window, and if nobody else will see it your brethren will mark it and be encouraged. If nobody else will be pleased with it your God will smile upon you, you will be a sweet savour unto him. Nobody saw the blood upon the lintel and the two side posts, that I know of, at the dead of night, in the land of Egypt, for there were none abroad to look upon it, but God saw it; and it is written, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." When God sees our simple confidence in his dear Son, and perceives us resting upon his word, without the admixture of human reason and opinion, then, beloved, he will accept us in the Beloved, and our house shall stand when others fall.

Every Christian ought to make his faith in the precious blood visible in many ways. It ought to be manifest in our common conversation; if we are resting in the blood of Jesus we ought not to be able to talk a quarter of an hour without thoughtful persons perceiving that we are indeed followers of Jesus. I have heard of a man who was so entertaining and instructive in his conversation that it was said that you could not stand under an archway for five minutes with him, to get out of a shower of rain, but what you would learn something from him. Every Christian man ought to be of this sort, in a higher style, so that you cannot be with him many minutes without perceiving him to be a man of God. Of course, in the church the Christian man ought to hang a scarlet line out of his door at once, and let his fellow worshippers see that he is decided and resolute for the Lord his God; but he ought to do the same in his business. Customers should soon see that in your shop the common tricks of trade are detested. The scarlet line is over this door. In the house, the mistress in the management of her servants, the master as a husband, and as a father, should be known to be better than others. There is a certain sect of people called "the peculiar people"; I wish we were all peculiar people

in this respect—that the blood-mark set us apart as not our own but bought with a price. The Lord grant it may be so with us.

IV. The last point is this. Here was a DEDICATED HOUSE—a house with a scarlet line in its window. Coming here the other afternoon, walking down one of the back streets, I amused myself by observing how many houses were insured. I noticed the marks of the companies. There was *the sun* on one, with his bright face looking down upon us, as much as to say, "There shall be no loss here." The *globe*, the *star*, the *Phœnix*, all were there as seals of safety. Now, there was only one house in Jericho that was insured, and that had for its symbol and mark of insurance a scarlet line tied in the window. What a mercy when houses are insured by the grace of God, and dedicated to the Lord—the very houses, and much more the inhabitants of those houses. How can you dedicate a house? I was reading the other day that in Cromwell's time you could go down Cheapside at a certain hour in the morning, and you would see the blinds down at every house, and hear the families singing, all the way along, "for," says an old divine, "in those days a drawn blind was the scarlet line in the window." People knew as they passed along that there was an altar to God in that house. I am afraid that there are a great many streets in our towns and cities which you might traverse at any hour of the day, and not discover a solitary sign of *family prayer* going on. The practice has gone out of fashion even among many who profess to be the people of God; and farewell to any progress in godliness till we bring it back again. I believe that when the house and the church pull together things are right; but when religion is made to be a thing of the church and not of the house, when the priest is looked to instead of the father, when men cease to be priests in their own houses, then the very sinews of vital godliness have been cut. If I had to give up all week-day services, and shut up every place of worship in Christendom from Sunday to Sunday, I would prefer it rather than lose the morning and evening gatherings of devout households worshipping God. How much Scotland owes to her family devotions. You need not that I remind you of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It is the very glory of that country that they do there worship God in their houses. "There is much formality about it," cries one. Well, was there ever anything good which did not degenerate here and there? But I can bear witness full many a time to the hearty devotion of morning and evening prayer in the North. I wonder how many houses represented by you come up to Matthew Henry's third standard. He says, "Those who pray do well." You get up to that, I hope. "Those that read the Scriptures and pray do better. Those that read the Scriptures and pray and sing do best of all." I think so. This is the scarlet line with the threefold cord to it, and I would that every house hung out that scarlet line as the sign—"This house belongs to King Jesus. The devil need not trouble himself to come here. The strong man armed keeps his goods in peace."

The beauty of it was that inside Rahab's house all were saved. "Come in, dear mother," said she. Who among us could bear the thought of our mother being lost? It breaks our hearts to think of such

a thing. My mother lost? Oh, no, that must not be! And your father lost? Oh, have you an unconverted father? I beseech you give no slumber to your eyelids till you have done all you can to set before him the way of peace, and have pleaded for him before God with sighs and tears. And then she said, "Come in, dear brothers and sisters." I delight in Rahab for loving her household. You have brothers and sisters who are not under the scarlet line yet; pray to God to bring them in, that all your house may be dedicated to the Most High, and, without exception, all may dwell beneath the blessed blood-red token which infallibly preserves.

I leave this to notice that there are other things besides family prayer which should be like the scarlet line in the house. For instance, there should be in every Christian house a scarlet line put up in the selecting of the *company* that is kept. The Christian should carefully select his friends and associates. "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." As for the drunkard and the swearer, and those who use unchaste language, let them be what they may, they cannot visit within our doors: we will not tolerate them. If we are masters of our household, we try to find our children friends whom we should like to be their companions in eternity. Some parents introduce their children to young men and young women who happen to be "very respectable," as they say, who are worldly and ungodly, and thus they do much to ruin them. It should not be so. Hang the scarlet line over the door, and if they do not love that scarlet line, religious conversation will make the place too hot for them before long. If you talk much of Jesus the frivolous will consider that they have notice to quit.

A Christian man's house should have a scarlet line over its *reading*. I confess to great sorrow whenever I see in a Christian man's house, commonly laid about for the use of the girls, that dreadful rubbishing yellow stuff which pollutes every railway bookstall—much of it downright ungodliness, and the best of it abominable nonsense, the reading of which is a sheer waste of time. When there are thousands of good and interesting books to be read, it seems a pity that Christian people should give their time to reading which cannot profit them. Let the asses have their thistles, I never grudge them; and so I will not say that worldlings should not read such books; they suit them, let them have them. I have never murmured at a farmer when I have seen him going along with his great mash of all manner of garbage to give to his hogs; so long as he did not give me a basin of it for dinner, I was satisfied to let the swine have their food; and there are a great many romances and a vast mass of literature which it is vain to deny to ungodly people, for it is after their nature; but as for us, let us have none of it. I should as soon expect to see the archangel Gabriel feeding out of a hog's trough, as to see one who is a joint-heir with Christ finding his pleasure in books that are half lewd and the other half absurd. Hang a scarlet line over your library door as well as everywhere else.

So with all *amusements*. There are some amusements that we cannot say are absolutely bad in themselves, but they lead to evil. They go up to the edge of the precipice, and there are many who only need to get so far and they are sure to plunge over. Besides, they make the Christian so like the worldling that nobody could tell which is which.

Now, tie the scarlet line up. I would do so even as to what *pictures* I would hang up in my house. I am often sad to see, especially in the houses of the poor, Roman Catholic pictures, exhibited on the walls, because they happen to be rather pretty and very cheap. Popish publishers have very cleverly managed to get up pictures of the Virgin, and the lying fable of her assumption to heaven, and all sorts of legends of saints and saintesses; and being brightly coloured and sold very much under price, these vile things have been introduced into thousands of houses. I have seen to my horror a picture of God the Father represented as an old man—a conception almost too hideous to mention, yet the picture is hung up in the cottages of England; whereas the Lord has declared that we should make no image of him, or represent him in any way, and the attempt is blasphemous. If you have a bad picture, no matter how good a work of art it is, burn it! And if you have a bad book, no matter how much it may be worth, do not sell it for somebody else to read: tear it in pieces.

Let the Christian hang up the scarlet line, and make certain that nobody shall be debauched in mind or body by anything that he tolerates in his house. I may seem to be too severe, but if my Master were to speak out of heaven he would not rebuke that as a sin on my part; far rather would he say that we need to be much more precise and decided about evil things.

Well, you shall do what you please, you have your own liberty; but, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, and the blood red line shall be in my window. My father's father—do I not remember how, when I was a child, I used to hear his prayers for my father and for me. Well do I remember my father's conversion in answer to my grandfather's prayers. And my father, can I ever forget how he wrestled for us at the mercy-seat; and God forbid it should happen that in my son's house in years to come there should be no altar to my God. I would sooner be without a tent for myself than an altar for the Lord. Wherever we are, we must hang up the scarlet line. We cannot expect a blessing if it be not so. Of course, I am not speaking to those who are not fathers or heads of households. If they are servants, they cannot help what is done in the house. If they are underlings who have not the power, they cannot arrange as they would; but I am speaking to those who fear the Lord, and can do it. Do, beloved, dedicate your house to God from the garret to the cellar. Let there be nothing even in the cellar which you would be ashamed for Jesus Christ to see. Let there be nothing about the house but what shall be so ordered that, if your Lord should come, you could open your door and say, "Come and welcome, Master, there is nothing here that thy servant desires to conceal."

Believe in Jesus, O ye who know him not; and ye who know him practise what you know; and God bless you. Amen and amen.

"The Disciple among the Poor;"

OR,

THE CHRISTIAN AS GOVERNOR OF A WORKHOUSE.

WE have before us the biography of John Bamford, written by his son, J. M. Bamford, a Wesleyan minister, who thus introduces his work:—"This little book has been prepared partly as a tribute of respect to an invaluable class of men—the Methodist Local Preachers. . . . . They represent the working of a great power in Methodism. Hardly a street or lane throughout all England but they traverse in the fulfilment of their duties. They carry the bread of life and the cup of salvation in not a few instances to rural populations which, but for their labours, would be left to famish. . . . I may be told that my father's life was not a great life: I reply that the life of every man is great who does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with his God. Great life, as we commonly understand it, is rare. The men and women who rise to an intellectual and moral altitude from which to command the attention of the world are few and far between. It is to the life of ordinary persons that we must look for the real working power of the church; and on this conviction I rest my hope that these memorials may fulfil a useful mission."

John Bamford was born at Wirksworth, Derbyshire, on the 22nd of May, 1806. At the age of seven or eight he was left an orphan alone in the world, without father or mother, brother or sister. After the decease of his parents he was placed under the care of his grandfather and his maternal uncle, who treated him with great affection. Young Bamford's father had left him a small patrimony, which placed him in circumstances of comfort and respectability. His grandfather was a morally good man, a strict churchman, and an enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton. He, therefore, tried to instil into his young charge right principles, took him to be confirmed, and taught him the craft of fly-fishing, so that it was not the old gentleman's fault if he did not grow up "a good boy," though he little dreamed that the lad would one day go about confirming the churches, and become a fisher of men. But thus it came to pass.

One of his aunts was converted through the instrumentality of the Methodists, and became a member of the society. No sooner had she received the saving love of Christ than her heart yearned for the salvation of her nephew, for "she feared to see him grow up having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." She made his salvation a matter of earnest prayer, and obtained permission to take him occasionally to the Methodist chapel, where he became greatly prepossessed in favour of the simplicity of Methodism, and saw the beauty of religion as exemplified in the lives of Christians. A revival broke out in the neighbourhood, and the impressions previously made upon his spirit were deepened, and he secretly yearned to possess an interest in divine things.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed at Derby to a bookseller, &c., a General Baptist, but with the stipulation that he should be

allowed to attend the Methodist services. We wonder when Baptists will be equally careful that their children shall worship with those of their own denomination. He took a sitting at the Wesleyan Chapel, and soon, says he, "the two-edged sword of the Spirit pierced my soul. I felt the distress of a heart broken for sin, and began to seek the Lord carefully with tears." The preachers under whom he sat "made tremendous appeals to the conscience," so much so that he says it seemed to him that the people must give up their sins, or give up going to chapel." He determined to do the former, and week after week diligently prayed and used the means of grace, "but still his Deliverer tarried." Again and again hope gazed through the lattice of gospel promises, and at length, while listening in humble, believing expectation, the sound of the chariot-wheels of salvation broke upon his ear. The Lord whom he sought came suddenly to his temple. This great change took place at his lodgings, and will be best described in his own words. "It is with grateful emotion that I now record, having sought the Lord for some weeks in the prayerful use of the various ordinances, I found him to my joy. I had for some time been wrestling hard in prayer, when at length by faith I beheld the Lamb of God. My soul was filled with an ecstacy of joy. I could willingly have employed the whole night in prayer and praise."

The morning after his conversion, as he proceeded to his place of business, he was full of holy and peaceful feeling. No sooner had he entered the printing-office than he communicated to those around "how great things God had done for him;" and, constrained by the love of Christ, he felt an intense desire to be useful in the cause of God, and soon found a sphere of useful labour in the Sabbath-school. While still a youth, about seventeen years of age, he began to preach, encouraged by first one local preacher and then another to accompany them and give a word of exhortation.

Soon after these efforts he was asked by the superintendent minister to preach at Sawley the following Sunday morning. This application greatly troubled him, and drove him to prayer, for he had never composed a sermon, or taken any particular text. However, he got a text, and carefully composed a discourse, but like many under similar circumstances, found that all his pre-arranged thoughts had fled, and he was obliged to struggle through as best he could, greatly humiliated and cast down. His next experience was very much the same, and he was tempted to say that if he could but get through the evening's engagement he would never attempt preaching again. But when he knocked at the cottage door where the service was to be held, and was kindly welcomed by the good woman who opened the door, and heard during his discourse the hearty responses of the venerable and earnest Christians listening to him, his heart was fired, and he no longer felt any restraint; but "his spirit glowed with an unction from the Holy One, and the word of truth flowed freely from his lips." Time passed on, and we find him on the circuit plan, his term of trial and the customary examinations passed, and the youthful evangelist acknowledged as a fully accredited local preacher.

His biographer gives us an account of his deep exercises of

mind as to his call to the regular ministry, and gives it as his opinion that his father, upon finishing his apprenticeship, took a wrong course in determining to choose trade as his avocation, and not to give himself up wholly to the work of the ministry, to which he had again and again said he felt assured he was called. He started in business, and after some years was unfortunately obliged to give it up, and take the post of a journeyman, not a few of his friends hinting that he neglected his own affairs by devoting too much time to preaching and study, for he was instant in season and out of season, preaching the word with demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

Mr. Bamford did not confine his efforts for the good of souls to the exercise of his gifts as a preacher, class-leader, and sick visitor, but used his pen in the cause of Christ, supplying stirring articles to the Methodist Connexional periodicals from time to time; he excelled especially as a writer of tracts, those published by the tract committee numbering nearly forty.

The most interesting period of his life, however, was that in which he was literally "*The Disciple among the Poor*"—the twenty years he spent as Governor of the Union House at Shardlow, a union including no less than forty-six parishes. This was a sphere which demanded not only economy, industry, and prudence, but all the wisdom, grace, and energy of the Christian character. He began his rule there with the determination to govern by the law of kindness, and great was the grace and watchfulness required to escape the hardening influences of the frequent exhibitions of insolence, quarrelsomeness, deceit, and unthankfulness which it was his lot to witness.

Here he cared for the souls as well as the bodies of those under his charge, and besides the every-day opportunities of speaking a word in season to old and young, he gathered his motley charge together on the Lord's-day evening, and preached the word to them. It is but just here to say that the paid chaplain appears to have greatly valued the spiritual help of the Methodist Governor.

While thus occupied he found not a few of the Lord's jewels in the dark setting of the parish poor-house, shining all the more brilliantly in contrast with the utter darkness of the stones still in nature's quarry—men and women robed in righteousness sitting side by side with those in the wretched rags of sin and self-righteousness. The cheerful piety and Christian patience of these poor rich men and women formed the subject of some of Mr. Bamford's most interesting tracts. Some extracts from these records we now present to the reader.

Old Thomas, an aged follower of the Saviour, and Jabez Hanbury, had known each other for fifty years before they sought the shelter of the workhouse. They had repeatedly sat under the sound of the same preacher's voice; and when Providence cast their lot together in "the house" they often took sweet counsel together, and talked of the many precious seasons they had enjoyed in the past. They usually sat close together, and Jabez, having a better memory and better hearing than his more aged friend, used to touch Thomas's elbow, and putting his mouth close to his ear would quote some rich and beautiful promise. When Thomas got hold of a word or two he would help to finish the passage himself, and then perhaps exclaim, "Oh, what a mercy! What

a comfort it is! Bless the Lord!" his feelings at the same time welling up within him till they choked his utterance. The joy of the Lord was his strength, and he had often to say, "My cup runneth over."

Thomas was very short-sighted, but a very kind and considerate attendant led him by the hand round the airing ground twice daily. He was very happy in these little morning walks, and and when he perceived the shadow of any person passing by he was sure to halt and have a few words about soul matters, usually finishing with one sentence from his own experience, such as, "I am happy in the Lord, my lad. I feel it good to wait upon him."

Seven or eight of those with whom he especially associated were induced to unite in prayer every evening, and Thomas joined with them most fervently as long as he lived. He died triumphantly, some of his last utterances being—

"My poverty and trials here,
Will only make me richer there,
When I arrive at home."

"I shall be glad to go when the message comes for me." "I'm getting very near the heavenly Canaan, I trust. Ay, I shall be in my element there." The last words he could be heard to utter were, "I love Jesus."

Jabez Hanbury, old Thomas's friend, had completed his fourscore years when he entered the workhouse. He was an exemplary inmate; he showed no peevishness or irritability. Everything was right; the food was good, the room very comfortable, the fire nice and warm, everybody kind to him. "My rule is this," said he, "if I cannot bring circumstances to my mind I try to bring my mind to circumstances!" Jabez and Thomas used to pray audibly before retiring to rest, and the one would respond heartily to the petitions of the other. Jabez used often to finish by joyful exclamations of anticipation of the rest which remaineth to the people of God. Upon rising on one of these occasions Jabez smote the palms of his hands together with the greatest glee, and said, "Thomas, it *shall* be well with the righteous. Ay, blessed be God there we shall meet with them that are gone before: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, patriarchs and prophets, and the spirits of the just made perfect; and, blessed be God, we can get to heaven from such a place as this!" "What a sight it will be," he said, "when the glories of heaven first burst upon our view!" His sufferings towards the end of his course were very severe, but he finished his course with joy, with "Victory, victory!" upon his lips.

The good Governor of the House sympathised and communed with these holy men and their fellow pilgrims as a brother in Christ, and had to bless God for the gracious influence of their examples and prayers upon the many very opposite and very troublesome inmates of that large institution.

We must pass on to give a few extracts from the record he kept of the *workhouse death roll;* for during his rule the official registration book chronicled the names of no less than three hundred and ten persons who passed into eternity from the workhouse wards. He appears to have

carefully written down what he could gather of the history of each, and also of their state at the last. We cull a few almost at random, praying that the peaceful and often triumphant end of those who, though poor in this world were rich in faith, may encourage some tried believers in the dark vale of adversity to "trust in the Lord and to stay themselves upon their God," and that the careless and impenitent may be warned by the hopeless end of the ungodly to seek the Lord while he may be found, and have a care not to grieve the Spirit, for the Lord hath said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

The rapid obituary which now follows is part of the private record already alluded to as "*The Workhouse Death Register.*"

"*April.* A woman of wretched character during her life, and alas! no hope in her death.

"*April.* A woman who had been a wandering gipsy and a fortune-teller. Her countenance for some days previous to death was most terrific. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'

"*July.* A hoary-headed sinner. He had many pious friends and relations; but ah, what sufficeth it to say, 'We have Abraham to our father,' unless we are personally interested in the merits of the Redeemer. Intemperance had been this old man's besetment. One of his latest requests was '*a little gin.*'

"*August* W. W. was always 'ready to give an answer to every man that asked him for a reason of the hope that was in him with meekness and fear.' He was exceedingly illiterate, not being able to read; but he had firm hold of the great staple truths of Christianity. His constant prayer was that God would pardon all his shortcomings *for Christ's sake.* 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me, *for Christ's sake.* Be thou with me down to death, and up to glory, *for Christ's sake.*' 'It is this that pleases William,' said he, 'that it is all *for Christ's sake,* no worthiness of mine.' I hope to meet this man in heaven.

"*November.* An old pensioner. The day before he died I urged upon him the necessity of seeking to secure the salvation of his soul. '*I don't know,*' said he, '*what the soul is.*' I assured him that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' 'People say so,' he replied, 'but different people have different ideas about such things.' This man had imbibed a notion not uncommon among the poorer classes, that because his troubles in this world had been numerous God would be merciful to him in the next.

"*November.* A. R. This woman had been a religious professor for more than half a century, and yet there is great reason to fear she came short at last.

"*May.* Aged one year. Could well be spared on earth, and doubtless was wanted in heaven.

"*July.* This man had received a superior education. He was an excellent accountant, and a good mathematician. He could solve the problems of Euclid and undertake the most intellectual calculations. For many years he had been a merchant's clerk and a commercial traveller, and was somewhat refined in manners and taste. By intemperance he had been brought to poverty. He had the form of religion, but was a stranger to the power. He was exceedingly ignorant of all

spiritual experience. I never admonished any man more faithfully than this man, but the only reply I could obtain, even when he was within twenty-four hours of his death, was the emphatic remark, 'It is good doctrine.'"

We select one of the records here by way of contrast. A half-witted man who had lived in the workhouse nearly all his life was visited when near his end by the godly Governor. Poor Tom had a very imperfect utterance at the best of times, and only with difficulty could stammer out a sentence. In the hope that divine mercy would vouchsafe some beam of light to this poor man in his dying circumstances Mr. Bamford talked to him very simply about the willingness of Christ Jesus to save sinners, when Tom responded—"*Yes, Mel'er (Master)—it—knock—and—be—opened.*"

"*July.* A member of the General Baptist Church. His last end was remarkably serene and peaceful.

"*July.* He died as he had lived, ignorant of God and the Scripture way of salvation.

"*No date.* The closing scene of this young woman was truly happy. She had the witness in herself, the divine Spirit bearing testimony of her acceptance. She would turn her pale face to the wall, and fervently pray for both old and young, pleading especially that those around her might not postpone their salvation until they came to a sick bed. Some of the aged she solemnly admonished, most earnestly exhorting them to make sure work for eternity. Her last faltering accents whispered praise. The last word she had strength to utter was 'Jesus.' Thus—

"The music of his name
Refreshed her soul in death."

"In looking back on this mournful calendar," says the biographer, "what a sad wreck of human life! What a waste of intelligence, what a wretched ruin, where there might have been a royal temple of the living God. But in the midst of so much refuse, how pleasant to pick out a few gems of eternal lustre, such as are counted meet to shine in the brilliant crown of the Redeemer."

Of the last days of him who for twenty years occupied so strange, and yet so useful a pastorate, we have not space to give the particulars. He died as he had lived, trusting in the Lord and rejoicing in God his Saviour; and, having turned many to righteousness, now shines as a star for ever and ever. J. L. K.

Living Logic.

THE strongest argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian; the man filled with the spirit of Christ. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living church, which itself is walking in a new life, and drawing life from him who hath overcome death. Before such arguments, ancient Rome herself, the mightiest empire of the world, and the most hostile to Christianity, could not stand.—*Christlieb.*

The Cranfields—Father and Son.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

II.—RICHARD CRANFIELD.

THE fact that, in some families, several generations have been men of God is no argument in support of the theory that piety is hereditary. Children of pious parents need the quickening agency of the Holy Spirit, or they will remain "dead in trespasses and sins." The influence under which they are reared may mould their character and modify their conduct, but "flesh and blood," though schooled in all the virtues of the Christian religion, "cannot inherit the kingdom of God." To regard the children of godly parents as "members of the household of God" is a delusion of the devil. How often have the last hours of some patriarchal saint been embittered by the regret that a son or daughter is a prodigal in the "far country." A theory which is not uniformly true may be dismissed as a pious fiction. We cannot account for successive generations of a godly seed upon the hypothesis that grace is transmitted from father to son. The conversion of the children of Christian parentage is as necessary as the conversion of the heathen. "As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, *not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man*, BUT OF GOD." This declaration of Christ (John i. 12, 13) is conclusive, and the plausible conjectures of mere theorists must be dismissed.

The Cranfields, for three generations, have lived and laboured in the fellowship of the church of God, but in every instance they were the recipients of "the grace of God," and "believed to the saving of the soul." The subject of our present paper was born in 1801, and was called to his rest in 1873. His connection with the schools of the Southwark Sunday School Society was coextensive with his spiritual life. Having received a good plain English education, at twenty-one years of age he opened a school in Westminster, which he carried on successfully for several years. He looked upon education as a sacred mission, and not merely as the means of maintaining his family. The creed of Nonconformists, which found expression in the Crosby Hall Lectures in 1848, and led to the formation of Homerton College, was a creed which he consistently maintained, viz.—that education to be of any value to the community must have a religious basis, and that Christian men are the only true teachers. The politico-ecclesiastical expedient which clamoured for a secular education caused him much grief during his closing years. His reverence for the Bible as the word of God was such that no expedient, however politically advantageous, would have made him a consenting party to its exclusion from the school. He instructed his pupils, not in the dogmas of a sectarian bigot, but in the "truth as it is in Jesus." Nor did he sacrifice other subjects to realise his pious aim. He chalked the outlines of maps upon the floor, and gave his pupils a knowledge of geography which they never forgot, and he constructed an orrery by which they learnt the names and the motions of the heavenly bodies. His ingenuity

was equal to any emergency, and his sanctified genius enabled him to triumph over those difficulties which beset the teacher before systems of education had become popular. No pioneer in the mission field was more devoted or enthusiastic than Richard Cranfield in his Westminster school. His application to duty told seriously upon his health, and just at the time when he proposed to build a new house and a suitable school-room he was afflicted with paralysis of the brain, which deprived him of the use of his legs for the remainder of his life—a period of thirty-five years—and compelled him to abandon his educational project. He now became an occasional visitor to the Sunday Schools in which he had taught, and contented himself with the humble task of addressing the scholars from time to time. His addresses were intensely interesting and instructive, and the lessons he conveyed proved of great service to the scholars, especially to those who were already converted. It is a matter of surprise and regret that this field of usefulness is not more cultivated than it is by men of leisure and ability. In all our churches how many who shrink from the drudgery of Sunday School teaching might find employment by occasional visits to the school, and by addressing the scholars. This is a supplement to class teaching much to be desired. Teachers, wearied with the teaching of the day, and superintendents who are often at a loss for a suitable address, would welcome such assistance. The gain to the scholars would be immense, for the introduction of a new element would break the inevitable monotony of school routine, and an unfamiliar voice would command attention.

When Richard Cranfield was sufficiently restored in health he resolved to commence business to support his family, and the idea of usefulness determined him to take a shop in the Mint, that he might have an opportunity of benefiting the thieves and tramps infesting that locality. This was a bold venture, and demanded a heroism equal to that of the missionary who erects his tent in the midst of a savage population. Had he only possessed the vigour of his earlier years he would have continued this "mission to the heathen at home." But his health was unequal to the task, and he was compelled to relinquish the undertaking. Such a scheme as this, judiciously carried out, might prove one of the most important agencies for reaching the lowest classes of the population yet attempted. The casual visits of Bible women and City missionaries are not likely to be so useful as the continuous intercourse of a resident. The difficulty of dealing with a working population would be lessened if their employers were resident in their midst, or manifested a greater interest in their well-being. In this age of cheap travelling capitalists yield to the desire for a country house, and the condition of their *employés* costs them less anxiety than the condition of their cattle. There is a fine field for missionary tradesmen who would penetrate these dark neighbourhoods, "holding forth the word of life." We want no society to interfere to parcel out the districts. Let Christian men who thunder their applause in Exeter Hall when welcoming a veteran from the mission field take up the work under the constraint of love to Christ and our cities will be evangelised.

The Rev. James Sherman encouraged Mr. Cranfield, whom he held in Christian esteem, to devote himself to literary work, for which he

saw he had considerable aptitude. At this time Mr. Sherman was engaged in editing the reprint of several theological works, and employed Mr. Cranfield as his amanuensis. After this Mr. Cranfield undertook the life of his father, a sketch of whose life appeared in our last paper. He was successful beyond his expectations, and, thus encouraged, he contributed a series of papers to the *Sunday School Teachers' Magazine*, under the title of "Branches Running over the Wall," intended to illustrate the collateral advantages of the Sunday-school. These papers were afterwards published in a shilling volume, which forms one of the most interesting and instructive of the publications of the Sunday-school Union. This was followed by "The Flowers of the Cemetery," being biographical sketches of Sunday-school scholars. Numerous fugitive papers from his pen found their way into several of our magazines, bearing testimony to the purity of his aim and his zeal for the Master's glory. His last literary effort was "The Autobiography of an Invalid Chair," but only three chapters were finished at the time of his death. They are marked by his characteristic humour, acute observation, and sanctified common sense.

From the time of our connection with Surrey Chapel, notwithstanding the disparity of age, we were more like brothers than friends, and now that he is gone we venerate his memory. Of all the sainted worthies of "dear old Surrey" remembered by the present generation none have left a greater blank than Richard Cranfield. His invalid chair, with its venerable occupant, were familiar objects in Southwark. His intensely earnest but child-like prayers, his sage counsels on committees, his apostolic visits to the sick and needy have made his name a household word. As Surrey Chapel is a centre from which thousands have journeyed along the varied radii of life's uncertain circle, during the last fifty years the pilgrims carried with them the memory of Richard Cranfield, and from all the habitable parts of the earth he received letters from those who owed their conversion or their culture to his influence.

Mr. Cranfield was one of the most unselfish men we ever knew. He followed in the footsteps of him who said, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." To "minister, and to give," these were the guiding principles of his life. When his income was very scant he was never heard to complain; and, though commanded by a wealthy merchant to apply to him whenever he wanted money, he never exaggerated his necessity, as many would have done, or taxed the generosity of his friend.

Though greatly afflicted, he always looked for the mercy which mitigates rather than the misery which saddens our afflictions. His countenance was the faithful mirror of a contented heart, and was lit up with the smile of gratitude and joy. Under an affliction which lasted thirty-five years, he never remembered indulging a hard thought of God, or chafed under the stroke of his hand. His experience was a suggestive commentary on the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee."

As a student of the Bible he was most assiduous and painstaking. His theology was of the puritanical school, and the novelties of modern dogmas had no charm for him. Nothing was more delightful than to

hear him speak of the "deep things of God." We have heard him at our "Bible Reading" and by our own fireside talk by the hour of the "unsearchable riches of Christ." He had the happy art of turning the conversation of a party into the right channel, and yet there was no offensive obtrusiveness which could provoke resentment. But why should we elaborate his virtues, is it not enough to say that Richard Cranfield was a CHRISTIAN? This was the golden nugget from which all the leaves of his biography were beaten out!

His son informs us that "he was cheerful and happy during the whole of his illness." This is no more than was to be expected. Life was a preparation for eternity, and his sick chamber but the ante-room of heaven. When his daughter had him removed to an upper room he smilingly remarked, "Well, I shall be a *little* nearer home." To the Rev. Newman Hall he said, "I feel I can say with humble confidence, 'I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.'" The last message he sent to the members of the Surrey Chapel, attending the Monday evening prayer-meeting was, "Tell them that his left hand is under my head and his right hand doth embrace me." When we called to see him he was suffering intense pain, and the thought of his own unworthiness suggested a momentary fear. The smile has not yet faded from our memory with which he greeted our remark, "That the shouts of welcome which would hail his entrance to heaven would almost drown the song of the glorified." As his end approached his confidence strengthened, and he said, "The angels of the Lord are encamping around me." When he was too ill to articulate, suffering from throat affection, he replied to his son's question, as to how he felt, by the letters of the dumb alphabet on his fingers—P-E-A-C-E, and the evangelic peace he had known so long melted into the eternal calm of heaven's Sabbatic rest.

"I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where love has put off in the land of its birth
The stains it had gathered in this,
And hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.
I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starr'd,
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor the heart be flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose
And takes from it only regret."

As a specimen of Mr. Cranfield's writings, we quote a chapter from his "Autobiography of an Invalid Chair":—

"There are lights and shades in every picture, and so there are in every biography, not excepting that of an invalid chair. I have experienced many ups and downs in the world. If my path has been sometimes smooth, it has at others been exceedingly rugged. I have been the subject both of praise and of censure by turns; the latter,

however, I think predominating. If I have been of use to some I have been a great annoyance to others. Many an ill-natured person has expressed a wish that a heavy tax were laid upon me, and, indeed, not a few would even have gladly hurled me out of existence altogether. I have been called all manner of opprobrious names, and anathematised as a 'wheeler,' a 'thing,' a 'barrow,' a 'nuisance;' but this sort of opposition did not surprise me, for pedestrians have so long been accustomed to look upon the footpath as their own freehold that any encroachment upon it by a humble vehicle like myself for the purpose of avoiding difficulty or danger is seldom looked upon with favour, and is often resented as an intrusion. I was never interfered with by the powers that be, and very seldom by any person of respectability; but navvys, costermongers, and even shoeless street arabs have often in a peremptory manner ordered me into the road, bespattering me at the same time with all manner of disgusting epithets. But hard words, though they may wound, break no bones; and mud, though it may disfigure for a time, will brush off when it is dry. I have, therefore, always allowed such insults to pass without resentment. This usage was the necessary tax I had to pay for the inconvenience I sometimes occasioned others, and while it amounted to no more than this I was willing to suffer the penalty.

"One day I was ordered out on special service. The foundation-stone of a new Sunday-school was to be laid, the old school having for some time been in a dilapidated condition. In this school my master had been a scholar, and afterwards a teacher, and was, therefore, anxious to be present at the ceremony that was about to take place. We had not proceeded many yards when a man in a shabby dress came up and in an authoritative manner ordered my master to take his 'barrow' into the road. To this order no attention was paid, but we proceeded on our way as if nothing had occurred. The man was so indignant at the silent contempt with which his mandate was treated that he threatened to hurl us both into the gutter, still no notice was taken of him. The aspect of affairs was evidently becoming rather serious, when fortunately a notorious thief, who was well-known to my master as one whom he had often endeavoured to turn into the path of rectitude, appeared upon the scene. Three words from him, 'All right, Curley,' accompanied by a motion of the head, which our antagonist seemed perfectly to understand, had the surprising effect of inducing him suddenly to turn his back upon us, and without uttering another word quickly to withdraw from our society. Our new friend, for so I must call him, then approached us, and hastily shaking my master's hand, and saying, 'God bless you, Sir,' ran off in the direction the other had taken.

"This was all quite unintelligible to me. I could not, by the exertion of any powers I possessed, understand it. Nor did the people, who were just beginning to assemble, seem more enlightened. The mystery, however, was solved a few days subsequently. It then appeared that these two men were what is called 'pals,' and were out on business, a business at which they were exceedingly clever. Their plan was for one of them to raise a quarrel in such a manner as to cause a crowd of people to assemble, and then, while one of the thieves endeavoured

to absorb their attention by some pretended dispute, the other would be engaged in lightening their pockets of such valuables as were not sufficiently secured. This plan was very successful, and is still, notwithstanding all the warnings the public have received, a never-failing source of profit to those who pursue this mode of obtaining a livelihood. It is astonishing what a trivial occurrence will cause a crowd to assemble, and when assembled with what ease they can be deprived of property which they considered to be perfectly safe.

"The site of the school of which the foundation-stone was about to be laid was in the centre of a densely-populated locality, for many years notorious as the resort of those characters to whom the reader has just been introduced. The old Sunday-school, which had for many years been in existence in the neighbourhood, had become very much dilapidated, rendering a new building absolutely necessary. There were several obstacles, however, which for some considerable period rendered the design impracticable, the want of funds and of a suitable plot of ground being the principal drawback. Fortunately the then superintendent was a man of remarkable energy and perseverance, and having devoted himself to the accomplishment of this good work he pursued it with indomitable zeal to its successful issue. Prayer was made without ceasing. Earnest friends were sought to take part in the enterprise. An active committee was formed to carry out the object, and before their united efforts every difficulty successively gave way. Just at the crisis some old freehold houses were found to be for sale. Several respectable gentlemen were induced to undertake the collection of funds. The local newspapers were supplied with a series of stirring articles upon the past history of the school and its present necessities, and a general feeling was created in favour of the proposed undertaking. These efforts were rendered successful beyond the most sanguine expectations. Clergymen, Wesleyans, Baptists, and in short Christians of all denominations, liberally subscribed to and assisted in the work, so that the foundation stone was at length laid, with every prospect of the new school being opened free of debt.

"The ceremony was one of an exciting character. Persons came from all parts to witness it, and the whole of the ground was occupied by a respectable company. Such a scene was never before witnessed in that degraded locality. The inhabitants turned out *en masse* to behold it, and every window commanding a view of the site was crowded with faces, not the cleanest in the world certainly, but faces in which astonishment and deep interest were most pleasingly portrayed. Thieves, costermongers, mendicants, and roughs of all descriptions put in an appearance, and behaved with unusual propriety. A man who had often been in 'trouble' volunteered to take me under his special protection while my master went into the enclosure, a service which was readily accepted, and certainly no one could have executed his commission with greater care and fidelity. The children of the school marched in procession to the ground, where they sang a hymn written for the occasion by the now lamented Judge Payne, who had besides assisted in the work by a liberal subscription. My master was called upon to give out the hymn, which was followed by an address from the Rev. Newman Hall, and then the stone, which had been

duly adjusted by the treasurer, received the necessary tap from his mallet, and was declared to be fitted to receive the superstructure.

"It is remarkable that though so many bad characters were congregated yet no one was robbed or insulted. The inhabitants seemed to appreciate this effort, made for the benefit of their children, and it required no police to keep them from interrupting the good work. During the whole progress of the building the same good conduct prevailed; the workmen were helped rather than hindered, and unruly boys, who would have occasioned some inconvenience, were kept in check by the bystanders, and often made to pay the penalty of their misdoings.

"My master did not reside very far from the district, so that he often went to see how the building was proceeding. Sometimes he would address a few words to the people who were loitering about. Many would stand to listen, but none ever offered any interruption. While distributing some religious tracts one day he came behind three thieves who were talking together and overheard one of them say, 'People may think what they may of these men, but we are very glad to send for them when we are ill or in trouble.'

"The formal opening of the school, which took place on a week night, is worthy of record. There was a large meeting of subscribers and friends. The room, capable of holding about 400, was filled in every part. On the platform were clergymen of the Established Church and Dissenting Ministers, who reciprocated paternal greetings, and joined in expressions of delight at so noble a building being raised for the purpose of religious instruction, in a place where it was so peculiarly needed. The Honourable Arthur Kinnaird occupied the chair, and threw life and fervour into the meeting.

"After several Ministers and friends had addressed the assembly, my master was called upon; his father having been the founder of the original school, and the new building being designed as a monument to his memory. He referred to this monument as being both ornamental and useful, and expressed his wish that many more such monuments might be raised in various parts of the Metropolis. "Many years ago," he continued, "my father lived at Kingsland, and had a nice garden, in which he took considerable pride. One day a lady visited him, and he conducted her around his flower beds, pointing out the various beauties of his plants. After she had examined them she enquired which was his favourite flower? 'Oh!' said he, 'that is at the further end,' and taking her to the spot he pointed with his walking stick to a splendid cauliflower. 'That,' said he, 'is my favourite flower, for it combines the two qualities of use and beauty; not only does it adorn my garden, but it furnishes me with a wholesome and substantial meal.' 'Such,' continued my master, 'is the character of these monuments; they adorn the neighbourhood in which they are erected, and afford accommodation for the instruction of poor ignorant children, who would otherwise perish for lack of knowledge.'

"The speaking throughout, if not brilliant, was marked by energy and good feeling, and all seemed greatly interested. The Superintendent sat on the platform, and, with characteristic modesty, allowed the committee to receive all the praise for the noble work, which, in all

probability, would never have been accomplished but for his untiring zeal and perseverance. What were his feelings, when he thus beheld the successful termination of his efforts it is impossible to say, but my master has often declared that had the honour been his to have achieved such a work he should have deemed it one worth being born into the world to enjoy, and which he should have considered an ample recompense for a whole life of anxious concern and self-denying toil."

The Manner of Heavenly Trade.

FROM A SERMON BY SAMUEL MEDLEY.

THOSE who enter upon that trade "whose merchandise is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold," will find that they must carry on their business in a system somewhat similar to that of traders whose dealings are among men. The heavenly business must be carried on by means of books, letters, good bills, and running cash.

I. By Books.

1. The Bible. There is no doing without this book, for it contains the whole art, mystery, and *rules of his heavenly trade.* His instruction, encouragement, and comfort, in going on in it, are all derived from hence. Of such usefulness and importance is it to all true spiritual merchants, that it informs them, "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Yea this book of books "is able to make them wise unto salvation through faith." And without attending to it and consulting it, no profitable trade can possibly be carried on.

2. His memory, which is his *day book.* A truly sanctified and a naturally retentive memory is to a spiritual merchant a very valuable blessing, and, considered as one of his books, it is a very useful one indeed to him; not a day passes, but he finds he has need to make use of it, either to refer to transactions past, or to record something new. The apostle Paul in his epistles frequently reminds the people of God of the usefulness and importance of this book (1 Corinthians xv., 2; 1 Corinthians iv., 17; 1 Timothy iv., 6; 2 Peter i., 12, 13, 15). There are many daily occurrences, both in respect of providence and grace, which are, or ought to be plainly, faithfully, and carefully recorded there. But though the necessity and benefit of this book is so great, yet, alas! how often are our poor memories like an ill-kept, or at least like an over-crowded, day book, blurred and blotted? How many things are found therein that have no business there, and which, indeed, often do real hurt, while scarce room is to be found for the things of the greatest importance to this heavenly trade? This often fills us with confusion. O Lord, grant grace, that this book may be better kept!

3. His judgment, which is his *journal.* Herein the articles and circumstances of his trade are or should be more distinctly and particularly entered, than in his day book. A sanctified judgment

is a happy, useful, and comfortable journal to a sanctified memory. Memory without judgment is only confusion; judgment without memory is a contradiction. We shall find this book frequently spoken of and referred to in Scripture, as of very great importance and use to the dear children of God—see Psalm cxix. 66; Proverbs xiii. 23; 1 Corinthians i. 10; Philippians i. 9. If the book of a sound sanctified judgment is neglected by thee, as it is by many professors in this day, depend upon it thy spiritual concerns will unavoidably be in a state of confusion. If thy judgment is not established, and in some happy manner scripturally regulated, both thy conscience and thy conduct also will betray thee. O it is a good thing, that the heart and judgment be established with grace; there is as much connexion between a believer's judgment and his conscience, as between a merchant's journal and his ledger. O think of this, I pray you.

4. His affections, which are his *cash book;* and here he has the joy and pleasure of looking over his spiritual stock, his incomes, his returns, his profits, and he happily finds, that he has much in hand, but more in hope; and that herein he shall not be disappointed or deceived. The apostle Paul seems to allude plainly and immediately to this, when he says, Colossians iii. 2, "Set your affection on things above, not on things on earth." This is also, I apprehend, much of what the apostle means in the eighth chapter of the Romans, where he says, "To be spiritually minded is life and peace:" and our dear Lord himself seems to me plainly and undeniably to refer to this, when he says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart (or affections) be also." We are happy and comfortable indeed when the affections are thus spiritually affected and employed. We need not be afraid of loving, valuing, or prizing our heavenly riches and profits too much. O may our souls in this manner be more and more daily and delightfully employed.

5. His conscience, which is his *ledger,* where his spiritual accounts are settled, and how the matter stands between God and his soul, clearly and fairly drawn out, and posted ready for a final and a closing balance. It would be happy and well indeed for God's people to keep their conscience, as careful honest merchants do their ledgers, clean and free from errors and mistakes. A pacified, purified, well kept conscience must needs be a good conscience. A neglected ledger argues a dangerous situation of outward circumstances, and a neglected conscience argues, and proves too, a very dismal, dangerous situation of soul. It is said of unregenerate men, Titus i. 15, that "their mind and conscience is defiled," and in another place that "their conscience is seared with a hot iron." The apostle Paul, who was truly a spiritual merchant, knew what such a ledger was, and through grace he was enabled to keep it well towards God and man also. Romans ix., 1—"My conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost." And in Acts xxiv., 16, he says, "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men." And in 2 Corinthians i. 12, there is a sweet proof how well his conscience was kept, for he says of himself and other ministers of Christ, that their rejoicing was this, the testimony of their conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the

grace of God, they had had their conversation in the world in general, and towards them in particular. When a merchant's outward affairs are in a flourishing condition, he loves to look into and examine his ledger; and so, when the souls of God's people are in a spiritually flourishing condition, they love to look into and examine their consciences, and find pleasure and comfort in so doing. O! of how much importance will this be at the final close and balance before the bar of God? May the good Lord in infinite mercy grant that we may each know what this book is, and that it is well kept; there cannot possibly be any spiritual thriving without it.

II. By Letters.

There is no carrying on this heavenly trade without letters. The necessity and usefulness of them in worldly business need no proof; they are not less needful or useful in spiritual business. But what are these letters? say you. I answer prayer; and, professor, if thy soul is in a thriving, flourishing condition, thou wilt find much happy and comfortable experience arise out of prayer. A merchant cannot be without correspondents. If he has no correspondence, he has no trade; so a Christian cannot trade without prayer. If you are truly a spiritual merchant, you are honoured and privileged by keeping up this happy correspondence. God often hears from you by prayer, and you also hear from him in the methods of his providence, and in the sweet, rich, and comfortable supplies of his grace. O what a sweet and blessed correspondence is this! may the Lord keep it up in our souls. Sweetly sings Dr. Watts,

"Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where doubts and fears can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me."

III. By Good Bills.

It is a great matter in this day for a merchant to hold good bills; by holding bad ones many have broken down and come to nothing. Now the good bills, by which the spiritual merchant carries on his holy and heavenly trade, are the promises of God; and truly good ones they are. They are God's promissory notes to his dear children, and they are of infinite service to the spiritual merchant. Were it not for these good bills, and the faithful and rich and free bank of the glorious undiminished fulness of Christ, he must have been a bankrupt long ago; nay, had it not been for these, he had never been set up in this heavenly trade. O how much is it for the comfort and happiness of the dear children of God, to see and know that all these good bills, these exceeding great and precious promises of God, are regularly drawn, plainly signed, divinely sealed, properly indorsed, and will never be refused, but always duly honoured. Abraham of old carried on much of his trade this way; for, being strong in faith, he "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief." O that we were more like him! Lord, increase our faith, that we may deal much in and with thy promises.

IV. By Running Cash.

By which I mean the present sensible comforts, with which their God and heavenly Father is pleased to favour and indulge his people. This

depends altogether upon his holy, wise, sovereign, and good pleasure, for he affords them what he sees and knows will be best for them. The spiritual merchant shall have a sufficient supply of running cash, or sensible comfort, to support him and bear his expenses, while here below; and more is not needful: but he shall be sure at last to possess, and through a blessed happy eternity to enjoy, all his stock of glory above. Here he shall find, that as his day his strength shall be; that divine grace is and ever will be sufficient for him; that all things shall work together for his good; that God will guide him by his counsel, and afterwards receive him to glory; that his Redeemer will never leave him, nor forsake him. From these and such like sweet and gracious words, he draws the running cash of his sensible comforts while here. O let us be thankful for every pound, for every penny, yea for every mite of this, for it most assuredly is much more than we deserve.

Out with a County Evangelist.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(*Continued from page* 110.)

WHILE the services at the several chapels and preaching-stations are well sustained, a very necessary department of the rural missionary's work consists in house-to-house visitation. In this part of his calling the evangelist stands alone, enjoying little or no help; but having been privileged to see what we did, we can testify to the success attending his ceaseless endeavours to enlighten the peasantry. His itinerant services are especially important in a county like Dorset, where in consequence of the objectionable "hire system" among farm servants, the population is migratory. The farmers, as a rule, entertain a wholesome abhorrence of this ancient custom, but are not able to abolish it. Many labourers love the change attendant on moving from place to place, and will not surrender "rights" handed down from their fathers.

The work of cottage visitation requires considerable tact, and perhaps few are fitted to excel in it. In the early days of the mission much opposition was encountered here and there; now, however, the majority of villagers accord their friend and visitor a generous welcome. The work is full of interest, many phases of life and varieties of character coming constantly under the eye. We noticed no signs of distress in the houses we entered, and the farmer who resides at "The House" at Somerton assured us there really is no extreme poverty in the district, though of course the homes vary in cleanliness and comfort, according as the several housewives are thrifty or otherwise. Suddenly and unexpectedly we lift a latch to enter a room where a family are dining; the greeting is kindly, and had we been disposed to accept their hospitality we should have been quite welcome to a share of the repast. There are tea, baked plum-pudding, and other things which might possibly be misnamed were a description attempted, the child and the aged man sit opposite each other looking like contented citizens of a land of plenty. They know we are their friends, and some have realised

the blessedness of religion. Why, then, should our welcome be otherwise than cordial? Leaving this cottage we presently witness a far more sombre scene, one that might well draw tears from eyes unaccustomed to weeping. There is another roomy house-place, as they call it, with a great chimney up which the smoke slowly ascends from a fire on the hearth, in the old English style. There are several loaves on the table, and a young woman is washing linen in an earthenware pan. There is sickness here; the husband is upstairs dangerously ill, and the concerned looks of the wife and also of the young woman, tell us that hope on his account has died in their hearts. Our companion enquires after the poor carter in kindly terms; "He's very bad," says the wife, who looks worn with watching and waiting. We enter the sick room and find the man on his death-bed. He is too weak to speak aloud; but such words as he can utter show that he has built his hope on a sure foundation. A touching scene occurred in that humble room when our friend knelt by the bedside, and commended the patient to the care of the Great Physician, the heavy breathing of the dying man seeming to mingle with the prayer.

Again the scene varies, and as compared with the last-mentioned adventure we feel that we are in another world, the cottage we now enter belonging to one of the better sort of working people. We feel quite at home here, for the family are church-members, and the father is a grave Baptist deacon, whom everybody in the parish feels bound to respect. He is not in just now, but he will return to partake of the dinner which the good wife is preparing, and which interesting duty we have interrupted, for the potatoes quickly disappear, and she seats herself to entertain us and to hear in return a word in season. After a few minutes the woodman's daughter, Jenny, enters the room, the same Jenny being a comely maiden as fresh and fair as youth and Dorset air can make her. Here are signs in abundance of the comforts enjoyed by the Christian thrifty peasantry in favoured England. The house-place we judge to be several centuries old; the burning wood is laid across iron dogs, and the smoke escapes up the immense chimney as it may have done in the time of Alfred the Great. The sideboard, with its ample store of earthenware in gold and divers colours, would make a creditable stall at a fancy fair, and bears traces of Jenny's care. On another table the large Family Bible and Foxe's Book of Martyrs also keep company. Having seen so much, we may be certain that THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL is not far away. Do they ever see the work? Oh yes, they are regular readers, or as the wife more expressively remarks, "We take it up every month."

Our friend, the evangelist, has so many interesting cases of conversion to recount, that were we to insert them all we should risk being tedious by extending our article to undue proportions. Some of these narratives were given during our excursions about the district, others were told by the fireside in the evening. The following example relates to the life and death of a seafaring man, whose home was situated in the suburbs of Dorchester.

The parents of the young sailor had previously been brought into the church through our friend's endeavours; the parish where they resided being so dark and abandoned, that the church minister was frequently

insulted while in the churchyard conducting the service for the burial of the dead. Whenever he visited his native village, the sailor boy was frequently spoken to about his soul's salvation without effect, until he returned once again from sea stricken by mortal illness. He was again and again called upon, but still without result. So hopeless did the case appear to be, on account of the man's stolid indifference to gospel claims, that our evangelist thought he was only wasting time, or casting pearls before swine, by continuing to give the young man any attention. He thus staid away for a time without entirely losing sight of the prodigal. When next called upon, the sailor was found to be suffering from mental anguish, confessing that he was unfit to die, for he had committed enormities such as God would never forgive. What sins were these? They were crimes sufficiently atrocious, but unfortunately they were iniquities that are committed every day by thousands who think nothing of death and judgment. The youth had merely led the life of a fast sailor; now, however, what were believed to be only small sins, assumed alarming proportions; what had in health been a mere peccadillo, swelled into a mountain of guilt. Such was the sinner's despondency, that the Christian visitor was for the moment confounded and overwhelmed. Feeling half confused with amazement and sorrow, he again approached the bed of death, praying that a word in season might be given him fitted for the case of the dying libertine. In a moment the right word came, and came as if conveyed by an electric flash. "My dear Alfred," our friend cried, "the Bible says that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin!" The youth listened, and replied by a look of surprise and incredulity. Were there indeed any such words as those in the Bible? "Here they are, Alfred," still answered the other, reiterating the text. "But are they in *my* Bible?" was still asked in rustic simplicity, though with heart-touching anxiety. The mother was requested to bring her son's Bible. Were the words really there? "Here they are, Alfred!" THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN! "Then, if that's the case, there's some chance of my being saved after all!" cried the sailor. He lay some time longer, but grace was given him to repent, and he tasted of the freedom which belongs to the children of God. He died speechless, but by the signal of dropping a handkerchief, agreed on beforehand, he told those who stood by his side that he died without fear and in perfect peace. We accept the above as an eminently encouraging case.

The gospel enters a village as a revolutionary power, and when drunken, blaspheming savages are transformed into believing Christians, even at the last hour, we rejoice; but when happy homes supersede squalid hovels, and profligate, brutal fathers and mothers become tender parents, we still more joyfully magnify the grace which has wrought the mighty miracle. We are still sitting by the fireside in the evangelist's cosy parlour; he just now *en passant* mentioned the case of a poor shepherd's conversion, and we ask him to supply the facts *in extenso*.

The shepherd, who was a striking example of the sudden conquests of divine grace, also resided in a dark corner of the suburbs of Dorchester. He was first met with one Christmas-eve, drinking in a low beer-house by the roadside, and when invited to attend the cottage

service he declared he would do nothing of the kind, adding in a boasting tone, that he had not entered a church for thirty years. Mr. Landlord, who stood like a rural potentate in the midst of his customers, rather enjoyed the fun, being moved to merriment at the bare idea of the shepherd's going to chapel, and, by way of a magnanimous compromise, he suggested that they should go together. But no, the shepherd was not in a mood to be made a fool of, and persistently declared he would go to "no sich place." He was a man who kept his ears open, and had he not heard the common talk of the country? It was currently reported that the evangelist was little, if anything, better than a madman! Of course he must be a cracked-brained fellow, or he would never perambulate the county for the sake of reading and praying with people who cared nothing either for himself or his visits. In the meantime the service at the cottage had begun, and who was that entering there but the shepherd from the beershop, brought up in triumph by Mr. Landlord, who has won the day, in spite of popular talk and personal prejudice. The affair was regarded very much as a joke by Mr. Landlord, but the result was none the less important. The sermon was preached from the text, "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." After the service was over, the man who had been brought up by the landlord, enquired of the preacher, "Did you choose that text for *me*?" "No," was the reply, "but I hope God chose it for you." The man said little, but appeared to be in a thoughtful mood, and went home without again calling at the public-house. The next week he once more appeared among the congregation, but was too shy to enter into conversation. Then at length he became more communicative, and one evening, about a month after Christmas, he begged our friend the evangelist to enter his cottage. The house-place was remarkably clean, a cloth of snowy whiteness covered the table, and the best repast which the people could afford was spread. After supper the two cottagers and their guest knelt down to offer up an evening prayer, but so affecting were the sobbings of both man and wife, that their visitor was well-nigh overcome, and felt unable to proceed. They had reason for shedding those tears of gratitude, and why will appear from the woman's voluntary confession. She declared that she should ever have reason to bless the day when such a friend as the evangelist set foot in the county and entered her house. Before that memorable Christmas-eve when her husband left the beershop to attend the gospel service, she had constantly dreaded his presence; his two children trembled at his footstep, and the very dog feared his approach! Now there was a total change. He was a new creature, a loving husband and a tender parent. The profane swearer and the drunkard had become a miracle of sovereign grace. All this happened five or six years ago, and the shepherd has from that time to the present lived to prove the genuineness of his conversion.

Our friend has been enabled to gain access to many good houses, and numbers of wealthy, influential persons, as well as their servants, are ready to acknowledge the good they have received. In one house, which could be pointed out, a well-to-do tradesman, who had led a godless life, was arrested in his course and died a Christian. In a mansion

not more than five or six miles from our base at Fernwood, there lived a lady's-maid, who having read the Bible through, and attended church all her life, fell into a state of despondency on account of sin, and failed to find peace until visited by the evangelist.

At times work of a most extraordinary nature, and peculiarly arduous, falls to our friend's share; and on two occasions he has been presented with a well-deserved testimonial. One of these offerings consisted of a silver lever watch and gold chain, and came from supporters in the district; the other was a handsomely-bound quarto Bible, and was presented by Colonel ——, his wife and friends, in recognition of the evangelist's services among the Dorset Militia during the time of their training at Dorchester. The old corn-exchange was fitted up to serve for the time being as a coffee and reading room; Bible-classes were held, tracts were distributed, and every endeavour was used to benefit the men, and not without gratifying results.

Having heard about all this, and much more beside, while sitting by the parlour fire, we ask if there are any Roman Catholics in the district.

Our friend replies that he never encountered more than one member of the apostate church, and that man was given him as a fruit of his labours. The papist in question was a miller and baker at Fernwood, and when first visited was strongly opposed to the gospel. Our friend was introduced to this man's house by a third party, to whom the Romanist was indebted for acts of kindness. Though cautiously distant at first, he still consented to kneel in prayer, remarking that he would soon set anything right which happened to be wrong. He was visited again without very cordially welcoming the intruding gospeller, until one day it became manifest that the truth had reached his heart, for on rising from prayer he was observed to be in tears. Not many days after this he made a complete surrender, acknowledged he had been blinded by gross error, and that he now clearly saw the New Testament plan of salvation. On reaching this stage, and on tasting his new-found liberty his joy and gratitude became excessive. He did not, however, long survive his conversion, and shortly before his death he wished to partake of the Lord's Supper, feeling himself to be a saved sinner. Would that every Romanist in Dorsetshire might come to see his error, and pass away hence as happily as the poor miller and baker of Fernwood.

But Poppet is once more our companion, for we are again on the road. The sky is overcast, threatening rain, though as the wind is not over cold, we button up our coats and face the weather cheerily. Happily the roads are good, there is much that is interesting to be seen, and, consequently, a good deal to be learned. What an extensive prospect, and how bare of trees! Our companion thinks that the stretch of country in the horizon must be fully forty miles in length. Yonder, in the very far distance is Yeovil, and there is Poole; Sherborne is in this direction, Lyme lies over there, while Weymouth and the sea are on the other side of that hill. Large numbers of sheep and cattle of a fine breed abound in the fields, and notwithstanding the dry summer there is a superabundance of grass, some of the meadows presenting quite a striking appearance from their fresh emeraldgreen. Now we pass a cottager who is shaking down his ample harvest of apples; there go

the steam ploughs, and further on the melancholy moaning of the steam threshing-machine strikes the ear.

We now arrive at a straggling place which the reader will please to recognise as Winterbury—a settlement quite familiar to Poppet, for the sagacious mare halts at the door of the village shop just as though she thought it would be uncivil to proceed further without calling on old friends. The keeper of the store is a little old lady with crutches, who manifests visible anxiety to accord us a true Dorset welcome by giving her best; but when we insist on paying for our fare she accepts the money with the calm dignity of one who can yield to another's judgment. The little old lady treats us with extreme deference, for she takes a hearty interest in the success of the evangelist's operations. As a thrifty housewife, with some genius for trade, she is also well acquainted with the social condition and public health of the village. If a family are in trouble through want of work, or from sickness, she is in possession of full information; she could tell what the squire thinks about poaching and labourers' "rights" in general, and she knows what the parson preached about at Church on Sunday, although she was not there. Poor and afflicted, she is still happy and contented. She has found something worth more than the squire's lauds or the farmer's yearly increase. What cannot religion do for the lone widow in a village cot!

Having lunched on the most tempting biscuits we could select from a rather miscellaneous collection, we proceed to inspect the chapel, a structure capable of accommodating about eighty persons. Winterbury is one of the smallest stations of the mission, and some years ago the work was prosecuted amid considerable opposition; but that having died away, our evangelist is now welcomed by all parties. There was once living in this village a poor degraded man, who, would conceal himself in the fields on Sundays, because on that day he shrank from appearing among respectable and better dressed people than himself. On a certain Sabbath evening, however, this man's wife, being herself a Christian woman, prevailed on her husband to attend service at the chapel, when, by a strange coincidence, reference was made to the impossibility of men hiding beyond the reach of the eye of God, and "ETERNITY!" rang in the man's ears until he found forgiveness and peace. Soon after this convert was laid low by paralysis, and remained speechless for twelve months, but was so completely happy and resigned as to present one of the most affecting examples of the kind on record. Another old man in this place was convicted of sin in a most remarkable manner at the age of eighty-five, and filled with astonishment and gratitude at the change which had occurred, he withstood an extraordinary amount of ridicule and opposition, and lived as a witness for the faith. There was also a notoriously wicked farm bailiff, who, listening to the Word while concealed behind a hedge, became quite another man, greatly puzzling those who laboured beneath his authority. These specimens will show what kind of conquests are achieved, and they are selected from a number of others too numerous to mention in detail. Comparing some of the villages with what they were in former times, it is evident that a wonderful reformation has been effected, for which the upper classes are no less grateful than the poor. Pleased and

refreshed, we bid adieu to Winterbury, as well as to the little old lady of the general store, and are once again on the road.

At a village which may be called Merton Abbots, situated about five miles from Fernwood, there are a chapel and a minister's house, both on a miniature scale. The buildings were put up about seven years ago, and the good man who was the chief instrument in the work, has since been compelled to resign on account of failing health. Though now simply a station of the mission, the church gathered in former years remains intact, and the evangelist having become the recognised pastor, either occupies the pulpit himself or sends a "supply." A small day-school, which pays its own way, is also regularly maintained, the teacher being a young woman, who patiently performs her monotonous task for the merest pittance. The abolition of the regular pastorate in favour of the above arrangements seemed to be reasonable, and to be demanded by the necessities of the case; it would be well were many other petty interests similarly placed under the care of active itinerating evangelists, instead of existing to wear out their pastor's energies without yielding a competent living. At Merton Abbots, the chapel seats about a hundred persons, and among the number who attend there is not one who is able to contribute more than a trifle towards the support of a minister, the principal member and deacon being a worthy woodcutter of a neighbouring coppice. If separate pastorates must be maintained in these poor, sparsely populated districts, they must necessarily be kept alive by succour from the London, the Bristol, and the Association Funds; but if the work of half-a-dozen small congregations can be done more satisfactorily by an evangelist and his voluntary helpers, we certainly gain by enlisting their services. A worker like the indefatigable agent whose labours we are describing, might very properly find a patron in the London or Bristol Fund, his stipend being as scanty as his duties are onerous.

In taking leave of Merton Abbots, we may mention that it is distant from Encombe some sixteen or seventeen miles; hence the district traversed by our friend and the sagacious Poppet is not less than fifty miles in circumference. During nine years this extensive area was traversed on foot, but not without entailing considerable suffering from bodily fatigue. Rather more than a year ago our friend removed from a suburb of Dorchester into his present house at Fernwood, when he was sufficiently fortunate to become possessed of Poppet and a convenient dog-cart, the donor being a neighbouring farmer much interested in the mission. This same benefactor aided the good cause in other ways. At one time negotiations were in progress to secure a plot of land on which to erect a chapel at Fernwood; but on discovering that the property would become a mission station of the Western Association of Baptist Churches, the enlightened magnates who reign at Winchester College refused to sell, and the scheme came to nothing. On hearing of this defeat, the gentleman just mentioned, who owned land in the same village, requested the chapel-builders to take as much of his estate as they required for a nominal sum, the purchase-money being returned as a subscription, besides further donations of sand and stone. This chapel, which will be the cathedral of the mission, because it will be situated at head-quarters, is now in course of erection, and will probably

be opened during the present year. £300 or more will be required to complete the structure; and as not more than a third of that amount is in hand, we shall be glad to hear that our readers have gladdened the evangelist's heart by sending a donation to the building fund. He is a man of enterprise, and is even ready to incur pecuniary risk in his Master's service; for none besides himself volunteered to sign the builder's contract. We may add that the chapel at Fernwood, as well as all others connected with the mission, are placed in trust for the use of the Western Baptist Association.*

Fernwood, as the centre of the mission, is a considerable parish, the straggling High-street being near to another populous village, so that the district is well peopled. The cottagers have long since ceased to offer any active opposition to evangelistic operations; but the many are sunken in gross ignorance, while immorality and drunkenness are rife, numbers of ill-looking petty beer shops attracting what, under a happier order of things, would contribute towards the comfort of cottage homes. Drink and ignorance are blighting the temporal and eternal prospects of our peasant population. The curse leaves its mark on all sides; here we see a desolate house-place; there is the ill-kept garden, and yonder are squalid children playing in the mire instead of going to school. Nor is it among the poor only that the evil is at work, for in many a tradesman's house where signs of prosperity are not wanting, and in many a gentleman's residence, where wealth abounds, there is a skeleton in the cupboard, and that skeleton is DRINK!

In concluding our survey of the evangelist's multifarious labours, we may be permitted to offer a word or two on ways and means. The labourer is worthy of his hire—so doubtless believes the Western Association of Baptist Churches, but for want of funds their committee cannot do as much for the evangelist as he needs. After driving over a great part of our friend's widely-scattered district, noting his unremitting industry, and how ample are the fruits of his efforts, we think he should be better remunerated. He tells us that his receipts are £72 a year, nearly a third of which is consumed by the sure-footed Poppet, and the toll-gates she passes, leaving less than £1 a week for family expenditure. It will be readily believed that had not the itinerant found other friends besides his western supporters, he would have been unable to do the amount of work he has actually accomplished. Judging from the meagre annual Reports, and the scanty sums contributed by rich churches in furtherance of the work we have described, it would not appear that the western people generally are sufficiently alive to the appalling spiritual destitution reigning in the dark corners of their rural districts, nor fully aware of the value of the agent whom they employ. A word to the wise suffices, and that word is this—a good man who bears the burden and heat of the day in so noble a service, having a family and horse dependent upon him for support, should not receive less than £100 a year.

* Any communications respecting the Mission will be replied to by Mr. J. Davis, care of Mr. J. Vincent, Bell Street, Dorchester, who also receives subscriptions for the new Chapel.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

FOOLS.

TWO of our friends called lately at the Surrey Gardens to ascertain whether the Music Hall could be engaged for Messrs. Moody and Sankey. While they were waiting for admission they were accosted by an individual who wished to know whether they intended to take the hall. Being informed that they wished to see it that they might make enquiries, the gentleman presented his card and asked to be engaged *as clown*. To this their reply was that they wished to engage the building for a religious purpose; and one of the brethren thought it his duty to give the comedian a few earnest words, which included the remark that it was a great pity he should be making himself a fool for money. The clown's reply was natural and suggestive. "No doubt there's a good deal in what you say, but wouldn't it be as well to give a word to those *who make fools of themselves and get no money by it?*"

Assuredly this class is a very large one, and the work of giving a word to all the characters included in it would be endless; added to which there is a third class who make fools of themselves at their own expense, and never seem content till both body and soul, person and estate have been paid down as the price of their folly. The fools who are paid for their fooleries are a very small class compared with the fools unpaid, and the fools who pay. "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" is a question which the prophet might still ask of tens of thousands. It is to be feared that in the most important sense the saying attributed to Carlyle that England contained so many millions of inhabitants, *mostly fools*, is too true. Nor are these to be found among the poor and illiterate alone, for position and learning unused for the glory of God are the marks of the supremest kind of folly. A late professor of Edinburgh met one of those poor half-witted beings of whom so many stories are told. "Pray," said the professor accosting him, "how long can a man live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the poor fellow, "pray how long hae you lived yoursel', sir?" We would not be so rude as to suppose that any one of our readers is working out the problem, but if he is living in forgetfulness of God he certainly need not look far to find a fool. Wasters of their estate are not more prodigal than wasters of their time, and those who are clad in motley are not more evidently fools than those who are arrayed in their own righteousness.

SECRET SORROW AND JOY.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." Prov. xiv. 10. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New York, in a lecture on music, said—"I never heard better *heart music* in my life than what I heard once away down in Virginia. It was an old black woman, an old slave, who, while cooking her evening meal in her little hut, sang in the saddest strains—

'Nobody knows the sorrows I've had,
Nobody knows *but Jesus!*'

And then, with a look of intense joy, and in happier strains, she sang—

'And nobody knows the *joys* I've had,
Nobody knows *but Jesus!*'"

GOOD REASONS FOR MISERY IN THE PULPIT.

When ministers rise in the pulpit with looks as grim as those of the knight with the rueful countenance, they may have reasons for it which they could not well communicate, but which the hearer will soon discover if he uses his judgment. We have met with a story somewhere which runs like this. A certain gentleman who had no great love for religious worship once stepped

into a Presbyterian meeting-house, and, observing the misery depicted upon the preacher's countenance, and the lugubrious tone which he employed, he enquired, "What on earth makes the man so wretched? What a face he pulls." "Yes," said the person addressed, "and you'd pull a face too if you were in his place, *and had so little to say.*" There's great philosophy in that remark. To make bricks without straw is nothing to preaching without matter. Preachers who, from January 1 to December 31, never vary their subjects, but grind a barrel-organ with five tunes, must we should think become a misery to themselves; their work must be as irksome as that of prisoners on the treadmill. Commonplaces repeated every Sunday in the year in much the same language must be unhealthy to the heart and a weariness to the head. When the host at the head of the table knows that under the cover before him there is nothing but bare bones, we do not wonder that he looks sour and sallow, and surveys the company with the lean and hungry look which is intended to betoken deep solemnity, but really indicates mournful vacuity.

MINISTER'S TIME.

A great scholar wrote over the door of his study, *Tempus ager meus:* "Time is my estate." This is peculiarly true of ministers, and should be remembered by those gossips who call upon them under the most flimsy pretexts. Some drop in merely to pay their respects, which respects had been better left unpaid; others are fishing to fill their scandal-basket, and had better try other waters. A pastor should be accessible to all who need him, but his study is neither a barber's shop, where men drop in to be regaled with a little small-talk, nor a house of call which everybody turns into a convenience for his business. We write this for the special benefit of certain *bores*, who, when they appear, cause a minister to feel that the day is as good as gone: they are hard sitters, and endless talkers, hints are lost upon them, and there is nothing for it but to accept their presence as one of the main afflictions of the righteous. The evil might be lessened if ministers could demand six and eight pence for a call like lawyers; or, better still, could pocket guineas, after the fashion of physicians. Even then some of us would rather have our time than the money.

THEOLOGICAL BITTERS.

When a former Lord Carnarvon was about to travel, a friend bade him take care and not change his religion. "There is no fear of that, sir," answered he, "for no man living will be so mad as to change religions with me." This anecdote occurred to us while reading some of the more vulgar and malicious works of the Huntingtonian school of divines of fifty years ago. Cursing in no measured terms all those who differed from them, ascribing the deaths of their opponents to the judgments of God, and dogmatising with an infallibility which quite outpoped the Pope himself, they stood alone in their glory and gloried in their shame. Their bigotry was equal to their ignorance, we could not say more. No one in his senses would change religions with them if he could. They appear to have had a following in their day, but we have much reason to be thankful that, censorious as some religionists still are, we seldom meet with anything to come up to the old original bitters, the genuine Antinomian gall. To read one of the authors of this class is almost as good as taking a dose of quinine,—a very little goes a long way. The times are such as to demand great faithfulness from those who adhere to the old orthodox faith, but we trust that nothing will ever lead to a revival of the savage spirit of the older controversialists. The strong vinegar so much relied upon by certain acid spirits has a tendency rather to preserve errors than to dissolve them.

A Memory of Wyoming.

THE beautiful valley of Wyoming, on the banks of the Susquehanna river, in Luzerne Co., Pennsylvania, has long been known alike to the students of history and the lovers of poetry and song.

Dr. W. H. Van Doren records in the *Evangelist* an incident which recalls the calamities that overwhelmed Wyoming, and illustrates the gracious care of an ever-present God, for those who trust in him.

It was in the beginning of July, 1778, that an aged saint who, with his four sons, lived on a mountain overlooking the valley, found that his barrel of meal was nearly exhausted, and bade his sons fill their sacks with grain, and early in the morning descend the long road to the mill in the valley. As requested, before daylight each of the boys had fed his horse, and they were all prepared by sunrise for their journey. As the day would be too far spent to have their grain ground, they were accustomed at such times to spend the night near the mill in Wyoming.

As the patriarch came forth in the morning from the closet of prayer, and said to the waiting sons, "Not to-day!" the young men were greatly surprised. "But, father, our supply is used up, and why shall we delay?" they said, as they turned and gazed over the valley which lay in calm and quiet peacefulness before them.

"Not to-day, my sons," repeated with emphasis by the man of prayer, satisfied the youths that the father meant what he said. He added, "I know not what it means, but in my prayer my mind was deeply impressed with this word, 'Let them abide till the morrow.'"

Without charging their venerated parent with superstition or ignorance, the obedient sons yielded to his word, unladed their beasts, placed them in their stalls, and waited for another morning to come.

That memorable night a horde of savages, with torch and tomahawk, entered Wyoming Valley, and commenced their work of destruction, and it is said that before the bloody drama ended, not a house, barn, church, school, or mill, escaped the flames; and few of the inhabitants escaped the sudden but deadly blows of the savages. From one end of the valley to the other the settlers were butchered or burned with remorseless fury.

In the morning, at sunrise, the father and sons were standing on the highest point, and lo! the valley was filled with volumes of ascending smoke and flames. The awful truth flashed on their minds. The aged saint knelt down with his sons on the mountain-top, and in humble, adoring prayer thanked God for the promise, "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."

It was said of children, their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in heaven. What are all the mailed troops, all the harnessed warriors surrounding the steps of royalty, compared with this celestial life-guard of the saints? It is a grand truth that the humblest and most despised, unknown believer, has a nobler life-guard than the proudest monarch that ever filled a throne. Great honour have they who fear thy name, O God! Saints are kings, but kings in exile; and while they dwell in this land of banishment their God is near, and his angels will protect them

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"The Night is coming on, and I am a Stranger."

AS we were passing down the street from our home on the hill, to the little village below, in the gloaming, we were met by a man of foreign birth, who stopped suddenly, and inquired of us the way to a village four miles distant. A sister, in company with us, began to give him directions relating

to the route—when we interposed by saying, "There is a much more direct way—the new road, you know."

In a twinkling he turned full upon us, and, with a countenance expressive of the most intense anxiety we ever witnessed, said, "Madam, tell me the best and straightest way, for the night is coming on, and I'm a stranger."

The words were so earnest, the manner and expression so impressive, that we trembled with fear lest we should fail in making the way plain before him, and we, at the moment, really regretted that we had not noted every turn in the route which led to that village by the way of the "new road."

The stranger hasted on—we directed our steps to our church vestry to participate in an entertainment given by our people to assist in defraying church expenses; but, at intervals, amid the good cheer that greeted us on every side, would sound those thrilling words, "Tell me the best and straightest way, for the night is coming on, and I'm a stranger."

We could but think of the day, that dreadful day, which we must all meet; how lost, benighted souls, with terror depicted upon every face, would rush through the assembled multitudes, and in words of dreadful despair implore the redeemed to tell them the way to become reconciled to God—the straightest way to the "City of Refuge," for the night of thick darkness has come on, and they are strangers to God, strangers amid blackness and eternal darkness.

Ah, Christian worshippers, knowing the terrors of God why do we not more earnestly persuade men?—and improve every opportunity to direct them into the sure way, the straight and narrow way, that the night may not overtake them, before their goings are well established in the new and better way?—for "if the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—*Jessie Carroll.*

Raising Funds by Prayer.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

IN the life of Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick is an anecdote which illustrates an almost forgotten method of obtaining funds to carry forward religious enterprises.

In giving some account of the early embarrassments of the Theological Seminary at Hamilton, New York, now the Madison University, the writer says, "The meetings of the Board, particularly in the early history of the seminary, often presented scenes of deep and moving interest. They were not so much seasons for the dry discussion of business, as of prayer, inasmuch as from their great extremity they were driven to ask counsel of God, and implore deliverance from embarrassment through his interposition. At one meeting of the Board, which probably occurred in 1826, most of the time was spent in earnest prayer and strong crying to God for direction. The Board felt the need of a suitable edifice to accommodate the growing school, and besides, it was in a great measure destitute of funds to aid those whom they had received as beneficiaries. At the meeting now referred to, *the only vote passed* was one appointing a day of fasting and prayer, some weeks from that session. It was a dark hour, but just the darkness that precedes the cheerful light of day, for those prayers were taking effect. They disturbed the sleep of Mr. Nicholas Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, and he dreamed nightly about Hamilton. And so he came to his pastor, Dr. Gano, and said, 'They are in trouble at Hamilton, I think; for I can't sleep at nights; my dreams about them disturb me. Do you know their condition?' Upon being told that he was ignorant of their exact condition, Mr. Brown said, 'You must go and see;' and upon this Dr. Gano made the journey to Hamilton, at Mr. Brown's expense; and finding out their great distress, and reporting it to Mr. Brown, he at once sent them one thousand dollars, which relieved their perplexity."

Thus much for Hamilton. Would to God that those who have charge of some of the benevolent enterprises of the day, and whose importunate beggary often turns the gifts of the godly away from the causes which they so misrepresent would adopt this plan of solicitation, and having first dealt out their own hoarded thousands to carry forward the work which they profess to love, would spread their actual wants before the Lord; and instead of depending upon the few small gifts which they may obtain by exciting appeals to excitable people in some public gathering, would trust in him who can disturb the slumbers of monarchs and rich men, and lay on their hearts such care for his cause and his work, that they will find it a relief and a joy to give their thousands to promote the work of God and supply the needs of his people.

Notices of Books.

Bible Thoughts in Quiet Hours. St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. By JOHN HAWKER, M.A., Oxon. Yapp and Hawkins.

NOT very deep, and far from exhaustive, but still a good sound running commentary upon the epistle, which lovers of old-fashioned doctrine will read with pleasure.

Christus Redemptor: being the Life, Character, and Teachings of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; illustrated in many passages from the writings of ancient and modern authors. Selected and analytically arranged by HENRY SOUTHGATE, author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds." Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

WE are under great obligations to Mr. Southgate for his former volumes of well-chosen and well-arranged extracts, but we do not think that the present work is at all equal to them. The plan is not a tithe so useful and convenient as the alphabetical one which he has hitherto followed, and the quotations are to our mind very unsatisfactory. At the back of the title is a passage from Thomas Fuller, which is abundantly verified in this instance, "Let him know that undertakes to pick out the best ear amongst an acre of wheat, that he shall leave as good, if not better behind him, than that which he chooseth." The passages seem to us to be cold and tame for such a theme, elegantly worded, but for the most part insipid. The authors are great men, but, as a rule, the extracts from their works do not exhibit them when glowing and flaming with divine love, but set them before us in their colder attitudes. We are amused to meet here with some of our old friends, dressed out in strange gear, and set on stilts: Charnock is the Rev. S. Charnock, "Master" Ralph Robinson struts forth as the Rev. R. Robinson, and so on. Bunyan, for some reason or other, is allowed to escape, and is quoted as John Bunyan. We mention the fact, not to find fault with Mr. Southgate, but just to show how ridiculously the silly title of Reverend is now used, and how evident it is that the more a man deserves to be reverenced the more we all shrink from besmearing his name with the Popish prefix.

Leaves from the Tree of Life. By Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Partridge and Co.

DR. NEWTON tells us that he has been for twenty years engaged in the work of preaching to children, and that this is the twelfth volume which he has published for their benefit. We rejoice that one so qualified for the work has been led to devote himself to it; he has peculiar gifts, and writes in an unusually telling manner. We rate him A1 as a children's preacher. His anecdotes, parables, and similes never fail, they are poured out as from a cornucopia, and they are so well cemented to the truths which he wishes to teach that there is no fear of the children's remembering the story and leaving the moral behind. We wish the doctor another twenty years of feeding the lambs, and hope that another dozen of such books may proceed from his pen, or twenty dozen if he can manage them.

History of the Baptist Independent and Congregational Church, meeting in Salendine Nook Chapel, Huddersfield. By the Pastor, JOHN STOCK, LL.D. Price One Shilling. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE are glad to see our old church records utilised, and our principles, as embodied in the lives of our forefathers, brought to light. Dr. Stock has made a very interesting little volume out of the history of "The Nook Church." The first pastor was Mr. Henry Clayton. "The following incident occurred in his earlier visits to Salendine Nook as an evangelist. He had to ride a considerable distance every time he came to preach, and of course his horses often needed shoeing. A collection was made to defray the expenses of his visits, which collection amounted to the astounding sum of sixteen pence, and it being all in copper, the good man desired it might be converted into silver, because it weighed so heavy,—remarking that the amount was not nearly enough to pay for the shoeing of his horses." Thus humble in its beginnings was the important community which has not only lived on and grown, but has become the mother of many other churches.

We are told of Joshua Wood, ordained assistant pastor in January 7th, 1773, that "He must have had a liberal education, for when the Slaithwaite minister of the Established Church wrote him a letter in Latin, assailing him, and other Nonconformist ministers, as intruders into sacred orders, and an illiterate race of men, Mr. Wood replied to him in good scholarly Greek, in defence of his Nonconformity and his ministry, and begged an answer in the same tongue. The clergyman took the letter to a brother clergyman at Elland, who advised him to let Mr. Wood alone, as he was clearly his master in learning, and so the controversy ended." It would be no small gain to our churches if more of our ministers were as well versed in the sacred tongue as was this Mr. Wood.

Further on we meet with an incident connected with Mr. Hyde, a pastor who preached on the Sabbath and toiled all the week at the loom. "The learned Dr. Boothroyd, the commentator, and second pastor of the Congregational Church at Highfield, was a great friend of Mr. Hyde's. On one occasion the Doctor came up to Mr. Hyde's dwelling to spend the day with him in confidential talk about their common work. Mr. Hyde declared that he could not spare the time from his weaving, but Dr. Boothroyd prevailed on him at last to take a day's holiday from the loom. They spent a very happy, profitable day together. In the evening Mr. Hyde accompanied his visitor part of the way home. During the walk the Doctor slipped a sovereign into Mr. Hyde's hands, remarking that this would more than cover what he had lost by the sacrifice of a day's weaving.

"Mr. Hyde was mighty in the Scriptures, and Dr. Boothroyd often asked his opinion about the meaning of texts.

"As the population, trade, and wealth of the locality increased, the services of the church at Salendine Nook increased too; and, in a few years, Mr. Hyde was able to dispense with his weaving and devote his whole time to the work of the ministry. Some of the concluding years of his life were his most successful ones. Towards the close of his career the good old man's soul was depressed with the idea that he was doing no good, as additions to the church had been for some time so few and far between. He even talked of resigning his office; but the deacons and church agreed that they would observe a season of special prayer, and would commence a house to house canvass of the entire congregation, to ascertain whether some were not seeking the Lord. The result was a gracious revival, by which the pastor's heart was made to sing for joy, 31 converts being received in 1836 and 33 in 1837.

"In the year 1838, the year of Mr. Hyde's death, the church returned the number of its members as 199. Most of those who were received into the church in 1836 and 1837 stated that they had found spiritual good under Mr. Hyde's preaching years before."

We have culled these notable passages from Dr. Stock's History without having by any means exhausted the interesting matter. The materials have been well worked up, and the result shows a practised pen, and a discriminating eye.

Only a Life; an Autobiographical Story. By Mary Baskin, author of "Wild Violets," etc. With an Introduction by Arthur Mursell. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane.

Mr. Mursell's introduction is so very enthusiastic, and he so earnestly deprecates the reviewer's arrows and the critic's pruning-knife that we have not the heart to execute our office upon this story. We have not the faculty which enables a man to delight in a somewhat sentimental tale, and therefore we wish that this book, all glorious in its blue and gilt binding, had not come under our unappreciating inspection. Should it keep young girls from trifling with loving hearts, and dabbling in scepticism, it will accomplish most beneficial ends, and therefore, hoping it may do so, we allow it to escape that critical examination which must of necessity have been "candid as well as kind."

Memorials of George Wright, for forty-eight years Pastor of the Baptist Church at Beccles. Compiled by Samuel K. Bland. Elliot Stock.

As that nation may be reckoned happy which has no history, so may that life be regarded as highly favoured which offers no materials for a biography. Of Mr. Wright it may be said—

> "Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
> He kept the even tenor of his way."

Sound in doctrine, consistent in character, persevering in labour, the good pastor dwelt among his own people, and by his Master's help fed the flock of Christ with diligence. Mr. Bland has done his best with the slender details, but we wish he had arranged the letters chronologically, and had left out certain select drops of gall and wormwood of his own distilling, which can serve no purpose, except it be that of relieving his own mind, which has been embittered by prejudice and disappointment. Harsh judgments of brethren are more hurtful to those who form them than to any one else. These memorials of Mr. George Wright will be valued by those friends who were acquainted with his useful career: he was a tower of strength to the Suffolk Baptist churches of the strict order, and in all respects an honour to them.

The Divine Culture of a Human Life, as exemplified in the History of Jacob. By Rev. W. Roberts, Upper Holloway. James Clarke and Co.

On asking a good man what sort of a sermon he had heard at a certain chapel his reply was, "Well, the man gave us a very good mouthful of words." That sentence would serve as a correct description of these eight sermons, which are so many mouthfuls of words and no more. We make, however, an exception in reference to the sermon upon Jacob's election which does contain sense of a certain kind, namely, *nonsense*. Mr. Roberts discovers that if Jacob was by divine decree elected to be first in the household, Esau was "by the very same decree appointed to the second place in that very household." Now, considering there were only two of them, this is a very profound remark, and the whole discourse is full of equally sage observations. The preface is a very honest one, for it is a fair sample of the style of the work, and is a notable specimen of high-sounding verbiage.

Clefts of the Rock. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. J. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

The title of this book is well sustained throughout. Here are rock-truths, rock-words, rock-sentences, rock-reasonings, and rock exhortations, all partakers of the simple grandeur, the rugged strength, the towering height, and the firm foundation of a rock. The book partakes of the tenderness of its subject, for to the lamb as well as to the elephant, a rock is a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest. This rock is Christ. His substitutionary work, as God-man, is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, for all those who seek an eternal shelter from the storm of divine wrath, and eternally green pastures and still waters beneath its shade. We have, in fact, a plain and scriptural statement of gospel realities. As guilt is not a phantom nor condemnation, so neither is atonement by the blood of Christ a phantom, nor justification by his righteousness. The whole book is an exposition of Toplady's celebrated hymn upon the subject.

The Rent Veil. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

Like everything by Dr. Bonar this is sound, forcible, and free from crotchets. The subject is one which at this time is especially opportune, for it enables the author to show where true perfection lies and where it does not lie. He boldly declares that "there is no day nor hour in which evil is not coming forth from us, and in which the great bloodshedding is not needed to wash it away." This witness is true. Through the veil, which is the Redeemer's flesh, is our one access to God; not merely when first we believe, but throughout all our Christian experience. No instantaneous faith will bear us beyond the necessity of daily cleansing with the blood. Dr. Bonar's book will act as a corrective, and at the same time will be a means of comfort and instruction. The following paragraphs upon substitution are so thoroughly to our mind that we cannot forbear quoting them:—

"Substitution is righteousness. I do not argue this question; I merely indicate that Scripture assumes this.

"Often has the doctrine of substitution been evil spoken of as a slander against God's free love. It has been called a commercial transaction, a bargain inconsistent with true generosity, a money-payment of so much love for so much suffering. Philosophy, falsely so called, has frequently, by such representations, striven to write down a truth for which it could not find a niche in its speculations, and of which the philosopher himself had never felt his need. With any book less buoyant than the Bible to float it up, this doctrine must long ere this have been submerged under the weight of ridicule, which the wisdom of this world has brought to bear upon it.

"But it has been seen that the Bible and the truth of substitution cannot be sundered. They must sink or float together. The great philosophic puzzle with many, who were not prepared to cast off the Scriptures, was how to disentangle the two, so as to strike out the doctrine and yet preserve the old Book.

"This difficulty has been felt all the more, because in the Bible itself there are no indications of any misgivings as to the doctrine, no explanations meant to smooth angularities and make the doctrine less philosophically objectionable. As if unconscious of the force of any such objection, it makes use of figures, once and again, which are directly taken from the commercial transactions of life. Even if what is branded as the mercantile theology could be proved untrue, it is certainly very like what we find in the Bible; nor can one help feeling that if the above theology be untrue it is rather strange that the Bible should lay itself so open to the suspicion of favouring it. For, after all, the strongest statements and most obnoxious figures are those of that Book itself. *Eliminate* these and we are ready to hear how philosophy can argue. We do not say 'explain them,' we say 'eliminate them'; for *our* difficulty lies in the simple *existence* of such passages. Why are they there, if substitution and transference be not true? They are stumbling-blocks and snares. Let these passages themselves bear the blame, if blame there is. It is idle to revile a doctrine, yet leave the figures, from which it is drawn, untouched and uncondemned.

"Substitution may be philosophical or unphilosophical, defensible or indefensible; still it is imbedded in the Bible; specially in the sacrificial books and sacerdotal ordinances. Its writers may be credited or discredited; but no one can deny that substitution was an article of their creed, and that they meant to teach this doctrine if they meant anything at all. We might as well affirm that Moses did not mean to teach *creation* in Genesis, or *Israel's deliverance* in Exodus, as that he did not profess to promulgate *Substitution* in Leviticus. Substitution is in that book beyond all question; along with that book let it stand or fall."

The History of King Solomon. By Mrs. M. A. Hallock. Partridge and Co.

Dedicated to young men, but, as we judge, rather more fitted for lads and boys. By this we would not disparage the work, which is most excellent, but rather commend it for the purpose for which it is most adapted. It is a marvellous history, simply told, and excellently illustrated.

Notes.

HAVING asked our esteemed friend, Mr. W. Olney, to send us for publication a brief account of the Lord's work in our absence, he has sent the following, which we give without alteration.

"During the month of February a series of Special Services for the revival of religion have been held at the Tabernacle, with gratifying results. The meetings extended over three weeks, and were well attended throughout. As their principal object was the salvation of souls, united prayer was offered concerning them, and earnest gospel addresses were delivered on different evenings by Brethren F. White, H. G. Guinness, G. Waterman, W. G. Lewis, W. H. Burton, W. Stott, Dr. Culross, J. Box, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and several of the Elders of the Church. The meetings were much enlivened by the use of Sankey's Hymn Book; many of the most solemn of the hymns being sung as solos by our Brother J. M. Smith, from the East London Tabernacle. A very solemn feeling prevailed over all the meetings, and in the inquiry meetings, which were held afterwards on every occasion, very many persons were led to the Saviour and found joy and peace in him.

"On Wednesday, Feb. 24th, the young converts were invited to meet Pastor J. A. Spurgeon and the elders of the church for prayer and thanksgiving. That evening was one that will, we think, never be forgotten by any person present. Eighty-two persons then stood up as a declaration that they had sought and found the Saviour during the last three weeks, and between thirty and forty of them came up to the platform and made public confession of their saving faith in the Lord Jesus. It is well known to the elders of the church that many persons were not then present who also had been brought to a decision during the meetings. The elders of the church and our dear sister, Mrs. Bartlett, have found these meetings to be very blessed seasons. Conversion work has been very clear and genuine, and in many instances which will come before our beloved senior pastor's notice on his return among us again, the change was very striking and remarkable.

"The interest in these meetings being greater at their close than when they commenced, the elders have determined holding one weekly every Wednesday evening in the Lecture Hall, and last Wednesday the room was not large enough to contain the numbers who came. An instruction class held weekly for the young converts is arranged for, which is presided over by Elder Nesbitt. The Assembly's catechism, as prepared by our pastor, being the class-book from which instruction is given. One effect of the meetings has been the quickened, earnest zeal of many of the members of the church, evidenced by their inducing their relatives and servants to attend meetings, and sending up to the platform requests for prayer for their immediate decision for Christ.

"Elder Davis, the superintendent of the school, reports very many conversions among the senior scholars, and an evidently increased earnestness among the teachers. Our Elders' Bible Classes have also received a blessing from these services, and Mrs. Bartlett reports from her class a very largely increased attendance and very many decided cases of conversion. At our Sunday School at the Almshouses also very much good has been done lately, and Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent, reports twenty to twenty-five conversions among the elder boys and girls in the school. It is the desire of the elders of the church that this good work should continue and increase, and every means will be taken to foster it by special prayer and effort until far greater results are attained. For this, earnest sympathy and prayer are asked from every member of the church, that when our beloved pastor is restored to us again his heart may be greatly gladdened and a fresh impetus be given to the good work by his ministry. May he come among us in the power of the Holy Spirit, and enjoy a larger and richer blessing in the conversion of souls than has ever yet been given him. 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' He hath been mindful of us. He will bless us."

How all this ought to encourage *churches* to work, and not rest on the Pastor. Here we have a people deprived of their minister, and yet receiving a larger blessing, though no professional revivalist is called in to fill the preacher's place. God be thanked for our beloved co-pastor, deacons, and elders, and for a membership alive unto God by vital principles, and not dependent upon such a poor instrument as their so often afflicted preacher. How glad is he to be nothing and less than nothing so long as the Lord's work goes on.

From our hearts do we bless God for moving dear friends to aid our various

objects while we have been laid aside. Friends, you have our hearty thanks and hearty Christian love. The Lord bless you, and return your gifts into your bosoms a thousandfold. Your friend C. H. S. in his sickness has owed much to your cheering words and kindly deeds, and in his prayers commends you to the God who is able to enrich you with his abounding grace.

Having often heard it questioned whether the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey would stand the test of time, we requested an esteemed friend to get the opinion of one of the most calm and judicious of the Newcastle pastors. It will be remembered that in that town they laboured with great acceptance. We are right glad to give the reply publicity, and have all the more confidence in doing so because the writer is one of the last men to be carried away by popular enthusiasm, and is eminently one who thinks and judges for himself. He says, "I have no hesitation as to my answer to your question about Moody and Sankey. We here are all of us the better, and our churches in many ways, for their visit; permanently the better. More living, more aggressive; quicker to desire and bolder to execute plans of usefulness: and the converts, so far as I can judge or hear, stand wonderfully. I do not mean that there are no disappointments, it were madness to expect *that*; but they are, to say the least, in every respect of stability and character, equal to the converts received at other times. I do not, of course, commit myself to every method our brethren use; but the men are worthy of all confidence and love; and their work leaves a real blessing behind, especially to those who go in for hearty co-operation with them. You are quite free to give this opinion as mine, for whatever it is worth, to Mr. Spurgeon, or any other friend who is anxious on the subject."

The prayers of God's people are earnestly entreated for a blessing to rest upon the Annual Conference of Ministers educated at the Pastors' College. The meetings commence (D.V.) on Monday, April 12th, by a Prayer Meeting at the College at 3, and a Public Meeting at Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn, at 7, at which Mr. Spurgeon hopes to preside. The meetings will be held throughout the week at the New College. Mr. Phillips' supper is fixed for the 14th, and the Tea and Public Meeting at the Tabernacle on the 15th. O Lord, send now prosperity!

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
T. C. and L. P., Feb. 25th	10	0	0
Dr. C. Air	1	0	0
One who would like to give more ...	0	2	6
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	7	6
Mr. J. S. Thomson	0	5	0
Mr. R. France	0	4	0
Per Mr. Fitch	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Baptist Sunday School Class, Limbury, per Mr Menlove	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
H. S.	0	10	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. T. Hall...	1	0	0
Part £1 Note	0	5	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
B. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. L. Repier	5	0	0
E. Gloster	0	5	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. Graham	25	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. James McLeod	5	0	0
Mr. Holroyd	1	0	0
Mr. T. Maycock	1	0	0
H. N. S.	40	0	0
Mr. Lambourne	3	10	0
Mr. H. Kinvig	0	5	0
Dr. Maxwell	1	0	0
Mr. S. Loames	25	0	0
Mr. W. Stanton	0	10	0
Mr. Yeames...	0	10	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Mr. Hailstone	1	10	0
Mr. Hook	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Feb. 21	46	3	10
" " " " 28	33	14	0
" " Lecture Hall, Mar. 7	7	3	1
" " " " 14	7	11	7
	£244	18	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hill	0	10	0
Godalming	0	2	6
A Friend in the North	1	0	0
New Year's Gift from a Friend... ...	1	0	0
H. C. E.	0	8	0
J. G. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Clark	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mr. D. Watson	0	5	0
St. Alban's	0	5	8
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Store ...	0	13	3
Father, Mother, Annie, and Edward ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Grant	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Michil	0	6	6
A Thankoffering for Rosa	0	5	0
Mr. J. Reid	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	8	0
A Widow's Mite	0	2	6
Mrs. Edwards and Friends	2	0	0
Matthew xxv. 40	2	0	0
Mr. C. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. Darlaston	1	0	0
Mrs. Jamieson	1	0	0
Miss Choat	0	10	0
C. S. D.	1	0	0
E. A. E.	0	2	6
A Friend	1	10	0
Mrs. Walker	2	10	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Walker	0	4	0
Mrs. Samuel...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Ryman	10	0	0
Mr. R. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mercer	5	0	0
E. H., St. Alban's	3	0	0
Mr. R. France	0	8	0
Mrs. Herbert	0	15	0
A. S. and H. S.	0	5	0
The late Mrs. Burchell's collecting box	0	17	0
*Mrs. Taylor	10	0	0
Mr. A. Davies	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mrs. Boothly	0	5	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Garrett	10	0	0
J. B. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Allbury	0	2	0
Baptist Sunday School Class at Limbury, per Mr. Menlove...	0	5	0
*Mrs. Bemmer	1	0	0
Mr. Hamblett	1	1	0
A Stranger	0	2	6
Mr. J. Prain	0	5	0
M. S.	0	3	0
Mr. James Frame	1	0	0
Miss Merritt...	2	0	0
Master C. Rolph	0	12	5
A Working Man and his Friend, Dumfries...	2	0	0
J. N.	0	10	0
A Thankoffering for Sermon "Let him alone"	0	10	0
L. Wulmer	0	2	6
Sermon Reader	0	10	0
Mr. A. Davis	0	10	0
Miss Macnaughten...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wippell	10	0	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
Mr. B. N. Rayner	5	5	0
Mr. Jayne	0	10	6
Mr. A. Fowler	0	5	0
Mr. W. Michael and Friend	1	10	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
A Constant Reader	1	0	0
Part £1 Note	0	10	0
Mr. J. McIntyre	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Wilkinson	5	0	0
L. and M. Horner	0	10	0
Mr. T. Hall	1	0	0
James and Percy	0	10	6
A Reader of Sermon, Edinburgh ...	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	10	0
J. and D.	0	10	6
A Friend	0	1	0
Romans vi. 7 and 8	2	0	0
A Reader of Sermons	0	5	0
Mrs. Brassington	2	0	0
Mrs. Silkbourne	1	0	0
Health Pills	0	5	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
A Thankoffering, Glasgow	1	0	0
Annan	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. D. Burgess	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ringrow	5	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. T. Spratley	1	0	0
N. N.	1	0	0
Mr. J. McKinnon	0	10	0
Mr. T. Squire	1	1	0
A. M.	0	2	6
Romans viii. 14, March 8th	5	0	0
Two little Boys, per R. J. G.	0	10	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
J. B. A. and E. Booth	0	4	0
Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Hogg	0	10	0
A Reader of Sermons	1	0	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0
J. T.	10	0	0
M. E. T.	3	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. B. Vickery	5	0	0
Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. J. Malcolm	1	0	0
A Debtor	1	0	0
Romans viii. 14	1	0	0
Mr. L. Riever	5	0	0
Mr. S. Denby	10	0	0
E. A. R.	0	10	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. H. Lever	0	10	0
In College Box	0	5	0
E. B.	100	0	0
Rev. T. G. Strong	0	10	0
Mr. Graham...	2	4	0
Miss Louisa Cox	0	19	8
Mr. G. A. Calders	10	10	0
Perth...	1	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	2	0	0
Collection at King's-road Chapel, Reading, per Rev. W. Anderson	32	10	4
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
M. S. 0 2 6			
E. S. 0 2 6			
Mr. Barcham 0 5 0			
A Friend 0 1 0			
J. B. 0 0 6			
Mrs. Derham 0 1 6			
	0	13	0
Mr. S. Cone	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. E. J. Boon	0	10	6
Mr. Toffield	0	10	6
Mothers' Meeting, Renfrew, per Mr. W. Brown	2	15	3
Mr. S. Shoobridge	5	0	0
H. N. S.	40	0	0
J. C.	0	11	4
A Friend in Derbyshire	1	0	0
West Haddon	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ling, Framlingham ...	5	0	0
Ettie's last	0	10	0
M. B.	0	5	0
Bertha	0	5	0
Mr. W. Hicks	0	5	0
Some of Mr. Spurgeon's Readers ...	0	10	0
A Reader, Whickham	0	10	0
A. C.	10	0	0
E. J. H.	5	0	0
Z. Z.	1	0	0
Mr. M. C. Hardy	2	2	0
Mrs. Napier	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winslade	0	5	0

* Letters acknowledging receipt of these amounts have been returned by the Post Office.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Nicholson	0	10	0
A Reader, March	0	4	0
Darvel Free Church Sunday School, per Mr. Patterson	0	5	0
Mr. Patterson	0	2	6
E. H.	5	0	0
J. C. and his Family	0	2	0
Mr. J. Leipsic	0	5	0
A. H. N.	0	2	6
E. S. W.	0	2	6
W. R. V.	1	10	0
J. A. S.	0	10	0
E and H. C.	2	0	0
Mr. Watson	0	5	0
Tingey	10	0	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Edinburgh	2	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Finlay	1	10	0
Mr. S. Loames	25	0	0
Mrs. Carlyle	10	0	0
J. Edge	0	10	0
J. K.	5	0	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Stamps	0	2	6
Mr. J. Goosey	2	2	0
Mr. Hedge	1	0	0
A Mite, Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mr. D. Kelly	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Galt	1	0	0
A Friend, Clifton	10	0	0
Mr. A. Colvin	5	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Coventry	0	10	0
A. M.	2	0	0
A Constant Reader	0	3	0
Mrs. Shaddock	1	0	0
Mr. T. Johnson	2	0	0
Mrs. Armstrong	0	10	0
Mrs. A. F. Tanner	1	0	0
Mr. D. Mannington	1	0	0
Mr. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mrs. Lockhart	0	4	3
Mr. Yeaman	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Dr. C. Air	1	0	0
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Mr. J. Huntley	2	0	0
Mr. Moore	2	2	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. Oakshott	0	5	0
Mr. J. Withers (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1
	5	13	1
	£578	8	5

List of Presents to March 16th, per Mr. Charlesworth:—

GENERAL:—3 jars Marmalade, Mr. Pace; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, and 3 pairs Stockings, Anon; 16 Shirts (cotton), 8 pairs Socks, and 2 wool cuffs, from Austell; 12 bags and 51 needle-books, Anon.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Mrs. George, £5; Mr. Austin, 5s; Mr. Belsey, £2; Mr. Ponsford, £1 1s; 12 Coins in Pillar Box at the Orphanage Gates, 4s 2d; Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, 16s 5d. *Boys' Collecting Cards*—Bray, E., £1; Cockerton, T. W., 2s; Spanswick, G., 5s.—Total, £10 13s 7d.

College Buildings.

	£	s.	d.
S. S.	0	4	0
Mrs. Berg	0	10	6
Mr. Beach	1	0	0
Mr. N. Heath	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Butler	2	2	0
A Student, Evening Classes	0	10	0
	£5	6	6

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
S. S., Suffolk	5	0	0
A. Z.	2	10	0
Mr. W. Izard	1	0	0
R. L.	0	10	0
Incognito	0	2	6
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardner	1	0	0
Part £1 Note	0	5	0
A Friend	3	0	0
H. N. S.	20	0	0
A. W. P.	5	0	0
Dorking District	7	10	0
Prestegn District	7	15	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	7	16	0
Witney District, per Robert Abrahams, Esq.	10	0	0
Worcestershire Colportage and Evangelistic Association, per J. S. Hanson, Esq. (quarterly)	30	0	0
R. Cory, Jun., Esq., for Cardiff District	30	0	0
Mrs. Barber, Ledbury	3	5	0
Staffordshire Potteries, District No. 1	5	0	0
Wrexham District, per Mr. S. Jones	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde District	10	0	0
Messrs. Hill and Rogers (annual)	5	0	0
A Friend	1	1	0
	£174	18	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1875.

Inaugural Address of the Pastors' College Conference for 1875.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN the late excellent Field-Marshal, Sir John Burgoyne, took the chair at the Tabernacle, at a lecture by Mr. Henry Vincent, he discharged his duty as chairman briefly but admirably, by saying that, as chairman, he looked upon himself as merely called upon to ring the bell to announce the starting of the train. That is somewhat my position with regard to this Conference, only it rises to a higher degree of responsibility, because your president has not only to start the train of good thoughts and words for this week, but to a large measure he will give a tone for better or worse to all that shall follow. I am, therefore, more like the pitch-pipe of the olden times, which gave the key-note to the singers in the gallery, and through them to the whole congregation, and I feel inexpressibly anxious that the key-note should be a right one. Brethren, a measure of the sense of responsibility is helpful, and in many ways qualifies a man for saying the right thing, but it may be pushed too far, it may go beyond humbling the mind, and reach to the crushing of the spirit; it may so overwhelm you with the feeling of what is to be done as utterly to disqualify you for the doing of it. I am somewhat in that condition as to my part in this Conference to-day. I pine to inspire and not to repress your zeal, I long to lead you into the highest

* Though addressed to ministers, we hope this address will be equally acceptable to all workers.

spiritual condition, and not to divert your attention to lower matters, and these strong desires master me; my heart conquers my head, and disturbs the equanimity so needful for the creation and utterance of thought. However, I shall do my best, and leave myself in the hands of our great Illuminator, the Holy Spirit, that he may speak through me as he wills.

Our subject is a duplicate, and involves the advocacy of personality, or say individuality, and its opposite, for which I cannot find the exact word, either in the English or Latin tongue. I want to show that each one of us is a man by himself, and then that no one is alone by himself. Our individuality and our fellowship, our personality and our union with the Lord, our separate existence and our absorbtion into Christ: these are the themes I would dilate upon.

Perhaps my one thought will come better if I give you a text from the 1st of Corinthians, the 15th chapter and tenth verse:—"I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I." "I and not I;" I to the very full, every bit of me: Paul, once the Pharisee, the blasphemer, the persecutor, called now to be an apostle, who finds it cause of joy that this grace is given unto me to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ: I, not a whit behind the very chief of the apostles; and yet not I, for I feel myself to be nothing, yea, and less than nothing, and Christ is all and in all. So it is I and not I.

Commencing, then, let us speak of *our individuality*. Dear brethren, may we, every one of us, be as far removed as possible from anything like egotism, which is hateful to the last degree. It is to be hoped that vanity is rare in ministers, for vanity is the vice of novices, and may be sooner excused in young students than in actual teachers of the Word. Experience, if it be worth having, exterminates a man's vanity; but so bad is our nature, that it may increase his pride if it be an experience sweetened with success. It were hard to say which is the greater sin, vanity or pride, but we know which is the more foolish and ridiculous. A proud man may have some weight, but a vain man is light as air, and influences no one. From both these egotisms may we be kept, for they are both injurious to ourselves and hateful to God. Too frequent an intrusion of self is another form of egotism to be avoided. I hope our sermons will never be of the same order as those which were set up by a certain printing office, and the chief compositor had to request the manager to send for an extra supply of capital I's. The letter "I" is a noble vowel, but it may be sounded too loudly. Great "I" is very apt to become prominent with us all; even those who labour after humility can barely escape. When self is killed in one form, it rises in another, and, alas, there is such a thing as being proud of being humble, and boasting one's self of being now cleansed from everything like boasting.

Brethren, I hope that however useful God may make us in our spheres, we do not conceive ourselves to be vastly important, for indeed we are no such thing. The cock was of opinion that the sun rose early every morning on purpose to hear him crow; but we know that Sol did nothing of the kind. The world does not revolve, the sun does not blaze, the moon does not wax and wane, the stars do not shine, entirely for the especial benefit of any one brother here, however admirable he may be in his own place; neither does Christendom exist for the pur-

pose of finding us pulpits, nor our own particular church that it may furnish us a congregation and an income ; nay, nor does even so much as one believer exist that he may lay himself out for our sole comfort and honour. We are too insignificant to be of any great importance in God's great universe; he can do either with or without us, and our presence or absence will not disarrange his plans.

Yet for all that, our subject is individuality, and we hope that each man will recognise and honourably maintain his personality. The proper recognition of the EGO is a theme worthy of our attention. I will make a word if I may: let *egotism* stand for proud, vainglorious, intrusive selfhood, and let *egoism* stand for the humble, responsible, and honest selfhood which, finding itself in being, resolves to be at the divine bidding and to be at its best, to the glory of God. In this age, when crowds follow their leaders, and bold men easily command a following; when the flocks cannot move without their bell-wethers, and rough independence is rarely to be found, it is well for us to be self-contained, whole men and not limbs of a body, maintaining ourselves in the integrity of personal thought, conscience, manner, and action. Monopolisers now-a-days almost push the individual trader out of the market: one party cry up wood as the only material for building the house of the Lord, and another sect with equal zeal extol their own hay and stubble. We shall not by all their efforts be induced to cease from building with the few precious stones which the Lord has entrusted to us ; nor shall even our brethren who so admirably pile up the gold and silver persuade us to hide away our agates and carbuncles. We must each build with such material as we have, neither, if the work be true and honest, ought we to censure others or condemn ourselves because our labour is after its own kind.

Upon this matter of individuality note first, *the necessity of an earnest sense of our individual interest in the gospel which we preach.* Brethren, we shall never preach the Saviour of sinners better than when we feel ourselves to be the sinners whom he came to save. A penitent mourning for sin fits us to preach repentance. "I preached," says John Bunyan sometimes, "as a man in chains to men in chains, hearing the clanking of my own fetters while I preached to those who were bound in affliction and iron." Sermons wrung out of broken hearts are often the means of consolation to despairing souls. It is well to go to the pulpit at times with "God be merciful to me a sinner" as our uppermost prayer. Some mourners will never be cheered till they see the preacher smite on his own breast, and hear him confess his personal sense of unworthiness. It would not be right, however, for us to stay upon such low ground, for we preach the gospel, and not the law; we are bound, therefore, to rejoice because we feel the power of the blood of Jesus upon our own consciences, giving us peace and pardon in him. Our joy will give life to our message. We have also tasted of the honey of communion with Jesus: we have not, perhaps, feasted upon handfuls of it, as some of our Samsons have done, but we have at least, like Jonathan, dipped the end of our rod into it, and our eyes are enlightened, so that our hearers can see them sparkle with joy while we tell them how precious Jesus is. This gives emphasis to testimony. When we speak as ministers and not as men, as preachers

instead of penitents, as theologians instead of disciples, we fail: when we lean our head too much upon the commentary and too little upon the Saviour's bosom, when we eat too largely of the tree of knowledge and too little of the tree of life, we lose the power of our ministry. I am a sinner, a sinner washed in the blood myself, delivered from the wrath to come by the merit of my Lord and Master—all this must be fresh upon the mind. Personal godliness must never grow scant with us. Our own personal justification in the righteousness of Christ, our personal sanctification by the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit, our vital union with Christ, and expectancy of glory in him, yea, our own advancement in grace, or our own declension; all these we must well know and consider.

We must never preach to others with a counterfeit voice, narrating an experience we have not enjoyed, but if we feel we have backslidden ourselves, we must rally to the mark, or penitently speak from the stand-point we actually occupy. On the other hand, if we have grown in grace, it is wicked to conceal what we have tasted and handled, and affect a mock humility; in fact, we dare not do so, we cannot but speak what Christ has taught us. We must speak out of the God-given fulness within, and not borrow from another; better far to be silent than to do that. We must be true to our personal condition before God, for perhaps the Lord allows the state of heart of his ministers to vary on purpose that their roving paths may lead to the discovery of his wandering sheep. I have sometimes traversed a portion of the pilgrim path by no means to be desired, and I have groaned in my soul, "Lord, why and wherefore is it thus with me?" And I have preached in a way which made me lie in the dust, fearing that the Lord had not spoken by me, and all the while he was leading me by the hand in a way I knew not, for the good of his own. There have come forward ere long one or two who have been just the people God intended to bless, and they were reached by the very sermon which cost me so dear, and grew out of an experience so bitter. "He carried me in the spirit," says one of the prophets, and such carryings, so often as they occur, are matters for praise. Not so much for our own good or edification so much as for the benefit of our fellow men are we borne into valleys of dry bones and chambers of imagery. We must watch these phases of soul, and be true to divine impulses. I would not preach upon the joy of the Lord myself when I feel broken-hearted, neither would I enlarge upon a deep sense of indwelling sin while rejoicing in a full sense of cleansing by the word. We must pray the Holy Spirit to keep up and elevate our individual life in its connection with our ministry. We must ever remember that we are not preaching doctrine which is good for others merely, but precious truth which has been proved to be good for ourselves. We may not be butchers at the block chopping off for hungry ones the meat of which we do not partake; but we must ourselves feed upon it, and must show in our very faces what fattening food it is which we present to the starving sons of men.

Brethren, this personality of life in Christ being well kept in our minds, it will be well for us never to forget *our personal commission to preach the gospel*, for I hope you have each of you received such a personal commission and know it; or else why are you here? Leave the

ministry, brethren, if you have not received it of the Lord. I preach—I dare say it—because I can do no otherwise; I cannot refrain myself; a fire burns within my bones which will consume me if I hold my peace. Every God-sent Christian minister is as much called to preach the gospel as was that apostle who spake of "the Lord, even Jesus, who appeared unto me in the way." This makes our preaching a solemn business. Suppose that this morning in going down the stairs of this college alone an angel should meet you and lay his hand upon you and say, "The Lord God Almighty has sent me to commission you to preach the gospel henceforth." Brother, you would feel a burden laid upon you, and yet you would feel renewed confidence and ardour. No angel's hand has touched thee, brother: the Lord Jesus Christ himself, who redeemed thee with his most precious blood, has laid this necessity upon thee. The pierced hand which gave thee healing now appoints thee to his service, and grasps thee as a vessel chosen to bear his name. Hear from his lips the commands, "Feed my sheep" and "Feed my lambs," even as Peter did by the sea of Galilee. Keep that clearly before you. Who shall stand to oppose your preaching if the Lord has bid you preach? Who shall dictate your message or drive you to change it, if the Incarnate Wisdom has taught you what to say? You are well equipped for testimony if you can truly say, "I received it not of men; neither was I taught it; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Dear Brothers, we must feel just that. I believe you do. I want you to keep the feeling fresh and warm. Kings, you know, claim to reign by the grace of God. It may be so. God is very gracious to allow some of them to reign. But of this thing I am sure; every true minister is a defender of the faith, "*Dei gratia*," "By the grace of God I am what I am" as a minister as well as a believer. There may be a question about the legitimacy of monarchs, and a tribunal of judges is too often needed to test the election of senators, but if the Holy Spirit witness within us, our kingdom cannot be moved, our election cannot be disproved.

Brethren, we ought in connection with our individuality to feel a great respect for *our own sphere of labour*. You who are pastors are not only set to be watchmen for souls, but to be watchmen for the souls in particular places. You as a whole are to go into all the world to preach the gospel, but each one of you must feed that flock of Christ over which the Holy Ghost has made you an overseer. There your principal labours must be expended, for there your principal responsibilities lie. I would have every brother think very highly of the position in which God has placed him. If I am a sentinel to guard the army at a certain post, I know that every post in the whole cordon is important; but I am not to dream that mine is not so. If so, I may be inclined to sleep, and the foe may surprise the camp at the point which I ought to have guarded. I am to feel as if the whole safety of the entire camp depended upon me—at least, I ought to be as zealous and as watchful as if it were so. You see the links of that chain: each one of them has a strain upon it. Suppose that one of them should say, "I may rust through; it does not matter, for many other links are strong." No, my friend, the chain depends upon each link; and so for the completeness of church work and for the perfect edification of

the body of Christ, a great weight of responsibility lies *upon you*. I am very responsible ; I admit it, but you have each one your measure of responsibility, which you cannot shift to another's shoulders. If all the world should be blest, and the hamlet to which you minister should be unvisited, the general revival would be no joy to you if your negligence had made your little vineyard a mournful exception to the rule. You would rejoice in the increase of blessing elsewhere, but the deeper would be your regret that you had no blessing at home.

Let each man stick to his work. If I felt that I had a call to be an evangelist and to go everywhere preaching the word I would not retain my pastorate, because it would be unjust to the people who call me their pastor. I rejoice when I see very useful brethren travelling far and wide, but I lament when I find their churches left, to be starved and scattered. "They made me a keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." If we cannot do the two things we had better not try. I am not for a moment wishing to discourage the most extended labours on the part of any of our brethren : the farther you can go the better, for all the world is your parish : but this must not be done at the expense of the work to which you have pledged yourselves by accepting pastorates. A dear brother said to me, "I wish you would go abroad and preach through the land ;" and he urged as a reason that my people would appreciate me better if they had less of me. I replied that I did not want my people to appreciate me any more, for they go already as far in that direction as would be safe, and I assured him that I should stop at home for fear they should appreciate me more. I might have rambled all the world over and done great good, if that had been my calling, but the day will declare whether I have not been more in the path of duty and real usefulness by fostering institutions at home and scattering the word by my printed sermons far more widely than I could have done with my voice. Be it so or not, brethren, when you know which part of the Lord's work he has committed to you, give your whole souls to it. Going through the famous factory at Sèvres the other day, I noticed an artist painting a very beautiful vase. I looked at him, but he did not look at me. His eyes were better engaged than in staring at a stranger. There were several persons at my heels, and they all looked and made observations, yet the worker's eye never moved from his work. He had to paint the picture upon that vase, and what benefit would he get from noticing us, or from our noticing him ? He kept to his work. We would fain see such abstraction and concentration in every man who has the Lord's work to do. "This one thing I do." Some frown, some smile, but "this one thing I do." Some think they could do it better, but "this one thing I do." How they could do it may be their business, but it certainly is not mine. Remember, dear brother, if you give your whole soul to the charge committed to you it does not matter much about its appearing to be a somewhat small and insignificant affair, for as much skill may be displayed in the manufacture of a very minute watch as in the construction of the town clock; in fact, a minute object may become the object of greater wonder than another of larger dimensions. Quality is a far more precious thing than quantity. Have you ever seen the famous picture at the Hague, called

"Paul Potter's Bull"? It is one of the world's immortal paintings. What is it? Well, it is only a bull, and there are, besides, a man, and a tree, and a frog, and a few weeds. It is only a bull. Ah, but there is not upon canvas another bull in the world to equal it. Many a man has attempted to depict a marvellous piece of natural scenery in the Alps or in Cumberland, or he has tried his pencil upon a magnificent sea piece, with a fleet of yachts dancing on the waves, and he has not succeeded. The subjects were superior, but the art was poor. We must never think because the particular work we have in hand seems to be insignificant that therefore we cannot do it, or should not do it, throughly well. We need divine help to preach aright to a congregation of one. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. If you had to sweep a crossing, it were well to sweep it better than anybody else. If you only preach in Little Peddlington, let Little Peddlington know that you do your best, and mean its good. Many a minister has achieved fame, and, what is far better, has brought glory to God, in a congregation which could be counted by units, while another has presided over a large church, and though at first there was a great blast of trumpets it has ended in the silence and sadness of utter failure. Know your work and bend over it, throwing your heart and soul into it; for, be it great or small, you will have to praise God to all eternity if you be found faithful in it.

Come fair or come foul, my comrades, hold ye the fort. Some men attempt to excuse their own negligence by blaming the times. What have you and I to do with the times, except to serve our God in them? The times are always evil to those who are of morbid temperament. A scholar tells us that he once read a passage from a book to a worthy gentleman of the desponding school; it described these days of "blasphemy and rebuke"—I think that is the correct expression—and lamented the failure of the faithful from among men. "Ah, how true!" said the worthy man, "it is the precise picture of the times." "What times?" exclaimed the scholar. "These times, of course," was the reply. "Pardon me," said the scholar, "the sentiment was delivered about four hundred years ago: examine for yourself the date of the volume." The benefit of railing at the times it would be hard to discover, for railing does not mend them. What have you to do with the times? Do your own work. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden had his secretary sitting by his side writing from dictation, when a bombshell fell through the roof into the next room. The secretary, in alarm, dropped his pen, upon which the king demanded, "What are you doing?" The poor man faltered, "Ah, sir, the bomb!" The king's answer was, "What has the bomb to do with what I am telling you." You will say that the secretary's life was in danger. Yes, but you are safe in any case, for you are side by side with Jesus in holy service, and no evil can befall you. Watch on and work on even to the crack of doom. Leave the seasons with God, and go on with your work. Carlyle speaks somewhere of the house-cricket chirping on while the trump of the archangel is sounding:—who blames it for so doing? If God had made you a house-cricket and bidden you chirp, you could not do better than fulfil his will. To-day he has made you a preacher, and you must abide in your vocation. If the earth should be removed,

and the mountains should be cast into the the midst of the sea, would that alter our duty? I trow not. Christ has sent us to preach the gospel, and if our life-work is not finished, (and it is not), let us continue delivering our message under all circumstances till death shall silence us.

We should consider, in the fourth place, *our personal adaptation*, desiring to keep it ever in the best condition. There is not only a work ordained for each man, but each man is fitted for his work. Men are not cast in moulds by the thousand; we are each one distinct from his fellow. When each of us was made, the mould was broken—a very satisfactory circumstance in the case of some men, and I greatly question whether it is not an advantage in the case of us all. If we are, however, vessels for the Master's use, we ought to have no choice about what vessel we may be. There was a cup which stood upon the communion table when our Lord ate that passover which he had so desired to eat with his disciples before he suffered, and assuredly that cup was honoured when it was put to his lips and passed to the apostles. Who would not be like that cup? But there was a basin also which the Master took, into which he poured water and washed the disciples' feet. I protest I have no choice whether to be the chalice or the basin. Fain would I be which the Lord wills so long as he will but use me. But this is plain—the cup would have made a very insufficient basin, and the basin would have been a very improper cup for the communion feast. So you, my brother, may be the cup, and I will be the basin, but let the cup be a cup, and the basin a basin, each as he is fitted to be. Be yourself, dear brother, for, if you are not yourself, you cannot be anybody else; and so, you see, you must be nobody. The very worst notes in music are those which are untrue; each true sound has its own music. In my aviary are many birds, and they sing very sweetly, but there are three grass paroquets among them which do not sing, but imitate the other birds, and very effectually spoil the concert. Their imitation seems to drown the natural music of the rest. Do not be a mere copyist, a borrower and spoiler of other men's notes. Say what God has said to you, and say it in your own way, and when it is so said plead personally for the Lord's blessing upon it.

Keep your adaptation for your work up to the highest pitch. Be not in so much hurry *to do* that you forget *to be*,—so anxious to give out, that you never take in. This is the haste which makes no speed. Old Nat had a large wood pile before him, and he sawed very hard to make that pile smaller. His saw wanted sharpening and re-setting; and it was dreadful work to make it go at all. An honest neighbour stepped up to him, and said, "Nat, why don't you get that saw sharpened? You want to get that put to rights, and you would do a deal more." "Now then," said Nat, "don't come bothering here. I have got quite enough to do to saw that pile of wood, without stopping to sharpen my saw." It is unnecessary to point the moral of that anecdote; take note of it in future and act accordingly. It is a waste of time, not an economy of it, to dispense with study, private prayer, and due preparation for your work.

Keep your adaptation right, especially in a spiritual sense. We

have more cause to pray and read our Bibles than any other people in the world. It was a very wet day the last time I was at Cologne, and I occupied a room in the hotel, which presented me with a highly picturesque view of a public pump. There was nothing else to see, and it rained so hard that I could not shift my quarters, and so I sat and wrote letters and glanced at the old pump. People came with pails for water, and one came with quite a barrel on his back and filled it. In the course of an hour that individual came several times, indeed, he came almost as often as all other comers put together, and always filled up his vessel. He was coming, and coming, and coming all the while; and I rightly concluded that he was a seller of water, and supplied other people; hence he came oftener than anybody else, and had a larger vessel. And that is precisely our condition. Having to carry the living water to others, we must go oftener to the well, and we must go with more capacious vessels than the general run of Christians. Look, then, to the vigour of your personal piety, and pray to be filled with all the fulness of God.

Once more, remember *our personal responsibility*. I shall not trust myself to go very deeply into this question, but every brother should remember that however well or ill another man may do his work, it can have no effect whatever upon our own personal responsibility before God. Some blame others with a kind of silently implied belief that they are thereby praising themselves, for if we censure the modes of another worker, we tacitly suggest that our own modes are—or, if we had any, would be—superior to theirs. Well, brother, it may be so. It may be that others are not wise, are scarcely sound, are fanatical, erratic, and the like, but what hast thou to do with them? To their own Master they shall stand or fall, and God's grace shall make them stand; but your wisdom which criticizes them may prove a snare to you, and make you fall. You have yet to bring your work before God, to be tried by fire. Souls are entrusted to you, and for these you must give account. God does not mean to bless those souls by anybody else; they are to be converted through you; are you acting, living, and preaching in such a way that God is likely to convert them through you? That is the question.

Personal responsibility we ought to feel now, or it may one day come home to us in a way both forceful and painful. If you are smitten with sickness, and lie hour after hour tossing upon the bed in the silent watches of midnight, if you have a little respite from pain, or even if you have not, you will, in all probability, occupy your mind mainly with the overhauling of the work which you have hitherto done or left undone. Believe me, brethren, this overhauling does not minister to one's gratification. There are portions of your work over which you linger with joy, and you say, "Glory be to God, this work was done, at any rate, with a pure heart and to his glory, and he blessed it;" and you feel ready to sing over it; but you have hardly time to finish the song before you have to weep over a piece of work that was slurred and blotted, and you cannot help wishing that you could do it all over again. Oh, brethren, we shall soon have to die. We look each other in the face to-day in health, but there will come a day when others will look down upon our pallid countenances as we

lie in our coffins, and we shall not be able to return their glances. It will matter little to us who shall gaze upon us then, but it will matter eternally how we have discharged our work in life. "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*"—"Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting"—will that be the verdict on any one of us when we shall stand before the Lord God Almighty, who trieth the hearts and searcheth the reins of the children of men? His fire is in Zion, and his furnace is in Jerusalem. His jealousy is most fierce against those who come nearest to him, he will not tolerate sin in his choicest servants, for he slew Nadab and Abihu because they offered strange fire upon his altar, and he made the false apostle to be an eternal monument of scorn. May we be kept by grace almighty, or the responsibility which rests upon us will grind us to powder.

I feel that this matter of personality may be pressed very earnestly upon you, my brethren, in all five of its points; and in all it will be useful. If our individual responsibility be well felt we shall refrain from judging others. We are all too ready to ascend the judgment seat. One man judges his fellow, and condemns him because he had had so few additions to his church. I should myself be sorry if I saw few conversions, and I should severely censure myself, but I should be very, very wrong if I were to utter an indiscriminate censure upon others. Our brother's congregation may be smaller than ours; the people's hearts may have been long steeled by a cold, dead, stereotyped ministry, and it may be that there is a good deal of work to be done before they will become interested in the gospel, much less affected by it. Possibly it may happen that the preacher who has one convert might say as the lioness did about her one cub, when the fox boasted that she had so many,—"One, *but that one a lion!*" The minister whose whole year's work ended with one convert, and that one was Mr. Moffatt, did not reap a scant harvest after all.

On the other hand, I have noticed—and I think rather more frequently—that brethren who have few converts judge those who have many. Now, that also would come to an end if each man knew his own place, and had joy in his own work, and was not envious of another. You say, "Oh, but these numerous conversions cannot all be genuine." Why not? Why should their number create suspicion? I have very few sovereigns in my purse, and there are heaps at the Bank of England, yet I guess that in the multitudes of golden coins which pass into the Bank of England there is not so much probability of there being a counterfeit as in the few which reach my pocket or yours. Quantity need not deteriorate quality. I have an idea sometimes—I do not know whether it is correct—that where there are very few converts added to the church there may be some unbelief. When I came along the Corniche Railway, from Genoa, it was broken in several places, and in one spot the embankment was not quite destroyed, but it was weakened, and therefore they passed the carriages over it one by one. They were afraid of the road, and so did not allow too many upon it at one time. I may not judge, but I sometimes think when brethren bring the converts in so slowly that they have a little trembling about the power of saving grace to bear so many. It would not be difficult to be censorious on either side,

but we shall not be so if we look well to the charge committed to us, and feel our own need of divine help.

Our individuality will preserve us, by God's grace, from envying others. This vice is loathsome, and eats as doth a canker. "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is abie to stand before envy?" I have known persons utter sentiments which condemned themselves merely with the view of injuring others. They cared not if they perished like Samson so long as they pulled the house down upon others. An ancient story tells us that a king invited two men to his palace, one of whom he knew to be the slave of envy. "Now," said he, "I will give you whatever you please, upon the condition that this man shall choose first, and his companion shall have twice as much as he." The first man was envious: he desired great wealth, but he could not endure that the other man should have double. He therefore thought that he would reduce what he asked for, but this also left his companion his superior, and as the fable goes—for peradventure it was but a fable—his envy so prevailed that he chose to have one of his eyes torn out that the other man might be rendered totally blind. Somewhat similar is the spirit of those who oppose others upon principles fatal to their own work. Brother, do not so. If thy brother be honoured of God, thank God for it: if thou art not so honoured, be humbled and pray more earnestly. If the blessing come not to thee, still rejoice that it gladdens thy comrade. In any case do not envy.

On the other hand, dear brethren, this sense of individuality ought to prevent our despising others. The question sometimes comes to the lip concerning a very weak and scantily gifted brother, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" The answer of the Lord is, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." There are much better ways of spending our time than in deriding or despising our brethren. A better work by far is to help those who are weak, and to encourage those who are cast down.

Dear brethren, here is enough on this point, and I shall not be so long upon the other lest I should weary you. I wish, however, that this may abide in the hearts of us all.

Come we now to *the opposite side of the matter*. I shall not imitate the old logicians, who could "confute, change sides, and then confute," for what I have to say is not in opposition, but in apposition, it is not the reverse, but the converse. I cannot find the word with which to head it. Our language is still imperfect; it does not contain the converse of individuality. I looked in "Roget's Thesaurus," I did more, I consulted a living dictionary now among you, but I could not find the word, and there is not such a word, though there ought to be. Will anybody here, who is a word maker, be so kind as to coin me a word to stand in opposition or apposition to the word individuality? Till then I must dispense with a catch-word and proceed.

Let us all feel, dear brethren, that though we have each a work to do, and are fitted for it, we are not the only workers in the world. Brother, you are not the only lamp to enlighten earth's darkness, not the only sower to sow the field of the world with the good seed, not the only trumpet through which God proclaims his jubilee, not the only hand by which he feeds the multitudes. You are only one member of

the mystic body, one soldier of the grand army. This thought should encourage you and relieve the despondency engendered of loneliness. When God sent the flies, and locusts, and caterpillars to conquer Egypt, Pharaoh might have ridiculed any one of these insignificant warriors and said, "What can this caterpillar do? I defy the Lord and his caterpillars." But the caterpillar might have answered, "Beware, O King, for there are ten thousand of us. We come in mighty armies, and will cover all the land. Weak as we are one by one, the Lord will evidence his omnipotence by the multiplication of our numbers." Thus was it in the early days of Christianity. Christians came into Rome,—a few poor Jews they were, and they dwelt in the Ghetto, in obscurity: by-and-by there were more. Meanwhile a few had passed over into Spain; soon there were more. A few had reached Britain; soon there were more. The nations, angry at this invasion, set to work to destroy those pests of society, which turned the world upside down. They tormented, burned, and destroyed them; but they continued to come in shoals and swarms, and though they were slain without mercy, there were always more to follow. The foes of God could not possibly stand against the vast host that pressed forward. Even so is it at this day. "The Lord gave the word: great was the multitude of them that published it." You publish not Christ alone, your voice is but one of a mighty orchestra. The whole world is full of the praises of God; their line has gone out throughout all the world, and their word unto the ends of the earth.

Nor do we think only of the church militant, we lift our eyes beyond the firmament and see a still more glorious band; for the master's honour and glory is not left in the hands of workers here below, toilworn and weary. His glory is sounded from harps that never clash, struck by hands that are never defiled. As a college we have our comrades in yonder host whose memories are yet green. I will not mention many names, but I can never forget our early brother, Alfred Searle, in character beautiful as a choice flower; and Paterson, in perseverance indomitable, who wore himself out in self-denying labour. Never can we fail to remember our apostolic brother Sergeant, worthy of a monument of precious stones; and Benjamin Davis, unwearied in his Master's cause. It would only awaken mournful reflections if I were to continue the right noble list of those who have gone up higher; may we prove as faithful as they were. But it is not merely with them that we have fellowship, we are one with all the faithful. Luther and Calvin, and Wycliffe, and Latimer, and Whitefield, and Wesley, are our comrades, and all the saints who have preached Jesus Christ. They are not preachers now, it is true, but they are still glorifying God, and that after the noblest fashion. It refreshes my heart to think of those whose battle is fought and won for ever. We are told that the Venetian women, when their husbands are out upon the Adriatic fishing, go down to the verge of the sea on the sweet summer evenings, when all is calm and bright, and begin to sing a hymn. They sing the first stanza in the shrill silvery notes of woman's voice, and then they wait. They cannot see a single boat upon the sea, the blue Adriatic is not dotted with a sail; but presently, mysteriously wafted across the waters, comes the second stanza. Their

husbands are out of sight, but they are not out of hearing; and they have taken up the second part of the hymn. Even thus at this moment our friends on the shores of heaven are chanting to us! Hearken, I pray you! This is the strain,—

"All we who dwell above
In realms of endless love,
Praise Jesu's name.
To Him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty;
Through all eternity,
Worthy the Lamb!

Did you not hear that canticle? Shall we reply? Come, my brethren, let us answer them! Let us rapturously sing,—

"While you around the throne
Cheerfully join in one
Praising his name,
We who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad.
Worthy the Lamb."

Brethren, we are not alone. Legions of angels are around us. Hosts of glorified spirits look down upon us. We are surrounded with a mighty band of helpers. We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. "Wherefore, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

It is well for us to remember in addition to this that although we are individuals, and must keep up our personality, we are only instruments of the Divine purposes. We are nothing at all apart from God, and blessed be God we are not apart from him. It is well to fall back every now and then, in sheer weariness, upon predestination. It is a bed for some men's idleness; to us it should be a couch for our refreshment. After all, God's will is done. His deep, eternal, immutable purposes are accomplished. The rage of hell and the enmity of men are neither of them able to stay the course of the eternal decrees. God doeth as he wills not only among the armies of heaven, but among the inhabitants of this lower world. He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and out of evil he bringeth forth good. It is so sweet to feel that God is behind you, that God is in you, that he is working with you. Mr. Oncken, in the early days of his preaching at Hamburgh, was brought up before the burgomaster many times and imprisoned. This magistrate one day said to him in very bitter terms, "Mr. Oncken, you see that little finger?" "Yes, sir." "As long as that little finger can be held up, sir, I will put you down." "Ah," said Mr. Oncken," I do not suppose you see what I see, for I discern not a little finger, but a great arm, and that is the arm of God, and as long as that can move you will never put me down." The opposition which is urged against the true minister of Christ does not, after all, amount to more than the burgomaster's little finger, while the power which is with us is that eternal and omnipotent arm whose forces sustain the heavens and the

earth. We need not, therefore, fear. God's presence makes us bold. Let the Uhlan in the late war be our example. Picture him, a solitary man, brave and cool, riding upon a fleet horse. He is going along one of those interminable French roads which have no variety, except that now and then one poplar may be half an inch taller than another; he rides hard and fearlessly, though there are foes on all sides. That one man passes through a hamlet, and frightens everybody. He enters a town. Is he not foolhardy? All alone he has ridden up to the Town Hall, and demanded beds and stores. Why is he so bold? They are all afraid of him, evidently. Ask the man why he is so daring, and he replies, "There is an army behind me, and therefore I am not afraid." So must you, dear brother, be one of the Uhlans of the Lord God Almighty, and never be afraid, for the eternal God will be your rearward. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," says our commander, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." I feel as if he were here this very morning, looking on you as his soldiers and saying, "Conquer in my name." Go, then, my brethren, ride to those villages and arouse them. Go to those towns and summon them to surrender. Go to the great cities and tell them "Christ demands that you yield your hearts to him." Do this, and he will make your word effectual.

It is well for us to feel, in association with this matter of individuality, that we have the Spirit of God in us. I am what I am; but I am much more than I am, for there is resident within me the Holy One of Israel. Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost? Not the country residences, the mountain chalets of a travelling personage who will tarry there for a little while. Your bodies are the *temples* of the Holy Ghost. This ought to make us respect ourselves;—understand me, and do not misconstrue the expression. You should feel that what you do under the influence of the divine Spirit is not such a feeble work as otherwise it would be. Where the Spirit is there is power for the accomplishment of the divine purposes. It would be far better to speak six words by the Spirit of God than to speak six thousand without him. A sermon is not to be judged according to its words, a certain inner force is its soul and life; and God's judgment of the discourse will be according to how much there was of the real flower and fruit of the indwelling Spirit underlying the leaves of the sermon. Dear brethren, I have heard persons say, "I heard so-and-so preach, and there really was nothing in it; but still a great many were impressed." Just so; God does not need a painted temple; stained glass, and all manner of adornments and outward array, he cares not for. The man who thinks so is popish, whether he thinks so concerning the temples made with hands, or the temples of our manhood. Is there not a popery of intellect and a popery of elocution, in consequence of which we suppose that God is not resident in the uneducated or hesitating speaker,—but only dwells with fluency and elegance. Where God chooses to dwell there is a palace. His presence glorifies the place of his abode. Is there anything very wonderful in the architecture of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon? Yet from the utmost ends of the earth

admirers of the world's great poet will come, because Shakespeare was once there. Suppose Shakespeare were there now! What would his admirers do then? Now this day, brethren, our poor humble constitutions and frames and bodies—be they what they may—are the temples of the Holy Ghost. It is not only that he *was* there,—that makes us respect the very ashes of the saints, but he *is* there now. May we never have to lament his absence. You may see a fine house of which the owner is dead, only the picture of him hangs on the wall; but our delight is that the living Christ is in us now by the power of his Spirit. I went to the monastery which adjoins the church of Saint Onofrio, in Rome, some years ago, and they showed me there the rooms in which Tasso lived, and they had so skilfully drawn his likeness on the wall, that it looked for all the world as if Tasso were there. There were also his bed and his pen, and his inkstand, and some of the paper on which he wrote; but there were no fresh stanzas of "Jerusalem Delivered" to be heard. Even so we may have the likeness of Christ in our theological knowledge of him, we may have the pen with which he used to write in our power of speaking for him, and we may have the paper on which he was accustomed to write in hearts that are interested in the gospel; but no "Jerusalem Delivered" will be produced, unless Jesus himself is there. Brethren, we must have Christ in us, the hope of glory; the Spirit dwelling in us, the pure, the ever-flowing life, or our lives will be failures. O Lord, abide with us.

I must conclude with the remark—that it is a very delightful thing to feel that all the work we are doing is Jesus Christ's work, and that it is not one-half so much ours as his. The sheep we have to shepherd are his sheep; the souls we have to bring to him were bought with his blood; the spiritual house that is to be built is for his habitation. It is all his. I delight in working for my Lord and Master, because I feel a blessed community of interest with him. That is not *my* Sunday-school, it is my Lord's, and he says, "Feed *my* lambs." It is not *my* church, but his, and he cries, "Feed *my* sheep." Mine are his, and his are mine; yea, all are his. In the days when servants used to be servants, and were attached to their masters, one of our nobility had with him an old butler who had lived with his father, and was now getting grey. The nobleman was often much amused with the way in which the good old man considered everything that was his master's to be his own. I was not only pleased with the story, but it touched my heart when I heard it. His lordship once said to him, "John, whose wagon is that which has just come up loaded with goods?" "Oh," said he, "that is ours. Those are goods from our town house." His lordship smiled, and as a carriage came up the drive, he said, "John, whose coach is that coming into the park?" "Oh," said he, "that is our carriage." "But," said the master, "there are some children in it, John; are they *our* children?" "Yes, my lord, they are our children, bless them, I will run and bring them in." My Lord Jesus, how dare I have the impertinence to claim anything which is thine? And yet when I gaze upon thy church, I am so completely thy servant, and so wholly absorbed in thee, that I look upon it as mine as well as thine, and I go to wait upon thy beloved ones. Yea, Lord, and all these my brethren are going too. Come with us, Lord, for thy love's sake. Amen.

James Sherman, the Faithful Pastor.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THE name of James Sherman will ever occupy a conspicuous place in the list of successful preachers. His parents were poor but godly—his father having been converted under the ministry of the Rev. John Newton—and, as he was their only child, their affection was concentrated upon him and they gave him the best education their slender means would admit. Of his father he says, "He was chosen president of a little band of good men who met daily in the hour allowed for dinner, to read the Scriptures and to pray together. In the evening of the day when we sat round our cottage fire, he would recite the subjects, controversies, and incidents of that hour, which interested me as a boy very much, and helped to create in me a love of those things which were made part of the pleasures of home." His mother's piety was of the most ardent type. "Streams of tears," he said, "would flow down her cheeks as she wrought upon her own affections by stories of divine love, while I sat and listened, wondering whether I should ever have such marks of the divine favour to relate." With such godly nurture, we are not surprised that his heart was made receptive of the grace of God and his soul fired with a holy enthusiasm. In these days of push and competition we miss the hallowed repose which was the charm of James Sherman's home. In many families nurse girls are the sole custodians of the children, and they are reared without the potent charm of a mother's influence. They are exhibited before visitors much in the same way as pet dogs and fancy pigeons, and are again relegated to the nursery at the top of the house. It is lamentable to think how many innocents are sacrified to furniture and hopelessly ruined in deference to the tyranny of social customs. While there are little children in the house their comfort and culture should not be subordinated to the questionable fashions of society. A true mother should be like the kangaroo and nourish her offspring in her own bosom, not like the ostrich, leaving her helpless infants to shift for themselves.

Young Sherman was sent to a school kept by a Baptist minister, in which the birch was more conspicuous than the Bible. He afterwards attended a superior school kept by the Rev. Mr. Fancourt, "whose unostentatious piety ran through all the arrangements of the school, and all his dealings with the boys."

On leaving school he was apprenticed to an ivory turner, a man who had "cast off all fear of God," and who treated his apprentice with the harshness of a tyrant. His chief solace was that he could return home to his parents on Saturday night, and spend the Sunday in their society. Had he been left to the exclusive influence of a godless master, his pious training would, perhaps, have been nullified, and a resort to worldly or vicious pleasures paved the road to ruin. Nothing blunts the tender sensibilities of the heart of a boy like cruelty or unkindness. The influence of a thoughtless young man nearly proved his ruin. He went with him for a Sunday excursion; but the remonstrances of his father convinced him of his folly and sin, and he resolved never to

spend the Lord's day in that way again. He now became the subject of religious convictions, and for months he was in great bondage of soul. He gave himself up to reading the Word of God and prayer, but the way of peace seemed closed against him. Though born of godly parents, he was not "a member of the household of God"; though brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, he was still outside the kingdom. "When I heard preachers say," he writes, "how easy it was to believe the grace and love of God, I have said in my heart—'You have never heard the terrible indictment of the law of God in your conscience, and have never had the terrors of the Lord, like the thunders of Sinai, resounding in every chamber of your soul, or you would not tell sinners how easy it is to believe. Sure I am that, until he who shows the sinner his condemned state, sheds light upon his despairing mind, so that he sees the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, he cannot believe the love that God has toward him.'" After a period of twelve months he found deliverance under the preaching of Mr. King, of Doncaster, who was supplying the pulpit at Tottenham Court Road Chapel. At the age of sixteen the young disciple had to prove the truth of the sacred proverb—"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," but the reality of his conversion and the vigour of his spiritual life were soon evidenced by his desire to become a preacher of the gospel—a desire which issued in the conviction that the Lord would open the way. It is possible that a young Christian in the first ardour of his spiritual life may cherish the desire to be a preacher, but something more is necessary to prove his fitness for the work, and to establish the fact of a divine call. There must be ability to learn and aptness to teach, purity of motive, and singleness of aim; and these qualities must be manifest to others of accredited piety and sound judgment. James Sherman being released from his apprenticeship now resolved to seek admission to Cheshunt College. His candidature was supported by his minister and other friends; and, after submitting to the necessary preliminary examination, he was accepted, and entered upon his studies November 6th, 1815. "Arriving at the College," he says, "I shut myself in my room as soon as possible, and poured out all my trouble before the Lord, and besought him to help his child, whom he had permitted to enter this hall of learning, that he might prepare for the work of the ministry." Within a week he had to preach before the professors and students, and the following Sunday he was appointed to preach in the chapel attached to the college. This was a severe trial; but, in answer to prayer, God gave him good success. "I saw," he writes, "both the professors were much moved, and several of the congregation were in tears." After preaching on another occasion, he says, "From the very commencement of the sermon the dews of heaven fell so copiously, that I was carried far beyond anything that I had ever experienced. The people caught the inspiration, and the place was alternately a Bochim and a Beulah." His call to the ministry was thus authenticated, and his resolution to labour for souls received additional confirmation.

Dr. H. Allon thinks "it indicates a sad lack of discretion to appoint a student of three months' standing, however promising and able, to

preach a public thanksgiving sermon; and that no degree of popularity or usefulness should have been permitted to entangle a youth of nineteen in preaching engagements, so numerous that his theological studies were pursued only as preachings and preparations left time for them." Doubtless "severer study would have strengthened and developed his powers," but whether it would have augmented his usefulness, we gravely doubt. Success in soul-winning is not determined by classical and mathematical attainments. Dr. Allon's judgment of Whitefield applies to James Sherman, "He was distinctively a preacher of sermons, not so much of sermons to be read, as of sermons to be heard; in every sense an orator, full of enthusiasm, persuasiveness, and passion. His work was a sacred passion with him; intense love to God its impulse, and a yearning compassion for the souls of men its characteristic." The first three years and a half of his ministry were spent in the Countess of Huntingdon's connection. In 1821, he became minister of Castle-street Chapel, Reading, the church consisting mainly of seceders from the Establishment, a position he occupied until he became pastor of Surrey Chapel. For two years he pursued his studies in Greek and in Mental Philosophy under an Oxford M.A., and was much assisted by the friendship of the celebrated Robert Hall. The results of his preaching at this period were Pentecostal, as many as eighty or ninety souls being led to decision under a single sermon. When he received a call to Surrey Chapel, an elderly lady, to whom he had acted as domestic chaplain, informed him that she had bequeathed £1,500 to each of his three children, and £2,000 to himself, besides making him residuary legatee under the will. She was opposed to his leaving, and threatened to destroy the will if he persisted in his determination. Believing his call to Surrey Chapel was from the Lord, he was not to be moved by such a threat, and, after an interview with the obstinate old lady, she said to him, "there is my will, and I have no further use for it," and, putting it into the fire, she added, "there, now I don't want to see your face any more until the day of judgment." We honour the man for not turning from the path of duty to secure an immediate advantage. The labours incident to the pastorate at Surrey Chapel were enormous, but Mr. Sherman was not the man to shrink from them. He was carried along on the crest of a revival wave and consecrated all his energies to the service of the Redeemer. "There was a tear even in the tone of his voice. He put an intense emotion into even the most ordinary things, and words which from most men's lips would have been cold and commonplace were full of living and enkindling fire as they fell from his. Whatever his sermons might be in other respects, they invariably went to the very heart and root of evangelical doctrine, and this was the fundamental condition of their power." One Sabbath evening he says, "I preached from the text, 'And there were also with him other little ships.' The subject was the earnestness with which men must seek for Christ, and the risks they must be willing to run to find him. As I proceeded in the illustration and enforcement of the principle stated, there came from heaven a celestial breeze, and one little ship after another seemed to start in search of Christ, until they became a fleet. Never shall I forget the impression made when, at the close of the sermon, I gave out the hymn—

"Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep."

When I descended from the pulpit both vestries and the school-room were filled with persons anxious to converse with me. The place was literally a Bochim. After suitable examination many were admitted to the church, eighty-four of whom attributed their conversion to that sermon." In the year 1838, two hundred and fifty-one persons were admitted to the church—a great and glorious harvest. His health now gave way, and he had to seek rest and change on the Continent Few people outside the ministry have any idea of the wear and tear to a faithful pastor, and many appear altogether ignorant of the duties of a large pastorate. Dr. Lindsay Alexander was once conversing with a successful merchant, about the time certain bishops were being appointed, and the question of ministerial duty and income was discussed. The merchant said to him, "If it is a fair question, what do you get?" He told him. "Well," he answered, "Is that all you get? And what do you do for that?" "In the first place," said Mr. Alexander, "I compose and write what would be fully two pretty thick octavo volumes, about as much as any literary man, bending over his pen, thinks of doing, and more than some do, in a year. In the next place, I have to do as much speaking every week as a lawyer at the bar in good practice. Then, in the third place, to do as much visiting as a surgeon in average practice would do. And, in the next place, I think I write as many letters as many of you great merchants do." The merchant replied, "Well, they may say as much as they please about ministers getting too much for their work, but none of us would do half your work for four times your pay." This worthy merchant had, perhaps, done nothing for his minister beyond paying his pew rent, and never troubled himself with the question whether his minister was adequately remunerated for his work. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and he who devotes himself to the ministry ought to be kept from the anxiety which an honest man in straitened circumstances must experience. It is to be feared that hundreds of ministers are hindered in their work by the niggardliness of those to whom they minister in spiritual things. Few ministers are actuated by a sordid motive, but while the ministry is their sole means of support, they should not receive less than their talents and energies would command in any other profession.

Mr. Sherman was a man of great sanctity, and preached from the elevated platform of his spiritual attainment those truths by which his own soul had been nourished. Sermons which are the exponents of a minister's own experience are far more effectual than the most brilliant intellectual efforts of profound divines. Under the former, the people are conscious that they have hearts, but under the latter, they are almost ignorant of this part of our anatomy. There was an intense fervour about the man, which kindled a corresponding enthusiasm in his hearers. Intellectual preaching, doubtless, has its mission, but the emotional, when sanctified by common sense, is more prolific of results. A man who is merely convinced of the truth of Christianity, may be, in heart, as far from God as the most untutored and benighted savage. "It was by no means a rare thing," says his biographer, "to see hundreds in tears together; and he frequently swayed the feelings of

the mighty mass, who crowded to hear him, as the wind bends the standing corn." One of the secrets of his success was the studied simplicity of his style, the evangelical fulness of his sermons, and his homely and forcible illustrations. "The glory of the gospel," he would say, "is its simplicity. We never think of painting gold or diamonds." His people were devoted in their attachment, and supported him by their earnest prayers and hearty co-operation; and every office was well filled by efficient co-workers.

At sixty years of age Mr. Sherman felt unequal to the duties of his office, and retired to Blackheath, where he became pastor of the Congregational Church, then recently erected. He soon succeeded in gathering around him a devout and influential congregation, and his ministry was marked by the same success which had attended his labours at Reading and at Surrey Chapel. Pulmonary disease ensuing, he left England for Egypt, but the change of climate effected no improvement. In a letter to a friend, dated Alexandria, April 2, 1861, he wrote:—"In the midst of my agony one night—for I can scarcely use another word so expressive—that promise came with great power, 'My peace I give unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' That peace, amid all my changes, I have enjoyed." On his return to England, arrangements were completed for Mr. Beazley to be his co-pastor. He attended the church the following Sunday and addressing the congregation he said, "I have come as one from the dead; but I have come to give a welcome to my beloved brother. God grant that he may be instrumental in saving many souls. As for myself, I shall see your faces no more; but it is one of the joys of my life to bid my brother welcome, and then to bid you farewell. We shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ. See that we are found in Him." During his lingering illness he was sustained in peaceful trust, and at times he experienced that joyous rapture which those only know whose lives have been spent in the service of the Saviour. A few days before his death, when asked how he was, he replied "near home." On a remark being made about the length and weariness of the way, he instantly rejoined, "It is all right—all is bright—there are no clouds." On one occasion he quoted, with much feeling, some well-known lines, appropriate to his condition—

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms:
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.
Now while ye hear my heart strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul."

There was a sudden gorgeous sunset flush upon his face, and then the cold grey pallor which told that the evening of life had come.

"A few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;
Heart sorrow rendered by sweet gratitude."

A Party of Five in Golden Lane.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THOUGH Golden-lane is quite an unfashionable locality, and in its characteristic squalidness is not supposed to be so picturesque as either the Cowgate or the Canongate of Edinburgh, it is still an area of perennial interest to observers of life among the London poor, and to those who work to ameliorate the sufferings of indigence. The thoroughfare can at least claim the distinction of being ancient, and, had we the time necessary for making elaborate researches, we might perchance unearth some worthy literary reminiscences. In a suburban churchyard, we have seen a tombstone of one who was *a farmer* of Shoreditch, so that in Puritan times the meadows and honeysuckle hedges were not far away from the chosen retreat of "the costard-mongers," and hereabout the blind poet Milton must have taken his morning airings in the sunshine. If we could but associate Golden-lane with the author of "Paradise Lost" it would naturally at once rise to the distinguished level of a classical region.

But what we have now to describe is a social party in Golden-lane; for the motley fraternity there congregated have convivial propensities in common with the rest of us, and know how to enjoy a moderate feast and social converse. We had frequently mixed in the larger gatherings which mark special occasions, such as costers' tea-parties and old people's meetings, as well as others of a miscellaneous kind; but still we desired one other gratification—we wished to invite certain well-known "characters" of the vicinity to a cozy supper, or something of that kind, and hear from their own lips the unvarnished story of their life adventures.

Having communicated our wishes to Mr. Orsman, that indefatigable friend of the district at once favoured the design, and on one wet, blustering night in January of the present year we held our first meeting. Our company numbered five persons in all, three of the number being specially invited guests, all worthy persons, be it remembered, who profess to be converted by the grace of God. First, there was Mr. Topson, a one-legged coster, whose portrait has been given to the public in a widely-circulated periodical; secondly, there was Mr. Noffles, a gentleman over sixty, and a man of large experience in many trades, and of varied adventure in general; and, thirdly, there was Mr. Lewkens,* a noted chimney-sweep of the neighbourhood, who also can boast of having seen a little of the world. Thus there were five of us in all, our host being Mr. Orsman, and the time put down for meeting was six o'clock precisely, the rendezvous being a parlour-like apartment in the uppermost story of the mission-house. At the time appointed the company are assembled, and when we are introduced soon afterwards by Mr. Orsman, the snug little room is all aglow with fire and gas-light, and the genial faces of guests who know by experience that "a spread" at the Golden-lane mission is not to be despised. Thus this is a special private meeting—none of your common teas where anybody can walk straight in for sixpence, but a party to which you must

* It will be understood that these names are fictitious.

be properly invited in a respectable manner, just like the Queen invites the Earl of Shaftesbury to a wedding breakfast; such indeed is the importance of the occasion that we do not believe Messieurs Topson, Noffles and Lewkens would have been very considerably surprised had their friend "the Herl" actually stepped into our midst. If his lordship is not there it must be because he has not been invited; for he has been to many common meetings, and surely he would not knowingly miss a special night like this.

Before the table is spread there is time to take stock of our company. Mr. Topson is a short man, rather stout, with a broad, open face, which oftener than not wears a cheery smile, making him look the picture of good humour and contentment. Mr. Topson is a quondam sailor, who now thrives in "the general line," or costermongering; throughout life he has cultivated the philosophy which never grieves over "spilt milk," and perhaps it would be impossible to find a man who less regrets, or is more slightly incommoded, by the loss of a leg. Mr. Noffles is not altogether unlike his friend Topson in that dogged determination to make the best of things, which happily takes possession of the Christian poor in London. He is a more elderly man than Topson, however, is not half so docile in temper, and inherits far more natural genius and strength of character in general. He is a short man with keen eyes, and speaking features altogether. The very tones of his voice seem to tell of native energy and love of enterprise; so that it is easy to believe such a man might have become an alderman or a leading merchant, had he not in early life been led astray by the siren voice of pleasure and folly. Mr. Noffles is rather "quiet" at present, but we entertain no doubt that sundry half-pint cups of steaming tea and accompanying cheer will affect his heart and unloose his tongue. Our third guest, Mr. Lewkens, is an entire contrast to the other two, and if not a nondescript, has strong marks of individuality not easily defined. By profession he is a sweep, and constant activity in his calling has had the effect of darkening his skin to the hue of walnut-dye, while his hands are of horny hardness. Mr. Lewkens has more drollery than his friends; and his experience has been scarcely less varied than theirs: but in other respects he is their inferior. He wants the easy disposition of Mr. Topson, and the mercantile sagacity of Mr. Noffles. He is witty and inquisitive as well as good natured,—the first man to offer his services in an emergency, and the last to leave you in the lurch—still he strikes you as a man who is more erratic than persevering. We have seen him at Margate regretting his inability to carry off a cliff as a curiosity, and civilly enquiring whither he should wend his steps in search of a field. Such were the Golden-lane trio, who, dressed in their "Sunday clothes," congregated for their own entertainment and ours in the warm private parlour of the Mission, one wet, boisterous wintery evening.

Anon, footsteps and the chinking of earthenware are heard, combined with savoury fumes, too delicious to be described. The most epicurean member of the best London club is not a whit more favoured than we are at this moment; and who would venture to affirm that the good Earl of Shaftesbury—the elected chief of costerdom—would not have been of our number, had Mr. Lewkens happened to call and give

his lordship an intimation of what was in the wind? The tea and bread and butter are supplemented by hot smoking sausages, raised pie, and such other things as our hospitable host thought necessary for our meal and entertainment. Everything is of the best quality, moreover, and nicely cooked; for on such occasions the prestige of Golden-lane has to be worthily maintained. While the preparations are in progress each guest is regarding the scene from his individual stand-point. Mr. Lewkens is sitting very upright, as he always does when he is "cleaned," and sitting at ease; his eyes twinkle, and we know that he could be witty, were he not too hungry to speak. Mr. Topson looks equally benign, as a suppressed smile lights up his broad face. Mr. Noffles manifests more *nonchalance*, which, perhaps, best becomes his years; he seats himself at the table with the air of a city veteran, who is no stranger either to good cheer or to good company.

We were not mistaken in our expectations regarding the effect that the tea and viands would probably exercise on the tongues of the company. The red face of Mr. Topson resembles a little sun shedding its beams of good-humour over the table. Mr. Lewkens obliges us with one or two of his most approved *bon-mots*, while Mr. Noffles begins to be communicative, his natural reserve being thawed by sundry draughts of tea and a liberal share of pork sausages.

"Noffles," says Mr. Orsman, "we should like to have *your* history; you have never told us it yet, you know."

Mr. Noffles indulges in another draught of his favourite fragrant beverage, takes the dish which Mr. Topson has handed from the centre of the table, and assists himself to a fresh supply, adroitly pouring the fat into his plate, as much as to say, "Sausages first and history afterwards." We venture to enquire how long ago it is since our friend was converted.

"Oh, four or five year."

We wish to be informed how and when Mr. Noffles received his first impressions of gospel truth.

"Oh, down there at a ranters' meetin' in the Hackney-road. A lot of chaps was there that night who for a spree turned off the gas, and let loose a lot of sparrers."

"But you were not one of the roughs," says Mr. Orsman; "what made *you* go?"

"Oh, I went jest for curiosity."

"Yes, you went and got caught after all those years. How old are you, Noffles?"

"Over sixty—the wrong side of sixty."

"No, no, the RIGHT SIDE," somebody calls out; "the nearest side to heaven, you know, must be the right side."

The old man had used a conventional phrase, without duly considering his words. By a quiet smile, however, he fully acquiesced in the justice of the reproof. Ah, yes, to be over sixty was to be on the right side of sixty.

But Mr. Noffles is aware that we have asked him for the history of his life; and, having partaken unsparingly of the delicacies on our liberally-furnished table, he begins to look and feel like a man should look [and feel who scorns to deny a neighbour anything. Then the

empty sausage-dish showed that any difficulties of that kind in the way of proceeding were permanently removed.

"I was brought up in the tortershell line," began Mr. Noffles,* "not a bad trade, and I was apprenticed to my father. I left the tortershell makin' like this here. I 'ad a brother, and me and 'im couldn't agree. One day, as I was a leavin' the shop and goin' down the stairs, he pitched a naked file at me, which lodged in the back of my neck, and I made up my mind then and there that I wouldn't work where he was no more. I made no more ado, but ran away from home to try my luck in another place. At that time I 'ad a uncle in the butchering way at Stevenage, so I went to him and told him my troubles. He listened to what I said, looked at me, and then offered to let me turn in along with him. 'Go on into the slaughterhouse,' he said; so I set to work, and got on very well with the work. I hadn't been there long afore my friends in London heard of me, and my father came down to Stevenage. 'Halloa, me lord,' he said, when he saw me dressed up in my butcher's clothes, 'Halloa, me lord, how now?' 'I've took to the butcherin', father.' 'So I see,' he said; 'and suppose I was to send you to prison for breaking your indentures?' He was very wild, but I was independent, for I was then jest on a man of seventeen. 'Look you here, father,' I says, 'indentures or no indentures, prison or no prison, I aint a-coming back to work any more along with Bob—there aint a house big enough to hold him and me together.'"

Tea is now quite finished, and the company are invited "to draw round the fire." It is still raining and blowing without, and on that account we feel all the more cozy and sociable.

Mr. Noffles now proceeds with his narrative:—"I met with a accident while I was stopping with my uncle. One day I was drivin' some beasts along a lane, and wantin' to get afore 'em I ran into a field and along a hedge; but as the road was a cuttin', I soon found myself twenty or thirty feet above the heads of the cattle. In tryin' to get down I somehow or other slipped, and catchin' my foot in a loop I hung head downwards, until by wriggling about I managed to release myself, and fell to the ground. I hurt my ancle very much, and for a time had to walk with a crutch. The doctors wanted to lance it; but no, no; no lancing for me. I bore the pain, and at last, little by little, forced my boot on again."

"You'd have been lame all your life if you'd had it lanced," some one remarks.

Mr. Noffles thinks that he probably should have been crippled; but proceeds to relate how he "turned up" his uncle the butcher. His uncle does not appear to have been particularly kind, beyond wanting plenty of work done for limited wages. The nephew, however, resolved that they should part. He was a self-reliant fellow, of an independent spirit, and in those days was full of pluck. In his own way, too, he was a moraliser, and he came to the conclusion that it was a bad thing to work for relations.

* We give the substance of what the old coster said, and do not profess to report him *ipsissima verba*. Persons on the *right side* of sixty, when speaking about themselves, show a strong tendency towards prolixity.

"I settled in me mind that I wouldn't work no more for relations. Why? Because they werks yer 'arder than sarvents, and aint ever satisfied. I made up my mind, too, that I wouldn't work for religious people either—the people who don't mind who's at work while they are at church."

Of course Mr. Noffles referred to *pseudo*-religious people; in those days he could not, as he can now, distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit. Here a slight pause occurs; and our host enquires if any gentleman would like to take a cup of coffee.

Mr. Lewkens, who is sitting quite as upright as he was an hour ago, does not care if he does take a drink; Mr. Topson is much obliged; while Mr. Noffles looks as though he thought it was quite the exact thing in good society to have coffee handed round at eight o'clock.

The old coster had come to the end of his first taste of country experience; now for something about London. He came up to the capital quite determined that he would not be dependent on relations, or have any more to do with the "to-tershell" trade. He would persevere in the butchering, though as yet he had no prospect of immediate employment. It will be well for our friend to continue his narrative as nearly in his own words as we can recollect.

"I was walkin' along Old-street one Sunday morning, and came agin a butcher at his own door. 'Want a crib, youngster?' says he; 'Well, yes, I'm open to let myself, all things sooting,' I says; 'wot's yer hoffer?' 'Half-a-crown a week and extrys, and all found,' he says. 'Won't wash, gnv'nor,' I says. But after a while we came to an agreement. I said I'd give him a trial, anyhow. On the next day I went with my clothes, and put my box down, and says I, 'don't you take it upstairs, for I hardly think we shall soot, and if we don't soot, yer know, I'm off.'"

Many of the things which the old man related about the London of forty years ago would be out of place in a magazine intended for family reading. The premises on which he was now engaged were filthy and disorderly when compared with the establishment of the country butcher at Stevenage. Though the wages were low, the allowed perquisites amounted on the average to thirty-five shillings weekly for each journeyman, all of which money was recklessly squandered in drink and "pleasure." The working hours were exceedingly protracted, and the jaded men attempted to renew their failing strength by enormous allowances of spirits. To use the old man's own expression, they drank grog "by bucketfuls." He said that butchers take no care of themselves, but "drink a terrific lot. Butchers and sailors drink more than any sect of men goin'"

What an iron constitution the man must have had; and if this, with his powers of endurance and native energy, could have been properly utilised, we feel certain that Mr. Noffles would have become a man of means and influence. He worked well-nigh day and night, Sunday afternoon and evening, as his only time of relaxation, being spent at a large tavern in the City-road; and in a measured, sad voice, the old fellow tells us that this place was "wuss" then than it is now. So "fast" was he becoming in his life that his father, who was still in "the torter-shell line," came forward and interfered, until the young butcher

consented to go to Birmingham; but human nature being the same in the provinces as in London, there was no sign of reformation. He did not think of religion for nearly sixty years; he never would have thought of it had not sovereign grace stopped him in his mad career to send the convicting arrow to his heart. We do not believe there is a more sincere Christian associated with the Golden-lane Mission; but an indescribable feeling of shame seems to come over him when he speaks about his conversion—that late, though not too late, change; Mr. Noffles drops his voice, shakes his head ominously, and looks straight into the fire; we know well enough what he means—he is bitterly regretting that the devil should have had the years of life's prime, and Christ nothing better than a few days of age and weakness.

He was still very young when he removed to Birmingham, and there he lived quite as fast as he had done in London. It would serve no good purpose to recount all his adventures; but what he said about servant girls showed that any of that class risk most dreadful consequences by "keeping company" with young men about whose character there is any uncertainty, and who frequently befool two or three sweethearts at the same time. At Birmingham a fall from a horse so disabled him that he had to relinquish the butchering; and the old man graphically described the scene in the local "horsepital," when a couple of amazon nurses rubbed some burning restorative into his wounds, the women's hands and the patient's "hollerin'" keeping time together. Having sufficiently recovered, he found himself under the necessity of seeking some new occupation; and with surprising readiness he took to shoemaking. He had a wife, he said, and he had some teeth; the wife also had good teeth, so that he felt obliged to pick up what crumbs he could. He became thoroughly accustomed to "occasioning"—*i.e.*, seeking work in the trade; learned all about "blinding the Quaker"—*i.e.*, heelballing an accidental cut until it is invisible, and so progressed in the art generally that he could make a "Wellington" with the best hands. Thinking that he should improve his condition, he removed once more to London, where, overtaken by illness, he lay for a time in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and finally had to abandon St. Crispin's patronage for the sake of health.

"I told the doctor it was my bread, but it was of no use; says he, you must give it up, you must not keep the eye in one focus." With characteristic genius he now turned his attention to umbrella making, and in a few weeks could do the work as well as a thoroughly practised artizan. Mr. Noffles' original master in this new "line" was not a very satisfactory character, hence, did not "soot;" and so telling the manufacturer that "a rogue and an honest man can never agree," Mr. Noffles "turned him up" and sought his fortune further afield, still in the same trade. His next master was a Jews' "middleman;" and although some trouble was taken to have a proper agreement, because, as the old man remarked, "a right understandin' makes long frens'," there were still crosses to be borne.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lewkens is sitting no less upright than he was in the early part of the evening, and he looks as though he admired the coster on account of his surprising adventures. Mr. Topson's mind is

of a more practical turn, and so before parting company from the umbrellas he asks pointedly, "How much a week?"

"A guinea," replies Mr. Noffles in a humble tone—a little time before he had accustomed himself to spending over thirty shillings a week on "pleasure."

Whether unsatisfactory or not, Mr. Topson allows the "guinea a week" to pass with no further comment than a nod betokening that the speaker is at liberty to proceed. We abridge the remainder of the story for the reader's entertainment.

"When I'd 'ad enough of the umbrella trade I says to my wife, 'I'll 'ave a basket and go swopping earthenware.' 'No, no,' she says, 'don't *you* be so fond of change.' But I 'ad me own way, and got the money by pawning a quilt for ten shillins'. I soon become knowed on the round, and one lady says to me one day, 'Why don't yer knock when you pass?' 'No mum,' I says, 'I never knocks nowhere; I only hollers.' I used to carry a couple of old umbrellas, one bone and the other cane, all slit on purpose, and I'd open one of these in the street and holler out, 'Who'll have eighteenpence for one like this?' In a minit a door would open and some one would stand with a article, 'Here my man, will you give eighteenpence for this?' I'd take it and look, and if it was cane I'd say, 'Yes mum, if it was bone like this one I would; and if it was bone I'd say, 'Yes mum, I would if it was only cane like this one here.' So I had 'em both ways."

We were glad to hear our old friend confess that he had always maintained a certain standard of commercial honour. Whatever he said he would do he always rigidly performed; and this trait in his character became so well known that people would allow him to carry away old clothes or rags, when he had not sufficient cash to pay the value down, and he would take the money on the following day. He said that he was always right for the week in those days if he had but a shilling to trade with, and out of that insignificant capital he has made as much as three pounds fifteen shillings between Monday morning and Saturday night. He left the "swopping" for the costermongering business, and in this he will probably end his days. It is now past nine o'clock, and as Mr. Noffles has to preside at a meeting below-stairs, he takes his leave with many expressions of good will.

When the old man has retired it is agreed on all hands that he has seen a good deal of life in his day. Mr. Topson has also an eventful experience to tell of, and he half promises to write the story down on paper. Then there is Mr. Lewkens. "Ah, Lewkens," says Mr. Orsman, "You have never told us all of your history yet." The witty sweep has no objection to talk if the company are agreeable, and so gives some account of himself in something like the following words:—

"I am fifty years of age; Hertford is my native place, and I begun the climbing of chimneys when I was seven. I ran away from my first master, for the youngsters at that time were treated like slaves. The night I ran away I remember getting on to a chair to cut off a piece of pudding that was on a dish, and this I took away. My master took a horse and came after me, and when he came up he says, 'You like

pudden', don't you ?' and I says 'Yes,' and then he took me back with him. Soon after I ran away again, and got all right to London."

In London his energies have not altogether been directed towards excelling in the chimney-sweeping profession, though one day his devotion to this business nearly cost him his life, as he had to be "cut out" of a chimney in Aldermanbury. He worked as a navvy at the building of the Crystal Palace; he has tried a sherbet can, and he might have succeeded as a coster had he not experienced an insatiable craving for the largest gooseberries on his barrow. At present Mr. Lewkens perseveres in the black but useful calling, judiciously relieving its monotony by carpet beating, and a little window cleaning. In his spare hours he also delights to engage in any Christian work for which he is eligible, such as open-air preaching and Sunday-school teaching. He blows the organ-bellows at a chapel, where he hears good sermons; on this account he cannot join in the hymns, but he can ask the Lord to put His Spirit in the people's hearts while they are singing. "We can all preach with our lives," he says. He further tells us that he was lately at a meeting of Christians, when he felt a desire to speak, but the devil said, "don't;" he rose, however, and gave illustrations of God's love from the care he takes of the sparrows. He has also known sore trials, having ere now put the kettle on the fire for breakfast without possessing anything to eat; yet somehow or other the food has come, and it would have showed a want of faith not to have the kettle ready.

Mr. Orsman now relates a circumstance which his friend Lewkens well remembers. Early one wintery morning the former lay, as he tells us, in bed, half dozing and half awake. Just at that time he happened to be extremely low-spirited, consequent on a severe domestic affliction, and as he lay in a state of dreaminess he heard some sweet well-known words sung by an unknown voice:

"I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home."

The hymn and the singer now both formed part of a pleasant dream, and the words fell like balm of Gilead into a wounded heart:

"And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home."

On coming down stairs Mr. Orsman told a friend of his dream, when it transpired that the singer was Mr. Lewkens, who had that morning called to sweep a chimney.

Such was our social party, and such were the guests; each one being a fair specimen of the fruits of mission work in London. Many of the converts remain in the old locality until they pass away, but the influence of the workers is also extended to distant shores. Not a few who have learned of Christ in this dingy mission-hall emigrate to the United States and to the British Provinces, to carry the gospel with them, and to cherish feelings of lively gratitude towards the agents

who were instrumental in their conversion. The following quaintly illiterate letter is from one of these converts, and while characteristic of the writer and of his class, it will prove interesting to many readers:—

2 . 20 . 74—Uxbridge P.O., Ontaria, Canada.

Dear Sir & brother in the Lord, it has been a long time cince i wrote to you & it gives me a great deal of pleasure to write a few lines to you at this time. i am happy to tell you that I am geting on well, in fact has well as i can expect. there is plenty of work for all to do, in fact all the inhabitance of Canada could not do the work. there is a consent cry for more men and woman. woman indeed is so few that they cannot be got for love of money. i believe that there are meny who would come out to this country, only for the cold weather. i am glad to say that our winter this year has been very open. we have had very little snow in comparison to what we had last year, the year privous to the present, we had only 5 feet of snow in the bush or in the woods, so that the teams could draw their sawloges to the mills, so that they could be cut into lumber, but this year waggons have been running a great deal of the time. all last winter i & Mr. Lee wos out choping wood, standing in snow up to our wayst, but that is nothing for the snow keeps us warm. indeed Sir, it is better to have a good lot of snow than to have a little, because it is not so cold. this winter i am working in a shas and door factory. it is a geranal plaining mills, but i am making fanning mills what the farmers have to clean their grain. i have been buillding houses in the summer, & Mr. Lee with me, we have been together ever cince we left home. home did i say, ar there is somthing dear in that word home. the word home fills my heart with pleasure to think of the home i Love. i love it not because there are those that are dear to my soul, althrough that is great and good, but there is dear old Golden lane, not that it is dear in it self, but there is somthing that makes my heart throub and pant to see that place i think so much so much of, because Sir, it has been the birth place of my soul. can you wonder that i should think of it as i do, when thoughts flashes in my memmery of 6 years ago when i first put my head in that building, and result that follow that event. on the first of september 1874, it will be 6 years cince God for Christ sake spoke peace to my soul. that place that has been the means on making a man of me. do not think it is the case with me as the Old proverbe said, Out of Sight Out of mind. i believe that if i wanted to forget you and all the dear friends of golden lane i could not. May Heaven withal its granger, Spread its mild radence over you and your work. May Heaven smile upon you and all your helpers with the sweet fraggence of a Loving Christ. May God spere you still to labour in his vinyard, that golden lane so called, May be enriched with his Salvation for Christ sake is the prear of yours in Christ, Mr. G. H. B.

That letter is an effective testimony to the general success of Mr. Orsman's efforts; but at our social party we have learned something more than this; we have learned that the poorest of the people frequently inherit talents such as would enable them to excel in business or even higher pursuits; yet wanting that general sobriety of character which kinship with Christ would ensure, they make shipwreck of nature's capital, and end their days in indigence, if not in actual misery. We rejoice with Mr. Noffles, who finishes his life-story by declaring that he has found the pearl of great price in his old age; but we more heartily congratulate "Mr. G. H. B.," the young, strong, active Canadian artisan, whose affections in the land of his adoption still cling to one spot more closely than to any other on earth—the retreat of his clan, the home of his fathers, the play-ground of his youth—"*Dear old Golden-lane . . . the birthplace of my soul.*"

Some thoughts on Matthew xxvi. 39.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN.

"Let this cup pass from me."

THE usual exposition of this passage assumes that the agony of the Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane, when he sweat as it were great drops of blood, was occasioned mainly—if not exclusively—by the outpouring upon him, as the sin-bearer, of the wrath of God. That he was then making expiation for the sins of the world. That then the sword of divine justice was unsheathed and thrust into the very soul of him who was taking the sinner's place. And that the tremendous load he was bearing forced from his holy—yet *human*—nature the bitter prayer, "Let this cup pass from me."

In a late number of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," a different exposition is proposed. The honoured and greatly-beloved author of that sermon suggests that the agony in the garden may have been the result of a conflict between the Saviour and his "*alter ego;*" that the Saviour was, as it were, contending with himself; balancing the reasons for and against his undergoing the fearful suffering which he must experience in making an expiation for human guilt; and in which his determination to proceed to the bitter end triumphed over every other suggestion.

Where so little is revealed, we are bound to enquire with great reverence and caution. But it may at once be stated, that neither of these views seems entirely satisfactory. Both of them seem inconsistent with the avidity—if such a word may be here employed—with which the Saviour anticipated his great sufferings. In view of these sufferings his language is, "I have a baptism with which to be baptised, and how am I *straitened* until it be accomplished." "What shall I say? Father, save me from this hour? But for this cause came I unto this hour."

May there not be some other exposition of the passage which will relieve it of the possible appearance of weakness and vacillation on the part of the Saviour; and yet be perfectly consistent with those views of his sufferings, as the expiation of human guilt, which the orthodox church has held in all ages?

In order to a possible answer to this question, it will be necessary to remember that the inspired apostle to the Gentiles distinctly draws a parallel between Adam and Christ, as the first and second Adam. The first Adam fell before the power of the tempter. But if Christ is to take fully the place of the first Adam, he must stand, where the other fell. He must honour the law by a perfect obedience, even under the most trying temptation, where the first Adam dishonoured it by disobedience. And when he had gained a complete victory over temptation, and stood firm and steadfast in his obedience, then the first part of his work would have been accomplished. It will then remain for him to expiate the guilt of the first Adam, and of his posterity, by bearing the wrath of God poured out without mixture.

Now, had this first part of the necessary work of the Saviour been

fully accomplished? Some may point to his temptations in the wilderness as the complete vanquishing of Satan. But is it so? Are we not expressly told at the termination of that conflict, "then the devil leaveth him *for a season?*" Can we regard that encounter in the desert, at the very beginning of the Saviour's public ministry, as having exhausted *all* the powers of the tempter?

Does not the Saviour distinctly tell his disciples, only a little while before this scene in Gethsemane begins, that "the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me?"

If, then, it may be supposed that a final struggle would take place between the tempter and the tempted, we may be assured that Satan would do his best to retrieve his former defeat. It is hell's last opportunity. The three years of our Lord's public ministry have satisfied Satan, if he may be supposed to have had any doubts about it before, when he said, "if thou be the Son of God," that this was truly that seed of the woman which was to bruise his head. Hence we may conceive of him as bringing all his power and hellish malice to bear upon the Saviour's mind. Horrible blasphemies fill the ear of the pure and holy Son of God. Wicked suggestions come in swarms. His soul is filled with them. He turns from them with intensest loathing; and prays that this cup—unknown until tasted—may pass from him. But the prayer is not answered. His soul, yearning for kindred sympathy in these most trying circumstances, seeks it at the hands of his chosen disciples. But they are sleeping; and thus incapable of ministering the needed sympathy. Satan intensifies his assault. With a deeper anguish the Saviour a second time prays that he may be spared a further infliction of this cup; but again adds, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." A second time he is impelled to seek some fellowship from his again sleeping disciples. An angel appears strengthening him, in answer to the prayers which he had offered up with strong crying and tears; fearing, it may be, that his bodily powers might sink under the accumulated load that he was bearing. But the final onset is as unsuccessful as either of the preceding. Satan is completely vanquished by the Saviour, not for himself only, but for man. Hell has summoned all its powers for the last testing engagement; and has been ignominiously defeated by the Saviour, single-handed and alone! Our Jesus has triumphed over the combined powers of the realm of darkness! The agony is over. The victory is won. And the Saviour returns to his disciples, calm and composed, to meet the approaching band of the traitor.

In support of this view of the probable cause of the Saviour's agony in the garden, it may not be out of place to notice the language of his prayer. It is "let *this* cup pass from me"—(Τοῦτο seems here to be emphatic). But when, a little afterwards, he is seized by the armed band under Judas, he says to Peter, "*the* cup which my father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?" He here evidently makes a distinction between the cup his father had given him to drink, and the cup which was pressed to his lips in Gethsemane, and concerning which he prayed that it might pass from him.

If, on the other hand, he had been drinking in the garden of the cup which his father had given him to drink, on what psychological principles

can we account for the sudden change in his spirits and conduct? When he comes to his disciples the last time; when he meets those who had come out to apprehend him, he appears perfectly calm and self-possessed. But if he has just been engaged with, and has finally and for ever vanquished his and man's great foe, we may more easily understand his calmness and serenity, as he goes forward to meet the new form of trial which awaits him. Having met and vanquished Satan, he says to his human enemies, "this is *your* hour and the power of darkness."

Then, too, when he comes to the three disciples and found them sleeping, he mournfully says to them, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." How peculiarly appropriate that word "temptation," if he himself were then truly in conflict with the tempter.

If the Saviour were drinking of the bitter cup of divine wrath, in the garden, we can scarcely think of an angel being sent to strengthen him. He is not forsaken of his Father in the garden. On the contrary, he prays to him to "let this cup" pass from him. There comes a time in his sufferings when the father hides his face, and then the Saviour cries, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." Then his heart breaks with grief, and he gives up the ghost.

If the foregoing suggestions be founded in truth, the final sufferings of the Saviour consisted of three parts, each distinct and separable from one another.

First:—The purely spiritual conflict with Satan; in which all the powers of darkness were defeated. This assault may have been somewhat similar in character, although infinitely more intense, to that which his people are sometimes called to endure. But there was this difference. In the case of his people it is tempered. "He will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear." In the case of the Saviour, there was no restriction. All that this lower world could do, it did. Its mightiest power was met and overthrown.

Second:—The human element in the conflict. This includes all that his human enemies did, from the time of his arrest until they saw him yield up his spirit. This part of his sufferings is not wholly unknown to his followers. The jeers, the scorn, the ridicule, the ill-treatment, the agonies of death by crucifixion—these have all been experienced, at least partially, by some of his followers.

Third:—The Divine element, the wrath of God; the sword of divine justice smiting God's fellow. This was more than he could bear. He sunk beneath it, broken-hearted.

In what this consisted, it is not given creatures to know. It must ever remain unknown. It was the Eternal Father smiting to death his Eternal Son. Over this the veil must be for ever drawn.

Praying like an Angel.

BY W. NOTCUTT.

ONE said, that *such an one prayed like an Angel.* It was a very unwary expression; for if a man can pray no better than an angel, the meanest Christian can pray better than he.

For,

1. An angel has no sin to confess, no corruptions to bewail, no pride nor unbelief to ask pardon for, and no temptations to ask help against. An angel can praise God better than the best Christian here below, but the humblest Christian can pray better than an angel.

2. If by praying like an angel, he meant, with eloquent expressions; that may not be the most acceptable prayer with God. That prayer, which is like the chattering of a crane or a swallow, if sincere, and offered up in the name and strength of Christ, and with a dependence on his merits, may be more pleasing to God than the other's fine words; for it is the heart, and not the expressions, that God looks to. That prayer which is but like groaning can reach the ear of a prayer-hearing God. "My groanings are not hid from thee," Psalm xxxiii. 9. "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," was but a short prayer, yet it had a gracious answer.

3. If by praying like an angel, he means, with warm affections; it must be confessed, our prayers should not be slothful: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," James v. 16. But as it should be fervent, so it must be the prayer of a righteous man; that is,

(1.) One clothed with the righteousness of Jesus Christ; for it is Christ's merits, and not the fervency of our spirit in prayer, or the warmth of the heart, that gives it acceptance with God.

(2.) It must be the prayer of one that is righteous and holy in his conversation. Psalm lxvi. 18—"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." "God heareth not sinners," John ix. 31. That is, such as love and live in sin. And though I can neither praise like an angel, nor pray as some Christians, yet may I never be unthankful; may I mourn as a dove, under a due sense of sin, and ever be kept humble, under a sense of my own weaknesses and shortcomings; leaving myself and my poor performances at the feet of Jesus Christ, that he may perfume all with much incense.

A Word for Perfectionists.

BY OLD MASTER BROOKS.

"For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not."

THESE words, in their absolute sense, are a full testimony of the imperfection of our inherent righteousness in this life, and that even justified persons come very short of that exact and perfect obedience which the law requireth: James iii. 2, "For in many things we offend all"; or, as the Greek hath it, "we stumble all." It is a metaphor taken from travellers walking on stony or slippery ground,

who are very apt to stumble or slide. The apostle was worthily called James the Just, and yet he numbers himself among the rest of the sanctified ones, that in many things offend all. The apostle does not say, in many things *they* offend all, but in many things *we* offend all. We that have more gifts than others, we that have more grace than others, we that have more assurance than others, we that have more experiences than others, we that have more preservatives to keep us from sin than others, even we in many things offend all. The apostle doth not say in *some* things we offend all, but in *many* things we offend all; the apostle speaking not of the singular individual acts of sin, but of the divers sorts of sin. And the apostle does not say, in many things we *may* offend all, but in many things we *do* offend all: 1 John i, 8, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." The apostle does not say, If *thou* sayest thou hast no sin, thou deceivest thyself, as if he spake to some particular person only; but if *we* say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves. Nor does the apostle say, If *ye* say ye have no sin, ye deceive yourselves, as if he intended weak or ordinary Christians alone, but if *we* say we have no sin we deceive ourselves; we apostles, we that in all grace, and in all holiness, and in all spiritual enjoyments exceed and excel all others, even we sin as well as others. He that is so ignorant and so impudent, so saucy and so silly, as to say he has no sin, sins in saying so, and has no sincerity, no integrity, and no ingenuousness in him: ver. 10, "If we say we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us." As much as in us lies we make God a liar, if we say we have not sinned. He that says he has no sin, or does no sin, he does by consequence charge God with falsehood, who hath frequently told us in that word of grace, which cannot deceive us, that all men are sinners, and that they have all gone astray, and that they all need pardoning and purging grace, and that upon these very accounts he sent his beloved Son to lay down his dearest life, and to make himself an offering for sin, Isa. liii. 3, Rom. x. 23 and v. 12, &c. From these scriptures these two things are most evident: *first*, that sinful qualities do remain in the most sanctified persons; *secondly*, that these sinful qualities are sometimes very prevalent over the most sanctified persons.

A line or two from M'Cheyne.

THERE is a text in Romans xv. 13 which expresses all my desire for you: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." You see here who is the author of conversion—"the God of hope." He must open your heart to attend to the things that are spoken. The truths that are presented to you will not convert your heart: the God of hope must breathe on your heart, and water it oft. When Jesus unveils his matchless beauty, and gives you a sweet glimpse of his matchless face, that was buffeted and spit upon, then the soul joyfully clings to him. This is believing, and this is joy and peace in believing. The truest, purest joy flows from a discovery of Jesus Christ. But how much joy may you have in Christ? "The God of hope *fill* you with all joy." You need not be afraid to take the full joy that Jesus gives. If you really come unto Christ, you come unto the love of Jehovah, and that is a filling love.

Letter from our Brethren in Madrid.

Beloved C. H. Spurgeon,

YOU will remember that when we spoke together at your house about our work in Spain, we intimated our intention shortly to leave Madrid for another centre of work. In the north are two provinces, Asturias and Gallicia, in which, at present, there is not a single labourer stationed, and little or no work has as yet been attempted in these two places. Towards them our eyes have been turned, and about them we have prayed.

On the 9th of February we set out from Madrid to spy out the land. We crammed our box and portmanteaux with portions of the Word of God, thousands of tracts, and many copies of an Evangelical paper, *El Cristiano*. Between Madrid and Oviedo we had good opportunities for distributing these and of reading and preaching the Word. The fastest train you can get here stops at every station, and at some of them the stay is prolonged twenty minutes and half an hour. At almost every station our books were produced; and we had only an occasional refusal. Between Valladolid and Leon, on the production of the books, quite a company gathered, to whom we read and spoke. They listened attentively to the "new thing:" and when our train started again, a man in the carriage said, "It seems strange to me to see two private gentlemen like you speaking about God and Christ, and thus giving these pamphlets away gratuitously." The interest of all our fellow travellers had been aroused, and we seized this as an opportunity at once to give them our reasons for such conduct, and of preaching the gospel to them. About twenty men listened attentively to the story of the cross.

At Leon (a very bigoted town) we began as usual. At first few would look at us. One man, however, commenced to cry out against the "protestantes." He tore up his tract and burnt it. Another helped him; and their noise brought what we were seeking—a good congregation, to whom we both gave our books and spoke of the "*only* name."

We took coach over the beautiful mountain range that divides Leon from Asturias. We never had beheld such a scene before. The name of our God is excellent in all the earth. If not sung by those who know His name, yet His works proclaim His eternal power and Godhead. Certainly the cold calm brows of those everlasting hills, which clad by snow pierce the skies, sing creation's song. Among these hills and dales, where the name of our Jesus has seldom if ever been heard, except as an oath on unhallowed lips, we scattered messengers of mercy; and when "the bells on the horses' necks" by ceasing to tinkle, indicated that the "diligence" had finished another stage of the journey, we spoke to the little groups that presented themselves.

In Oviedo they would show you an ivory crucifix carved by Nicodemus, the identical sandals which St. Peter wore, or some of the Virgin's milk in good condition, preserved in a metal box. There also they have the Saviour's shroud, which they exhibit to the people thrice each year. Rome, ritualism, and ignorance are inseparable; and though they may have the shroud which was left in the grave, Christ himself keeps company with none of them. The devil is willing either to use a "nehustan," a pair of old slippers, or even the shrouds of dead men, or (as in many of the churches of our country) living ones. He only wants *to hide Christ*.

Well, in this place also we went out with our books to the market-place, and gave away a good number. Time did not permit us to tarry there, however, and we started for the station to go to Gijon. Of the departure of the train we had been wrongly informed; and we saw it moving away before getting to the station. We left our luggage, and by that time the crowd in the cloak room showed we were persons of interest. A number of students from the University came in to look at us, as you may have seen persons go into the Zoological gardens. The priests circulate all kinds of lies about protestants,

such as, that they are a vicious set, who neither believe in God, Christ, Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, nor the Virgin. To the students we spoke as students. We gave them two or three quotations from the Latin Bible, things of high esteem amongst the religious part of the community here. This drew their attention; and then we took out our Bible and read and spoke to them, not about purgatory, but of Him who saves from hell and from sin. They listened and seemed to change their minds about us during the short address; afterwards, while waiting for the next train, we walked about the town with them, and one of their number refused to separate from us even when at seven o'clock at night we were called before the magistrates, for before them we were called, and after leaving them we were conducted by two police officers to the house of the governor of the province. The priests had laid complaints, and, although there is liberty to pipe and fiddle any nonsense that Vanity-fair's friends may desire, we were informed that giving tracts on the streets might end in a breach of the peace. Of course there was religious liberty, yet such was looked on and condemned just now from a *civil* point of view. We were dismissed with a caution.

We did similar work at Gijon from house to house; and before leaving it, standing on the ship in which we had embarked for Corunna, we gave tracts to those who stood on the quay, and to the congregation, which extended more than the length of our ship, we read a part of the third of John, and preached the gospel from it.

"You could not have done that a few years ago," said an English captain on the next ship, when we had finished. "A good man whom I know, formerly my captain, brought such books and gave them here. He was nearly caught by the authorities, and until recently has not dared to show his face in Gijon." Noble fellow! May God bless him and all such godly captains!

Well, on our way to Corunna, we called at Rivadeo, Castropol, and Figueras, three small towns near one another. At Corunna we went to the ships in the harbour; and, afterwards, permission having been given, we entered into the barracks amongst the 400 soldiers stationed there, with our books.

Thence we came to Madrid again by Vigo, Oporto, and Ciudad Real, having been absent just sixteen days.

We now think of making Corunna our centre of work; will you pray for us and ask prayer on our behalf at the Monday evening prayer meetings? We wish to be more and more confirmed as to removing to Corunna; and we long to see God amongst the Spaniards in revival and quickening power.

Dear President,—We cannot forget your much love and great-heartedness. May God give you better health; may your useful life long, yea, very long, be spared to occupy the high position which the Lord has given you in His Church. This we do not write as a mere cold compliment, but from our hearts.

Yours very affectionately,

Jorge Juan, 13-14°. dra., Madrid, March 23, 1875,

THOS. BLAMIRE
J. P. WIGSTONE.

A Mystery on the Ocean Bottom.

BY JAMES TODD.

FAR down in the deep waters of the ocean there are mountains and rocks, and valleys and caves, just as there are up in our world.

Sometimes the sailor drops the lead attached to a cord, and it will sink down not far, and then again at a little distance, it will sink down, down very far. In the first place it fell upon a mountain, and then in a valley. Were the great ocean dried up, we should see wonders there.

At the foot of one of these mountains in the ocean, there was a kind of tea-party met, consisting of Mrs. Eel, Mrs. Lobster, Mrs. Cod, Mrs. Shrimp,

Mrs. Flounder, and Mrs. Nautilus. The fact was, a curious event had happened, and they were met to discuss it. A long, small thing had come creeping down the mountain and across the valley, and along it went on the ocean's bottom, so long that they could see no end to it either way. Gently it came down and lay still on the bottom of the ocean.

"Mrs. Eel," says Mrs. Lobster, "is not this some relation of yours? It looks more like one of the eel family than anything else."

"I would have you to know," said Mrs. Eel, squirming and twisting herself every way, "that an eel has a head and a tail and fins; and don't you see this has none? An eel keeps moving; and don't you see this don't move at all? How could you think it was an eel?"

"I thought it was a worm," said Mrs. Cod, "and I tried to bite it. Whew! it almost broke my teeth out. It's nothing that I can eat; though you know, Mrs. Lobster, I can eat a whole family of lobsters if they are not too old."

"I tell you what *I* think," said little Mrs. Shrimp. "It's a thing for us shrimps to creep on and cling to, and under which to lay our eggs and raise our young."

"It's very plain," said Mrs. Flounder, "it is a scratcher, just for us flounders to swim over and scrape our breasts on."

"You are all wrong," said Mrs. Nautilus. "It's a *thinking machine*."

"A what?" exclaimed all together.

"A thinking machine, I tell you. There are creatures that live up out of the water who *think* a great deal. They send messages, instead of going to carry them. They are curious creatures, and sometimes when I have been up on the top of the water I have seen them. They sail about in great vessels of wood, and when at home have creatures to draw them round."

"Why, what fables you are telling us. Do you expect that we shall believe that creatures can live out of the water?"

"Yes, *they* do. And instead of fins and tails they have two legs, with which they walk."

"A very likely story," said Mrs. Lobster. "When even I, skilful as I am, can't walk on less than a dozen legs, how can they walk on two? What kind of fins have they?"

"They don't have fins; they have arms and hands instead. They seem to be full of *thought*. Now this machine, so long that you, Mrs. Lobster, could not creep to the other end of it in a lifetime, is one of their contrivances. They will stand at one end of it, and send thoughts or messages through to the other end in a moment; and thus they talk to each other hundreds and thousands of miles apart. Even now, while we are looking at it, they are sending their thoughts through it."

"That I don't believe," says Mrs. Cod.

"Neither do I," says Mrs. Eel.

"Why not?"

"Because we can't *see* any thought passing through it."

"No; nor hear it."

"No; nor smell it."

"No; nor feel it. Now you don't think we are such fools as to believe a thing which we can't see, nor hear, nor smell, nor feel, do you? You don't expect us to believe there are creatures who can live out of water, and move without fins, and *think all along the bottom of the ocean*. Oh, Mrs. Nautilus, we are proud to know we are above being deceived by such stories. We don't believe there is any world but our ocean world. Pray what kind of light do they have up there?"

"Oh, it is stronger and purer, and more beautiful than ours. Compared with ours *it is consolidated light*. It's a more glorious state than ours, and the creatures who live there and think so much, are far higher in their nature than we."

"Well, Mrs. Nautilus, that will do for one day. We may as well break up

our party. We can't associate with one who tries to make us believe what we can't understand. We know too much for such deception."

At that Mrs. Lobster opened her great claw as if she would crush poor Mrs. Nautilus, and Mrs. Cod rolled her eyes and snapped her great jaws. Mrs. Eel twisted and darted here and there, and Mrs. Shrimp swelled, and Mrs. Flounder turned her eyes and looked sideways.

Alas, poor creatures! just as wise as the Sadducees and such like people, who say, "There is neither angel nor spirit," nor a higher state than this, *because they cannot* comprehend it.

On the necessity of Paradox.

THIS is an unpalatable doctrine, which especially demands impartial openness to conviction. When we meet with an opinion that is opposite to our own preconceived notions, our natural tendency is to resist it as an unwelcome intruder, and the weapon readiest to hand is a charge of paradox. The real meaning, as intended in the title, of this much-wronged word is, a statement at variance with received opinion [παρὰ δόξαν]; one which Sir Oracle would pronounce contrary to common sense. We may at once admit that luxuriant growths of paradox have frequently sprung up, with not a grain of truth in the whole crop; such may be dismissed as unworthy of consideration. It will suffice to notice two classes of paradoxes, both of necessary occurrence in the progress of knowledge; one in which the received opinion is false, when the contradiction is real, marks a province reclaimed from the wastes of ignorance, and is utterly uncongenial to those born blind; the other class includes those cases in which the former notion is true, when the paradox is two-sided, each side embodying a truthful view of the subject, and the contrariety being only apparent.

Apart from experience we might infer the necessary existence of paradox *a priori*. Our knowledge being progressive, the process of discovery must give rise to paradoxes of the first-class from time to time. We are told of an African potentate who considered it contrary to all sense and experience that water should become solid. To our forefathers it would have appeared sheer trifling to assert the existence of inhabited antipodes, involving the absurd hypothesis of people walking about head downward, like flies on a ceiling; while to maintain that the earth revolved in its orbit round a fixed sun, when men daily saw with their own eyes the sun travel from east to west, was to promulgate a heretical paradox amenable to the Inquisition and condign penalty. But in this day of fuller light we give free audience to fair argument; bigotry is an exploded mistake against which it is waste of time to inveigh. Be it so, reader, in your particular case; and yet do you not know many among your Christian friends who might be the better for taking warning from these conservative inquisitors of old?

But our object is more especially to consider the other class of paradoxes, those having two apparently contradictory sides, both founded on truth. As a specimen take the sur-rebutting self-contradiction of Paul: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The necessary existence of these paradoxes also is deducible from reason. When minds of limited capacity endeavour to comprehend infinite truth, the effect can only be the comprehension of a part. Different minds will naturally select for acquisition different parts; and the same mind, if it have breadth enough, may comprehend two or more of these different parts, which in such mental conjunction constitute a paradox of the kind now under discussion. Even our natural instincts and mutual affections are higher than reason; how much more likely is it then that in our intuitive aspirations after the only sufficient object of our souls we should find the golden bowl too shallow! Laboriously we

climb the Rock of Ages, and apply ourselves each to clasp a portion of it in our arms, but when, panting and with spent strength, we look around for results, we find our chosen mainstay is not that which our brother has grasped, still less is it the inaccessible, heaven-piercing summit.

Let us endeavour to estimate the intrinsic value of an imputation of paradox. Suppose one recommends the prayerful study of the Bible to a worldly person, the latter is wont self-complacently to reply, "Your religion is paradoxical; I believe my reason was intended for my use, and I intend to use it." Again, suppose a liberal-minded Christian vindicates a falsely stigmatised Arminian from the strictures of an Ultra-Calvinist. A proper method may be to show that God's decreed will and His command to believe do not run counter to one another; but the censor satisfies himself with the plausible argument "I wish to be consistent, and cannot quit my faith for a tissue of paradoxes." Yet in the various departments of nature, in the world of our own eyes, there are paradoxes to confront the inquirer at every step; and much more in the regions of spiritual knowledge is the narrow, inscrutable path of truth, fenced in by innumerable obstacles. To substantiate this statement a few instances are appended of paradoxes both natural and spiritual.

How marvellous is a ray of sunlight, composed of every colour, yet perfectly colourless. Take another example from optics; we know that two lights have more illuminating power than one, nevertheless an optician could show us two strong lights so arranged as to neutralise the luminous waves of each other and produce darkness. But we have no need to search outside ourselves for paradoxes; they occur at the very outset of our metaphysical philosophy. Each individual comprises within himself a miraculous combination of mind and matter, two essences at the very opposite poles of creation, yet interacting and depending one upon the other in a manner inexplicable except by supposing some mysterious infusion into one homogeneous being. And proceeding in this chaotic region of psychology along a logically faultless chain of argument, philosophers* have been landed at their bourne in the phantasmal theory that we have no ground for believing in the existence of either matter or mind abstractedly from our individual perceptions of them, since these perceptions are the only entities that man's consciousness can be cognizant of. Again, in the vexed question of personal identity is involved the paradox that I am the same person I was ten years ago, although of the present constituents of my body and mind not a single atom is identical with those which entered into my composition at the former period. Mathematicians certainly claim infallibility for their science within its own straight limits, howbeit the cabalistic x of algebra can set up a specious pretension to equality with itself doubled, and on the other hand the circle, the geometrician's own familiar creature, obstinately baffles its master's highest skill by refusing to be equalled to its fellow, the square.

Still more demonstrable is the inconsistency of those who, while prepared to stand by or fall with the truth of God's revelation, at the same time insist on determining their walk by the light of reason. What ingenuity can escape from the dilemma arising out of the origin of evil, and incontrovertibly derogating from either the goodness or omnipotence of the Judge of all the earth? This, however, is but one of countless instances. Ralph Venning, with characteristic Puritan perseverance, amassed and published a collection of over 500 orthodox paradoxes, or cases in which a believer clears truth by seeming contradictions, and so thoroughly has he done his work that no apology is necessary for the following extracts from his magazine:—

He (the believer) believes

"That the Father is not the Son, nor the Son the Father, yet that the Father and the Son are one."

"That the Father is greater than the Son, yet the Father and the Son are equal."

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* Berkeley and Hume.

"That God can do all things; yet there is that done in the world which God cannot do."

"That he cannot be justified by the law, and yet that the law cannot but justify him."

"That there is more in Christ that he needs; yet less than all will not content him, nor serve his turn."

"That no man ever yet hated his own flesh; and yet that many hate nothing more than their own flesh."

"That as soon as he begins to live, he begins to die, and that the more his life increaseth, the more it decreaseth, that his birth is the beginning of his death, and yet that as soon as he dies his life begins."

"That a Christian is not to spend all his time in prayer, and yet he is to pray always."

"That all a man's days are numbered, and yet that a man may die before his time."

"That nothing can be done against the will of God (for, who hath resisted His will); and yet that every sin is committed against the will of God."

"That a believer should not seek great things for himself; and yet that believers seek the greatest things for themselves without offending; yea, he believes they should offend if they did not do it."

"That God willeth all men to be saved, and yet that God wills not the salvation of all men."

"That justification is by faith alone, and yet that faith which is alone doth not justify."

"That a saint should not be secure though he be safe, yet that he should not be afraid though he be in danger."

"That reason is not equal in all men, nor perfect in any men, but so weak, fickle, and inconstant in the most of men, that *there is no reason* why any man should lean to his own understanding, and that there is none or little why any man should impose on another, he being so seldom and so little while consistent with himself, who was as confident, *and upon thought-reason*, as confident of the opinion wherein he was, as he is of the opinion wherein he is."

Thus from reason and experience alike we may infer the necessary existence of paradox. The fact is humiliating, may it be an instrument for implanting the scarce exotic grace of humility into our hearts! We are commanded each to esteem others better than himself; how this injunction is observed let our innumerable sects, with their exclusiveness and intolerance, testify. They who have gained an insight into the manysidedness of truth should open their hearts to investigate the tenets of those who differ from them. Among the numerous creeds there can scarcely be any which does not exhibit some one truth at least in an eminent degree of excellence. If we are large-hearted enough to discover this excellence, we cannot but be edified thereby, and may moreover be prevented from opposing some whom the day of judgment may reveal as fellow labourers—more diligent servants than we, is it possible?—in the kingdom of heaven. Fallible and paradoxical as we all are, is there not a merciful fitness in that the precept runs, not to judge one another according to appearance, but to love one another with a pure heart fervently.

The wisdom of the many has found expression in the apophthegm that a thing may be too strange not to be true. In contrast with our hard-headed sceptical generation I find a loveable credulity in the ancient whose mind had been expanded to the thought, *Credo quia impossibile*. When He affirms, who charges with folly the profoundest wisdom of philosophers, ought we not humbly to answer, I believe, though it be incredible. And not only humbly, but cheerfully; for in His sight all things are naked and open; with Him is no shadow of turning; and all Christians are heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ. Then looking forward to the general assembly and church of the first-born made perfect, let us not repine at present imperfections, but dutifully gather the fragmentary scintillations of our allotted knowledge, therewith to form a truer conception

of the unsearchable depths of Omniscience. The composers of our sublimest music, when they would stimulate our feelings to the highest pitch of intensity, sprinkle discordant notes throughout their most moving themes, from the poignancy of such chords constructing an enchantment of undefinable pathos and unimaginable mystery, yet finally resolving the complex, impassioned strains into a cadence of sweet harmony. Much more shall God, the author of all noble inspirations, out of the many seemingly jangled sounds and painful dissonances of our present sphere, create for Himself a transcendent symphony of infinite and eternal concord.

B. SMITH.

Notices of Books.

When books are sent to us for review we will give our honest judgment upon them, but it is unreasonable to expect us to enter into controversies, or even reply to protests. We say this very courteously, but very firmly. Those who do not relish our notices of their books should be careful not to send us any more, but we earnestly urge them not to write to us to complain, for it will only be a loss of their time and postage. We do not ask any one to send their works to us, they can use their own liberty about that: neither do we promise to notice all books sent to us; we claim the liberty of silence, and exercise it at our discretion: but when we have taken the trouble to read and criticise a book we cannot spare further time to justify our criticisms to the author in private. Of course, nobody likes his writing severely handled, and each author believes his own publications to be faultless; and therefore we fear we shall never be able to please all, though we are very sorry to displease even one. There are editors who butter and sugar their clients all round, and we recommend thin-skinned writers to send on their compositions to those amiable gentlemen; as for us, we do not belong to *the Mutual Admiration Society*, and have a very unpleasant way of saying what we think, whether we offend or please. We have sold whole editions of a book by a favourable criticism, because the public believe that our reviews are honest and discriminating; such we mean that they shall be still, and therefore, take notice, ye who want nothing but approbation.

Effie Raymond's Life-Work. By Jeannie Bell. Glasgow: John S. Marr and Sons. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

A touching, tender, holy narrative. The happy combination of pure and undefiled religion, with earnest temperance teaching, commends the story to us, and we shall be greatly disappointed if it does not become a general favourite. Although, according to certain teetotal advocates, the co-operation of non-abstainers is a thing to be despised, we trust that all earnest Christians will pocket the affront, and work none the less for the promotion of temperance in the way which best commends itself to their judgment, and the circulation of such excellent books as the one before us is a most admirable mode of so doing. Sufficient prominence is given to "*the pledge*" to satisfy the most intense advocate of it, but the renewing power of the gospel is put in the forefront, as it ever ought to be.

Bible Months; or the Seasons in Palestine, as illustrative of Scripture. By Wm. H. Groser. Sunday School Union.

We shall only say one sentence about this little book, and that we utter emphatically to all Sabbath school teachers, buy it.

A Father's Letters to his Son upon his Coming of Age. By the late Dr. Urwick, of Dublin. Religious Tract Society.

The name of the late Dr. Urwick is quite sufficient to commend any production of his pen. The letters are judicious, devout, and weighty.

Nuts for Boys to Crack. By JAMES TODD. Bemrose and Sons.

A CAPITAL book for boys. Too well known to need any praise from us. We give an extract elsewhere, to let our readers see the excellent quality of the nuts.

The Image of Christ as Presented in Scripture. By J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

COPIES of human works may be so faithful to the original that it may be impossible to distinguish between them, but when the copy is human and the work divine the case is far different. The spirit of the original, upon which imitation chiefly depends, is less likely to be transferred. We do not, therefore, look in human works for a perfect copy of the image of Christ as presented to us in the Scriptures; and yet such copies have their use, as they may not only lead to the study of the original, but assist greatly in the discovery of its distinguishing peculiarities. Though the image of Christ as presented in this book is one thing, and the image of Christ in Scripture is other, yet we may distinctly recognise all the leading features of the one in the other; while the lines and shades of deviation of the human from the divine are precisely those upon which the true followers of Christ are not universally agreed, and do not affect the resemblance as a whole. Every true Christian will say of the image of Christ, as it is here presented, "This is my Friend and this is my Beloved;" and he who cannot say this, is without Christ and without hope in the world. It is refreshing and re-assuring to those who have their doubts and fears of Continental piety to look upon so clear and faithful a reflection of the image of Christ in the Scriptures, from a Professor of Theology in the University of Utrecht. On this account, as well as on account of its own intrinsic value, we gladly welcome its translation into the English language. The person and work of Christ are here exhibited and defended with much learning and zeal, in honourable distinction from the numerous instances in which scholarly attainments have in recent times been misapplied.

The Step I have Taken; being Letters to a Friend on taking his place with "Brethren." By EDWARD DENNETT. Price Fourpence. W. H. Broom.

Destroying and Building; or a few Remarks on a Pamphlet entitled "The Step I have Taken." By JOHN COX. Price Twopence. Houlston and Son.

A CERTAIN man looked down upon the waves so long that at last his head swam, and he fell into the sea: this we suppose to be the case of Mr. Dennett. His change of mind will be viewed in different lights according to the opinions of the parties, but we think that both must regret his compromising a worthy and too trustful friend; and for our own part, we more than regret, we reprobate a man's wantonly bespattering the friends whom he leaves behind. How dare Mr. Dennett say to his "friend," "*besides yourself, I never met with a dissenting minister who held the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures?*" After such a statement, surrounded as Mr. Dennett has been with Baptist ministers, who hold this truth tenaciously, we feel quite sure that he has gone to his own place, and will be able to distinguish himself among "brethren." Mr. Cox in his pamphlet very ably notes the weak points of Mr. Dennett's paper, which are not a few.

The Minister's Elocutionary Guide to the Public Reading of the Scripture and the Litany. With illustrated passages marked for correct pitch and emphasis. Also some observations on Clerical Bronchitis. Elliot Stock.

THIS guide contains some very sensible observations, as for instance when it says, "Clerical bronchitis arises, in most instances, from a vicious mode of delivering the voice; that is, by speaking from the throat instead of from the chest; an unfair use of the vocal organs, and a bad economy of respiration in speech." The writer has done his best, but very little can be taught upon this matter by a book. Each man's faults need correcting individually, and he can only learn by observation and by practice. *B natural* is the best note for a preacher, but this we cannot expect from A FLAT.

A Retrospect of Forty-five Years' Christian Ministry; Public Work in other spheres of Benevolent Labour, and Tours in various Lands, with Papers on Theological, and other Subjects, in Prose and Verse. By JAMES BURNS, D.D., LL.D. Houlston and Co., and Dickinson and Higham.

DR. BURNS has not only been a preacher of the gospel, but a lecturer, author, editor, and traveller; he is, moreover, a double doctor, and therefore his life has touched upon abundant themes of interest. He is greatest upon the total abstinence question, and teetotallers will find in this autobiography an almost complete history of the movement from the earliest days to the present moment. As a General Baptist he has always ranked high among his brethren, and yet at our London Association we have seen no one more cordially at home with his Particular Baptist Brethren. Though bold, and sometimes too ready to take up with novelties, he is not a fighting man, but the very reverse. His travels over many lands have brought him not only within view of the grandest scenery, but into contact with many remarkable men, and hence he has not found it difficult to be entertaining and instructive in this "retrospect." As for outlines of sermons, the Doctor breathes them, yea, even dreams them, for he tells us—"I dreamt that I was on one of the chief roads in the eastern counties, and riding outside the coach. When we arrived at some town where the horses were changed, I got down to walk about for a few minutes, when a respectable person came and said, 'Are you a minister?' to which I said 'Yes.' 'Well,' he said, 'this is our chapel anniversary, and the preacher has not come; you must come and preach.' I demurred at first, but he said, 'You will not, surely, leave a crowded congregation and not stop and preach to them.' Well, I assented, he took my luggage, and I went to the chapel, and there, sure enough, was the waiting congregation. I ascended the pulpit, and then delivered my text, a passage I had never preached from,—'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' When I awoke I remembered the plan and chief thoughts of the sermon, and delivered two Sunday evening sermons from the outline I thus dreamed. One of my hearers, of rather peculiar views, by those discourses and the divine blessing, decided for Christ. I never preached sermons that had cost me so little effort, and all the scenes are as vivid to-day as the night of that memorable dream."

The Retrospect will be valued by the Doctor's congregation and personal friends, and by a wider circle who admire him for his earnest advocacy of Christian and philanthropic movements.

Sports that Kill. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE. Dickinson.

WE do not like either the paper or the type of this book, but the matter is beyond all praise; manly, bold, faithful, unmistakable. The very best thing we could say of these discourses Mr. Talmage has himself said in his preface, and therefore we quote his own words. "I have not spoken with the tongue of a cynic. Life is to me a rapture. I know of no one who laughs louder or more than I do. But for the sports and recreations of life I should have been dead long ago. God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figure we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear; and that the winds sigh, but they never did have any trouble; and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose, and the universe a garland. When there are so many innocent things to please and recreate, let us keep off dangerous territory."

The Moorfield's Preacher; being some Account of the Life and Labours of George Whitefield. Partridge and Co.

THE life of this seraphic preacher has been often written, and will bear repeating a score more times. This is a less bulky memoir than most of its predecessors, and consequently will be within the reach of a larger number of readers. It is sufficiently well written, and we recommend its being placed in all Congregational and Sunday School teachers' libraries. No Christian can hear of Whitefield's apostolic labours without being stirred up to greater diligence.

A Homiletic Commentary on the Book of Joshua. By the Rev. F. G. Marchant, of Wandsworth. Dickinson.

The April number of "The Preacher's Commentary" contains the first instalment of a comment upon Joshua by Mr. Marchant, who is one of the most thoughtful divines of our college brotherhood. It does him great credit and we cannot believe that any minister will read it without feeling that it breeds thought in his mind. When the work is completed we believe that it will take a high position, and will be much valued. Joshua has never had a tithe of the attention of Jonah; in fact, the book has been neglected.

The Miracles of our Lord in Relation to Modern Criticism. By F. L. Steinmeyer, D.D. T. and T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

To those who care to see how the infidel observations of Strauss and others of that school can be met by a man of equal thought and learning, this work will be full of value. Dr. Steinmeyer has also the faculty of suggesting trains of thought, and hence he will be of use even to those who take no interest in what Strauss may have said or not said. For our own part the work is not one which would ever fascinate us; we have keen appetite for the marrow of the gospel, but in the snarling of dogs over the bones, or even in the whips of those who lash the dogs away, we take no interest. When a critic would rob us of the miracles of our Lord our only relation towards him is that of an intercessor, praying the great Lord to open the blind man's eyes, or cast the devil out of him.

The Wave of Scepticism and the Rock of Truth: a Reply to "Supernatural Religion; an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation." By Matthew Henry Habershon. Hodder and Stoughton.

We expect great things from the young men of Highbury Park Church if they can listen to such lectures as this and enjoy the argument. The author's original purpose was to show how the influence of German anti-Christian literature can be withstood and neutralised, and to supply an antidote to the poisonous insinuations respecting Christianity, which many of the periodicals of the present day disseminate in noticing works of this character. This is a noble design, and Mr. Habershon has contributed much towards carrying it out. At the same time those of our readers who know nothing of the sceptical work which Mr. Habershon has answered, need not take the poison for the sake of appreciating the antidote. The evil of all the "replies" lies in the fact that they bring bad books and their blasphemies under the notice of many who otherwise would never be defiled thereby; this of course is a consequence which cannot be avoided when replies are absolutely needful, but in our opinion nine times out of ten all sceptical books had better be allowed to rot of themselves, for their main influence arises out of the attention which is directed to them by those who controvert them.

Backsliding. By W. P. Lockhart, Liverpool. Hodder and Stoughton.

Just the little book to send quietly to a friend who has grown cold and turned aside from the ways of God. Our dear brother Lockhart has been very graciously assisted in the production of this work, and we doubt not that it will be really useful. Since amid the engagements of business and the cares of a large church he has found time to prepare this practical treatise, we hope it will meet with such a reception that he will try again. We cull the following capital story, which is new to us:—"I heard lately of a young man who, on his first coming to the Lord Jesus, and trusting him for salvation, was filled with peace and joy. After a time, however, his experience was clouded, and he got into partial darkness of soul. In his distress he applied for counsel to an older Christian than himself. This good brother asked him, 'Well, and when you came to the Lord Jesus, what were you?' 'I was nothing at all,' was the reply. 'And what was He?' 'He was everything.' 'Well, and which of you has broken down?' asked the old man, with much earnestness; 'has Christ ceased to be everything?' 'No,' said the youth. 'Ah! then I fear you have ceased to be nothing.'"

The Christian in the World. By the Rev. D. W. Faunce. Hodder and Stoughton.

We thank the publishers for reproducing this admirable American work. While thoroughly practical, it is studded with real gems of thought and illustration, and its tone is high throughout. If our young men will read it they will, by the blessing of God's Spirit, become a better race than their fathers. Such passages as the following abound:—

"'Of what did he die?' asked Alexander, when some one told him of a friend's death. 'Of having nothing to do,' was the answer. 'But,' replied the great conqueror, 'that is enough to kill even a general.' A Christian must have something to do; he is to add to the wealth or skill or learning of the world. He has no discharge from this war during his earthly life. He may not be a drone in the human hive. Eden's curse was not work, but work 'in sorrow.' When the sorrow is taken out of one's heart by the divine grace his work may be his joy, and in doing it he may best serve his God. When a certain New England merchant waited on his pastor to tell him of his earnest desire to engage in work more distinctively religious, the pastor heard him kindly. The merchant said, 'My heart is so full of love to God and to man that I want to spend all my time in talking with men about these things.' 'No,' said the pastor, 'go back to your store, and be a Christian over your counter. Sell goods for Christ, and let it be seen that a man can be a Christian in trade.' Years afterwards the merchant rejoiced that he had followed the advice, and the pastor rejoiced also in a broad-hearted and open-handed brother in his church, who was awake not only to home interests, but to those great enterprises of philanthropy and learning which are the honour of our age. The merchant is dead; but the great society, with a national reputation, and the college, sending forth yearly its class of trained young men, both of which received his noble benefactions, are still feeling the result of the wise advice of the pastor and the wise decision of the merchant. . . . .

"Right in kind, one's business must be right in method. It does not avail to say that a questionable thing is done by all engaged in a given business or profession. When the hatter brands his hat 'Paris,' or the watchmaker puts 'Geneva' on his American watch, it is not enough to plead that it deceives nobody. Why the foreign branding, if it is not intended to commend goods under false pretences? Why say the cloth is German when made in America? and why cover the statement with the mental explanation that it is made in the same way and is of equal quality with the imported article? And in all the methods of advertising one's wares, and the mode of raising money to meet one's liabilities, in the taking care of one's paper and the keeping of one's word of mouth inviolable in business transactions, a Christian is to be above reproach. One of the most difficult thing to define in business life is that wor *honourable.* And yet it is a definit thing that men mean when they use that word. It is not only doing justly, but doing it with a certain delicacy and interior sense of what the right really is. It is the fairness of trade. If a man knows what honour is, he will need no definition of it. If he does not know it, no definition can tell him. Honour is demanded both of employer and of *employé.* It ought not to be true that a band of workmen must be watched to get them to give an honest day's work. It ought not to be true that a Christian is ever a time-server. There is honest work which a man covenants to give another for a definite price. Slighted work is not honest work, even when covered with veneer and varnish. But if the work requires veneer and varnish, let the veneer and the varnish be put on faithfully. Honour belongs to the hand-toiler as well as to the brain-toiler, to the man before the counter as well as to the man behind it."

The Relations of the Kingdom to the World. By J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

Discourses upon the third and last portion of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, full of power, and fraught with practical teaching. The rare eloquence of some passages, and the clear common sense interpretation which constitutes the staple of the whole, must

secure for this work the appreciation of numerous readers. Eminent as a preacher, Dr. Dykes also occupies no mean place as an expositor, and we trust he will not long withhold his pen from kindred labours.

Homely Homilies: or, Barnabas Blunt's Plain Talk for Plain Folk. By the Rev. James Yeames. F. E. Longley.

Barnabas Blunt is not related to John Ploughman, although he tries to walk in his steps, plough with his heifer, and eat with his spoon. As imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, John considers himself flattered, but not very much, for the imitation is not very good. Mr. Blunt uses too many fine words for plain folk. He says his name is a pseudonym, and so it is.

Little Sufferers and Little Workers; or Stories about Medical Missions. By A. R. Butler. Book Society.

A tiny book, intended to interest children in the Medical Mission. It is a very praiseworthy attempt, but we are not sanguine as to its being much purchased by those for whom it is written; it ought to be given away by the societies for which it pleads, and it would pay them well to do so. The Medical Mission is a truly Christ-like work, and deserves all the aid that any of us can render to it.

A Manual of Biblical Antiquities. By John A. Nevin, D.D. For the use of Colleges, Bible Classes, and Families. Johnstone, Hunter and Co.

The author is of opinion that the ordinary instructors of youth cannot readily obtain information on Biblical antiquities suitable to their capacity, most books upon the subject being prepared for persons who have had considerable advantages as to education, and have formed habits of regular study. We should not have thought that such a deficiency existed; we indulged the idea that works upon the subject were plentiful and arranged for all classes of readers; however, we yield to the doctor's superior judgment, for our awe of doctors of divinity is inconceivable. The work contains a great deal of valuable information well condensed. A little taste might have rendered the book more attractive, and a very little labour might have supplied it with an alphabetical if not a textual index of subjects, or if that were too great an effort, the headlines might have been employed as a guide. It is a pity that a respectable book should be sent into the world halt and maimed, and dressed in dolorous raiment.

The History of Thomas Hasker: Soldier and Methodist. With his Letters. By Geo. Luckley. Thomas Barlow, 119, Salisbury Square.

Thomas Hasker was one of the heroes of Waterloo, he was a redhot methodist, and "believed through thick and thin;" —what better elements do we require to produce a lively career, if we can but get the world and the devil into the right frame of mind to develop them by opposition? James Everett wrote Thomas Hasker's life in 1859, and he was a man with a good eye to telling subjects. Our Free Methodist readers will be sure to enjoy the biography.

Light and Truth: or Bible Thoughts and Themes. The Acts, and the larger Epistles. By Dr. Horatius Bonar. Nisbet and Co.

We wonder how such a book can have escaped our attention so long. It is full of thought, and sets themes before the reader in the best manner, helping and compelling him to think. The whole series, for there are three volumes, will prove a rich addition to the stores of Bible students. The volumes are five shillings each.

Earth's Morning; or Thoughts on Genesis. By Horatius Bonar. Nisbet and Co.

Though only expounding the first six chapters of Genesis this work is priceless. It is, to our mind, altogether exhaustive, and leaves nothing more to be desired. Whatever devout meditation could suggest, extensive learning supply, or wide research discover, we have here. We place the volume in our library of expositions saying, "Thanks to the author for a book worthy to rank with the masterly comments of the olden time."

Sunday Mornings with my Flock, on St. Paul's Letter to the Colossians. A Series of Discourses, forming an Exposition of that Epistle. By JAMES SPENCE, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

COMPELLED by long affliction to leave the pulpit, Dr. Spence has endeavoured to benefit the church by his pen, and he has succeeded right well. Expositions of the Word, well wrought out, and delivered in plain language, are among the choicest treasures of the church, and benefit not only their readers, but the wider circles which those readers reach when they in turn become teachers of others. Dr. Spence is not a member of the school of doubt; neither does he pour a luminous haze over the text; he discourses in a manner at once simple and instructive, practical and thorough. Those divines who have but scant knowledge of theology frequently try to cover their ignorance by the affectation of despising antiquated dogmas, and they endeavour to make up for their want of acquaintance with God's truth by great glibness in dealing out speculations which they have borrowed from some of the many heresy dealers: men who have real knowledge and culture, on the other hand, abide in the old paths, and are content with opening up the word of God as the Spirit teaches them. The Colossians has not been an epistle greatly run upon by expositors, and Dr. Spence's work will therefore be all the more valuable to students of the Bible. We think we see clear traces in these discourses of that mellowing process which very seldom takes place in men except in connection with personal affliction. We are, doubtless, all of us gainers by the good doctor's loss of health. May he be a gainer abundantly above us all.

Notes.

FRIENDS will note that the extra accounts are not allowed to lessen the matter of the magazine, but constitute eight extra pages.

The extract embodied in our article entitled "London," which we cut from an American paper, turns out to have been originally in the "*City Press.*" We cheerfully acknowledge the true parentage of the interesting description of the metropolis, and should have done so at the first had we been aware of it. Papers ought not to appropriate the best parts of other people's articles, and insert them without a word of acknowledgment, for besides their own first wrong they lead innocent people into error. We honestly mentioned the source of our information, and had no idea that it had been stolen in the first instance from the always interesting pages of our own metropolitan "*City Press.*"

Our thanks are hereby tendered to the many friends who have nourished the Orphanage during the last few weeks. Their generosity will not be without its reward. Will friends be a little more careful when they send money: we have several receipts returned to us from the Dead Letter Office; and in one case we have answered a letter three times according to the address given, and in each case the reply has come back with "*not to be found*" written across it. It is very common for persons to write only the street at the head of their note and to omit the town, and if the postmark be not legible we cannot reply. A friend sent 6d. for the orphanage, and we had to pay 8d. for it. Another sent £20, but did not pay the postage, and therefore we refused the letter until the postmaster informed us of the contents. The mistakes made are marvellous, we were about to say miraculous. We have letters constantly about enclosures which are not enclosed, and we are requested to place our replies in accompanying directed envelopes which are not to be found. Friends, do be careful in sending monies, or you cause us great trouble, and prevent our duly acknowledging your contributions. When you write upon matters which are no concern of ours, you ought, in all honesty, to send a stamp if you expect to be answered; and when you forget to do so, do not wonder if no answer ever comes, for the payment of postage so heavily taxes our resources, that we are making a rule not to answer those who fine us a penny for doing them a favour.

Very deeply grateful are we to friends at the Downs, Clapton, and New Cross, who invited our Orphanage choir to give a service of song on behalf of the orphans' fund. Our lads were generously

entertained and encouraged to sing their very best, and the ladies and gentlemen brought up their friends to swell the audience, and increase the proceeds. Could not other churches do the same? The loan of the chapel, the sympathy of the minister, and the attendance of the friends, is all we ask; the pecuniary result would be sure and very acceptable.

We purpose to celebrate the Anniversary of the Stockwell Orphanage, and the Chairman's Birthday, by a *fete* at the Orphanage, June 18th. Particulars next month. [We thank the collectors who came up so nobly on April 20th. We should be delighted to furnish boxes or books to more collectors, to be brought in on June 18th, as a birthday offering for the Orphanage.]

The Annual Conference of the Pastors' College has passed off gloriously. "The Lord was there." More than two hundred ministers were up from their charges, and with students and associates the attendance at the Conference Meetings averaged three hundred men. The Monday evening meeting at Kingsgate chapel was well attended, lively, earnest, and useful. On Tuesday the President's address and Mr. Rogers' paper concluded a morning spent in earnest prayer. The evening was occupied with a *soirée* at the Stockwell Orphanage, where Mr. Bax, in the best of spirits, read a paper on "Temper in Ministers," and Mr. Gracey discoursed upon Christian Experience, very much to the edification of us all. The evening afforded an occasion for unrestrained brotherly intercourse, and greatly promoted that hearty fraternal love which is both the basis and the object of our Conference.

On Wednesday, all punctually assembled in the New College at Eleven; much fervent prayer was offered, and Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, Vice-President, addressed the assembly with much power. Excellent papers by Messrs. J. Turner and E. Henderson followed. The brethren dined and had tea together. In the evening the guests at Mr. Phillips' supper, under the genial leadership of Mr. Samuel Morley, subscribed nearly £2,000. The Lord be praised for this help to the work. The largest yet received, given freely and joyfully, and accepted most gratefully.

On Thursday, unhappily, the President was so ill as to be unable to be present, but he was cheered with the good news that the meetings were full of spirit, and above all were lighted up by the divine presence. The public meeting at the Tabernacle, enlivened by the sweet singing of Mr. Mayers, was one of the finest ever held The brethren who spoke were all at their best, and by their speeches created great enthusiasm for the College among Tabernacle friends. After the meeting Mr. Phillips entertained the brethren. May every blessing rest on our princely host.

Friday morning saw the Tabernacle crowded to the ceiling to hear Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who were helped in the highest degree by the good Spirit, and were enabled not only to arouse the sympathy of all hearts for their own work, but to stimulate every one to holy zeal. With a sweet Communion season the week closed. Happy and holy had it been; but there was one who, above all others, desired to be present, who was kept at home half the time the Lord's prisoner. He is able, however, to write, "The will of the Lord be done." [Many workers behind the scenes deserve our special thanks. Chiefly our ever diligent brother Mr. Murrell, and our brethren, Messrs. Mills, Chilvers, Pasfield, and others. Thanks also, very hearty, are due to the many friends who lodged and entertained the brethren.]

The statistics of work done by our brethren are this year very pleasing. Will our readers please note the account on the next page, and praise God with us that the College has not been carried on in vain. Think of 30,600 added to the churches by this means in ten years. Who would not have a share in such a work?

A most interesting and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Lecture Hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Wednesday, the 17th ult., in connection with Richmond Street Ragged and Sunday Schools. After tea, at which about six hundred persons sat down, Mr. Olney took the Chair, and the public meeting was addressed by Dr. Barnardo, J. M. Murphy, and W. Alderson, Mr. Curtis, of the Ragged School Union, and the superintendents, Messrs. Barr and Northcroft. Mr. J. T. Dunn gave a brief sketch of the rise and progress of this good work. The friends heartily responded to an earnest appeal for help to build new schools, and contributed £128 17s. 1d. It is proposed to raise another £100 by 23rd of June. The friends have thus raised in a few months over £350, which, with Mr. Spurgeon's promise of £150, makes £500. At least £300 more is required.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 29, twenty-one; April 1, eleven.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pastors' College.

STATISTICS.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	INCREASE. By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	DECREASE. By Death.	By Dismission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.	Clear Increase.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862	100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587	133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
1867	121	2,038	208	593	67	2,966	138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933	158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964	202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943	234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787	295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114	255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016	337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
1874	221	2,961	336	1,092	106	4,495	352	785	126	470	1,733	2,762	28,362
TOTAL. . . .		20,676	2,507	6,685	799	30,667	2,204	4,699	1,008	3,258	11,169	19,498	

221 Churches furnish returns for 1874 : of these, 174* show an average increase of 17 members per church ; 34 an average decrease of 12 members per church ; 13 show the same numbers as in previous return ; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 12 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

*26 of these are Metropolitan Churches and show a clear increase of 732 members, or an average increase of 28 for each church.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Pool	1	0	0
B. S. B.	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	13	6
Mr. H. B. Fearson	5	0	0
Miss Bloom	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bloom	1	10	0
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	5	0	0
Mr. Gwillim	2	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	8	6	6
Mr. J. Ball	1	0	0
H. M. C.	2	10	0
Per Mr. G. Hall	2	12	2
Mrs. Fox	3	14	6
A Friend, per Mr. Court	0	2	6
Mr. Bantick	1	1	0
Mrs. Spliedt	5	0	0
Mr. A. Scott	0	10	0
Mr. E. Hiskins	1	0	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
Mr. Woodhouse	0	10	0
A.	1	0	0
Mr. Townsend	5	0	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Mr. E. Townshend	1	1	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
Mrs. Spackley	1	0	0
Twickenham	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland	0	10	0
Miss Culver	1	0	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mr. Everett	5	0	0
Per Mrs. Griffiths	2	0	0
Mr. S. Pettifer	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Page	5	0	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. J. Duncan	100	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Clark	20	0	0
Miss Lily Clark	2	0	0
Miss Thirza Clark	1	0	0
Mr. Rawlings	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Banson	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Doggett	10	0	0
Miss E. Barnes	3	3	0
Mr. A. McArthur, M.P.	20	0	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	0	6	0
Mr. Edward	5	0	0
Mr and Mrs. Price	10	0	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. G. Startin	5	5	0
Dr. Swallow	1	1	0
Mr. E. S. Collier	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mrs. Dafforne	1	1	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. Blacklee, per Rev. W. H. J. Page	0	10	0
A Friend, per Rev. T. Lardner	2	2	0
Mr. Rickett	10	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
In Memory of the late Lady Burgoyne	5	0	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. John Pullin	2	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. A. W. Fisher	0	10	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnson	2	2	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott	5	0	0
Miss Hill	1	1	0
Mr. T. R. Hill	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood	20	0	0
The Misses Greenwood	10	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood, Jun.	10	0	0
Mr. F. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. W. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	1	0
B. F.	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Meta	3	0	0
Ditto	1	0	0
Ditto	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gracey	2	2	0
Rev. G. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mrs. Perrott	1	1	0
H. J.	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Williams	1	0	0
Miss Smith	3	0	0
Mr. H. Horner	2	2	0
Mr. J. Malham	1	1	0
Mr. J. Jarvis	1	1	0
Mr. J. Oxley	2	2	0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	5	0	0
J. K.	5	0	0
Mr. Russell	2	0	0
Mr. Walker	5	5	0
Mr. G. Redman	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rose	2	2	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ball	1	1	0
Mr. H. Keen	2	2	0
R. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	1	10	0
F. R. T.	1	1	0
W. J. O.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. Passmore, Jun.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr	5	0	0
Mr. Herbert Carr	1	1	0
Miss Alice Carr	1	1	0
Mr. Potier	10	10	0
Miss Potier	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rea	5	5	0
Mr. R. Johnson	2	2	0
Mrs. R. Johnson	2	2	0
Miss Carpenter	1	1	0
Miss Cook	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. C. P. Carpenter	1	1	0
Miss Zillah Cook	1	1	0
Mrs. Cook	5	5	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	5	0	0
Mr. A. Wilson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Murrell	3	3	0
Mr. T. Mills	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coe	2	2	0
Mr. C. Fox	1	1	0
Mr. G. Fox	0	18	6
Mr. G. Simpson	0	10	0
Mr. Edwards	11	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Creasy	2	2	0
Mr. Hughes...	0	10	6
Mr. Hale	5	0	0
B. T. C.	2	2	0
Mrs. Susie Mills	3	3	0
W. K.	2	2	0
Mr. Farley	3	3	0
Mr. T. J. Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Harvey	3	3	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	0	10	0
Ann Straker and Son	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Green	2	2	0
Mr. James Mills	5	5	0
The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Miss Kemp	1	1	0
Miss Graham	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Sorrell	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	3	3	0
Miss Payne	1	1	0
Mr. W. S. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. H. Hadland	1	1	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	10	10	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth	2	2	0
Mr. E. H. Brown	2	2	0
Mrs. J. W. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs, Jun.	2	0	0
Miss Louisa Higgs...	2	0	0
Miss Sarah Higgs	2	0	0
Miss Mary Higgs	2	0	0
Master George Higgs	2	0	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	0	0
Mr. Marsh	10	0	0
Mr. Chadwick	0	10	0
Mr. Fox	0	2	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	2	0
Mr. B. Vickery	10	0	0
A Friend, B. V.	0	10	6
Mr. G. M. Hammer	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hurst	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. J. Coxeter	1	1	0
F. W. W.	0	10	6
Mr. Johnston	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Olney	5	5	0
The Misses Johnston	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mason	100	0	0
Miss Mason	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Olney	10	0	0
Miss Florence Olney	1	0	0
Master Harry Olney	1	0	0
Miss Grace Olney	1	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson	5	0	0
Mr. W. C. Collins	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Doggett and Friend ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Mr. George Ellwood	1	1	0
Miss Ellwood	1	1	0
Miss Julia Ellwood	1	1	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Miss Cornish	2	0	0
Mr. R. Hellier	2	2	0
Mrs Hellier	1	1	0
Mr. C. Hooper	2	2	0
Mr. C. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. H. D. Virtue	1	0	0
Mr. T. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0
E. S. G.	5	5	0
Oxon	1	0	0
Oxon	1	0	0
Rev. W. Bentley	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Murdock	5	0	0
E. P.	0	10	0
Miss Logan	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Nicholson	3	0	0
Proprietor "Christian World" ...	10	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Collier	2	2	0
E. T. B.	1	1	0
Mrs. Adams	1	1	0
Mr. Toller	5	0	0
Mrs. Toller	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Toller	5	0	0
Miss Toller	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. J. Benson	2	2	0
Mrs. Waters	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Edgley	15	5	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. D. B. Price	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Parker	5	0	0
Mr. Drake	2	2	0
Master Sidney Drake	1	1	0
Mr. G. Mason, Jun.	1	1	0
Mr. Romang, Jun....	5	0	0
Mr. J. J. Frederick	1	1	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	2	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	2	2	0
Mrs. Pearce	2	2	0
Mr. R. C. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. Walter Mills	2	2	0
Miss Mills	1	1	0
Miss Summersell	2	2	0
Mrs. Easton...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Mr. W. Gin	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6
Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. J. S. McMaster	10	0	0
Rev. A. G. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. Keys	1	1	0
Mrs. Rogers...	1	1	0
Collection at Lochee, per Rev. T. D. Cameron	2	10	0
Rev. J. Green and Friends	1	7	6
Collection at Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	4	0	6
Part Collection at City Road, Bristol, per Rev. W. J. Mayers	10	0	0
Proceeds of Lectures, per Rev. W. J. Mayers	7	10	0
Collection at Bethany Chapel, Mumbles, per Rev. A. Kidner	5	10	6
Collection at Bartholomew St., Exeter, per Rev. E. S. Neale	3	0	0
Rev. C. Evans. Stalybridge	0	10	6
Collection at Lower Norwood, per Rev. R. P. Javan	2	10	0
Collection at St. Paul's Square, Southsea, per Rev. R. F. Jeffrey	11	0	0
Friends at Kingstanley, per Rev. W. Coombs	1	0	0
Church at Walsingham, per Rev. J. Kitchener...	1	0	0
Mr. Angus	0	10	0
Church at Burton on Trent, per Rev. J. T. Owers	1	1	0
Per Rev. C. Chambers :—			
Mr. J. Stewart 2 0 0			
Mr. J. McGregor 2 0 0			
Mr. W. Henderson ... 1 0 0			
Mr. A. Gebb... ... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. Murray... ... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. McCombie 0 10 0			
	7	10	0
Mr. Cowell, Ashdon	1	0	0
Friends at Maseyhampton, per Rev. C. Testro	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Wilingham ...	1	0	0
Collection at Salem Cheltenham, per Rev. H. Wilkins...	12	5	6
Mrs. Silly	0	5	0
Friends, per Rev. G. J. Knight... ...	4	0	0
Collection at Monkwearmouth, per Rev. A. Smith	2	2	0
" " West Bromwich, per Rev. W. Acomb	4	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at West Hartlepool, per Rev. W. Hetherington ...	1	15	0
„ „ Ulverstone, per Rev. T. Lardner	3	8	8
„ „ Sittingbourne, per Rev. R. Makin	2	12	0
Offerings at Northampton, per Rev. J. Spanswick	2	10	0
Collection at Colchester, per Rev. E. Spurrier	4	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Edmonton, per Rev. D. Russell	2	2	0
Collection at Ottery St. Mary, per Rev. A. Pidgeon	2	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. H. Moore	0	10	0
Collection at Ashford, per Rev. E. Roberts	3	10	0
Friends at Eastbourne, per Rev. A. Babbington	5	7	0
Collection at Battersea, per Rev. A. Bax...	4	15	8
Per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. S. H. Cowell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Neve	1	0	0
Mr. E. Edgeley	1	0	0
Mr. R. Girling	0	10	0
Mr. C. Clark	0	5	0
Mr. W. G. Archer	0	5	0
Mr. W. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pells	3	5	0
Miss Everett	0	5	0
	4	15	0
Friends at Brabourne, per Rev. J. W. Comfort	2	6	0
Per Rev. J. Chadwick	0	10	0
Friends at Maldon, per Rev. H Charlton	2	0	0
Collection at Deptford, per Rev. D. Honour	1	15	0
Collection at Newcastle-on-Tyne, per Rev. G. H. Malins	4	10	0
Church at Bromley, per Rev. A. Tessier	2	0	0
Rev. W. H. Smith, Tenterden	1	0	0
Rev. D. Muco	1	1	0
Collection at Bromley, per Mr. Sunshine	1	16	3
„ „ East London Tabernacle, per Rev. A. G. Brown ...	28	15	7
„ „ Landport, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst	9	7	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Willson	1	1	0
Mr. Daintree	2	0	0
Miss Hogger	0	10	0
Miss Anne Matthews	1	5	0
G. M. P.	1	0	0
Captain Ives	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	150	0	0
J. S.	100	0	0
Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Mr. J. Fitch...	5	0	0
Mr. Padgett..	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Pearce	5	0	0
Miss Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	5	5	0
Miss Jessie Congreve	2	2	0
Miss Minnie Congreve	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. May	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. James	10	0	0
Mr. J. E. Tresidder	2	2	0
Mr. F. W. Warmington	5	0	0
Mr. J. Rains	10	0	0
Mr. W. R. Huntley	7	7	0
M. M., Quebec	2	0	0
Mr. H. Spicer	10	0	0
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	20	0	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
"Two Workers among the Little Ones"	5	5	0
A Friend, per C. L.	0	7	0
Messrs. Starkey, Carr and Co.	5	0	0
Mr. J. O. Gooch	1	1	0
Mr. James Long	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	7	7	0
Mr. S. Shoobridge	6	6	0
Mrs. Stafford	5	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell	1	0	0
Luke x. 2	1	0	0
Mr. Greenop	2	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Mar. 21	8	2	10
„ „ „ „ 28	176	1	0
„ „ „ April 4	40	0	3
„ „ „ „ 11	32	2	3
„ „ „ „ 18	39	3	11
	£2051	1	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
One of the Lord's Little Stewards ...	5	0	0
Mr. E. Glenny	2	0	0
Mr. F. Pool	1	0	0
A reader of sermons	0	10	0
E. and A. W.	0	6	6
Per Mrs. Legge:			
Mr. E. H. Wade £1 0 0			
Mr. Congers 0 10 0			
A Thankoffering, J. L. ... 0 10 0			
	2	0	0
Mr. D. McCall	0	5	0
Mr. J. Smith	0	6	0
A Sword and Trowel and Sermon reader	0	5	0
Mrs. F. B. Walton	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Part of Annual Church Offering per Rev. A. A. Rees	8	0	0
Collection at West Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon ...	8	17	0
B. S. B.	3	3	0
Mr. Marshall	0	10	0
Mrs. Lester	1	0	0
Children of Eld Lane Sunday School, Colchester	1	19	6
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Miss Bloom	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bloom	1	10	0
Mr. W. McGeachin	2	0	0
Glasgow	1	0	0
T. V.	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
A constant reader	1	0	0
Post order, Charlotte-place, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Miss Kerr	2	0	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
E. B.	0	2	6
T. R. V.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Fox	5	5	0
Mrs. Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. Pocock	5	0	0
Mr. W. Hollis	0	10	0
C. R.	0	5	0
W. R.	0	2	0
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	5	0	0
Mrs. Mason	0	10	0
S. H.	0	3	4
Mrs. Heath	0	5	0
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Store	0	13	4
W. and E. Heywood	0	7	6
Mr. W. Cook	1	0	0
A friend	0	3	0
Mrs. Jack	1	0	0
Mrs. Hollens	5	0	0
Mr. James Watson	0	8	5
Mrs. Barker	2	0	0
Miss Grace Passmore	2	17	6
G. M. P.	1	10	0
Mr. C. North	0	3	0
Mrs. Archer	1	0	1
Miss Bressenden	0	6	0
Mr. Bantick	1	11	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	4	0
Mr. J. Berry	1	12	0
J. and S. H.	0	6	6
Captain Ives	2	10	0
Mr. T. Paterson	1	0	0
Mr. R. B. Warrin	2	0	0
C.	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pope	1	1	0
Mrs. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. E. E. Sawyer	5	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	5	0	0
A. W. J.	0	10	0
Mrs. Green	2	0	0
J. R. Lockerby	0	5	0
Mr. J. Barton	1	0	0
A. W.	5	0	0
A Friend, per C. L.	0	7	0
Bible Class, Kingsgate Street, per Mr. Johnston	1	1	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	5	0
Moses	0	2	6
M. A. C.	0	10	0
Rosy, Lily, and Fred	0	3	0
M. A. P.	0	2	0
Friends, per Mr. D. Tolmie	0	16	6
Mr. John Charter	1	0	0
M. M. H.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. James	10	0	0
Mr. Jay	0	10	6
M. M. Quebec	1	0	0
Mr. J. Grey	0	10	0
Mrs. Murray	1	0	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	4	0
Nursery Box, per Mrs. E. C. Brice ...	0	10	0
Friends in Littledale, near Lancaster	24	12	6
H. M. C.	2	0	0
Per Mr. G. Hall	0	10	0
Mr. Chessher	0	5	0
E. D.	0	10	0
Insch	0	5	0
Mr. G. Carse	1	5	0
Jn Co.	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	2	0	0
Mrs. Turnbull	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. A. Scott	0	15	0
Mr. J. How	2	2	0
Mrs. S., per Rev. J. E. Cracknell ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Scivwright	1	0	0
Mr. E. Hiskins	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	1	1	0
A Special Providence	0	10	0
H. E.	0	2	0
A constant reader	0	2	6
Caledonian Road, Edinburgh	1	0	0
M. S. S. C.	1	0	0
A Thursday night hearer	5	0	0
Mrs. Burder	1	0	0
Mr. T. Chamberlain	0	5	0
Mr. W. Green	0	10	0
Braintree	1	0	0
Mr. J. Jones	5	0	0
Mr. Kelly, per Mr. Wigney	0	10	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
A Friend, per Miss Williams	0	2	6
Readers and Compositors at Clement's Brothers, per Mr. J. Pickering ...	0	14	0
Mr. Woodhouse	0	10	0
A.	1	0	0
A Servant	0	1	0
A little girl and her brothers and sisters	0	1	0
Mr. Everett	5	0	0
A few friends, per the Misses Mackintosh	3	0	0
Pulham Market	0	6	0
M. A. O.	1	0	0
Mr. James Houston	5	0	0
Mr. R. Miller	5	0	0
Norwich	0	6	6
Norwich	0	6	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0
Mr. R. Cookson	0	10	0
The Misses Johnson	2	0	0
Baptist Sabbath School, Waterbeach	1	16	3
Mr. and Mrs. Angas	1	0	0
Little Rob J.'s all	0	3	9
R. K. J.	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
A sermon reader at Enfield	0	3	0
A. B.	0	1	0
Mrs. Chesterman	0	10	0
A constant reader	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A nurse	0	5	0
Eizzil	0	10	0
Mr. W. Houghton	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
,, ...	0	5	0
Every little helps	0	2	6
Mr. R. E. Sears	0	5	0
Twickenham	1	0	0
Mrs. Aldred	1	0	0
Mrs. Potts	0	2	6
L. K. K.	0	10	0
Mr. F. Justice	1	0	0
Mr. W. Sale	1	0	0
Enzie Free Church Sabbath School ...	1	0	0
Sermon Readers	5	0	0
Mr. Galloway	1	1	0
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	12	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
Collecting Books and Boxes :—			
Master J. Everett	0	6	10
Master W. Cone	0	3	6
Miss Avery	0	6	0
Master H. Crane	0	10	2
Master Gobby	0	9	11
Mrs. Mallison	0	1	6
Miss Crowder	0	2	3
Miss Moulton	0	3	9
Mrs. Kerridge	0	9	10
Master F. Drew	0	9	6
Miss L. Cox	0	10	1
Miss Wilson	2	0	10
Mr. Glover	0	6	4
Miss L. Collyer	0	6	11
Miss Field	1	6	0
Miss Everett	0	4	3

	£	s.	d.
Miss Emily Viner	0	5	1
Miss Sarah Meal	0	5	8
Miss Mary Jones	0	17	2
Miss Blake...	0	4	6
Miss Belcher	0	3	5
Mrs Goodling	3	0	1
Miss Heath...	0	1	6
No name	0	2	1
Master Lequex	0	0	11
Miss Moon	1	0	8
Master J. Murphy	0	0	1
Mr. Edwin S. Boot	0	4	3
Mrs. Romang	1	11	11
Master J. Romang	0	12	2
Miss Drake	0	17	3
Robert Street Ragged School, New Cut	0	10	0
Master F. Mousley	0	0	2
Master Thomas Johnson	0	14	3
Master G. Hasletine	0	5	4
Miss O. Rooke	0	3	8
Miss Raybould	0	7	4
Miss Eleanor Cone	0	10	8
Miss Barman	0	0	1
No name	1	15	9
Miss Quinnell	0	3	2
Mrs. Page	0	1	8
No name	0	1	8
Mrs. Hertzell	0	3	1
Master T. Capel	0	0	11
Mrs. Butler...	0	13	7
Master A. Mitchell	0	5	3
Mr. Doddington	1	4	1
Mrs. Roberts	0	8	1
Miss Smith...	0	2	0
Mary Ann Purser	0	0	3
Mr. Buckmaster	0	4	9
Master W. Ranford	0	7	1
Miss Viner...	0	8	0
Master F. Fordham	0	11	6
Miss Skinner	0	6	4
Miss Evans	0	1	6
Miss Clara Putt	0	5	6
Miss L. Munday	0	9	11
Miss Ada Munday	0	3	11
Mrs. Augar	0	4	5
Miss F. Swan	0	3	4
r. F. Chalk	0	13	2
ster E. J. Wheeler	0	4	2
Lines	0	9	1
... ...	0	3	4
ster G. Conquest	0	3	3
s A. Conquest	0	2	0
ss E. Durham	0	7	5
ss Davis	0	3	9
Miss Louisa Stone	0	4	9
Miss E. Belcher	0	2	10
Mrs. Harrington	0	6	5
Mrs. Lanchester	0	17	0
Master H. Johnson	0	2	1
Miss E. Butler	0	3	7
Miss Wearman	0	5	7
Master A. Hayball	0	3	11
Miss Ellen Heath	0	2	1
Mrs. Buswell	1	8	9
Master A. Stracey	0	4	0
Master A. Pankhurst	0	1	11
Master W. Jarvis	0	3	3
Master S. Bullerajg	0	4	0
Miss Wilcox	0	0	4
Miss E. Croker	0	12	10
Mrs. Walnwright	1	0	6
Miss Petty	0	4	4
Mrs. Farrer...	1	8	10
Master Delacourt	0	6	0
Master Charles W. Pankhurst ...	0	1	11
Miss Descroix	0	9	11
Miss C. Richardson	0	3	6
Miss Sidery	0	11	10
Miss Peters	0	3	8
Miss Dunn	0	0	8
Miss Perrett	1	4	5
Master J. A. Sinclair	0	6	1
Miss E. Hughes	0	15	8
Mr. Green, Jun.	0	9	1
Miss Black	0	15	4
Miss Winslow	1	3	10
Miss Hudson	1	9	5
Mr. Speller	0	9	6
Miss Wand	0	4	11
Miss Thomas	0	1	1
M. D. S.	0	5	0

Per Rev. W. Jackson :—

	£	s.	d.
Part Proceeds of Lecture at Bilston	1	15	0
" " Preston...	2	8	6
" " Swavesey	0	17	8
" " Wilburton	1	0	4
Mrs. H. G. F.	1	0	0
	7	1	6
Little Henry	0	6	1
Mrs. Mott	0	11	0
Miss Bailey, per Rev. W. H. J. Page ...	0	5	0
E. B. J.	0	10	0
Mr. E. B. Sargent...	0	10	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Kappa	1	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
J. P.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Cowell	1	0	0
Mrs. Cowell	0	10	0
Mrs. Mead	2	0	0
Mrs. D. Camps	3	0	0
Mrs. Biddell...	0	10	0
A Friend, Grantham, per Rev. G. Bowler	0	15	0
Mr. S. T. Howard	1	0	0

Per Rev. W. Whale :—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Girling	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pells	0	5	0
Miss Everett	0	5	0
Mr. Ixer	0	3	0
Mr. W. Taylor	0	2	6
Mr. C. Clarke	0	2	6
Mr. J Cooper	0	2	6
Mr. W. Smyth	0	2	6
Mr. R. W. Smyth	0	2	6
Mr. S. Peck	0	2	6
Mr. A. Southgate	0	2	6
Mr. C. Watcham	0	1	0
Mr. W. Briggs	0	1	0
	2	2	6
Mrs. Sisman...	1	0	0
Mr. Willson...	1	1	0
Mr. Daintree	1	0	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Smith	1	0	0

Annual Subscriptions :—

Per F. R. T. :—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Townes	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Johnson	0	5	0
Miss Humphrey	0	5	0
Mr. J. Edwards	0	5	0
Mr. Mason	0	5	0
Mr. T. Johnson	0	5	0
Mrs. Saunders	0	5	0
Mr. R. Johnson	0	5	0
	2	0	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	11	0
Miss Alderson	0	7	0
Miss Vertell...	1	10	0
Miss Kate Smith	0	7	0
Master W. Charlesworth	0	14	1
Master A. Charlesworth	1	1	8
Master T. Charlesworth	0	15	0
Miss Olive Charlesworth	0	15	9
Miss A. Charlesworth	0	11	3
Master Edmonds	0	2	0
Miss Payne	0	3	6
Mr. Luff	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss A. Moulton	0	2	0
Miss Ada Woolacott	1	6	5
Mrs. Cornell	0	16	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	2	6
Mrs. Bowles	1	12	0
Mrs. Sanderson	0	10	0
Miss E. Sutcliffe	0	10	6
Miss Chilvers	1	19	6
Mr. Round	0	18	6
Miss Miller	0	7	0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	6
Mrs. Marsh	1	16	6
Miss M. A. Wells	0	3	4
Miss Woolland	1	7	6
Mr. W. Davis	0	10	0
Mr. G. E. Thomas	0	17	6
Miss Smith	1	1	4
Totty and Sam	0	2	0
Miss E. Fryer	2	3	0
Miss Gobey	0	7	4
Master W. Pendry	0	2	0
Miss Pearce	0	16	0
Mis A. Parker	0	13	6
Mrs. W. Ranford	0	10	0
Miss Lancashire	1	0	0
Mrs. Allum	1	18	6
Miss Allum	0	4	0
Master Lancashire	1	0	0
Miss Jephs	3	9	0
Mrs. Abbott	1	5	0
Master J. Lawson	0	10	0
Miss Craig	1	2	0
Mr. W. Perkins	0	10	6
Mrs. Parker	5	2	0
Mr. Crofts	1	0	0
Miss E. Matthews	0	4	7
Mrs. Culver	1	2	2
Mr. Samuel	0	13	0
Miss Lovegrove	0	12	0
Miss J. A. Langton	0	9	0
Master Brightwell	0	2	1
Master Canning	0	3	5
Mr. G. Ely	0	17	6
Miss Thompson	0	12	0
Mrs. Mackrell	1	3	6
A Sermon Reader at Thorney	0	5	0
Mr. Turner	1	0	0
Miss Bonsor	0	14	6
Mr. C. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. E. Boot	0	8	4
Miss Hughes	0	15	8
Mr. C. Howes	0	8	6
Miss Whittaker	5	0	0
Miss J. Cockshaw	1	6	6
Miss Powell	0	15	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss Narraway	0	5	6
Mr. Young	1	2	0
Mrs. Tiddy	2	5	0
Mrs. Ryan	0	15	0
Mr. Harding	1	0	0
Miss Day	0	8	0
Master R. Murrell	10	1	0
	£153	19	4

Donations, &c., per Mr. Charlesworth :—Service of Song, Clapton, £15 9s 1d; Mr. Payne, £2 2s.; Service of Song, New Cross, £5 12s; Young Lady's Collecting Box, £1 15s; X. O., £5; T. Doggett, £2 10; Master Sherwin, 10s; Master Aukland, 10s; Master Roberts, 15s; Mrs. Yocking, £1 5s; J. R., £6; Miss Burles, 10s; Sale of Programmes, 12s; 30 Coins in Pillar-box, Orphanage Gate, £1 8s 2d; Girls of the Stockwell School, per Miss Potter, 14s.—Total, £14 18s 3d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth :—Provisions :—4 Jars of Jam, X. Y. Z.; 4 Joints of Meat, Mrs. Webster; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a Sheep, Mr. Barton; Small Box of Tea, anon.; 2 Boxes Valencias, Mr. Austin.

Sundries :—Parcel of Girls' Boots, sent to Miss Sharman's Home, Mrs. Gregg; Bassinet, Coverlet, and Pair of Wool Slippers, Sarah; 1 Dozen Iron Bowls, 1 Dozen ditto Pails, Mr. Vickery.

Books :—3 Vols. "Animal World," Mr. G. Yockney; 150 "Sankey's Hymn Books," Morgan and Scott.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
"H. M." (quarterly)	10	0	0
Poor Help	0	6	0
Kington, per Rev. A. E. Seddon	1	1	6
"W. R." Riddings	7	10	0
Mrs. Reid (annual)	0	10	0
Mrs. Wood (annual)	0	6	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. T. Wilkinson	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association (quarterly)	20	0	0
Minchinhampton (quarterly) per Rev. H. A. James	10	0	0
Eythorne, per Stephen Clarke, Esq.	7	10	0
Ross District, per Rev. W. H. Tetley	7	10	0
Maldon, per Mrs. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Staffordshire Potteries, No. 1	5	0	0
Miss Gairdener	3	0	0
Mrs. C. Davies	2	0	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mr. G. S. Wilson	0	2	6
H. M. C.	0	10	0
Mr. Scott	0	10	0
Misses Johnson	2	0	0
Thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
J. R. B.	5	0	0
	£123	16	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

PASTORS' COLLEGE ACCOUNT, 1874.

Dr. *Cr.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Balance brought forward	88 7 0	By Salaries	1,032 15 0	
„ Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,882 8 11	„ „ ... ... Evangelist	56 0 0	
„ Annual Meeting	125 10 4	„ „ ... ... Porter ...	25 10 0	
„ Donations	3,341 17 9			1,134 5 0
„ Collections	75 1 6	„ Board and Lodging Students	... ...	2,825 18 0
„ Repairs Account	31 5 0	„ Printing, Stationery, and Books	550 4 0	
		Less Sales	274 15 11	
				275 8 1
		„ Grants of Books to Students...	... ...	119 4 0
		„ Preaching Stations	... ...	288 8 7
		„ Clothing	... ...	88 10 3
		„ Gas, Fittings, and Repairs	... ...	24 17 7
		„ Annual Conference and Meetings	... ...	213 7 6
		„ Sundry Payments	... ...	100 9 10
		„ Deposit Account	300 0 0	
		„ Balance in hand	144 1 8	
				444 1 8
	£5,544 10 6			£5,544 10 6

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the vouchers, and found correct, leaving a balance in hand of Four hundred and forty-four pounds one shilling and eight pence.

5th January, 1875.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.
WM. PAYNE.

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Dr. *Cr.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance brought forward	243 6 9	By Portslade	200 0 0
„ Repayments	797 10 0	„ Shoreham	180 0 0
		„ Balance	660 16 9
	£1,040 16 9		£1,040 16 9

	£ s. d.
Outstanding Loans	3,9[illegible] 0 0
Loans during 1874	3 0 0 0
	4,3[illegible] 0 0
Repayments	797 10 0
	3,567 10 0

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the vouchers and found correct, the balance in hand being Six hundred and sixty pounds sixteen shillings and nine pence.

5th January, 1875.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.
WM. PAYNE.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1875.

A Plea for the Pastors' College.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT is of the utmost importance to the church that her ministers should be men fully equipped for their sacred work. Under God the church will generally be very much what her ministers make her; for the old proverb, "like priest like people," may be transferred from priests to pastors, and it will still hold good. When we reflect upon the influence for good or evil exercised by the pulpit, we feel that were all Christian people to concentrate their prayers upon that one point the object would be worthy of all their earnestness. Yet how seldom do believers pray the Lord to send forth labourers into his harvest: it seems to be the very last petition which they will offer, though it ought to be among the first. Jesus in ascending thought it to be a worthy celebration of his triumphal ascent to bestow on his church the various gifted men who should be her preachers and teachers; but we, on our part, as a rule, think so little of these royal favours, that we will not even ask for them. Is it any marvel that as eminent ministers die, their successors are not forthcoming? Need we wonder that preachers of power are so few and far between? If we do not know how to prize the gifts of heaven, and do not even think it worth our while to pray for them, it is but justice that they should be withheld. If there be any one thing which above all others would be profitable to the churches, it would be universal and unanimous prayer for ministers: for those we have, and for the raising up of more. We would earnestly entreat every Christian, by the love of Jesus, and the

needs of the age, to beseech the Lord to send us men of his own choosing to gather in the wanderers, and feed the flock of God.

True ministers of the gospel must be of the Lord's choosing, endowing, and qualifying. Churches which supply their ministry by training unconverted men with a view to their taking the cure of souls are acting a suicidal part. They set wolves to watch over the Lord's sheep, and children of the Evil One to sow the field of the kingdom. It is, besides, a most presumptuous intrusion into the office and work of the Holy Spirit for any man, or set of men, to think of making one of their fellows a minister of Christ. Both those who usurp the Spirit's office and send, and those who submit to the imposture and are sent, may think themselves mercifully favoured that they escape the immediate judgments of God; but they may be assured, beyond all hope, that no power of a divine kind ever will or can rest upon the ministrations thus inaugurated; for God will not own the messenger of man, nor set his seal to a commission which did not originally emanate from his throne. We believe that the illiterate prelections of a gracious man called of God from the plough-tail are infinitely more effectual for good than the most elegant utterances of an archbishop, should that dignitary be unregenerate and destitute of the Holy Spirit's anointing. The universities can do nothing in this business to compensate for the absence of the divine power, neither can aught be accomplished by episcopal hands, and the chanting of appointed psalms. The unregenerate and uncalled put on the surplice, but the prophetic mantle falls not upon their shoulders; they use the sacred words by which devils are cast out, but the evil spirits defy them, crying, "Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who are ye?"

Pure churches have in all ages recognised the great truth that the Lord must give pastors after his own heart, and they have in prayer looked up to the great Head of the church for such pastors; but they have not usually rested content with mere verbal prayer and passive waiting, they have proved the sincerity of their prayers and expectations by action fitting and appropriate. Care has been taken in various ways that godly youths of promise should be encouraged to exercise their gifts, should be enabled to devote much time to the study of Scripture, and should be associated with ministers of experience by whose example they might be impressed. In different ways provision has been made that each eloquent, but half-instructed, Apollos should learn the way of God more perfectly. Pauls have gathered around them their Timothies, even as the prophets of old had their schools; and these Timothies in their turn have been anxious to commit the things which they have learned to faithful men who would teach others also. It has never occurred to instructed and thoughtful minds that to give further education to men called to the ministry would be an intrusion upon the work of the Spirit: it is true, an extreme section have acted upon this supposition, but their own decline both in numbers and ability will ere long either convince them of their error or cause their extinction. The fact is that the Spirit of God will not do for us what we can do for ourselves. He has given us an inspired book, but he does not enable human beings to read it without having learned their letters, neither does he miraculously endow men with a knowledge of the original

tongues. Unless men are actually inspired, and the inspiration is so complete that it exercises no function but the voice, and leaves the mind as passive as the wall on which the mysterious hand-writing was written, or as the ass which spake to Balaam, preachers must be instructed in some measure, and the only rational questions which can be raised relate to the measure, the manner, and the subjects of the instruction. Schools of the prophets were not inconsistent with the spirit of prophecy; no one thinks they were; why then should it be imagined that schools of the preachers must necessarily be subversive of the Spirit's prerogatives in the gospel ministry?

Our Lord endowed his apostles with no mean measure of the Spirit, and yet for three years he instructed them as carefully as if he had not intended them to be his heralds among the nations; nay, all the more carefully because they were to be such. The illumination of the Holy Ghost which is vouchsafed to ordinary believers, does not by any means make them independent of the usual means of spiritual edification: they read, meditate, study the word and hear it preached; it would be singular indeed if those among us who are called to teach others should be released from this obligation, and should be allowed to inhale heavenly knowledge from the air, and idly breathe it out again in mere mechanical speech. To what end did the apostle exhort his young disciple in his absence to give attention to reading? Why did he bid him study, if all learning but that which comes by inspiration be a superfluity to a preacher of the word? Surely the time is past in which we need seriously to argue for the utility of mental and spiritual culture. We trust the church will never be duped into renewed faith in that conceited ignorance which is infallible in its own assertions, and therefore refuses all further light. We have had enough of

> "That lib'ral art, which costs no pains
> Of study, industry, or brains.
> That voice which speaks through empty soul,
> As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole."

When learning vaunts itself, and decries that teaching of the Holy Spirit by which men who never sat in her academies are made wise to win souls, we do not give place to her, no, not for an hour; and shall we after this allow ignorance to ride rough shod over us? If the idol of gold be broken, its pedestal is not reserved for an image of brass. God has no need of man's wisdom, but he certainly has no need of his ignorance. We do not exalt the Spirit of God, but we do the very reverse, when we lead men to suppose that he is unable to influence educated minds, and that he can only work by men uncouth and boorish; he is surely able to achieve his purposes by a learned Saul of Tarsus, and a Timothy who has known the Scriptures from his youth.

We are not among those who make sport of the inspired cobbler, or even of the popular coalheaver; but the cobbler developed into the distinguished linguist, and even the coalheaver styled himself the Doctor. The tendency of godliness is to make converted men more prudent and thrifty in the things of this life, and by the same process the possession of the inner life leads men to prize intelligence and knowledge, so that if they do not always set about the improvement of

their own minds, they almost invariably value the mental endowments of their fellow Christians; their new-born instincts teaching them that ignorance has kinship with darkness, and darkness is the congenial element of sin, while true knowledge has affinity with light, and light is the joy of the holy. Now, it is impossible that the attempt to improve himself which is so commendable in a private believer can be censurable in one who is called to the ministry; and if it be plain that to help an ordinary Christian in his efforts for the improvement of his mind is a praiseworthy effort, it is utterly inconceivable that to assist a minister in the same direction can be other than a good work. Even those who pretend to despise education are displeased when men "banish the letter H from 'ouse, and 'ome and 'eaven;" if this grosser ignorance jars on their ears, should they not have some sympathy for others who are equally afflicted with false pronunciations and grotesque blunders? But enough of this; it is more than probable that the majority of persons who need such reasoning as this are already too far gone to feel its power, and therefore we shall only waste our powder and shot, and excite renewed opposition where we hoped to create conviction. We are fully persuaded in our own mind, and believe that the vast majority of believers are of the same persuasion. Our assured conviction is that there is no better, holier, more useful or more necessary Christian service than assisting to educate young ministers.

The teaching given in institutions for the further education of the Lord's servants should have for its one end and object the furnishing of them for their work. They are not to be warped into philosphers, polished into debaters, carved into metaphysicians, fashioned into literati, or even sharpened into critics, they are to be "thoroughly furnished unto every good work." The Scriptures must be their chief class-book, theology their main science, the art of teaching their practical study, and the proclamation and exposition of the gospel their first business. With all knowledge they may intermeddle; but upon the knowledge of Christ crucified they must dwell. Books and parchments should be prized, but prayer and meditation should be supreme. The head should be stored, but the heart also should be fed with heavenly food. The tutors should be men of equal learning and grace, sound scholars, but much more sound divines, men of culture, but even more decidedly men of God. Such men will watch the opening mind with interest, but their keenest glances will be directed to the inner man; they will sedulously warn their pupils against pride of knowledge, and urge them to growth in grace as beyond all things the preacher's first necessity. The young men will under such guidance be kept from despising the less proficient, and preserved from estimating the gifts of nature above the priceless graces of the Spirit. Criticism of each other—an exceedingly valuable process—will not degenerate into fault-finding, but will be sanctified into zeal for the common advancement; the classes will not be a dreary routine, but cheerful conferences, such as they held of old who met at the wells to draw water, fulfilling the old proverb that "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man's countenance his friend by hearty counsel." Human studies should not only be subordinated to the divine, but they should be pursued in a devout spirit, so as to be elevated into branches of divinity, or at least consecrated, so as to be like the bells upon the

horses, "holiness unto the Lord." To lose in ardent piety what we gain in classical elegance is not to be educated, but despoiled; the process which produces such a result is not training, it might rather be called, if there were such words, the uneducating and untraining of the soul, and might be likened to the tearing down of the vine from its trellisses, or the unharnessing of the colt to turn it loose upon the wild prairie. Such as Arabia was to Paul, and Patmos to John, ought the retirement of college life to be to students for the ministry: they should seek to abide with Jesus, to study with him, and to learn of him. Can this be realized? We have heard men rejoice that so they have found it to be. Many a minister has thanked us, and praised the Lord, that in the Pastors' College he was no loser in zeal or spirituality, but a life-long gainer of the best form of wealth, quickened and not deadened in fervour of love to Christ by his tarrying with the brethren; and we believe that such grateful testimonies were not only true, but are common among those who have been our students. By no care or wisdom of tutors or president can it be so to all men; this must depend upon the man, and the supply of the Spirit; it is encouraging when it is so to many, and it leaves the responsibility upon the individuals themselves when it is otherwise. Earnestly have we striven after this; it has been our ideal, and we are not content till we reach it more fully; wherein we have had success we give all glory to God: our failures humble us before him, and provoke us to more sedulous endeavours to reach the desired goal.

It is a happy circumstance for a college when it is associated with an earnest working church, and if it grows out of the church, and is mainly supported by it, so much the better. Isolation from the actual activities, trials, and successes of Christian life cannot be a benefit, and may prove a great evil to those whose future career is to be intimately connected with such matters, and to exercise an influence over them. We at the Pastors' College are happy in our position, for we are connected with the largest church in Christendom, and are fostered beneath its wing. Our Institution is the beloved object of the care and generosity of the church at the Tabernacle; our students are members of that church and are expected to unite in its meetings for prayer, and to aid and assist in its operations. The method of church government comes as a matter of practical fact under each student's eye if he be mindful to observe it, and this is no small privilege to him if he be wise enough to made good use of the opportunity. In the revivals of the church he will naturally become a partaker, and in its joys and sorrows he will be found an intense sympathiser. He will be at no loss for Christian friends and counsellors, and need never stand idle in the market-place for a single hour, for work of all kinds invites him. He not only learns homiletics, but hears sermons; he not only reads of pastoral oversight, but witnesses it; he not only acquires the method of dealing with men's souls, but observes it in action. The method of placing a young preacher with an older one, that he may catch his spirit and learn from his experience, is identical with our plan, save only that the solitary student's place is occupied by scores. An observant young man cannot fail to carry away with him ideas, plans, methods, and stimulating influences, which will perhaps unconsciously affect his whole future career. The plan is

probably impracticable in the case of many theological academies; with us it has been, from a happy necessity of circumstances, one of the first elements of our existence.

The manner of College training, which brings many young men under one roof, and removes them from family life, has its advocates, and these have no difficulty in showing its advantages. We do not wish to enter into any controversy, but to us it has always seemed better that students should not be isolated from every-day existence, and placed in an artificial condition. They will, in most instances, have to economize a small income, and they had better see how others do the same. Tendencies to levity are more likely to be indulged when they are always in the society of those of the same age; the sobrieties of a household are beneficial, and the oversight of small companies is more easy and more constant than any which can be exercised over larger numbers. Our method has therefore been to board and lodge our students in selected families, and we have had no reason to regret our choice. We are thus able to receive as many or as few as may be accepted, and the whole of our College accommodation is available for teaching. If two hundred suitable men should be forthcoming, as the result of the present religious awakening, we are quite able to receive them; and if only forty or fifty should be sent to us of the Lord, we shall not have empty chambers to mourn over. We are free to act as circumstances require.

With great pleasure we welcome brethren who have already acquired the ground-work of a good education; but it has always seemed to us most desirable that men of natural gifts and much grace should not be refused, because they happen to be extremely backward in knowledge, through the straitness of their circumstances, or other causes. The Pastors' College has received men who knew no more than "their Bible true," and Christ a precious Saviour. Many of these have become eminently devoted ministers, and some of them have even overtaken the more cultured, and gained sufficient scholarship to come into the front rank. It is, of course, harder work for them, and their mistakes and early failures have been quoted against the College; but, if they can bear the labour, we can endure the discredit, knowing that the pleasure of seeing their future usefulness will abundantly repay us for the occasional pain of being taunted with their inefficiencies and crudities. To keep these men utterly silent for a time is no part of our plan, though policy suggests it; their immature utterances bring us into disrepute, but they are a part of the process by which the men become developed, and for their sakes we endure the evil for the sake of the far greater good. Muzzling these oxen would be very convenient but very cruel. We ask them to be careful, and if we cannot always induce them to be so, we believe that they will learn by experience, and the criticism they are sure to encounter will be one of their best monitors. They must preach; for this purpose were they born if they are the men we want. They have already preached two years or so before coming to us, and the fire is in their bones; they must not desist altogether, or the flame may be repressed, and thus the very force we wish to nourish may be weakened. We are aware of the cost to the reputation of the Institution, but, as reputation is not our

object, we have put up with the temporary consequences hitherto, and intend to do so still. No man finds our doors closed because he is poor or illiterate; if we can but be convinced that the Lord has called him to the work of the ministry, he is heartily welcome. His wants shall be supplied, his deficiencies shall be borne with, and he will suffer no contempt from his fellow-students, or harshness from his tutors.

To board, lodge, educate, and in many cases, to clothe, students, is an expensive business. In most of our colleges a man *must* have some means; in our case, students who are absolutely penniless are taken, and this increases our outlay materially. Yet funds have always been forthcoming without waiting upon subscribers, or drawing from public funds. Our confidence is that the Lord will always find means for his own work, and that confidence is unshaken, for he has raised up a long succession of generous helpers who make the financial burden a light one. Chiefly the church at the Tabernacle, and the guests at Mr. Phillips' annual supper, are the means of our sustenance, and we would tender our grateful acknowledgments to both. When our need is less our funds decrease, and when we need more they are sure to rise correspondingly, and therefore the measure of elasticity is adapted to the peculiarity of our condition: we cannot tell how many students may come to us next year, but we know of a surety that we need not reject a single individual on the sole ground of want of funds, for if the Lord meant us to take five hundred, he would cause proportionate funds to flow in.

If it were needful to speak of the success which the Lord has given to our young brethren, we should not fail for want of materials. The ministers who have gone from us are in the field, and several of them are very widely known; let the Christian public judge for themselves. To single out an instance of failure, and to measure all by that standard, would be so unfair that we do not suspect any Christian of such injustice: to expect that all should be as distinguished as some have been, would be unreasonable, but without vaunting, we can claim that as winners of souls, as founders of churches, and as workers in the ministry, the men from the Pastors' College occupy, by God's grace, no dishonourable position. May the Lord make them a thousand times more useful, and give the like blessing to all his servants of every college or no college.

A friend who has often aided us has just sent in £100, with the remark that as the result of such a revival as is now progressing we shall be sure to want more preachers, and therefore he is pleased to aid the Institution. Is it not so? The power of the Holy Spirit is being felt in almost every quarter, souls are yielding to the love of Jesus, and in flocks they are confessing their faith in the Saviour; the area of hearing is being enlarged, and more men will be needed to proclaim the quickening word. God will send us these men, shall we welcome them? They may come forth with a deep experience and a ripe knowledge of the word, and if so, may the Lord direct them at once into the thick of the harvest, where their sheaves shall be plenteous; but they may also come forth with zealous hearts, and burning tongues, yet with shallow knowledge and scant acquaintance with the Word; in this case we should prove the cordiality of our welcome by being ready to assist them to obtain further instruction in divine things. The young converts

brought out by the present revival will need teaching, and this can only be given them by those who are themselves well instructed in the truth as it is in Jesus. Evangelists need not the same stores of knowledge as pastors, these last should possess the keys of those granaries of truth wherein are laid up things new and old for the feeding of the saints. Help us then in our effort to aid the progress of the future under-shepherds of the flock.

Nor is this all, there is yet very much land to be possessed. The masses of our countrymen have yet to be reached. Tens of thousands have of late gathered to hear our beloved brethren, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but there are other hundreds of thousands who are not moved as yet. Hundreds of preachers are needed for crowded cities and benighted villages; our own land needs nothing so much as earnest heralds of the gospel, and America feels the same lack. Meanwhile the mission field calls eagerly for men; lands newly opened to the gospel, such as Spain and Italy, demand faithful labourers. The fields whiten day by day, and cry aloud for sharp sickles. More precious than a wedge of gold is a man, a live man, a man on fire with love divine; and wise is it on the part of the Church of God to care for such men when she gets them, and allow no stumbling blocks to lie in the way of their usefulness.

Our appeal is for the Pastors' College, for in that our heart is bound up, it is dear to us as life itself; but we would with equal sincerity commend to the reader's prayers and kind consideration all institutions with similar aims. Differing modes are of small consequence if the spirit be the same. Where men are sharpening their swords to fight beneath the banner of truth, where trumpeters are practising the notes which are to stimulate the battalions of Immanuel to the attack, where perpetual prayer goes up like pillars of smoke to heaven—there, even there, wherever it may be, may the Lord command the blessing, even life for evermore.

Popish Persecutions.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE INQUISITION.

BY REV. W. P. COPE, OF MAZE POND CHAPEL.

THE history of the Inquisition, which has been written at great length by Dr. W. H. Rule, in two volumes, illustrates in a very remarkable manner the spirit and aim of the Papal Church. Like a cloud about the size of a man's hand was the first appearance of this remarkable institution: and like the cloud seen by the prophet's servant it has grown in size till its dark shadow has been flung on almost every land where the Pope has been recognised as a spiritual superior. But unlike the cloud seen from Carmel's height, laden with blessing to a thirsty impoverished land, this cloud has made the fruitful places barren; it has turned the garden of the Lord into a wilderness, and its progress has been marked by floods of blood. Great attention has been drawn of late to the action of the papal church. She has challenged

it by her blasphemous pretensions to infallibility. The more her claims are examined; the more the light of modern inquiry is let into her secret history of the past; the more we question how she has used the power that once was hers; the more earnestly shall we protest against her assumption of supremacy over the human race, and be prepared, if needs be, to endorse our protest with resolute action. The story of the Inquisition is no ordinary story of religious persecution; for persecution has been unhappily a leading feature in almost every system of religion. In proportion as it has been destitute of the spirit of him who "came not to destroy men's lives but to save them," religion has used the sword of the magistrate or the weapon of the soldier for the extermination of heresy, or the spread of its own system. The papal church, however, has gained the unenviable distinction of establishing a secret ecclesiastical court with tonsured judges, independent of civil law and control, for the extirpation of heresy by means of torture and death.

In forming a right estimate of the principles and practices of Inquisition it must be borne in mind that it flourished in an age of gross cruelty. Human life was then held less sacred than now. Offences deemed light in the present day—those against property or social order—were visited with the extreme penalty of the law. Savagery was stronger than sentiment. The sword of justice was always whetted, and, wielded by an arm always in practice, it dealt very wide and sweeping blows. But when the most has been said that can be said in explanation of the circumstances amid which the Inquisition rose to its greatest power we cannot but feel that a dark blot remains upon the page of Romish church history. The church that could perpetrate such outrages upon humanity must still be very narrowly watched. The machinery is unchanged; the principles remain unaltered. Should the opportunity again occur for setting them in motion everything is ready. What might be done can only be imagined when we understand what has been done. For six hundred years—one third of the Christian era—"The Holy Office," as the Inquisition is sometimes called, exercised its fell authority: the number of its victims it is impossible to tell. A very moderate estimate for Spain alone puts them at more than 350,000. It is worthy of notice, as more than a singular coincidence, that in 1869, during one of the revolutionary struggles of that unhappy country, most remarkable evidence was brought to light of the horrible proceedings of the Holy Office. The question of liberty of worship was under discussion in the Spanish Cortes—the Spanish Parliament. In the height of the excitement some workmen digging out a foundation in the Plaza Mayor of Madrid uncovered two black streaks of ashes. They were not parts of the regular geological formation. In them were found fragments of human bones, an iron collar, and other matters. They were mute witnesses to popish cruelty in the ages past come to plead for liberty of conscience and of worship. For the want of these they had sealed their faith with their blood two hundred years before.

This institution, which has left its brand mark upon France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, India, Venice, and in a slighter degree upon Germany—wherever the papal supremacy triumphed—owes its origin to a Spanish

monk, Domingo de Guzman by name, better known in the Romish church as St. Dominic, the founder of the Dominican order of Friars. It is said that his mother was troubled by a dream some time before his birth. She imagined she was delivered of a dog, who came to light, carrying a burning brand in his mouth, to set the world on fire. The boy's career in a strange manner fulfilled the mother's dream. From the first he identified himself with the persecuting party of the church. During a visit to France, soon after he had been made a priest, it is said that he distinguished himself by controversy with the heretics. Some of them he converted by showing the superiority of his arguments over theirs in standing the fire. His arguments written upon paper, chemically prepared of course, were thrice thrown into the fire without being burned. It was a strange method. Beginning by throwing his own arguments into the fire he ended by putting his opponents there. It is easily understood how in those rough, rude times, when argument failed to convince the obstinate heretic, harsher measures should be adopted. Restless, ambitious men were not wanting to take the initiative. A bold, daring leader would then as now find many followers. What they lacked in originality they could at least make up in devotion. This was St. Dominic's position. Animated by the success he had already achieved against heretics, he conceived the design of forming a new order of preachers against heresy. It is a curious fact that in opening an Inquisition, in any place, a sermon forms an important part of the ceremony. Texts were not difficult to find; for it would not be the first time the devil quoted Scripture to suit his purpose. When the canonical Scriptures failed them was there not the Apocrypha? One of the preachers of the new order of Dominicans opened the Inquisition at Toulouse in 1234 by a sermon upon a text in Ecclesiasticus xlviii. 1.—"Then stood up Elias the prophet as fire, and his word burned like a lamp." The notes of that sermon are not preserved. We have the records of some others. At Saragossa, in 1671, the Inquisition was opened by a sermon on Luke xi. 14—28, "And he was casting out a devil, and it was dumb." After stating that "Aaron was an inquisitor of the law, and that he was that day represented by the inquisitors at Saragossa," the preacher divides his sermon into two heads. First, "The obligation to delate," *i.e.*, to betray, or lay information against others; second, "The holiness of the office of Judge-Inquisitor." Under the first head it is remarked that "Religion is a warfare; every soldier should give notice to his chief if he knows there are enemies. If he does not give notice he deserves to be punished as a traitor. The Christian is a soldier, and if he does not denounce the heretics he is a traitor; justly will the Inquisition punish him" . . . . "Jacob separated himself from the house of Laban, his father-in-law, without saying 'good bye.'" Why did he not pay respect to his father-in-law? Because Laban was an idolator, and in matters of faith religion must be above all human consideration; therefore the son ought to delate the heretic to the Inquisition, although that heretic be his own father. Moses was inquisitor against Pharaoh, his foster-grandfather, plunging him into the sea because he was an idolator; and against his brother Aaron, reproving him for having consented to the golden calf. Therefore in offences of inquisition you

must not stop to think whether the delinquent be your father or your brother. Joshua was inquisitor against Achan, commanding them to burn him, because he had stolen property confiscated under the curse of Jericho, which ought to have been burnt in the fire: therefore it is just for heretics to be burnt. Achan was a prince of the tribe of Judah, and yet they delated him: therefore every heretic ought to be delated, though he were a prince of the blood royal." We will not reproduce the argument of the second head; enough to say that in it the Inquisition is compared to the Book of Revelation, which was sealed with seven seals. It signified that the process of the Inquisition is so secret that it seemed to be sealed with seven thousand seals. "Only a lion opens it, and then the lion is changed into a lamb. What clearer figure of an Inquisitor can there be? For making inquisition into crimes he is a lion that terrifies: after having sought them out he is a lamb that treats all the guilty written in that book with gentleness, kindness, and compassion." The unhappy heretic delivered over to the tender mercies of these lamb-like inquisitors would have found the treatment of the savage lion preferable. Many in the dungeon and on the rack would be reminded of the words of David, "Let me now fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hands of men."

From preaching to persecution was an easy step. Heresy must be stopped, for it was undermining the authority of the church. If heretics refused to recant and confess their sin, they must be prevented from spreading the evil with which they were tainted. The leper in times of old was removed out of the camp. Heresy was a worse disease than leprosy, and it must be "stamped out." St. Dominic set himself to organise a system that should secure this desirable end. The Dominican fraternity had already been established. He tried to form another order, one of women. They proved fractious and uneasy, and had soon to be dispersed. Nothing daunted, he tried a third time, and formed a band called "the Militia of Christ," to fight as crusaders against heretics. They were chiefly married men—all of them gentlemen. Their wives were also sworn to help them in this holy warfare, but chiefly in the discovery of heretics. Attached to the "family" of the Dominicans, yet not subject to the rules of that order, they were known as *familiars*, a title afterwards appropriated by certain officers of the Inquisition. Several years were required to consolidate this machinery. From time to time the authority of the Pope had to be secured in sanction of the successive steps that were taken. It was not to be expected that Dominic would rest long without wishing to put to the test the method he had devised for the extirpation of heresy. We find the Inquisitors busy at work in France, in Italy, and Germany at the close of the first quarter of the thirteenth century. For reasons of state policy, too tedious now to explain, the reigning monarch in each case not only consented to the proceedings, but directed that all possible aid should be given by the civil officers of the state. It must not, however, be supposed that these heretic-hunting monks always received a hearty welcome from the people. Sometimes the inhabitants of a town would rise up against the officers of the Inquisition, and, by their threats, drive them from the place. But Rome, wily and patient, could

always wait. Sometimes it waited with settled purposes of revenge that time only intensified. It could wield weapons more terrible than fire and sword. In one case the whole town was put under ban. The usual deplorable consequences followed: the ministers of religion were withdrawn, trade was suspended; a blight, worse than the gloom that settled upon Egypt in the days of the plagues, was upon the place. The people were soon reduced to submission. Very piteously did they pray that the curse might be removed. Very seriously did they vow on their own part and that of their successors, perpetual obedience to the holy Inquisitors, who for the future should do as they please. Any penalties that might be inflicted they would rigorously perform. Then the Holy Fathers returned, and, as a warning to other towns and future generations, exacted judgment—judgment without mercy.

The Romish church found it a great advantage to have a body of men specially devoted to the work of preserving the saints in their faith; and catching "the foxes, the little foxes that spoiled the vine." Pope Innocent III., who deserves to be canonised as the Patron Saint of the Inquisition, in very tender language expressed his concern for the "Lord's vineyard," exposed to the ravages of these foxes—"their faces diverse, and their tails tied together with a band of vanity." From such, as the apostles taught, the faithful were to turn away. Against them let the priests sound their silver trumpets loud and clear, and call out the people. Let the ark of the Lord go forward. Let the walls of Jericho be overthrown. Let them be crushed under a perpetual curse. Attempts were made on several occasions to secure the conviction of some who sympathised with the heretics; but these attempts made in a civil court, were ineffectual. The bishops were not always so active in their provinces as Rome desired. Perhaps the bishop was aged, and desired to spend his last days on earth in the peaceful relations he had cultivated for many years. Sometimes he was of a mild and loving disposition; watchful over the spiritual devotion of his children; tender in his dealings towards those who differed from him, grieved with their departures from the faith, yet hoping to win them by love and patience. Sometimes he was intimately acquainted with the friends of the suspected heretic: they were persons of influence in the social circle in which he moved. He could not set in motion any law that aimed at the life or even the liberty of their friend without seeming to betray the trust they reposed in him. In vain were papal briefs exhorting them "to take the foxes" addressed to such bishops as these. It needed men who had devoted themselves to the work of heresy-hunting; men whose hearts were well hardened by a long apprenticeship to the bloody task; men far removed from all other influences save supreme devotion to the Holy See. Let them loose like some raging ravenous lion in the midst of a helpless multitude. What if some perish innocently? Theirs the surer and earlier glory. In any case, should heretic or penitent perish, the inquisitors of every country were exempted from the guilt of murder by the special grace of Benedict XI. If bishop or priest try to shelter or screen the suspected heretic, let him also be suspected; or if he show laxity in supporting these zealous defenders of the faith, perhaps it is because he secretly sympathises with the suspected, and is at heart one of them. In self-defence,

then, priest or bishop, whatever might be his own natural feeling, was bound to support the "Inquisition" whenever it was opened.

In later times the proceedings of the Inquisition came to be called an "auto-da-fe," or "Act of Faith." In its early days it was known as a "general sermon of faith." The proceedings were in all cases opened by a sermon. There have been preserved the records of the proceedings of two Inquisitors, specially appointed for France. They commenced their work at Toulouse, and carried it on at intervals from 1308 to 1322. As a preliminary step, a seneschal, a judge, a sergeant-at-arms, and a civil governor, as representing the Sovereign, swore on the gospels "faith to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the Roman church, promising to defend Christ and the church with all their might; to pursue and take all heretics in their belief, with their aiders and abettors, and accuse and present them to the church and the Inquisitors. They swore engagement not to give office of any kind to the aforesaid pestilential persons, nor to any reputed to be such, and not to admit the like into their family, their friendship, or their service." After administering similar oaths to other officials, the Inquisitors pronounced sentence of excommunication against all that had in any way hindered or opposed them, and their subordinates, either openly or secretly. Having thus prepared the way for further proceedings, the unhappy victims of suspicion were brought out of their cells, or to use the expressive language of the original record, "brought out of the wall." They were literally *immured*. In many places cells have been discovered in which the condemned were built in, a space being left at the top in which food was thrust. Among other sentences passed by these two Inquisitors is this, "sitting at this tribunal and having counsel of good men, learned in civil and canon law, we condemn you by sentence in this writing to perpetual prison of the wall, there to perform healthful penance with bread of grief and water of affliction." In these records there appear, in the first entry, the names of fifty-seven persons with designations which show that whole families had been captured by the officers of the Inquisition, their sole offence being that they had embraced the gospel in opposition to the doctrines taught by the Romish church. In a second entry appear the names of eighty-seven persons sentenced to penance for the "damned crime of heresy." Among them, three men, one of them aged, and three women, two of them widows, are sentenced as follows: "And because you have offended more largely and more gravely, and therefore deserve weightier punishment, we determine that you shall be perpetually shut up *in closer wall and straiter place in fetters and chains*." In their zeal against these heretics they pursued them to the grave. Among the list of sentences recorded is found the following: "We command, in sign of perdition, that the bones of the said persons, if they can be distinguished from the bones of the faithful, be exterminated or exhumed from the sacred cemeteries, thrown out hence, and be burned." The beginnings of the Inquisition promised fairly for its future growth. From walling up living heretics and exhuming and burning the bones of the dead, we are prepared for any barbarity the holy office may be guilty of as it grows in years and power.

It took years to grow. Those years were marked by the grossest

corruption and licentiousness in the world; and of hollow prating, pharisaic righteousness on the part of the church. The solemn decrees, the bulls and statutes of this period, are full of expressions that imply the greatest zeal for the purity of the faith. If freedom of thought be suppressed, it is said to be done in the interest of religion; if one departed from the appointed standard of faith, and suffered for it, the penalty is made to appear as much for his soul's sake as for the good of the church. Yet if we read the history of the church in its true light, it was intriguing for temporal power. Heresy hunting and heresy burning were often only expedients for masking its true designs. Morality was at a discount. Sensualities of the grossest kind were indulged in. All classes of society, all situations of domestic life, both with the clergy and laity, in the homes of the people, and under consecrated roofs, were alike infected. While the severest sentences were passed upon the honest heretic who dared to think for himself and differently from the priest, crimes of the vilest character were overlooked; or if condemned, immediately condoned. If penance was inflicted, no one thought seriously of performing it. While Inquisitors are charged not "to spare any on account of age or sex," the priest is advised "that because the frailty of our time cannot abide censure of so great rigour, let it be attempered with prayers, *alms*, and other *satisfactions*, as far as they know how, or as they may consider to be expedient." To the female sex they were to be especially tender. Women who should confess were to have "the oil of mercy added to the wine of the canon." So that a dissolute woman, whom Christianity would now place in a reformatory, was simply dismissed with a trifling penance; or, if wealthy, sent to a nunnery "to serve God;" while a matron of unspotted life who would not go to confession, or who was known to ask a blessing on her food in a form unauthorised by the priest, would be immured in a dungeon; and if she did not repent would eventually be burned at the stake. It was, in fact, better to be a criminal than a heretic: for a reasonable consideration the clergy were willing to spare transgressors the pains of penance and the pangs of purgatory, but any upon whom the breath of a suspicion of heresy had fallen they relentlessly hunted to the death. No matter how pure and unblemished the life and reputation of one suspected, the murderer was better treated than the heretic. If the priests could not interpose between the criminal and the law, they at least could make sure of his admission to heaven. Cast out of this world, they induced Peter to open for him the gate of the next. As for the heretic who died under the ban of the church, there was neither compassion for him here, nor hope for him in the world to come. The dungeon, the stake or the scaffold, and hell, these were his well-merited fate. The sufferings they bore here were only a typical tithe of what they would endure hereafter. So that if the priests were believed, the friends of the heretic had the agony of knowing that their loved ones were lost for ever. No masses could avail them: in their case the fires of purgatory would never cease to burn.

What a network of spiritual despotism was being gradually woven around the people we can hardly understand! No one would dare to proclaim his own thoughts if they differed from the teachings of the

priests. If he expressed any sympathy with the sufferings of those handed over to the inquisitor, he was suspected of sympathy with his heresy as well. To be thus suspected was to be in danger of similar sufferings. Stunted and warped in his spiritual growth and mental freedom, the Papist was allowed all manner of bodily excess and riot. Stealthily and successfully the papal church was emasculating the manhood of that age. It strove for the supremacy, and suffered nothing to stand in its way. Even its most zealous adherents, upon the first symptoms of wavering, became its victims. Frederick II., crowned emperor by the Roman Pontiff, and one of the first to recognise the authority of the Inquisitors, whom by a constitution published at Padua, he took under "his special protection," was soon declared an infidel, denounced as an enemy of the church, and as such was pursued to the day of his death. It is equally remarkable that his chancellor, who had framed the constitution of Padua, which gave the inquisitors such power in the empire, came to a miserable end through the intrigues of the priests. They determined to be masters of the situation, and were equally determined that neither chancellor nor emperor should stand in their way.

These were only the beginnings of the Inquisition. "If they do these things in a green tree what shall be done in the dry?"

(To be continued.)

The Sermon of the Roses.

EAST, west, north, and south the good doctor had been that day, succouring the suffering, and battling for their lives against diseases manifold. Accustomed as he had long been to scenes of anguish, the last few hours had been exceptional in their revelations of human woe. His sympathetic heart gathered to itself the weary burdens of the many he had visited, and his spirit was bowed beneath the load.

Jaded and worn, over-anxious and over-wrought, he threw himself into the easy chair in his library, and thus bemoaned himself. "Ah, me! ah, me! What a dark and dreary world is this! An hospital on a gigantic scale! No brightness, no beauty, nothing but pain, disease, and deathshade. I toil day after day, and often night after night, to lessen the sum of human misery, but I make no sensible impression upon the enormous mass. Vain is the light of medical knowledge, the darkness thickens, the shadows deepen, and the gloom of the sepulchre settles down on all things. I have battled with my little stock of skill and strength against the all-devouring monster, but I feel utterly spent. My heart sickens. I see no end to this dreary warfare, no hope of ultimate victory! God help me, and help poor humanity!"

Having poured forth this melancholy soliloquy, the doctor sat with folded hands and mentally reviewed the events of the day. He was a physician of no mean repute; to many a grateful patient he was "the beloved physician," for God had given him much skill and wisdom,

and his name and fame were spreading through other lands ; even that very day his success in the operating theatre had called forth the profound admiration of his colleagues, and increased his renown : yet a cloud was passing over his spirit, and dark thoughts hovered around him. He strove to shake off this despondent mood, but it clung to him like those thick mists which chill the traveller to the bone. Who among us has not succumbed to the influences of the weary hour, especially when our faculties have been held in a high degree of tension all day long ? Was not even the prophet of fire made to feel the damps of reaction after that glorious day on Carmel, when the Lord was triumphant over Baal ? The best friends of man, who are most eager to do good, and most ready to lay themselves out for the benefit of others, are best acquainted with the condition into which our friend in yonder chair in the library has descended. God is the helper of all such.

Full soon the doctor's eye fell on a black morocco bag which lay by the side of his chair. It contained his valued instruments, the keen weapons which he wielded in his hand-to-hand fight with death, weapons which even that day had stood him in good stead. They were fearsome things to handle, the mere sight of them would startle timid mortals, but it suited his present morbid frame of mind to examine them. As he opened the bag, an almost celestial fragrance streamed forth and filled the room, and, to the doctor's utter amazement, he saw a company of lovely roses hiding away his cruel knives, even as the daisies and the greensward daintily conceal the abode of death. Nestling in all their confiding loveliness by the side of those keen horrors of surgery which divide the joints and marrow, they smiled upon him as peace smiles when it leads the war-horse to the pasture, and breaks the bow, and cuts the spear in sunder. When Samson found honey in the lion's carcase he was not one half so surprised as was this master of the healing art when he found the loveliest of the flowers as much at home among instruments of steel as if she were a queen surrounded by a body-guard of valiant men, all holding swords most sharp and glittering. White and damask, and creamy yellow, and one or two pink buds veiled in moss, there they lay smiling upon him with a beauty and grace, which were enhanced by their incongruous surroundings. Greatly wondering whence they came, the good man sat and gazed at them. Then came a troop of cheering thoughts like good angels to minister to him ; his eyes were filling and his heart was melting, the roses were discoursing sweetness, their perfume was persuasion, their blushing beauty was eloquence. Nay, think not that we are sentimental; have ye never read the poet's lines wherein he saith—

> "Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers ;
> Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book ;
> Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
> In loneliest nook ?"

Have ye not heard of the language of flowers ? If there be sermons in stones, shall there not be homilies in roses ? If ye inquire how the floral apostles discoursed, we fear the tale will be marred in the telling,

but to the physician's heart the lesson was on this wise. "O thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt? Was thy soul so taken up with the thorn as to forget the rose, of which the thorn is but a necessary accompaniment? It is not true that pain and death are sole occupants of this world, sweet consolations yet remain to us. The earth is not given over to the brier and the thorn—there are roses still, and these not only in kings' gardens, but in the tiny plots around the cottages of the poor; roses not here and there, rare as the ruby, but in ruddy clouds, plentiful as the rosy beams of the morning, smiling on every land from the expanse of earth as the stars from the firmament of heaven.

Thou seest us nestling here among these cold, stern implements of steel, and we are here to remind thee that side by side with suffering thou wilt find God's choicest comforts, even as at the touch of the spear there ran adown the cross a blood-red stream, which withered the thorns of Golgotha and covered Calvary with roses. The Rose of Sharon bloomed amid the flashing swords of Gethsemane, the scourges of Pilate's hall, and the nails, the sponge, and lance of the mount of doom. Where hearts are broken with contrition, and bosoms torn with anguish, there doth that "plant of renown" still shed its balmy fragrance. Look not for the purest joys in the house of feasting, but know that the wise man found it better to go to the house of mourning. There is a solemn and mysterious happiness hidden away in the depths of sorrow like the pearl in the heart of the sea: yea, and it would never be known among men were there not sufferers who, like the hardy divers of the eastern ocean, plunge beneath the billows. He was blessed, indeed, whose mother bore him with sorrow; there is a peace born of affliction which is like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Between the paroxysms of pain there are intervals of delicious rest such as cannot be conceived of by those who have never known the throb of agony.

"They who most suffer value suffering's pause."

To his mourners, moreover, the Lord is peculiarly near, and where he comes fair flowers of Paradise spring up on a sudden; they twine about the sick man's bed, they canopy his couch, and charm him with their celestial odours. Blest with divine fellowship, the heart of the gracious sufferer becomes itself a garden wherein bloom roses such as the Christ of God doth pluck at—patience, resignation, humility, trustfulness, and the glad anticipation of the rest which remaineth. Many had never grown these roses had not the garden of their souls been digged and all upturned with those hard implements which are so needful in the divine husbandry. What would not the world lose if the blessed testimonies of the sons and daughters of affliction were suppressed: they are as bruised spices which shed out their inward souls and secret essences, and in so doing scatter health and sweetness. Pain is "a sacred, salutary ill," disease is a token from the bridegroom's hand that he is on the way, and death itself is but his footfall; therefore, amid these mementoes of sickness, we are not out of place, we are here of unquestionable right. We grew in Eden and blushed at human sin, but we did not forsake the fallen, and we bloom on still to solace human

sorrow. We have not been confined in vain in this armoury of your art if we have comforted you, and nerved you to be "stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

The Doctor awoke from his reverie, and murmured to himself the lines of Wordsworth:—

> "To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Tenderly, nay, almost reverently he lifted the sweet roses to his lips, then placed them in cool fresh water, and gazed upon them for a moment. The next instant saw him on his knees consecrating himself anew to the service of his Lord, whose goodness he had so mournfully forgotten, and who had so lovingly rebuked him by the flowers of the field. He left his burden and the burdens of his fellow men with the Great Burden-bearer, and, casting a grateful look upon the roses, he peacefully sought his pillow, and dreamed of an angel appearing to him from the centre of a rose, and singing of a place where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

Reader, the Doctor never knew who placed those roses in his bag—nor will you.

APPHIA ET CAROLUS.

Life of Samuel Medley.

OUR extract from a sermon by Mr. Medley excited so much interest that we shall give another quotation from it of equal interest next month. Finding his life to be full of interest, we enrich our pages with it. The biography appears to have been written by his son.

Mr. Samuel Medley was born at Cheshunt, Herts, on the 23rd of June, A.D. 1738, and educated under his grandfather, Mr. William Tonge, at Enfield, a man of considerable learning and respectability in the religious world.

He early distinguished himself by a lively capacity, and a strong and retentive memory. His learning, so far from being a drudgery, was always his pleasure and amusement; a disposition which followed him far into life.

About the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an oilman in Newgate-street, in which situation he met with many peculiar difficulties, arising partly from the temper of those with whom he had to do, and partly from his active turn of mind. Finding himself entirely cramped in a sphere ill suited to the vivacity of his character and the extent of his ideas, he resolved to get rid as soon as possible of his irksome confinement. His wishes were much sooner realized than he expected, by the breaking out of the war in 1755; when amongst other offers, held out as an inducement for young men to enter into the navy, was that of apprentices being permitted to serve their time out in the king's service, and certain companies came forward to secure the freedom of the City to those who preferred the service of their country. By this grant he became free of the Clothworkers' Company.

This was of all others the most desirable event that could have taken place. He at once made up his mind to the navy; and both his brothers being at this time engaged in the seafaring line, this still tended to fix his mind more resolutely on the same pursuit. It was in vain that his pious father and grandfather urged their objections and remonstrances. All the expostulations of his friends proving useless, and finding him fixed to his object, they exerted themselves to render him every service in their power.

He was now entered as midshipman on board the *Buckingham*, a seventy-four gun ship, in which new situation he immediately strove to recommend himself, by an unremitted assiduity to the duties of his station. Determined to excel, he never would admit a rival, by which means he soon gained the notice and esteem of his captain and officers. A very peculiar providence rendered his station on board this ship very agreeable. His captain, in conversation with him, discovered that he likewise had received his education under his grandfather, Mr. William Tonge, a circumstance which was entirely unknown to any of the parties concerned, when he entered the service. Every friendly attention from this time was shown to Mr. Medley, as far as propriety would admit; and as a proof of his captain's real friendship he used to take every opportunity of instructing him in the nautical profession.

From the *Buckingham* Mr. Medley was removed with the captain and officers to the *Intrepid*, another seventy-four, on board of which ship he was master's mate, and soon after sailed with the squadron under the command of the Right Hon. Edward Boscawen, admiral of the blue. Their destination was to the Mediterranean, where they were stationed for upwards of three years, occasionally lying off Gibraltar, Minorca, Cadiz, and other ports in those seas. Here he had an opportunity of seeing much of the world and mankind, nor did he fail making such observations as were afterwards profitable to him through life; though at this time, it appears, he was in the zenith of his profaneness. How often, looking back to this period with contrition and gratitude, has he mentioned the awful lengths he was permitted to run, and how much he was under the power and dominion of his corruptions, being at the greatest possible distance from God, and utterly averse from every serious reflection that might occasionally intrude upon his mind!

Possessing a considerable share of classical learning, great wit, a fine constitution, and an unbounded flow of spirits, he was at once the life of the giddy circle in which he daily associated, and universally prized as a companion in mirth. This lively and volatile turn of mind, he has many times said, was at this time his greatest snare, and led him into more evil than any other temptation. Thus flattered and caressed by his light and profligate companions, he gave full scope to his reigning propensities; acknowledging that he had neither the fear of God nor man before his eyes.

But, though lost to every serious impression, he was not totally without some flashes of conviction, which, in spite of all his mirth and jollity, would sometimes cast a momentary damp upon his pleasure. As an instance of this, he one day, in the height of his profaneness, casting his eyes on a favourite dog belonging to the captain, that lay by

his side, suddenly wished he was that dog, that he might have no soul to be saved. The effect of his religious education would appear also in his contempt of the gross superstitions he had constant opportunities of observing, particularly in Spain; and although he pretended to no religion himself, yet so heartily did he despise the idolatrous worship of the host, and the stupid processions on these occasions, that he would put himself to any inconvenience, rather than pass by at such times; and he verily believed, had he come to the trial, he should have sooner suffered himself to have been insulted or abused, as to have bowed his knees with the deluded populace. He also held a respectful notion of the piety of his father and grandfather, never doubting but they were honest and sincere in their religious professions.

During his service he was engaged in several actions, but the most considerable, and the last, was the battle fought off Cape Lagos, on the memorable 18th of August, 1759, under Admiral Boscawen, against the French fleet commanded by M. de la Clue, Chef d'Escadre. This was a hard-fought and obstinate engagement, and the enemy, owing to their custom at that time of crowding their ships with men, was particularly affecting. On board of many of the French ships they stove in their barrels of flour, to absorb the blood that flowed on their decks, in order to prevent the sailors from slipping. The station which Mr. Medley occupied during this action was on the poop, where he had a table and a chair to take the minutes. From this elevated situation he had not only an opportunity of observing every circumstance that happened on board the *Intrepid*, but could perceive the enemy drop as they were killed or wounded, the action was so close. Thus surrounded by death, and in the most imminent danger, he has often said he was so callous, that he had neither fear nor care. The first thing that startled him was observing a shot shiver the mizenmast, while the captain, first lieutenant, and master were conversing together, the former leaning with his arm against the mast. None of them however were materially hurt.

A scene that affected him still more was that of a wounded marine, carried off the deck by his comrade, to go to the surgeon. While at the top of the ladder a shot taking the man in the bowels, who bore his wounded companion on his shoulders, they both instantly fell down into the hold together.

Not long after this the master turning himself round, cried out, "Mr. Medley, you are wounded." On his looking down and seeing a quantity of blood, and the muscles of his leg torn, his spirits felt a damp for the first time. Being a wound of such a nature as required immediate assistance, owing to the loss of blood, great part of the calf of the leg being shot away, he rose from his seat and walked down to the surgeon. The action continued some time after, but ended with the utmost success on the side of the English.

Mr. Medley was now entirely incapacitated from attending the duties of his station, and ordered to keep his bed; which, to one of his active disposition, proved a very severe trial. His wound, instead of healing by the means used, daily grew worse, which, together with his close confinement, tended much to lower his spirits. The surgeon at length was under the necessity of informing him that there was every

appearance of gangrene, and that he feared the only means left of saving his life was amputation, which must be finally determined by the state of the wound the next morning. This was depressing news, and at once overwhelmed his spirits. Disconsolate and alone, he now began to think soberly. Revolving in his mind the education, the advice, and the example he had enjoyed ; the kind admonitions of his pious father and grandfather, their counsels and prayers began to find a place in his memory. He recollected also with what importunate anxiety they had constantly inculcated upon him the duty of personal prayer, as well by example as precept.

Considering his case as desperate, it occurred to his mind that prayer to God must be his last resource. This reflection was somewhat encouraged by what he had often heard his parents say respecting God's hearing those that called on him ; conceiving there was no other course left for him, all human help now failing, he resolved to betake himself to this experiment.

At this juncture it struck him, that he had once seen a Bible in his chest, by whom deposited, or when, he knew not ; but he supposed it was by his father, or some of his relations.* For this long neglected book, which he, like many others, had never opened while in health and strength, he now in trouble began to find a use. Immediately calling his servant, he gave him the key of his chest, and told him to bring a Bible he would find there : he opened this sacred book in the devotional Psalms, and read for a considerable time, but never could recollect which of the Psalms it was he read on this occasion.

The great agitation of his mind prevented his rest, he spent the principal part of the night in wakeful anxiety, praying to God in his way very fervently for the restoration of his limb, and the preservation of his life ; these were indeed his only objects, for at this time he had not been taught the far greater danger he was in of losing his soul.

As the morning approached he trembled for the consequence. On the wound being opened, the surgeon, lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, the change was little less than a miracle. Pleased and surprised at this unexpected event, he did not fail to set it down as an answer to his importunate, and as he thought prevailing petitions ; verily believing that God had heard him on account of his prayers. At least he could not help thinking that there was something more in what his friends had told him about religion, than he had been in the habit of conceiving. From this time he began gradually to recover, but as his health and strength returned, his serious impressions in proportion wore away.

The fleet being ordered home, and being still confined to his cabin, on his arrival in England he was permitted to leave the service, till he was perfectly restored; and to return or not at his own option. But he still entertained the highest sentiments respecting his favourite profession ; and flushed with the thoughts of so signal a victory, in the honours of which he was now sharing, he resolved he would never quit the service till he was made an admiral.

On his arrival in London, he was carried to the house of Mr. Tonge,

* This was one of the Society's Bibles.

his grandfather, where he continued for many months to keep his room.

Mr. Tonge was now retired from public life, having left Enfield, and was at this time a deacon of the Baptist church, under the pastoral charge of the late Dr. Gifford. Mr. Medley, thus surrounded by his pious relations and friends, was forced, much against his inclination, to hear many a faithful admonition and many a solemn warning. His grandfather's manners, being rather rigid and strict, made him, to one of Mr. Medley's temper, but a disagreeable companion, which was an additional reason for his earnestly desiring his liberation, by returning again to the duties of his station.

His wound being nearly healed, and his wonted vivacity beginning to return, he was pondering in his mind the most eligible mode of securing his preferment. At this critical juncture, while he was laying his plans for this world, it pleased God to engage his heart for his own service, by effectually calling him from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. It has been hinted above that his mind had relapsed into its former state of levity on one hand, and inveterate dislike of religion and the things of God on the other, which appeared more particularly in his rooted dislike both of the company and communication of any serious person.

It had been the custom of Mr. Tonge frequently to read some religious tract to him in his chamber, particularly on the Lord's day. Mr. Medley being anxious to know one Sabbath evening whether his grandfather was going out to worship, inquired of the servant, who told him that Mr. Tonge was looking for a sermon, and was coming to read it to him. Upon which he exclaimed, "Read a sermon to me, he had better be anywhere else:" heartily wishing the old gentleman had some more profitable employment than spending his own time, and wearying his patience with such uninteresting stuff. However disagreeable these intrusive services were, he had still sufficient prudence to preserve a respectful outward deportment.

The piece chosen on this occasion was a manuscript sermon of Dr. Watts's, which was read to him alone. The words of the text were in the forty-second of Isaiah, and the sixth and seventh verses. "*I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.*" He heard at first with his usual indifference. His attention was gradually raised, as the subject was opened, but when those parts of the text, about opening the blind eyes, and bringing those that sit in darkness out of the prison house, began to be explained, he heard, he more than heard, for every sentence described his own case, and every word sunk deep into his heart. At once convinced of his awful state as a sinner before God, and the imminent danger he was in as such, with a heart broken under a sense of his guilt and impenitence, and the astonishing forbearance of God towards him, as soon as he was alone he fell down before the Lord, and spread before him his mournful dangerous case.

He now began to go out, and as often as he was able heard Mr. Whitfield, and Dr. Gifford, accompanied by his grandfather. It appears

from a few lines written in a manuscript book, dated July 5th, 1760, that he soon received the comforts of the Gospel, by a believing view of the fulness and sufficiency of the atonement of the Lord Jesus, a sense of which followed him through all his labours to his dying day.

The change was visible and striking, and soon began to operate by altering his views of the navy, where he had so fondly built his hopes of future greatness. He had been promised a lieutenant's commission immediately on the expiration of his time, of which there were but a few months to fulfil. This, flattering as it had been, was now voluntarily relinquished. His natural disposition receiving a new bias, he commenced a lively, zealous, and warm-hearted Christian. His excellent father had just survived long enough to see his earnest petitions answered in the conversion of his now only child, as he died about four months after this pleasing event. In the month of December, 1760, Mr. Medley made a public profession, by joining the church in Eagle-street, under the pastoral care of Dr. Gifford. Thus he, who was before a blasphemer and injurious, obtained mercy, which almighty and sovereign grace he did not fail to recommend by his conversation and example.

(*To be continued.*)

Some Sacred Memories of Old London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

TO say that London teems with interesting associations, is to express only half a truth; every square yard of the Old City is crowded with memories instructive alike to the Christian and the antiquary. Certain streets and districts, now given over to the most squalid poverty, must have strangely altered since the days when stately dames and lordly courtiers there found a home. In many cases the identical mansions remain which were in the olden time the abodes of luxury and fashion. The atmosphere around them is murky, the stairs are broken and patched, the windows are broken; but still the vestiges of better days are visible. Your eye may alight on the arms of some distinguished family worked in a ceiling, or an elaborate specimen of carving, or a quaint motto carrying you back in mind to the days of the early Puritans; and you realise that you are treading on no common ground. It may seem that the hand of adversity has fallen heavily here and there, transforming mansions into dilapidated hovels, and sweet gardens into fetid courts; but still we know that the times are better now than formerly. John Stowe was the first who essayed to enlighten his countrymen on the subject of London antiquities, and the fate of the antiquary himself betokens in a remarkable manner the hardness of the times in which he flourished. When John Timbs was laid aside last winter by age and illness, sufficient money was at once subscribed to relieve his wants; when John Stowe, at the age of seventy-nine, in 1604, was reduced to similar misfortune, the king showed his appreciation of the erudite tailor's literary labours by specially licensing him to beg his bread!

We have lately found considerable pleasure in looking through the substantial pictorial volumes* of a writer on whom the mantle of Stowe has fallen, one who writes with far more graphic power than his predecessor was able to command. We wonder why people choose to read fiction when, at a cheap rate, they can procure such volumes as these—volumes wherein the letterpress is only excelled in interest by the quaint engravings.

We would not insinuate that Mr. Thornbury has exhausted his subject,—that would be impossible; and if in some places he is rather prolix, he is in others more reticent than we could desire. Though religion is largely mixed up with the annals of our ancient capital, a mere *littérateur* is sure to be on his guard against the vulgarity of being too religious while writing his many-sided history. *Old and New London* is a noble book, which is certain to attract a multitude of purchasers; but in the present article we shall be chiefly concerned with incidents not mentioned in its pages, and perhaps hardly suited for them.

Mr. Thornbury gives us a most ample and entertaining history of Fleet Street, and of course the central figure among the Fleet-Street celebrities is Dr. Samuel Johnson, but nothing is said about the Doctor's striking conversion and the testimony of his last hours. In some respects Johnson is the most interesting character of the eighteenth century. As a moralist, he never gave forth an uncertain sound throughout a lengthened course; but though he always professed a love for religion, he never accepted the gospel in its fulness until the last month or so of his life. Rarely do even the greatest of men become superior to their education, and as Johnson was reared a Jacobitical legalist, the Pharisees' religion continued to be the stumblingblock of his chequered course until the illusion was at last dispelled by the life-giving rays of the Sun of Righteousness. His parents were religious bigots, who satisfied conscience by forcing their son to read good books and to conform to the externals of Christianity. We all know the results. Johnson, too long remained faithful to his early creed; he regarded heaven as something to be won by human merit, and for seventy years waged an unequal combat with evil, groaning in anguish when he felt his weakness, instead of laying hold of divine might. At length a gracious change occurred, and, subdued by sovereign grace, the lexicographer became as a little child, and passed in at the strait gate. This episode, the finest passage in the history of the Literary Club, is thus described by Mr. Sanger, a minister of Bristol, in a letter to Hannah More :—

"My dear Friend,—I ought to apologise for delaying so long to gratify your wishes by committing to paper a conversation which I had with the late Mr. Story of Colchester, respecting Dr. Johnson. We were riding together near Colchester when I asked Mr. Story whether he had ever heard that Dr. Johnson expressed great dissatisfaction with himself on the approach of death; and that in reply to friends, who, in order to comfort him, spoke of his writings in defence of virtue and religion, he had said, 'Admitting all you urge to be true, how

* *Old and New London:* A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places. By Walter Thornbury. Illustrated with numerous engravings from the most authentic sources. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).

can I tell when I have done enough?' Mr. S. assured me that what I had just mentioned was perfectly correct, and then added the following interesting particulars:—Dr. Johnson (said he) did feel as you describe, and was not to be comforted by the ordinary topics of consolation which were addressed to him. In consequence he desired to see a clergyman, and particularly described the views and character of the person whom he wished to consult. After some conversation, a Mr. Winstanley was named, and the doctor requested Sir John Hawkins to write a note in his name, requesting Mr. W.'s attendance as a minister. Mr. W. could not attend, but wrote to Dr. Johnson; 'Permit me to write what I would wish to say, were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subject of your inquiry. I can conceive that the views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that on the near approach of death what you once conceived mere peccadilloes have arisen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On whichever side you look you see only positive transgressions, or defective obedience; and hence, in self-despair, are eagerly inquiring, What shall I do to be saved? I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, Behold the Lamb of God!' When Sir John Hawkins came to this part of Mr. W's letter, the doctor interrupted him, anxiously asking, '*Does he say so?* Read it again, Sir John.' Sir John complied, upon which the doctor said, 'I must see that man, write again to him.' Mr. Winstanley replied by letter, renewing and enlarging on the subject of his first; and these communications, together with the conversation of the late Mr. Latrobe, who was a particular friend of Dr. Johnson, appear to have been blessed by God in bringing this great man to the renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour: thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was sufficient to fill the void, and dissipate the gloom even of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I cannot conclude without remarking what honour God has put upon the doctrine of faith in a crucified Saviour. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him, was, in his turn, made to tremble when the period arrived at which all knowledge appears useless and vanishes away, except the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus, whom he has sent. Effectually to attain this knowledge, this giant in literature must become a little child. The man looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom must become a fool, that he might be wise. What a comment is this upon that word, 'The loftiness of men shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted on that day.'"

After such a complete surrender of himself to the Saviour we cherish the memory of Samuel Johnson as of one who now belongs to the company of the redeemed.

We might linger in Fleet Street to pick up a reminiscence or two of Isaac Walton, of Richard Baxter, or Dr. Bates and others, but we pass on through Saint Paul's Churchyard, down Cheapside, and halt at the Old Jewry, where some less known incidents will be recalled to our attention.

Early in the eighteenth century the Presbyterian Chapel in the Old Jewry was one of the most celebrated seats of Nonconformity in the capital. One of the assistant lecturers at that time was Timothy Rogers, a man remarkable for the fits of melancholy which clouded his mind, and son of the ejected minister of Croglin, in Cumberland. After leaving the Establishment the elder Rogers, still zealous in the service of Christ, was constantly troubled by the vigilance of a high-handed justice, Sir Richard Cradock, whose chief anxiety in life was to repress Dissent. One day Rogers and a number of others were summoned to

the hall, but in consequence of the illness of a chief witness they were remanded. In the course of a few days the offenders were again commanded to appear before the squire, and were committed for trial. In the meantime Pastor Rogers, ever fond of children, had contracted a friendship with his enemy's grand-daughter, a child of seven, full of life, and of a temper that would not brook the denial of anything. The little miss noticed a number of people waiting in the ante-room, but she did not at first suspect there was anything unpleasant about to happen. "What are you here for, sir?" cried the little vixen after receiving a packet of sweets from the venerable divine. "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to gaol." "Why, what have you done?" cried the child. "Nothing but preach at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me." "My grandfather shan't send you to gaol!" said the girl. "Ay, but, my dear, I believe he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there!" Those words sufficed to stir up both what was good and evil in the child's heart. Away she hastened to the library, and because she could not easily obtain ingress she at once commenced kicking at the door, and imperatively demanded to know what was about to be done with "My good old gentlemen in the hall." "That is nothing to you, go about your business," was the answer. "But I won't! He tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to gaol; and if you do send them I'll drown myself in the horse-pond; I will indeed!" The passionate expression of countenance with which these words were uttered proved them to be no idle threat. In alarm the squire dismissed the prisoners and dropped the prosecution.

The son of that seventeenth century confessor was Timothy Rogers, one of the preachers at the Old Jewry Chapel a century and three quarters ago. The little girl in due time inherited Squire Cradock's money, removed to London, and married a Mr. Tooly.

When she grew up to find herself rich she was not able to derive any satisfaction from wealth, and became at last a subject of mental distress, such as was apparently incurable. She tried to dispel her gloom by spending a season among the gaieties of Bath. At Bath she was attended professionally by a godly apothecary, who at once perceived that the lady's disease proceeded from mental distress, or spiritual unrest, rather than from physical causes. One day the doctor delighted his patient by saying he had a certain book—an antidote to gloomy spirits—which he should be glad to give her, feeling confident that by attending to its directions a perfect cure might be effected. The lady became exceedingly anxious to possess this literary treasure, but the gentleman did not choose to gratify her eagerness at once. She called for the book, was put off, and then she called again with no better success, until her curiosity being worked up to the highest pitch she was not a little surprised as well as disappointed to receive a NEW TESTAMENT. She had beforehand engaged to read the book, however, and she fulfilled her promise without deriving any immediate good from the exercise. She next resolved to leave Bath and to banish care amid the frivolous dissipation of fashionable society in London; but still she found no relief. The worm was at her heart, and she felt intensely dissatisfied with all things about her. About this time she dreamed a

remarkable dream; she thought she was in a certain chapel and heard a minister preach a certain sermon from a well-known text.

The dream occurred one Saturday night, and on the following morning the dreamer felt so impressed with what occurred in the night-vision that she felt sure there certainly was such a place in London as she had seen. The lady and her maid set out on a search, and after wandering hither and thither they reached the neighbourhood of the Old Jewry in the afternoon; and noticing that a number of people were walking towards Meeting-house Court, she followed them with some curiosity. On glancing up at the chapel the lady told her maid that it was the one she had seen in her dream. When Mr. Shower entered the pulpit she cried, "That is the very man I saw; and if every part of it hold true he will take for his text Psalm cxvi. 7." The service proceeded, and strange to say the text of the dream was actually given out, "Return unto thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Mrs. Tooly found at last the peace she needed, and the remarkable circumstances connected with her conversion created a widespread interest in the London of those distant days.

That dreams have sometimes been sent for the most beneficent of purposes those can have no doubt who have studied the subject, and know what a number of instances could be quoted in proof. The dream of Mrs. Tooley belongs to the class which admit of no other than a supernatural interpretation, being apparently sent to effect a special purpose. From this we will pass on to mention a strange instance of delusion associated with Saint Paul's Cathedral, and illustrative of the solemn fact that a man will become inspired with horror if he suspects that another man can read his soul and understand his heart, while he remains unmoved by the remembrance of the far more solemn truth contained in the words, "Thou God seest me."

Some years ago a certain gentleman who had been confined in an asylum for two years, but was dismissed as cured, became distressed by a fancy that another had him constantly in view, and knew all about his innermost life. He gave out that this mysterious stranger accosted him in front of a shop in the Cathedral Churchyard, entering into conversation about the church and its architect, and eventually the two dined together at a coffee-house in a dingy alley, the exact site of which was forgotten. The old gentleman then prevailed upon him to ascend as far as the ball over the cathedral dome, remarking that the weather was gloriously favourable for a view, and every object to be descried should be fully explained. The ascent was undertaken accordingly, and while the one gazed on the remarkable scene with a sort of transport, the other took from his pocket a little mirror, and asked if his friend would like to see any personal acquaintances as they existed at that moment. While the man with the mirror talked and acted as if he were moving in his natural sphere, when thus elevated above the great stream of city life, the other was as it were fascinated, and he then became sensible of a feeling of horror creeping over him—a feeling which was intensified, when on looking into the pocket mirror he distinctly saw his own father enjoying a nap in an easy chair. Thus runs the story, and the narrator firmly believed in its truth; in other words the man was the subject of a remarkable delusion.

It is almost certain that this gentleman did actually ascend into the ball of Saint Paul's, and while there he probably dreamed the experience which he remembered as a terrible chapter in life. There is something really fascinating in the picture rising before the mind as thought out in this madman's brain. He thought he saw with awful vividness a member of his own species to whom was given the power to read the heart-thoughts and to hear the words of another, this mysterious being living in the ball of Saint Paul's, and only visiting the common haunts of men when he dined at the dingy coffee-house somewhere within the shadow of the cathedral. We cannot wonder that a man believing all this was tortured in his mind; but what if he had grasped the dread truth of which the dream of his disordered fancy was no more than a faint shadow! Should we have cause for any serious uneasiness if one of our own race were able to see and read us through? Suppose all the multitudes of created intelligences were able to do so, would not their scrutiny—as John Foster remarks—resemble the half-conscious look of an infant when compared with the searching gaze of that Divine BEING who really does see us in all places, hear us at all times, and understand us as a council of archangels would fail to do, and as we cannot understand ourselves? Had the deluded man been enabled to live in the enjoyment of this higher truth the fear of man would not have brought torment, and instead of lapsing into a moody resignation to a terrible fate, he would have looked up to the All-Seeing One with the grateful adoration of a child living under the surveillance of a Gracious Parent. When the poor victim of his own hallucination thought of the sleepless eyes that looked down upon him from the ball, and of the ears that were ever open to take in his faintest whisper, he probably felt restrained both in speaking and acting; perhaps he may thus have been preserved from committing flagrant sin. May we be subjected to a nobler restraint by bearing constantly about with us a still more dread remembrance—"Thou God seest me!" Many, as they pass by the vicinity of the cathedral, and look up at the ball, glittering in the sunlight, will think of the imaginary tenant and his victim. We hope they will also remember that by an ungodly fear man may be consumed with terrors while the fear of the Lord is strong confidence.*

Leaving Saint Paul's and the Old Jewry, we pass into Bishopsgate Street to make a halt at Crosby Hall, a site famous in the annals of our Christian classics, but now entirely devoted to the prosaic business of dining. Crosby Hall is the most unique specimen of the Old London domestic style of architecture which has survived the Great Fire; and perhaps the most celebrated man connected with the building is Stephen Charnocke, the saintly author of the "Discourses on the Existence and Attributes of God." These great sermons were actually delivered in the room where city clerks and stray visitors to the capital daily jostle each other at dinner-time in their eagerness to secure good seats. While ministering to the church in this place Charnocke lodged with a tradesman in Whitechapel, and, dying before his work was nearly

* A full account of the above hallucination will be found in the Encyclopædia of Medicine, and it is quoted in Volume I. of "Old and New London." The case is one of those psychologic mysteries which doctors study for the sake of science and the public read for the sake of being amused.

finished, he lies buried beneath the doorway of Saint Michael's, Cornhill. Stephen had an ancestor who was an enthusiastic alchemist—one who travelled about England in search of knowledge that might widen his acquaintance with the *lapis philosophorum*, and so enable him to distance all competitors. Rosicrucian, as he was called, was devotedly attached to his fires and his laboratory; he once burnt himself out; he dedicated a due portion of his literary effusions to Queen Elizabeth, and only just managed to find time for marrying a wife. The old alchemist was a celebrated character in his day, but Stephen Charnocke, the divine, was far more so. He was "a bright particular star" in the Puritan world in which he lived and shone. One edition after another of his works was rapidly sold, and his death spread a gloom over the religious circles of London. Said one:—

> "O surely now great darkness doth draw on,
> When God such shining stars as he calls home;
> Methinks I could have rendered up my breath
> To have saved him from grim conquering death."

After Charnocke's decease there is reason to believe that the church at Crosby Hall gradually lowered its standard of doctrine, and falling into lethargy and indifference it suffered extinction.

As we pass about the old city certain sites remind us of celebrities famous for virtue, eccentricity, or genius, but of whom we cannot speak at length. In Grub-street, overshadowed by St. Giles's, Cripplegate, we remember the hermit, who in Puritan times thought he lived religiously by confining himself within these rooms during forty years, purchasing every book that was published, and only reading those which favoured his devout, meditative turn of mind. This gentleman of fortune and of education, Henry Welby by name, once escaped from the hands of a would-be assassin, and chose this manner of showing his gratitude for the deliverance, and also of showing that his enthusiasm had outrun his better judgment. Enthusiasts of various schools have always abounded in Old London. In Chiswell Street lived the prosperous bookseller Lackington, who, after being apprenticed to Baptist tradespeople, "An honest worthy couple," lived to build various chapels and to contribute to the support of a large number of needy relatives. He records an odd incident in his early experience. "I opened the Bible and read, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' Wherefore I threw myself out of window. I was carried back to bed, and it was a month before I recovered the use of my limbs. I was ignorant enough to think that the Lord had not used me very well, and resolved not to put so much trust in him for the future." We are afraid there are other Lackingtons who sin thus presumptuously, though less absurdly, and then seek to excuse their folly by charging God in their hearts with unfaithfulness.

The subject is tempting, and the ground teems with illustrations which might be readily utilized, but lack of space is a warning not to be gainsaid. How clearly the old citizens appear to rise before the mind's eye. Yonder, in a shop of the Royal Exchange, lived and traded the bookseller, Alexander Cruden, who became mentally deranged in

consequence of the poor reception accorded to his great work. Looking in at the Chapter Coffee House, in Paternoster Row, we have a reminiscence of Dr. Hawes, who there founded the Royal Humane Society. In Gracechurch-street we hear of an unfaithful pastor, who, after yielding to the persecution of the Restoration, committed suicide in a fit of remorse; while in Petty France, hard by, we enjoy a laugh at the wit of the learned Baptist cobbler, Nehemiah Cox, who once puzzled his judge and counsel by pleading in Hebrew and Greek. "Old London" is an inexhaustible theme; and, what is better, its nooks and corners are fragrant with the memories of the saints.

Temper in Ministers.

A PAPER READ AT THE SOIRÉE OF THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE.
BY PASTOR A. BAX, OF BATTERSEA.

IT is almost appalling to reflect how exceedingly little can be done by an individual life, however earnest in its purpose, towards diminishing the amount of misery and sin that exists in the world. We are not considering now a good man's work as it is in combination with Christian work the wide world over, but we are thinking of *individual* effort. There, on the one hand, is sin in all its hideous proportions—against it are arrayed the best powers of a single life, and it is, I say, almost appalling to think how little one can accomplish in view of what remains to be effected.

This being so, it should be the care of every godly man that the little influence he has for good may not be counteracted by any personal quality. At best it is all too little, and must not suffer further loss. If he perceives, therefore, that anything in himself defeats or thwarts him in his purposes of mercy he should be intolerant towards it, and use all means for its removal. There are few things more painful to witness than a life of self-frustration, a man energetically destroying with one hand work which he is vigorously prosecuting with the other. Such lives are worse than useless, because they not only fail to do good, but by the evil of their example they do positive harm.

The statement requires no proof that a malicious, revengeful, or wrathful nature will go far to defeat any efforts of an individual to bless and save his fellows. It will disqualify him in spirit, it will estrange the sympathies of those whom he seeks to save; above all, it will grieve the Holy Spirit so that he will cease to work by such a one. If this be so, perhaps a subject of greater importance could scarcely be brought before the attention of a company of Christian ministers than that which aims to show the influence and effect of a minister's disposition upon his work, and how much his success or non-success may be attributable to it.

Now, it must be conceded that the peculiarities of a minister's position are such as to try to the utmost the qualities of his natural disposition.

1. There are physical trials that must not be quite overlooked.

Studious and sedentary habits have a whole train of diseases as their consequence. Impaired digestion and derangement of the liver often result from close and laborious application, and who can be saintly under such circumstances! These, with the continual labour of the brain, are likely to produce a mental irritation which is to be more pitied than blamed.

2. Then there are trials arising out of the moral infirmities of those over whom the pastor is called to preside. A perfect church would go a long way toward the securement of a perfect pastor. How often might the minister justly turn upon some unruly member of his church as Elijah did upon Ahab and say, "*I* have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house." If the members of a church have to complain of the irritability of their pastor it would at least be worth their while to try the experiment whether he might not be reformed by an effectual reformation of themselves. We say it might be worth a trial, we do not venture to affirm what the result would be. Perhaps there are some pastors so intrinsically bad that nothing would alter them, still nothing would be lost by putting it to the test. Let the little old woman who is fond of tea and gossip alter her tactics, and talk of the people the pastor *has* visited, and the good he has done them, instead of those whom he *has not* seen, perhaps for the best of reasons, though unknown to her. Let the brother who has the dubious gift of detecting heresy, and can scent its faintest breath miles off, give up his favourite pastime a little while and turn his attention to a more novel and profitable employment, the discovery of what is sound and orthodox in the sermons,—suppose the sisters let the pastor's wife alone for a week or two, or, if they do anything, try and smooth out the deep line of care on the forehead, and soothe the great ache in the heart by utilising their extraordinary gifts of speech in an agitation for an increase in their pastor's stipend. Let the deacons now and then, instead of being as mute as fishes on the subject, tell their pastor in the vestry how much good they have got out of his sermon, and how sure they are that God will bless it. We say let a few of these expedients be tried, and while we won't pledge ourselves as to the results—we should not wonder, stranger things have happened—it is not beyond the bounds of probability that it might result in a complete transformation of their minister.

Probably the people are as often blameworthy as their pastor for any sudden outburst of anger on his part. He may come down to a church-meeting in the most pacific of moods, full of high and holy purposes, but he would be a bold man who would venture to predict what he might meet with before the meeting closed. The great majority will be Christian people amenable to reason, and willing to support their pastor when his cause is just, but in almost every community there are one or two who are—well—not EMINENT for grace, nor wisdom, nor considerateness of feeling. These persons, doubtless, subserve some important end in the church militant, though what it may be remains inscrutable to most of us. Perhaps they are permitted by a wise and gracious providence, as a means of grace to the pastor. Lest he should be exalted above measure, there are given to him thorns in the flesh, messengers of Satan sent to buffet him. He has to confront obtuse and

stupid people, who are remarkable only for their inability to understand the plainest and simplest statement; pugnacious people who seem to regard a row as a means of grace and to be mightily refreshed thereby; weak and simple people who generally become tools in the hands of designing and treacherous persons too cautious to appear themselves. These are a few of the types of character which a pastor may meet. Thank God they are not numerous, and often not influential in the church, but they can do much toward embittering his life and tempting him to words and actions which in cooler moments he would not defend, nay, which he would heartily deprecate.

3. A danger may also arise from the pastor's recognized position as a ruler in the church. He should not be merely a mouthpiece to give effect to the church's decisions, but he should, by his counsel and influence guide it in the formation of those decisions. "Remember them which have the rule over you," or "are your guides." This may have a tendency (especially with men of particular temperaments) to make them intolerant and tyrannical. A sincere and friendly suggestion proffered in all good faith perhaps appears like an impertinent intrusion into his office, and an attempt at dictation which he feels that his dignity requires him to resent!

4. Then there is a temptation to yield to anger, especially in weak men, in order to *assert* authority. These persons are continually putting their foot down, and they do it so frequently and upon such insignificant occasions, and with such apparently harmless results, that presently the deacons and people come to feel that they do not care a straw whether the foot be down or up; if it is up they know it will soon come down, and if it is down they know it won't hurt anyone. Now far be it from us to say there may not arise occasions when a minister does well to be angry. He should show a hearty and unaffected contempt for all that is false and mean, base and impure. While he should be merciful toward the contrite he should never give the shadow of a wrong his patronage, or let it find a sanctuary in him. I can think of (as a Christlike spectacle) a minister in righteous indignation, so overwhelming the hardened liar, seducer, or blasphemer, with withering reproaches, as to make him sink with fear, and tremble as though before the judgment throne; but these occasions are peculiar and rare, and even then people should see he has a restraint upon himself, that he has a reserve of power which he has not displayed. A minister should never be seen with all his stops out. People should only be left to surmise vaguely what might possibly happen if they had the temerity to rouse the virtuous indignation of their pastor. Whether it would result in an earthquake, or their immediate and total annihilation, or the final displacement of all things, they should be left only darkly to guess; and probably they would feel that at least it would not be judicious nor desirable to clear away the obscurity in which the question is enveloped by personally inducing experiments in that direction. Now, we have indicated these sources of danger, not for a minute to excuse or palliate the lamentable failures in temper, which are, alas, all too common, and the fruitful source of mischief to the Christian church; but we have mentioned them that they may induce a greater watchfulness and prayerfulness on our part.

II. We go on secondly to notice The influence and effects of the minister's disposition on his work.

Probably our success or non-success in our work depends in a greater degree upon our personal character than some of us have ever imagined. It will be profitable, therefore, to spend a few minutes in considering the effect of the one upon the other.

1. Now, we need only remind you of the fact, that ungodly men are all too ready to make religion responsible for the failures of its professed advocates. The method of reasoning, of course, is clearly illogical. The Christian system should be judged by its own direct and natural tendencies. The question open for discussion is, "What kind of a spirit did its Founder seek to inculcate and foster?" And if it could be proved that it was a fiery and revengeful spirit, then perhaps they might be justified in pointing to such traits in the characters of its professors as the natural result and outcome of such teaching. But to make it responsible for all that is alien to its spirit simply because it appears in the life of one who has taken upon himself to advocate its claims is manifestly unjust. Grant us the liberty of such a mode of reasoning, and we have no hesitation in declaring that we could succeed in casting discredit upon any cause. If we can discover a temperance advocate given to habits of drunkenness, would it be fair to infer that total abstinence sanctioned and induced intoxication? The smallest child can see that the man is drunk, not through encouragement derived from the principles he had championed, but through disregard, and in spite of them. But thus men reason about religion. Albeit its mission is to produce peace, and to inculcate meekness, long suffering, forgiveness, guided more by the enmity of their hearts than by an impartial judgment of what is just and right, they make religion answerable for all the follies and sins of those who profess adherence to it. How often, alas, have we seen the worldly point to the inconsistencies of the professor, and say, "This is your religion, This is your religion," when they would have been more just and logical had they turned upon the offender and rebuked him for manifesting a spirit so much at variance with the faith he professes.

Now, this being the frame and temper of men toward religion, it is easy to see what a damaging blow can be dealt it by a fiery and wrathful minister. How ready will they be to point to his temper, and then turn upon the religion he has professed and brand it as a foul hypocrisy, how ready to seize upon any unseemly act as a pretext for disregarding its authority and resisting its claims. Seeing, then, brethren, that men will persist in looking for an exposition of the principles of religion to the lives of its professors rather than to its own written code, shall we, not even while we protest on behalf of religion against its unfairness, seek to present a spirit so much in harmony with its teaching that we shall extort even from these an unwilling tribute to its beauty.

2. We remark, in the next place, That a minister's disposition will in an important degree determine the kind of reception his message will meet. Men will pay regard, not merely to the words that are spoken but to the character of the person by whom they are spoken, so that practically their value is enhanced or diminished by the disposition of the speaker. We are not defending this, we are simply stating a fact.

We know that the worth of a statement must depend on its own intrinsic excellence, and that this cannot be affected by the character of its exponent. Truth is as true when uttered by the devil as when spoken by an angel, but there is little doubt that people would be more disposed to receive it from the latter than the former. Let a minister, through a long course of years, manifest a benevolent and affectionate nature, weeping with those that weep, rejoicing with those that rejoice, endearing himself so much to his flock that whether there is joy in the house or sorrow they will send for him, because his presence brightens the one and makes the other easier to bear; let the tender and beautiful associations of a hundred homes gather round him, so that as time rolls on he will in some way be mixed up with all their pleasant and solemn memories—the wondrous carols of Christmas-tide, the home coming of the boys, the birth of the baby, the marriage of the daughter, and with the dark hour of bereavement too—and when such a man comes forth on the Sabbath-day it will be to minister to a very partial people. Listening to a dear and honoured friend, they are prepared to receive his words and think them good, however simple those words may be. The pastor reads his text: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The stranger critically examining the sermon may find fault because of its shortcomings; it lacked argument, pathos, illustration, but to that gentlewoman there in widow's weeds it is a very different thing. With the memory of those repeated and tender visits in the hour of her great life-sorrow, the earnest prayers offered in the sick room, the projects to make her life less desolate and dreary, the ready counsel, and the willing help—all these cluster about the sermon and make it great. Though the remarks may have been ordinary and commonplace, she, putting the good man's life beside the good man's words, finds all lack supplied. There was the most touching pathos, the most powerful argument, the most thrilling illustration in the unwritten part of the homily—the preacher's Christian life. On the other hand let a minister, out of the pulpit, show himself hard, ungenial, inconsiderate, and he may preach sermons of real merit, but prejudice will affect his people's judgment, or, if his talent be of such a remarkable order that it cannot be denied, and his matter so sound that it cannot be gainsaid, it will nevertheless be uninfluential. They will feel there is fault somewhere, and whether it is in the life of the preacher, or the doctrine he preaches, they do not stay to consider, and so repudiate both.

3. Another evil resulting from a fiery and ireful nature in the minister will be his inability to rebuke successfully the same vice in others. The themes of a minister's discourse should be as varied as the word of God. He should leave no precept unenforced, no sin unrebuked. But how can a pastor, notorious for a hot and hasty temper preach upon the duty of patience and longsuffering? The consciousness of his own failings will seal his lips. He feels he cannot honestly declaim against that in others, which he allows in himself. Conscience says, "Thou that judgest wrath and uncharitableness, art *thou* wrathful or uncharitable? Thou that preachest against temper, hast *thou* temper?" Hence he shuns such a topic altogether. Or if in disregard of the

incongruity of the case he ventures on such a subject, it is only to render himself ridiculous and a laughing-stock to all his hearers. The young folk will shake with merriment as they hear their pastor gravely expatiating on the beauty of Christian meekness and forbearance, and remember the scene at the last church meeting, where one and all were apprehensive that a fit of apoplexy would bring his labours to an abrupt and immediate end. Such a sight would only find a parallel in a thief preaching against dishonesty, a drunkard against intemperance, or the devil against sin.

4. I refer but to one other point. The power of the minister to reproduce his disposition in others.

It is instructive to watch the career of some brethren in their fruitless search for a peaceable and united church. They long and pray for one, but they never get one. Other brethren seem to settle comfortably, but they never do. They watch the cloud and follow it very, very often, but it invariably leads them to a nest of hornets or a den of thieves. It is an annual occurrence to find under the head of Baptist Intelligence some such notice as this: "On Thursday last the church and congregation at Beulah Chapel met to take a farewell of their pastor, the Rev. Timothy Bland, and present him with a purse of gold on his retirement, he having accepted the very hearty and unanimous invitation of the church at Little Dumbledon." An unsuspecting public does not read between the lines, does not know that the purse of gold is by no means an offering of affection, but rather a bribe to secure the pastor's retirement, does not know that it was subscribed joyfully and freely as opening a way whereby the church might be saved from further discord, and perhaps extinction. The church at Little Dumbledon, to which a local paper recording the event has been despatched by their new pastor, does not know this, and pleases itself by thinking how deeply he must be in the love of the people there.

Ah well, Little Dumbledon! "As your day your strength will be." So far as your new pastor is concerned, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you." It has happened in each place where he has previously settled. Now men of the stamp of the Rev. Timothy Bland are given to talking about the unequal ways of Providence: in social hours, with a look of unutterable wisdom they will propound as one of its very deepest mysteries the question how it comes to pass that some ministers always go where they find kind and peace-loving people, while other devoted servants of the Lord (and here they allude to themselves) are invariably called to traverse the thorny paths of persecution, and dwell with a godless and froward flock. But men of the Timothy Bland order are *not* given to depreciate their own powers, as they are not given truthfully to read their own hearts, so they come to the conclusion that the Lord knows that such people as those with whom they have to deal need one to preside over them who has a sound judgment, a judicious mind, a kind but resolute will, and withal such a measure of faithfulness as not to shrink from telling them of their faults and failings in the plainest possible manner. But friends who wish the Rev. Timothy Bland well, would tell him something else. They would tell him of the existence of a very homely proverb which says, "Like

priest like people." That while it is difficult to make them copy his transcendent virtues, it is easy to lead them to imitate his vices. They would tell him that it is as useless for him to move from place to place with the hope of a peaceable spot, until he has reformed himself, as for a man burning with fever to toss to and fro upon his bed with the expectation of finding a place permanently cool. They would tell him that, before he can expect people to be more considerate of him he must learn to be more considerate of them.

And oh, Rev. Timothy Bland, if you would only condescend to hearken to this advice, you might have fewer testimonials, fewer opportunities of studying church life from fresh standpoints, but you would gain immeasurably in the usefulness of your life and the peacefulness of your mind, and of the churches it might be said again as it was in old time, when another desperate persecutor became converted, "Then had the churches rest."

My brethren, how great is the evil of which we speak. How many ministers there are to-day of great intellectual power and ripe and varied learning, calculated to be eminently useful in Christian service, were it not for a sour or ungovernable temper which just paralyses them and leaves them helpless in the work of God ?

Now all we have said may be met with the remark, No doubt the evils you mention do arise from a morose or querulous spirit in the minister, but then how can it be helped if we are naturally constituted thus ? We can choose the colour of our gloves, or the quality of our literature, but our dispositions are not left to our own selection. It is no more within our power to decide what temperaments we shall be born with than it is to choose what colour our hair shall be, whether red or black ; or the shape of our nose, whether aquiline or pug. Now there is a measure of truth in all this. No doubt some are naturally more amiable than others. It is not nearly such a hard fight with some to conquer their passions. But the question is whether Jesus is not greater than our hearts, whether his grace is not sufficient, whether he is not able to keep us from falling ? How can we confidently tell the sinner Sabbath after Sabbath that Jesus is able to make him a new creature, that he can empower him to overcome old lusts and old besetments if we do not believe this ? As a matter of mere resolve and human effort, it is as hopeless to expect relief as for a man in a low-lying valley to drive away the mist which envelopes him, but as he may be free from it by ascending some mountain height where the pure, fresh breezes blow, so by quitting mere human struggle and ascending to the height of the Saviour's proffered grace we may triumph through him. "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." Let us learn well this truth. We are nothing but weakness, but he is strength ; abide in him.

A Page from Irish History—An Episcopal Story.

From "Bruey: a little worker for Christ."

IT may not be generally known that about one-fourth of the population of Ireland, or rather more than a million and a-half of our fellow subjects, are Irish speaking—that is, either totally unacquainted with English, or use it with reluctance as a disliked foreign tongue. They regard whatever is presented to them in it with distrust and prejudice, but hail the sound of their own language with a singular confidence and affection. They are accustomed to say, the Irish is one of the only three tongues in the world of which the devil is not master, inasmuch as "St. Patrick wouldn't let him learn it." Hence it would follow that whatever is spoken in it cannot proceed from *him*.

In years gone by, this much-loved tongue was a means of influence neglected by the Protestant Church. But at length an earnest-hearted young clergyman, the Rev. John Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, who had preached many an eloquent sermon in the city of Dublin, resolved that his own Irish fluency should no longer be a talent unemployed. He consequently determined on a tour to the West of Ireland, there to speak for his Master in their own tongue, to those who scarcely understood the Saxon speech, and to whom it was unwelcome. He came to Dingle, a town where an Irish Protestant sermon had never yet been delivered. After much opposition he obtained the use of the county courts, every other door being closed against him. The news spread far and wide that a sermon in Irish would be preached on an appointed day by a gentleman from Dublin. Such a thing had never been heard of before. The ears of the priest tingled as the burst of wave after wave of the quickly-awakened excitement fell upon them; and they began to bethink themselves how this dangerous move might be met.

They were not long in choosing an instrument well fitted for the purpose in view. A young man lived in the place, already distinguished by rare mental gifts, and also endowed with great physical strength. He was withal a zealous adherent of the Holy Roman Church, ready for anything or everything in her defence, whether by tongue or by arm. To him the priest, in his fear, addressed himself. "Tom, my boy, you're a faithful son of the Holy Mother Church, I'm thinking?"

"Bad luck to the spalpeen that denies the same, yer Reverence!"

"There's a small job, Tom, that wants to be done by a true hand at the county courts to-morrow, and where will I find any one, do you think?"

Tom, who was noways dull of comprehension, "took" immediately, answering his Reverence's insinuation with an anticipatory grin of delight, and "I'm the boy, yer Reverence!"

The details of the "small job" were speedily arranged to their mutual satisfaction.

The appointed day and hour came, and good Mr. Gregg, in default of a pulpit, took his post on a platform covered with green baize, in the midst of a throng of Irish excitables, whom no priestly admonitions had been able to deter from coming to hear this wonderful sermon. Denser and denser grew the crowd, pressing and pushing and packing, till retreat from any of the inner ranks became an impossibility, and the chance of obtaining silence apparently about as great as if it were requested from a bee-hive on the point of swarming! At length no more could enter, and Mr. Gregg stood up to face a congregation that would have astonished a sober Saxon. One spell alone could enchain the turbulent mass, and that one he was about to exercise. He spoke: and the tones of their own musical tongue, which never fail to reach the Irish heart, glided forth like oil on the waves. Every noisy tongue was hushed, every eye fixed, as the words of God's own Book, so sweet, so new, poured through the building. Suddenly—ere even the first sentence was complete—there arose a tremendous thundering beneath the very feet of the speaker. He stopped—the

thundering stopped. He continued—the thundering continued louder than ever. But above it was heard Mr. Gregg's strong voice, "Ah, Satan, I always knew you would oppose me if you could, but I did not expect you this way!" Then the hum of the great bee-hive waxed louder. "Indeed, and it's the devil himself come to carry him off!" cried one. "Whisht there, sure an' it's the blessed St. Patrick himself that's warnin' us not to hearken," said another. "Holy Virgin and St. Michael, if ye'll help me out, I'll never come in again!" exclaimed a third. Getting out being out of the question, the ejaculators had to remain *nolens volens* to see the solution of the doubt as to whether the noise proceeded from the devil or St. Patrick! Mr. Gregg was not to be outdone by any inimical power, human or fiendish. So, assuming an attitude of defiance of whatever might be beneath him, he cried out with a stentorian voice, "You shall not be too much for me yet, Satan, we will see who can hold on the longest."

As the reader may conjecture, the deafening noise really proceeded from the devoted Tom, concealed under the platform! he was wielding with vigorous energy a large sledge-hammer. Mr. Gregg, heedless of the uproar, perseveringly went on with his sermon, waging with his voice the contest of wind *versus* muscle. The assembly grew quiet out of sheer curiosity. Mr. Gregg's lungs were remarkably strong, and the sledge-hammer was remarkably heavy; and ere long the strokes of the latter became less tremendous. Then occasional rests became necessary, followed by spasmodic efforts to keep it up. Fainter and fainter grew the blows, for Tom's arm now ached terribly. Stiller grew the multitude, for Mr. Gregg held on his way triumphantly. At last, nothing was to be heard but the strange and glorious story of peace, touching the hearts of those untaught hearers, sounding with trumpet clearness in their eager ears, entering with harplike sweetness into their restless souls—and all in Erin's own beautiful language!

Three days after, the preacher was leaving Dingle, when a young man begged for an interview. "That wasn't all true, your honour," he exclaimed, "that you said three days ago?"—"Indeed," replied Mr. Gregg; "it was true—blessed be God!"—"And how will I know that it is, then?" asked the inquirer. Offering him a book, the preacher said, "Will you take this, and then you will know?" The book was accepted. It was an *Irish* Bible.

Several years passed, and many more Irish sermons were preached, and many more eager listeners found in the Emerald Isle. But the sweet story of peace had not yet been heard in the stormy and mountainous peninsula of Ventry, in the far south-west. Through the twenty miles of its rock-bound length, there was not one who knew the Word of God and its glad messages. But the Word was coming. A young clergyman, full of love and zeal, stood there at length, and preached for the first time of Redemption only through the Blood of Christ.

An uncouth congregation had assembled, rougher, if anything, than Mr. Gregg's. Still, Irish words could entrance even them, and they crowded round the minister with their ragged hats overshadowing their rugged brows. Ere long one took his hat off, then another and another followed the example, until, before the sermon ended, every head was reverently uncovered. When the last words were spoken there was silence, and more than one tattered sleeve was seen brushing away a tear—for the speaker had spoken from heart to heart. In deep and earnest tones one poor fellow burst forth, "Thank ye, sir, ye've taken the hunger off us to-day!"

Years again fled on, till the summer of 1856. A great change had passed over Ventry. The same clergyman, young no longer, stood now on his pleasant lawn in the midst of that once benighted peninsula. Churches and schools gleamed cheerily amongst its magnificent scenery, where nothing but dreary cabins had been built before. Few were the homes where the Irish Bible was not read and known, to the shaming of many an *English* dwelling—might we not add, of many a Rilverton one too?

But it is a "high day" in Ventry. Again the preacher is surrounded. But he does not now see before him a herd of wild-looking, half-clothed beings, like those who listened to him when he first put his foot into beautiful sea-girt Ventry, when he might have said—

"All creation pleases,
And only man is vile."

Now, more than a hundred of her sons and daughters have assembled. They are neatly apparelled, books are in their hands, they are quiet and solemn in demeanour. The greater part are still young, and they are all candidates for confirmation—to the surprise and joy of the bishop. Some are the children of converts, others have themselves passed through the struggle of giving up the mistaken faith of their youth; but all are freed from the galling fetters of Popery, and all are ready to bless God for him who has been his instrument in this wonderful work.

The inquiry cannot fail to interest us—Who is he?

Let the priest of Dingle recognise the broad forehead and powerful frame of his once willing tool! Let Mr. Gregg recognise his voice as that of the young man who strove not to believe what he heard, yet took the Irish Bible to "search and look!" It is even so. Tom Moriarty, the zealous and the bigoted, he of the strong arm and the sledge-hammer, is now the Rev. Thomas Moriarty, the eloquent, the earnest, and the loving—one who sees even now the fruit of his many years' toil in the immense parish of which he is rector.

"The Baptism of Christ in Jordan."

A PICTURE BY MR. E. GOODWYN LEWIS.

WE have at last a good representation of baptism by immersion, and we are glad to notify the fact.

Though Mr. Lewis has never visited Palestine, and though his striking picture does not represent any particular bend in the familiar river of sacred story, persons who have actually enjoyed a holiday in the Holy Land are reminded by the artist's handiwork of scenes which will never be effaced from memory. The river is unquestionably the Jordan as they have seen it; on the banks there is the vegetation belonging to the country, and in the background are mountains showing their rocky bareness, the peak of Mount Hermon being capped with snow. On either bank of the stream some hundreds of spectators are assembled, and these are variously affected by the scene, according to their national or personal prejudice. On one bank of the river a company of eastern merchants are halting at the ford to witness the spectacle, with the wonder of those whose eyes are not yet opened. Opposite to these, on the shore nearest to us, is a more motley and extensive group of all ages, and of every grade of Jewish society in our Lord's day. The common people who were soon to hear Christ gladly are there, and so also are the learned cynics who would disallow his claims and oppose his work. The scorn of the Sadducee and the lofty pride of the Pharisee are well represented, while their countenances seem to be asking what these things mean. Malice cannot conceal the keenness of their interest. They resemble men who would sneer at anything human or divine which did not agree with their traditions. Turning from these to those central figures in the picture, on which the artist has lavished all his art, we find that John is not portrayed as a monkish flagellant, according to the example of the old painters, but as a robust, well-fed young Jew, whose features tell of greatness of heart, and of devotion to a divinely-appointed mission. The Saviour, who is just being raised out of the water, presents a face we shall not attempt to criticise, only remarking that Mr. Lewis has succeeded, as far as an artist

may be expected to succeed, in reflecting on Christ's countenance divine love and human perfection. The face is illumined by a beam of glory from above, and this is supposed to further excite the awe of all save the Scribes and Pharisees, who represent the "advanced thinkers" of the present day.

The artist himself says that his work "is an endeavour to realise a simple historic fact, without any of those conventionalities which usually mark illustrations of this subject." Dean Stanley also says, "There can be no question that the original form of baptism—the very meaning of the word—was complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters." We are glad, therefore, to have a pictorial representation of the ordinance as really administered by the ancient church, and executed in a manner which we can highly commend.

We may add that Mr. Lewis' work has been publicly exhibited at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and at Regent's Park Chapel, the object of the artist being not only to show his picture, but to obtain subscribers' names for the high-class engraving which is shortly to be executed. Mr. Lewis has since we wrote these few lines sold the picture for £1000, but the engraving will not be stopped on that account.

Notices of Books.

On Self-culture, intellectual, physical, and moral. A vade mecum for young men and students. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Edmonston and Douglas.

WE should have to search a long while before we should discover a better half-crown's worth of advice than can be found in this treatise. It is full of wisdom, condensed and practical: every young man should read it, The style is manly and hearty, and the matter is sound and judicious. There is no trace of namby-pambyism, or goody-goodyism, which are often most injurious to young men by rendering holy advice and even moral teachings distasteful to them. Professor Blackie in this book speaks to students as they ought to be spoken to, and therefore he will never lack attentive listeners. We add an extract or two—

"I don't know a better advice to a young man than NEVER TO BE IDLE. It is one of those negative sort of precepts that impart no motive force to the will; but though negations seem barren to keep out the devil by a strong bolt, they may prove in the end not the worst receipt for admitting the good spirit into confidence. A man certainly should not circumscribe his activity by any inflexible fence of rigid rules; such a formal methodism of conduct springs from narrowness, and can only end in more narrowness; but it is of the utmost importance to commence early with an economical use of time, and this is only possible by means of order and system. No young person can go far wrong who devotes a certain amount of time regularly to a definite course of work: how much that portion of time should be, of course depends on circumstances; but let it, at all events, be filled up with a prescribed continuity of something; one hour a day persistently devoted to one thing, like a small seed, will yield a large increase at the year's end. Random activity, jumping from one thing to another without a plan, is little better, in respect of any valuable intellectual result, than absolute idleness. An idle man is like a housekeeper who keeps the doors open for any burglar. It is a grand safeguard when a man can say, I have no time for nonsense; no call for unreasonable dissipation; no need for that sort of stimulus which wastes itself in mere titillation; variety of occupation is my greatest pleasure, and when my task is finished I know how to lie fallow, and with soothing rest prepare myself for another bout of action. The best preventative against idleness is to start with the deep-seated conviction of the earnestness of life. Whatever men say of the world, it is certainly no stage for trifling; in a scene where all are at work idleness can lead only to wreck and ruin. "LIFE IS SHORT, ART LONG, OPPORTUNITY FLEETING, EXPERIMENT

SLIPPERY, JUDGMENT DIFFICULT." These are the first words of the medical aphorisms of the wise Hippocrates; they were set down as a significant sign at the porch of the benevolent science of healing more than 500 years before the Christian era; and they remain still, the wisest text which a man can take with him as a directory into any sphere of effective social activity."

"I never knew a man good for anything in the world, who, when he got a piece of work to do did not know how to stick to it. The poet Wordsworth, in his "Excursion," when the sky began to look cloudy, gives, as a reason for going on with his mountain perambulation, that though a little rain might be disagreeable to the skin, the act of giving up a fixed purpose, in view of a slight possible inconvenience, is dangerous to the character. There is much wisdom here. We do not live in a world in which a man can afford to be discouraged by trifles. There are real difficulties enough, with which to fight is to live, and which to conquer is to live nobly. A friend of mine, making the ascent of Ben Cruachan, when he had reached what he imagined to be the top, found that the real peak was two miles farther on the west, and that the road to it lay along a rough stony ridge not easy for weary feet to tread on. But this was a small matter. The peak was being enveloped in mist, and it was only an hour from sunset. He wisely determined to take the nearest way down; but what did he do next day? He ascended the Ben again, and took his dinner triumphantly on the top, in order, as he said, that the name of this most beautiful of Highland Bens might not for ever be associated in his mind with baffilement and defeat. This sort of man, depend upon it, will succeed in everything he undertakes."

"If you are wise, and above the seduction of showy and pretentious novelties, you will store your memory early in youth with the golden texts of the Old and New Testaments; and, as the Bible is a big book—not so much a book, indeed, as a great literature in small bulk,—perhaps I could not do better in this place than indicate for you a few books or chapters which you will find it of inestimable value to graft into your soul deeply before you come much into contact with those persons of coarse moral fibre, low aspirations, and lukewarm temperament, commonly called men of the world. First, of course, there is the Sermon on the Mount, then the 13th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians; then the Gospel of John; then the General Epistle of James; the two Epistles to Timothy; the 8th chapter of the Romans; the 5th and 6th chapters of the Ephesians; and the same chapters of the Galatians. In the Old Testament every day's experience will reveal to you more clearly the profound wisdom of the Book of Proverbs. As a guide through life it is not possible to find a better directory than this book; and I remember the late Principal Lee, who knew Scotland well, saying with emphasis, that our country owed no small part of the practical sagacity for which it is famed, to an early familiarity with this body of practical wisdom, which, in old times, used to be printed separately, and found in every man's pocket. For seasons of devout meditation, of course, the Psalms of the great minstrel monarch are more to be commended; and among them I should recommend specially, as calculated to infuse a spirit of deep and catholic piety into the souls of the young,—Psalms i. viii. xix. xxiv. xxxii. xxxvii. xlix. li. liii. lxxiii. xc. ciii. civ. cvii. cxxi. cxxxi. cxxxiii. And these Psalms ought not only to be frequently read, till they make rich the blood of the soul with a genial and generous piety, but they ought to be sung to their proper music till they create around us an habitual atmosphere of pure and elevated sentiment, which we breathe as the breath of our higher life."

The Christian Souvenir; or Reflections for every day of the year. Selected from the writings of approved authors. W. Oliphant and Co.

FROM its being in the seventh edition we gather that this is one of the most popular of the many works of its kind. The selection of authors is very wide and impartial, and the extracts are judiciously wedded to the texts.

Bruey: a little Worker for Christ. By FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Nisbet and Co.

A BEAUTIFUL story of a sweet child who served Jesus in her own way, and specially by collecting money for missions to the Irish. It is a child's story but not childish, flavoured a little with things appertaining to the Church of England, but by no means offensively so. In fact, we have no fault to find with it. We have borrowed a passage from it, headed, "A Page from Irish History."

A Brief Outline of the Books of the Bible. G. Morrish.

A GREAT deal of instruction in a very small compass. We are far from subscribing to all the teaching of this little book, which is of the Plymouth school; still there is much which is valuable, condensed into a few words. Authors of this community seldom give their names, but why they should withhold them we know not; the Holy Spirit did not keep back the names of the prophets and evangelists, neither did he direct Paul to write under initials. When we find an epistle of P., a gospel according to L., or the book of the prophecy of A., we also will issue our sermons as those of C. H. S., but not till then. However, it is a small matter; our brethren have, no doubt, reasons for the practice which satisfy themselves, and if so, we are content.

The Skeleton at the Plough; or, the Poor Farm Labourers of the West; with the autobiography and reminiscences of George Mitchell—"One from the Plough." George Potter, 10, Bolt Court. One Shilling.

ONE of the most terrible indictments we have ever read, and the worst of it is, *it is proved.* We shudder as we peruse the evidence of clergymen and labourers as to the ignorance, superstition, and destitution of the western labourers in certain districts. O Lord, how long! What have the clergy been at? Is it for this that we maintain a state church? And where are the bowels of compassion in the great landlords? Are they Englishmen? We do not ask, Are they Christians?

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Tract Society.

AN edition in large type for the aged, beautifully brought out; a noble present for failing eyes.

An Examination of the alleged discrepancies of the Bible. By JOHN W. HALEY, M.A. Dickinson and Higham.

A THOROUGHLY popular, yet masterly book. After showing the origin of the apparent discrepancies of Scripture, and suggesting their design, the author goes on to sum up the total result of such difficulties, and then gives himself to the removal of them. Our high appreciation of this work may be seen when we say that we have read a considerable portion of it to the students of the Pastor's College, and are still engaged in going through it week by week.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By CHARLES HODGE, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

WE are always glad to see any of Dr. Hodge's writings bearing the name of an English publisher. His theology is so sound, and his expositions are so thorough that we heartily wish to see them scattered over the land. "Hodge on the Ephesians" has long been a valuable assistance to ministers of the gospel. It would be quite a superfluity for us to attempt a review of it:—it is a masterly work.

The Pilgrim Psalms, an Exposition of the Songs of Degrees. By the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Daldy, Isbister and Co.

AN exposition which will live. Mr. Cox pleases us better every time he opens up a portion of the word. He is one of those who have a vocation for this holy service, and it is one of the noblest to which a man can be called. May his life, health, and energies long be spared for the benefit of us all. The titles which Mr. Cox gives to the Psalms, are suggestive enough to act as keys to their contents, and many a preacher will see in them a series of discourses of the most profitable kind. We thank the author for preparing this volume against the time when "The Treasury of David" will need replenishing upon this portion of the book.

Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life. By THOMAS UPHAM, D.D. Dalby, Isbister, and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

THIS book is an earnest and faithful exponent of the peculiar views which have now become associated with the title of "The Higher Life." Mr. Pearsall Smith says, in a recommendatory introduction, "I know no more calm, thoughtful, and safe guide to the higher levels of Christian experience." This admits, in our opinion, of some qualification, as it is upon the highest peaks of the mountains that it most fails to be a safe guide. It is for the most part in harmony with other experimental and devotional writings, and is sufficiently copious and original not to be superseded by them. It is remarkable for its religious casuistry, although we are told in the introduction that, "An interior life of communion with God is not a doctrine to be discussed, but a divinely-given life to be enjoyed." It is the discussion of the different kinds and degrees of the manifestation of the life of God in the soul that constitutes the chief value of the book; and the more the characteristic features of this "Higher Life" are scripturally and philosophically discussed, the less they will be found to have any peculiarity in them. The perfection, for instance, here spoken of, does not preclude growth, or the necessity for confession of sin, or the view of sin in us by God, and consequently is more in name than in reality. As Elijah on the Mount, when most honoured of God and most powerful with God, was a man of like passions with ourselves, so we see no reason to think otherwise of those who are on the higher levels of experience in our day. The supposed difference depends almost entirely upon the different standpoints of faith and of feeling. Much is here made of a formal act of self-consecration for assurance of faith, for spiritual enjoyment, and for active and profitable service, as though our chief reliance was to be placed upon something which is supposed to be almost entirely within our own power. Yet even with this and other questionable teaching there is far more in this to profit than to mislead, and he would not be worthy of the name of Christian who did not rise from its perusal a better man.

From Jerusalem to Antioch. By J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

THIS is in substance a commentary upon the twelve first chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. It is graphic in its description of persons and events, and being written by one who has looked upon Scripture incidents from their own locality, it enters fully and fervently into their spirit and design. It fills up the outline of Luke's narrative with bright and familiar colouring, without detracting from the original effect, but in harmony with it. It gives a correct view of the Church of the living God as the pillar and ground of the truth, not so much by its controversial reasoning as by its experimental and practical influence. We can cordially recommend this volume to all Scripture readers, and even to those who may deem themselves already well acquainted with this portion of the Divine Word.

John Truman's Rise in Life; or, Doing Good for its own Sake. A story for young men. By ALGERNON RIVERS, Barrister-at-Law. Macintosh.

AN excellent moral story, such as should be given to young men starting in business. John Truman, in a back street, sells good vegetables, and really new-laid eggs, at reasonable prices. At first he is distanced by the flash tradesmen who cheat their customers, but honesty has its reward; an earl calls at his shop, becomes his patron, and lays the foundation of his prosperity so well that John becomes mayor of the town in fifteen years. We are not sure that *such* prosperity will always follow at the heels of honesty, but whether it does or not tradesmen should be honest for honesty's sake. Some who profess great things would do well to read this little book and shape their trading occasionally. Some eggs are not eggs, but very nearly chickens, and a great many goods of all sorts are not good at all. If half the money spent in lying advertisements and puffery could only be laid out in making the article more truly worth the money, it would be a gain all round. The little book before us is not very clear upon faith in Jesus, but we need to hear rather more about the fruits of faith, and so we recommend it.

On the History of Evangelical Christianity. By S. R. Pattison. Hodder and Stoughton.

A work of marvellous research and immense value. Mr. Pattison follows the flow of that river "the streams whereof make glad the city of God," and traces it through every century. He does not take the turbid torrent of outward religiousness as his guide, but keeps to more secret but not less real watercourses, which glide among the valleys and ravines of history, where at times the river of God is almost hidden by the growths along its banks, and he keeps his clue even where, like the Mole, the current dives beneath the ground and to the common observer is lost altogether. Of course the one line of thought needs supplementing by another which reveals the dissensions which arise out of distorted views of truth, and the still graver divergencies which arise out of deadly error; but Mr. Pattison has done well to work out his one idea, and show that the vital and fundamental doctrines have lived on in every age, and been operative always upon chosen hearts. There is something deeply consolatory in such a review, and its influence tends to the fostering of the love of the brethren, and to a joyful hope of brighter days. The motto on the title-page is, in connection with such a history, most suggestive and inspiriting—"Lift up now thine eyes round about, and behold; all these gather themselves together, and come to thee." To the scholar, to the Christian, to the lover of evangelical alliances, and to the student of history, we, without hesitation, recommend this dissertation on "The History of Evangelical Christianity."

Notes.

On April 27th our Primitive Methodist friends held their annual missionary meeting at the Tabernacle. They do not fill the house so full as they did at first, neither do they exhibit the same degree of enthusiasm. We hope our brethren are not growing respectable and losing their fervour. Their wild notes are the sweetest, and we hope they will never aim at polish and refinement, so as to lose power and energy.

We were glad to see the Baptist Union dining in our Lecture Hall, April 29th. The numbers attending, and the harmony exhibited, appear to increase every year. Our present Chairman, Alexander Maclaren, is a noble example of the cultured orator and the simple believer united in one. The influence of his inaugural address must be salutary to an immeasurable degree. We heartily rejoice in the choice of our esteemed friend, Dr. Landels, as Vice-Chairman. Two such mighty men are not often found in conjunction.

On May 3rd the Colportage Society held its annual meeting at the Tabernacle, and a very lively and intensely interesting meeting it was. The College has the chief place in our columns this month and the Colportage must come next month, but meanwhile we would express our delight at the work done by the colporteurs, and our earnest hope that funds will be forthcoming to a larger extent. It transpired in the report that although we have had this year our largest number of colporteurs, yet towards the close of that period some men have had to be dismissed from want of support. This ought not to be. Will friends remember that £40 per annum will supply a district with a man? The stock and management our society will supply. Good, hardworking men are wanted for the Colportage, and they can apply to Mr. W. C. Jones, The College, Temple Street, Newington Butts.

On May 4th our beloved brother, Mr. W. J. Mayers, gave us a service of song for the Orphanage. He has a noble voice, and the service all through is a grand affair, and calculated to be very useful. We enjoyed it thoroughly, and felt sure that the Lord was blessing it. Happy are our friends at Bristol in having such a pastor, they will never be destitute of harmony. With our brethren Gange, Evans, Norris, and Mayers at Bristol we are strong in the west.

May 5th. In the morning we united with other ministers at the Bible Society's annual meeting at Exeter Hall, and in the evening the Liberation Society met at the Tabernacle. It is well to have a change of air. The soft breezes of Christian love and the rough gales of Christian conflict must alternate in this world so long as we dwell among men in whom there is much to love but in whose position there is much to deprecate. Sincerely to love those whom we earnestly withstand should be our endeavour. It is not likely

that they will understand us, but that we cannot help. While the Church of England refuses to revise its Popish Prayer Book, and takes up a position in connection with the State which no church ought to occupy, we cannot cease our protests; yet every child of God in it is our brother in Christ.

May 6.—Mr. George Muller, of the Orphan Houses, Bristol, preached for us at our usual Thursday evening service. It was a sermon long to be remembered. The wise and holy counsels then given were rendered the more weighty by the character of the man from whom they came. He has fought a good fight and kept the faith, and it is delightful to hear him in his halo old age bearing sweet testimony to the faithfulness of God, the power of prayer, and the pleasures of true religion. May our venerable friend be attended with the divine sunlight during his present evangelistic movements, and till the daybreak, and the shadows flee away.

May 7 and 21.—We preached at the Bow Hall, the immense area being crowded before the time appointed for beginning service. This effort is a most trying one, and we feel it for days afterwards, or we should have been glad to aid Mr. Moody oftener. We cannot too earnestly express our intense sympathy with the blessed work which our American brethren have been privileged to carry on. We wish they would keep in one place, for we fear that they must be wearing themselves out, and we are sure they are losing power by trying to be at two or three places at once. To work one huge place of assembly well will answer far better than to leave the public uncertain where to find them. However, that is a matter for their own judgment. We only hope THE SOUTH will have them constantly when they are with us, be the time long or short.

May 14.—The students from Harley House, Bow, came over to the Pastors' College and spent the afternoon with us. This institution aims at training men as evangelists and missionaries, and has hitherto succeeded admirably. Dr. Barnardo is a beloved friend and adviser to this institute, but we were wrong in putting it down as one of the enterprises under his care. Mr. Guinness is the founder and principal director, and our beloved brethren Frank White and Archibald Brown are his coadjutors. We had a very happy season, and were rejoiced to see how the soldiers of the two regiments fraternised. One spirit possesses us all, one faith in the power of the Holy Spirit, one love to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. We rejoice at the valiant way in which Mr. Brown is fighting the Lord's battles in the east of London. He fears no man, and has no need to do so, for God is with him.

On Monday, May 17th, six new elders were chosen by the church at the Tabernacle, and prayer is requested for them that they may have grace to discharge their office as in the sight of God, to the benefit of the flock, the comfort of the Pastor, and to the honour of our Lord. On May 24, earnest supplications were put up for them by the brethren assembled for prayer.

May 24.—Mr. Spurgeon gave a tea to poor blind persons and their guides, and afterwards gave them an address. They were very happy and attentive. The blind and their guides numbered one hundred and eighty. Mr. J. Hampton continues to devote himself to the care of the blind, but he is sadly hampered by the want of a larger room. When we can get the means, we intend to build a chapel or hall for the blind congregation which he has gathered. The work is one of the best in connection with the Tabernacle, and owes its existence to a working man. Mr. Hampton earns his bread as a painter.

We are glad to see that Mr. White of Enfield is building a chapel. He needs help in the work, and greatly needs it just now. Friends interested in Enfield should aid at once. We have sent on our donation of £50, and mention it to lead others to help.

At Southampton the church under Mr. Osborne enjoys much prosperity, fifty-three having been added to it during the year. Messrs. Charlesworth and J. T. Dunn have been visiting there and holding happy services. May the Lord continue to bless.

We hope to have a great day on June 18th, when we celebrate the Anniversary of the Stockwell Orphanage and the President's birthday. The Earl of Shaftesbury has promised to take the chair at 6.30. Gates open at 3. We hope to hear Mr. Brown's drum and fife band at 3. Mr. Duncan S. Miller, and the rest of the Royal Osborne Hand Bell Ringers generously give their entertainment at 4. Tea at 5. Mr. Chown, Mr. Lewis, and other ministers will address the evening meeting. There will also be a sale of goods in the tent: friends who are going to send articles should do so a few days before the 18th. Special collecting cards can be had on application. Friends will be glad to know that a legacy of £1,000 left to the

Orphanage by the late Mr. Pedley has been joyfully paid by his executors, who are as hearty in the work as was the deceased. God be thanked for this grand supply.

Our evangelist Mr. Higgins has been hard at work at Long Eaton, Stapleford, Tenterden, and Attercliffe. We have received several kind testimonies to his usefulness. He is an earnest and self-denying labourer. If we were helped in the support of this brother we would undertake another, and another, and so secure a small squadron of evangelists who would scour the country; but at present few seem to feel enough sympathy with the object to help us in it. We shall keep on as long as our means enable us, and we do not fear but what the experiment will ere long succeed so well that others will be glad one day to have a share in the work.

Our assistant, Mr. J. T. Dunn, asks us to insert the following appeal, and we do so with great pleasure, as we regard the work as our own, and must see it through.

"The Richmond Street Ragged School was started in February, 1859, with four scholars; the number speedily increased, and finally we took the whole house, employed paid master and mistress, commenced a penny bank, clothing club, band of hope, week evening lectures for working people, Sunday and week evening open-air preaching, mothers' meetings, lending library, secular classes, Bible classes, and temperance meetings, &c. At the latter end of 1871 we removed to larger premises in Villa-street, Walworth. At the close of 1874 we were compelled to remove again, owing to expiration of lease, and we are now using Shaftesbury Street School-room, kindly lent to us by the Vicar of St. Peter's, Walworth, Mr. Statham, but the tenure is only from month to month, to be used on Sunday, and not in the week. We have, consequently, been obliged to abandon nearly the whole of our work. This is a cause of much anxiety, but we must thank God for the past and take courage for the future. There are about five hundred children and young people in regular attendance on the Lord's-day, and fifty earnest teachers. Many of our former and present scholars have been rescued from the paths of sin, and are now in fellowship with the church of Christ. Several of the present teachers were formerly scholars. At the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union, held in May, thirteen scholars took prizes, having kept their situations over twelve months. Great blessing is now resting on the teachers' work, many young people are giving their hearts to Jesus. Only last Lord's-day a poor girl expressed great desire to tell the whole school that she had found the Saviour. She was permitted to do so, and the effect of her testimony was to bring many to tears, and it is hoped it will lead them to Jesus. We have taken the ground for a new building, and have raised, together with a kind promise of Mr. Spurgeon of £150, over £500 since September last. At least £300 more is required. Will the good readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* help us to clear this off? We are exceedingly grateful to the friends who have sent us help. We only want a little more effort and the thing will be done. May the blessing of many who are ready to perish rest upon every loving heart and willing hand.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.—April 26th, twenty-one; April 29th, thirty-three; May 6th, five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Leighton	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Ness	25	0	0
Part of £5—given to the Lord	2	10	0
G. P.	0	10	0
Mr. Anderson	5	0	0
Mr. Cleere Hooper	1	1	0
Mr. Hollings	1	1	0
Mr. S. Lawman	0	5	0
Mr. Finch	5	0	0
Miss M. Everett	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ross	7	7	0
Miss Ross	0	10	6
Mrs. Hall	0	10	6
S. M. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. S. F. Jones	2	10	0
Mr. E. Hughes	2	10	0
Mr. E. W. Hughes	1	5	0
Miss A. J. Hughes	1	5	0
Miss Edmondson	0	2	6
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mr. Chisholm	1	1	0
Mr. R. Pickworth	10	0	0
Mr. Sutcliffe	2	0	0
Mr. W. Murrell	3	3	0
E. B.	50	0	0
H. B.	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Turner	1	0	0
Mr. Perkins	1	1	0
Mr. W. W. Perry	5	5	0
Mr. W. E. Coe	1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mrs. Hare	0	5	0
Miss Way	5	0	0
Mersham	4	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	0	0
Sermon Reader, Glasgow	1	0	0
A Presbyterian Lady	0	10	0
M. M., Dufftown	0	10	0
E. P. H.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Gifford	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Powney	0	5	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Mrs. Wheatley	0	10	0
Miss Clayton	20	0	0
Mr. D. Molyneux	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	3	0	0
Mr. R. May	20	0	0
Mrs. May	5	0	0
Miss May	2	0	0
Miss H. May	2	0	0
Miss M. May	2	0	0
Miss Fentiman	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mills	10	0	0
Mr. G. J. Marshall	4	4	0
Mr. S. Figgis	5	5	0
Mr. B. P. Smith	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
J. L.	2	2	0
Mr. T. C. Carter	1	5	0
Mr. E. P. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	20	0	0
Miss Passmore	1	1	0
Miss Lilly Passmore	1	1	0
Mr. James Passmore	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Murrell	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Martin...	1	5	6
Mr. J. Smith	10	0	9
J.	0	5	0
Miss Leathers	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
Mr. J. Harvey	20	0	0
Per Mr. Lewis Hanslope	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dowen	3	11	5
Rev. G. Trapp	0	10	0
Per Rev. G. Genders	3	3	0
Meeting at Kingsgate Street, per Rev. W. H. Burton	10	11	6
Per Rev. E. P. Barrett	4	9	0
Service of Song, Providence Chapel, Hackney, by W. J. Mayers	6	6	4
Weekly Offerings at Tab., April 25	20	11	1
" " " May 2	36	2	10
" " " " 9	32	2	3
" " " " 16	40	0	3
	£519	15	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Godalming	0	5	0
Keith	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. Fryer	0	10	0
Mr. E. Walker	2	0	0
Part of £5 given to the Lord	2	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. S. Pulham	0	10	0
Mrs. Hawthorn	1	1	0
Mrs. and Miss Smithies	2	0	0
G. P.	0	10	0
Mrs. Klingenberg and Friends	2	5	0
Mr. J. Donaldson	25	0	0
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Store ...	1	5	9
Thankoffering, G. M. P.	0	10	0
Mr. Anderson	5	0	0
Durweston Chimer and his Boys and a few Friends	0	13	9
H. C.	1	0	0
A Nurse	0	2	6
W. A. M.	0	2	6
Mr. R. Johnson	5	0	0
Sermon Reader	0	2	6
Miss Garnett	1	0	0
Dr. Todd	5	0	0
Friends at Brockley Road, New Cross, collected by Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Phillips	2	3	6
Mr. J. Crocker	2	0	0
S. M. S.	3	0	0
Towcester	0	10	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
A. B.	0	10	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Hughie and Cecil	5	5	0
Mrs. McBean	5	0	0
Mrs. S. F. Jones	2	10	0
Mr. E. Hughes	2	10	6
Mr. E. W. Hughes...	1	5	0
Miss A. J. Hughes...	1	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Edmondson	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
Legacy, late Mr. Inglis	43	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. Turner	5	0	0
J. H. S.	0	4	0
Mrs. V. Peskett	1	0	0
C. P.	5	0	0
Miss H. Best	1	0	0
Miss C. Best...	1	0	0
Mrs. Penaluna	2	0	0
The late Mrs. Davids' box	0	14	3
Mrs. Dalton...	1	6	1
Z. O.	0	5	0
Harry, Amy, and Agnes Hulbert ...	0	5	10
Miss Way	5	0	0
A. Y.	0	10	0
A Young Friend, per Mrs. Keyworth...	1	10	0
A Highlander	0	5	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	0	0
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0
Sermon Reader, Glasgow...	0	10	0
Two Members of the Free Church, Fife, Second Donation, "more to follow"...	20	0	0
Mrs. S. Cozens	0	10	0
Thankoffering, Banff	0	10	0
Rev. H. Smythe	0	10	0
M. M. Dufftown	1	0	0
J. G.	5	0	0
Legacy, late D. Horne	19	12	4
Mr. H. Gifford	0	10	0
J. and S. H....	0	8	0
Mr. James Cox	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Powney	0	5	0
Mr. J. Nicholls	1	0	0
N. N.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cook	1	0	0
B. S.	0	10	0
Miss R. Wheatley			

	£	s.	d.
J. and R. D....	0	5	0
S. L.	5	0	0
Miss Clayton	20	0	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Sermon Readers	0	10	0
Teachers of Masonic Hall Sunday School, Kirkdale, Liverpool	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	3	0	0
M. W.	0	5	0
M. W. W.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Morrison and Friends	3	0	0
Mr. J. Cox	0	16	8
Mrs. Whitaker	0	2	8
Two School Boys	0	5	0
Part of the Tenth, H. M....	2	0	0
Rev. J. Smith	1	2	0
Mrs. Fowles...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Gammage	1	1	0
W. J. B.	2	5	0
Mr. W. F. Haines	1	0	0
Mr. T. C. Carter	1	5	0
Mr. Norton	5	0	0
Mrs. Hinton...	1	0	0
Miss Chamberlain	0	13	6
Miss Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies	2	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	3	0	2
Legacy, late Mr. Pedley 1000	0	0	

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscriptions—			
Mr. Waddilow	1	0	0
Mr. R. Howard	2	2	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. J. Temple	1	1	0
Mrs. Mortlock	1	1	0
A Thankoffering, Wilts	0	10	6
H. E.	0	11	0
Horace Johnson's Thrift Box	0	8	6
Mrs. Tipple	0	10	0
Miss Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
Mr. J. Brockie	1	0	0
Mr. Priestley	3	0	0
Mr. Chas. Crocker	1	0	0
In Memory of a Beloved Wife, A. F. W.	0	10	0
Mrs. Beardsley	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Reynolds	0	6	0
One Way of Settling a Disputed Account	2	0	0
Mr. A. Harrison	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Brown	2	0	0
Mrs. Harper...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hosie...	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
A Thankoffering	0	10	0
	£1304	17	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS, &c.:—32 Jars Marmalade, Mr. Thompson; some Vegetables, Mr. Hill.

GENERAL:—50 Coverlets, Mr. J. Bailow; 6 Suits of Boys' Clothes, Mr. Heath; 100 Flannel Shirts, the Messrs. Dransfield; 25 ditto, the Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Miss Pearce; a Set of Croquet, and Sundry Articles for Sale Room, Anon.; Parcel for Sale Room, Mrs. Bradfield; Ditto, E. Nichols; Box of School Books, &c.; Sundry Maps, &c., Anon.

Donations, &c., per Mr. Charlesworth:— Mr. Gladdish, 12s; Prior Belding, 4s; The Earl of Shaftesbury, Moiety of Donation to Christ Church Building Fund and Stockwell Orphanage, per Rev. Newman Hall, £2; The Girls of the Practising School, per Miss Potter, 10s 10d; 23 Coins in Pillar Box at the Orphanage Gates, 4s 3d.—Total, £3 11s 1d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely (quarterly)	7	10	0
Offord District, per Mr. Giddings ...	10	0	0
Hilmorton, per R. V. Masters, Esq. ...	10	0	0
Per Miss Wells, for Arnold District ...	13	15	6
R. Clark, Esq., for Cheddar District ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Blair, for Stafford District ...	20	0	0
Mr. T. Scott...	0	5	0
Mrs. Cook	2	2	0
T. P. B.	1	1	0
G. A.	0	1	0
Mr. Pope	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	1	1	0
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
A. L. Brander, Esq.	0	10	0
R. Cory, Jun., Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Rowlands	0	5	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	26	14	9
Mr. Paget	1	0	0
Mrs. Abbott...	1	1	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
J. F. Maitland, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. C. Herd	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. J. Teague	10	0	0
Mr. S. Lowman	0	5	0
S. M. S.	2	0	0
H. E. S.	1	1	0
Mr. F. A. Jones	5	0	0
A. B.	0	10	0
Miss Edmondson	0	5	0
Mr. Chisholm	1	1	0
May God bless you in all your works ...	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	0	0
72,679, per Mr. C. H. Spurgeon	21	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybold	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Mr. Cockerill	1	0	0
Mr. Nisbet	0	10	0
Mr. W. Evans	0	5	0
Miss Thompson	0	10	0
Mr. Priestley	2	0	0
	£163	10	3

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1873.

Hints on the Voice. For Young Preachers.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF you have any idiosyncrasies of speech, which are disagreeable to the ear, correct them, if possible.† It is admitted that this is much more easy for the teacher to inculcate than for you to practise. Yet to young men in the morning of their ministry, the difficulty is not insuperable. Brethren from the country have a flavour of their rustic diet in their mouths, reminding us irresistibly of the calves of Essex, the swine of Berkshire, or the runts of Suffolk. Who can mistake the Yorkshire or Somersetshire dialects, which are not merely provincial pronunciations, but tones also? It would be difficult to discover the cause, but the fact is clear enough, that in some counties of England men's throats seem to be furred up, like long-used tea-kettles, and in others they ring like brass music, with a vicious metallic sound. Beautiful these variations of nature may be in their season and place, but my taste has never been able to appreciate them. A sharp discordant squeak, like a rusty pair of scissors, is to be got rid of at all hazards; so also is a

* This short article is extracted from our lecture on the voice, which is one of a series of addresses to our students, which we have just published in a handsome volume at 2s. 6d. We believe that Christian readers generally will be interested in these lectures, which are largely illustrated from our own life and experience. They are not dreary essays, like the prelections of Dr. Dryasdust. This much we feel safe in saying.

† "Take care of anything awkward or affected either in your gesture, phrase, or pronunciation."—JOHN WESLEY.

thick, inarticulate utterance in which no word is complete, but nouns, adjectives, and verbs are made into a kind of hash. Equally objectionable is that ghostly speech in which a man talks without using his lips, ventriloquising most horribly: sepulchral tones may fit a man to be an undertaker, but Lazarus is not called out of his grave by hollow moans. One of the surest ways to kill yourself is to speak from the throat instead of the mouth. This misuse of nature will be terribly avenged by her; escape the penalty by avoiding the offence. It may be well in this place to urge you, as soon as you detect yourself interposing hum-haw pretty plentifully in your discourse, to purge yourself of the insinuating but ruinous habit at once. There is no need whatever for it, and although those who are now its victims may never be able to break the chain, you, who are beginners in oratory, must scorn to wear the galling yoke. It is even needful to say, open your mouths when you speak, for much of inarticulate mumbling is the result of keeping the mouth half closed. It is not in vain that the evangelists have written of our Lord, "*He opened his mouth* and taught them." Open wide the doors from which such godly truth is to march forth. Moreover, brethren, avoid the use of the nose as an organ of speech, for the best authorities are agreed that it is intended to smell with. Time was, when the nasal twang was the correct thing, but in this degenerate age you had better obey the evident suggestion of nature, and let the mouth keep to its work without the interference of the olfactory instrument. Should an American student be present he must excuse my pressing this remark upon his attention. Abhor the practice of some men, who will not bring out the letter "r," such a habit is "vewy wuinous and wediculous, vewy wetched and wepwehensible." Now and then a brother has the felicity to possess a most winning and delicious lisp. This is perhaps among the least of evils, *where the brother himself is little and winning*, but it would ruin any being who aimed at manliness and force. I can scarcely conceive of Elijah lisping to Ahab, or Paul prettily chipping his words on Mars' hill. There may be a peculiar pathos about a weak and watery eye, and a faltering style; we will go further, and admit that where these are the result of intense passion, they are sublime; but some possess them by birth, and use them rather too freely: it is, to say the least, unnecessary for you to imitate them. Speak as educated nature suggests to you, and you will do well; but let it be educated, and not raw, rude, uncultivated nature. Demosthenes took, as you know, unbounded pains with his voice, and Cicero, who was naturally weak, made a long journey into Greece to correct his manner of speaking. With far nobler themes, let us not be less ambitious to excel. "Deprive me of everything else," says Gregory, of Nazianzen, "but leave me eloquence, and I shall never regret the voyages which I have made in order to study it."

Always speak so as to be heard. I know a man who weighs sixteen stone, and ought to be able to be heard half-a-mile, who is so gracelessly indolent, that in his small place of worship you can scarcely hear him in the front of the gallery. What is the use of a preacher whom men cannot hear? Modesty should lead a voiceless man to give place to others who are more fitted for the work of proclaiming the messages of the King. Some men are loud enough, but they are not distinct, their

words overlap each other, play at leap-frog, or trip each other up. Distinct utterance is far more important than wind-power. Do give a word a fair chance, do not break its back in your vehemence, or run it off its legs in your haste. It is hateful to hear a big fellow mutter and whisper when his lungs are quite strong enough for the loudest speech; but at the same time, let a man shout ever so lustily, he will not be well heard unless he learns to push his words forward with due space between. To speak too slowly is miserable work, and subjects active-minded hearers to the disease called the "horrors." It is impossible to hear a man who crawls along at a mile an hour. One word to-day and one to-morrow is a kind of slow-fire which martyrs only could enjoy. Excessively rapid speaking, tearing and raving into utter rant, is quite as inexcusable; it is not, and never can be powerful, except with idiots, for it turns what should be an army of words into a mob, and most effectually drowns the sense in floods of sound. Occasionally, one hears an infuriated orator of indistinct utterance, whose impetuosity hurries him on to such a confusion of sounds, that at a little distance one is reminded of Lucan's lines:—

> "Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
> Discordant and unlike to human sounds;
> It seem'd of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
> The doleful screeching of the midnight owl;
> The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
> The bound of billows beating on the shore;
> The groan of winds among the leafy wood,
> And burst of thunder from the rending cloud!
> 'Twas these, all these in one."

It is an infliction, not to be endured twice, to hear a brother, who mistakes perspiration for inspiration, tear along like a wild horse with a hornet in its ear till he has no more wind, and must needs pause to pump his lungs full again; a repetition of this indecency several times in a sermon is not uncommon, but is most painful. Pause soon enough to prevent that "hough, hough," which rather creates pity for the breathless orator than sympathy with the subject in hand. Your audience ought not to know that you breathe at all—the process of respiration should be as unobserved as the circulation of the blood. It is indecent to let the mere animal function of breathing cause any hiatus in your discourse.

Do not as a rule exert your voice to the utmost in ordinary preaching. Two or three earnest men, now present, are tearing themselves to pieces by needless bawling; their poor lungs are irritated, and their larynx inflamed by boisterous shouting, from which they seem unable to refrain. Now it is all very well to "Cry aloud and spare not," but "Do thyself no harm" is apostolical advice. When persons can hear you with half the amount of voice, it is as well to save the superfluous force for times when it may be wanted. "Waste not, want not" may apply here as well as elsewhere. Be a little economical with that enormous volume of sound. Do not give your hearers head-aches when you mean to give them heart-aches: you aim to keep them from sleeping in their pews, but remember that it is not needful to burst the drums of their ears. "The Lord is not in the wind." Thunder is not

lightning. Men do not hear in proportion to the noise created; in fact, too much noise stuns the ear, creates reverberations and echoes, and effectually injures the power of your sermons. Adapt your voice to your audience; when twenty thousand are before you, draw out the stops and give the full peal, but not in a room which will only hold a score or two. Whenever I enter a place to preach, I unconsciously calculate how much sound is needed to fill it, and after a few sentences my key is pitched. If you can make the man at the end of the chapel hear, if you can see that he is catching your thought, you may be sure that those nearer can hear you, and no more force is needed, perhaps a little less will do—watch and see. Why speak so as to be heard in the street when there is nobody there who is listening to you? Whether in doors or out, see that the most remote hearers can follow you, and that will be sufficient. By the way, I may observe, that brethren should, out of mercy to the weak, always attend carefully to the force of their voices in sick rooms, and in congregations where some are known to be very infirm. It is a cruel thing to sit down by a sick man's bed-side, and shout out "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD." If you act so thoughtlessly, the poor man will say as soon as you are down stairs, "Dear me! how my head aches. I am glad the good man is gone, Mary; that is a very precious Psalm and so quiet like, but he read it out like thunder and lightning, and almost stunned me!" Recollect, you younger and unmarried men, that soft whispers will suit the invalid better than roll of drum and culverin.

Observe carefully the rule to *vary the force of your voice.* The old rule was, to begin very softly, gradually rise higher, and bring out your loudest notes at the end. Let all such regulations be blown to pieces at the cannon's mouth; they are impertinent and misleading. Speak softly or loudly, as the emotion of the moment may suggest, and observe no artificial and fanciful rules. Artificial rules are an utter abomination. As M. de Cormorin satirically puts it, "Be impassioned, thunder, rage, weep, up to the fifth word, of the third sentence, of the tenth paragraph, of the tenth leaf. How easy that would be! Above all, how very natural!" In imitation of a popular preacher, to whom it was unavoidable, a certain minister was accustomed in the commencement of his sermon to speak in so low a key that no one could possibly hear him. Everybody leaned forward, fearing that something good was being lost in the air, but their straining was in vain, a holy mutter was all they could discern. If the brother *could not* have spoken out none should have blamed him, but it was a most absurd thing to do this when in a short time he proved the power of his lungs by filling the whole structure by sonorous sentences. If the first half of his discourse was of no importance, why not omit it? and if of any value at all, why not deliver it distinctly? *Effect,* gentlemen, that was the point aimed at; he knew that one who spake in that fashion had produced great effects, and he hoped to rival him. If any of you dare commit such a folly for such a detestable object, I heartily wish you had never entered this Institution. I tell you most seriously, that the thing called "*effect*" is hateful, because it is untrue, artificial, tricky, and therefore despicable. Never do anything for effect, but scorn the stratagems of little minds, hunting after the approval of connoisseurs in preaching, who are a race

as obnoxious to a true minister as locusts to the Eastern husbandman. But I digress: be clear and distinct at the very first. Your exordia are too good to be whispered to space. Speak them out boldly, and command attention at the very outset by your manly tones. Do not start at the highest pitch as a rule, for then you will not be able to rise when you warm with the work; but still be outspoken from the first. Lower the voice when suitable even to a whisper; for soft, deliberate, solemn utterances are not only a relief to the ear, but have a great aptitude to reach the heart. Do not be afraid of the low keys, for if you throw force into them they are as well heard as the shouts. You need not speak in a loud voice in order to be heard well. Macaulay says of William Pitt, "His voice, even when it sank to a whisper, was heard to the remotest benches of the House of Commons." It has been well said that the most noisy gun is not the one which carries a ball the furthest: the crack of a rifle is anything but noisy. It is not the loudness of your voice, it is the force which you put into it that is effective. I am certain that I could whisper so as to be heard throughout every corner of our great Tabernacle, and I am equally certain that I could holloa and shout so that nobody could understand me. The thing could be done here, but perhaps the example is needless, as I fear some of you perform the business with remarkable success. Waves of air may dash upon the ear in such rapid succession that they create no translatable impression on the auditory nerve. Ink is necessary to write with, but if you upset the ink bottle over the sheet of paper, you convey no meaning thereby, so is it with sound; sound is the ink, but management is needed, not quantity, to produce an intelligible writing upon the ear. If your sole ambition be to compete with—

> "Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,
> Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues,"

then bawl yourselves into Elysium as rapidly as possible, but if you wish to be understood, and so to be of service, shun the reproach of being "impotent and loud." You are aware that shrill sounds travel the farthest: the singular cry which is used by travellers in the wilds of Australia, owes its remarkable power to its shrillness. A bell will be heard much further off than a drum; and very singularly, the more musical a sound is the farther it travels. It is not the thumping of the piano which is needed, but the judicious sounding of the best keys. You will therefore feel at liberty to ease the strain very frequently in the direction of loudness, and you will be greatly relieving both the ears of the audience and your own lungs. Try all methods, from the sledge-hammer to the puff-ball. Be as gentle as a zephyr and as furious as a tornado. Be, indeed, just what every common-sense person is in his speech when he talks naturally, pleads vehemently, whispers confidentially, appeals plaintively, or publishes distinctly.

We are bound to add—*endeavour to educate your voice.* Grudge no pains or labour in achieving this, for as it has been well observed, "However prodigious may be the gifts of nature to her elect, they can only be developed and brought to their extreme perfection by labour and study." Think of Michael Angelo working for a week without taking off his clothes, and Handel hollowing out every key of his harpsichord

like a spoon, by incessant practice. Gentlemen, after this, never talk of difficulty or weariness. It is almost impossible to see the utility of Demosthenes' method of speaking with stones in his mouth, but any one can perceive the usefulness of his pleading with the boisterous billows, that he might know how to command a hearing amidst the uproarious assemblies of his countrymen; and in his speaking as he ran up hill that his lungs might gather force from laborious use the reason is as obvious as the self-denial is commendable. We are bound to use every possible means to perfect the voice by which we are to tell forth the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Take great care of the consonants, enunciate every one of them clearly; they are the features and expression of the words. Practise indefatigably till you give every one of the consonants its due; the vowels have a voice of their own, and therefore they can speak for themselves. In all other matters exercise a rigid discipline until you have mastered your voice, and have it in hand like a well-trained steed. Gentlemen with narrow chests are advised to use the dumb-bells every morning, or, better still, those clubs which the College has provided for you. You need broad chests, and must do your best to get them. Do not speak with your hands in your waistcoat pockets so as to contract your lungs, but throw the shoulders back, as public singers do. Do not lean over a desk while speaking, and never hold the head down on the breast while preaching. Upward rather than downward let the body bend. Off with all tight cravats and button-up waistcoats; leave room for the full play of the bellows and the pipes. Observe the statues of the Roman or Greek orators, look at Raphael's picture of Paul, and, without affectation, fall naturally into the graceful and appropriate attitudes there depicted, for these are best for the voice. Get a friend to tell you your faults, or, better still, welcome an enemy who will watch you keenly and sting you savagely. What a blessing such an irritating critic will be to a wise man, what an intolerable nuisance to a fool! Correct yourself diligently and frequently, or you will fall into errors unawares, false tones will grow, and slovenly habits will form insensibly; therefore criticise yourself with unceasing care. Think nothing little by which you may be even a little more useful. But, gentlemen, never degenerate in this business into pulpit fops, who think gesture and voice to be everything. I am sick at heart when I hear of men taking a whole week to get up a sermon, much of the getting up consisting in repeating their precious productions before a glass! Alas! for this age, if graceless hearts are to be forgiven for the sake of graceful manners. Give us all the vulgarities of the wildest back-woods' itinerant rather than the perfumed prettinesses of effeminate gentility. I would no more advise you to be fastidious with your voices than I would recommend you to imitate Rowland Hill's Mr. Taplash with his diamond ring, his richly-scented pocket handkerchief, and his eye-glass. Exquisites are out of place in the pulpit, they should be set up in a tailor's window, with a ticket, "*This style complete, including MSS.*, £10 10s."

Canterbury Pilgrims.

BY W. BROCK, JUN.

NEXT to Westminster Abbey itself there is perhaps no spot in all England so full of interest to the student of our history as the quaint old city of Canterbury. Every one is aware of the general associations of the place as the first seat of Saxon Christianity, and the popular resort of mediæval pilgrimage. Many readers of the *Sword and the Trowel* have doubtless made themselves familiar with Dean Stanley's delightful "Memorials of Canterbury," and some will have picked their way through the antique lines of Chaucer's Tales. But they will not be reluctant to accompany in spirit two modern pilgrims who, with a couple of days and a large amount of curiosity at their disposal, set out from London on a bright May morning to visit the venerable shrine. There is no pleasanter or surer manner of learning history than to look with our own eyes on the very scenes of famous events. The dry skeletons of our schoolbooks start into vivid life, and ancient warriors, priests, and statesmen pass as in a visible pageant before the awakened imagination.

There was nothing in the least romantic about our start. Holborn Viaduct Station is a decidedly modern version of the old Tabard Inn, where Chaucer's pilgrims gathered; and the smoke and hurry of a railway offer a poor exchange for the breezy hillsides along which in single file they rode. But when we came to Selling, a station within seven miles of the city, we left the train, resolved that, at least on the last stage of our journey, we should share with them the natural impressions of the approach and the arrival.

Selling is a village that stood on the edge of the great forest of Blean, extending once all across the country to Canterbury. The trees have been cleared, and our path lay at first through dry hop-gardens, studded with bare perpendicular poles, and sadly wanting the picturesque look which they present in autumn. Near Boughton we struck into the high road, and here we were on classic ground, and in the direct route of the ancient pilgrims. A magnificent view spreads out from the top of the steep Boughton Hill, the sea running up the mouths of the Medway and the Thames, and stretching far into the northern distance. But we were on the watch for another object, which we knew must soon show itself in our front. For it was just after they passed the crest of this hill that travellers were able to catch the first glimpse of the great cathedral "with the golden angel there shining on its summit." And there, indeed, as we looked, was the cathedral, rising from the valley, the lower part in shadow, and bright sunshine on the lofty central tower; and we could conceive something of the emotion with which men wanted to see what was to them a place made holy as the very heavens by the martyrdom and burial of Archbishop Becket.

The road soon dips into a hollow, and we lose sight of the cathedral. We wind up and down for some distance, and then, with a sudden bend, we find ourselves between two high steep banks, covered on the one side by modern cottages, and on the other by a row of

almshouses and an ivy-covered church tower. This is the village of Harbledown.

"The little town,
Which that yeleped is Bob up and down
Under the Blee in Canterbury way."

Here we halt, for the place has a history. The old church dates back to the days of Lanfranc, archbishop in the Conqueror's reign; and most venerable it is, with its ivied walls. There the birds "have laid their young," and are chirping cheerily, its oaken rafters, its carved font, and the dim traces on its walls of antique paintings, king and mitred bishop, and our Saviour in the midst. Beside the church there formerly stood a leper-house, founded by Lanfranc; and below the hospital was the Well of the Black Prince, so called because he once passed by the spot, and probably, like meaner pilgrims, washed in the waters. The hospital is gone, and the almshouses that have taken its place are quite modern. The well is choked up with brickbats which have lately fallen down from the ruined covering above. But the roofed flight of steps by which we climb to the level of the church, is in good repair, and supplies a link with bygone centuries; and there are some slighter relics, which lead us back to the visit of no less famous a traveller than the accomplished and witty Erasmus of Rotterdam.

Erasmus came to Canterbury from London shortly before the Reformation, when the credulity of the earlier ages was yielding to curiosity, and even to contempt. With him rode Idur Colet, the Dean of St. Paul's, a liberal Churchman, with a great hatred of shams, and withal of a very short temper. They were passing Harbledown on their homeward journey, when down the steps came an aged almsman, presenting to their notice "the upper leather of a shoe, with a crystal set in the centre." It is the shoe of St. Thomas the martyr, and they are expected to kiss it, and then to pay for the privilege. Colet demurs rather rudely. "What," he cried, "do these asses expect us to kiss the shoes of all good men that ever lived? Why, they might as well bring in their spittle to be kissed." Coarse words of a coarse age; but the words of a scholar, and not altogether inexcusable in the presence of such follies. Erasmus smiled, and hastened to console the aged man with kind words and money. And in an old box preserved in the hall of the almshouses we saw, among other treasures—not indeed the old shoe, for that was doubtless flung away when such things lost their value—but a rough old money-box of the sixteenth century, with a slit in the lid and a chain at the side, and a large crystal set in the centre of a wooden bowl, both preserved with scrupulous care. Dean Stanley has suggested that we have here the very box into which Erasmus dropped his money, and the crystal on which he and his companion looked. It is just possible that in the crystal we may have the one actual relic of the turbulent Becket, surviving the dissolution of monasteries, and old shoes, and other more perishable articles.

Regaining the high road, and, in Chaucer's phrase, "bobbing up" once more, there burst upon us from the hill the full view of the cathedral, now immediately below us, and towering like some majestic mountain above the roofs of the city. A nearer approach also adds to the impression of its grandeur. Enter, and the impression deepens

still. Ascend one staircase after another till you reach the lofty easternmost end, and the sternest Nonconformist may relax into something of that æsthetic sympathy which *The Times* has been recently exhorting us to cultivate. But art and architecture lie far outside our present purpose. Let us rather recall one or two pictures of the early English times, of which these walls formed the framework.

Up this noble nave, through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, came flocks of pilgrims from all parts of Britain and the continent, in every kind of garb, and from every variety of motive. The professed object of attraction was the shrine of Becket. That turbulent and treacherous prelate had been exalted by papal authority and popular enthusiasm into a saint of the first magnitude, and unnumbered spiritual advantages were sure to follow a visit to the scene of his murder. Here is still shown the spot to which first the pilgrims hastened, where the blood of the martyr fell upon the stone pavement, the stained fragment itself having been carefully cut out and removed to Rome. Up these steps they went upon their knees, as modern devotees ascend the holy staircase; you can see where the steps are worn, and how numerous the worshippers must have been. Behind the present altar rose the shrine itself, a blaze of gold and jewels, usually hidden beneath a wooden canopy, and containing the sacred dust of the great archbishop. The pilgrims, still upon their knees, thronged round the arches of the shrine, to marvel at its treasures, to present their offerings, and to carry away the blessing of the saint. Then they saw the relics, and it was a sight never to be forgotten. There was the sword that struck the fatal blow, stained with the blood, the pastoral staff, the rough cloak, the bloody handkerchief, the shirt of haircloth, and other belongings; notably a black leather box, full of linen rags, with which in the days of his flesh "the holy man used to wipe the perspiration from his head and neck, the runnings from his nose, and such other superfluities." Also they saw the bodies, or bits of the bodies, of many other sainted characters, their "heads, arms, bones, hair, and teeth; the bed on which the Virgin slept, the wool she wove, the robe she made, fragments of the rock, of the Cross, of the sepulchre, of the manger, of the supper table, and the stone of the ascension. Aaron's rod was there, and a piece of the oak up which Abraham (?) climbed to see the Lord, and a specimen of the clay out of which God formed Adam." Such is a quotation only from the inventory long preserved by the custodians of the cathedral. Such was the religion of the masses of the English people in those golden days of Romish superstition to which we are invited to return. Thank God, men might as well try to bring back the days of the Druids!

In the crypt below the cathedral, the loftiest and most spacious in Europe, to which we are presently conducted, a still more incongruous scene must be imagined. It was here that they first bestowed the dead body of the archbishop, and here that it remained till the shrine above was ready to receive it. And hither, one of the very earliest of the pilgrims, came King Henry II. himself, by the order of the Pope, to do penance for the share which he was presumed to have had in the murder. Seldom has there been seen so great a triumph for the church. The king had sailed from France through a storm which nearly wrecked his

ship. All the way to Canterbury from Southampton he ate only bread and drank water. He entered the city on foot; barefoot he walked over its rough stones through the falling rain, his kingly dress laid by, a woollen shirt and a rough cloak his only attire. Haircloth was next to his skin. The streets were stained with the blood from his wounded feet. When he reached the cathedral, he was led at once to the spot where Becket fell; there he knelt and kissed the pavement. Next they took him to the tomb in the crypt, where he knelt again and remained long in prayer; and at last, in presence of a crowd of bystanders, he laid his head upon the grave and was well whipped, "five strokes of the rod from each of the bishops present, and three from each of the eighty monks." The whole night he spent in that cold crypt, fasting, and on the earth, caught a dangerous cold and fever, but fairly atoned for his sins, and was rewarded with a plenary pardon from the ecclesiastical authorities, and with what he valued far more highly, a speedy and substantial victory over his enemy, the King of Scots.

What a frightful power must have resided at that time in the church of Rome and its ambitious leaders, that they could thus extort humiliation from the proudest prince in Christendom! Imagine the present Emperor of Germany walking barefoot through the streets of Cologne at the bidding of Pope Pius IX.; or Prince Bismarck flogged by ultramontane bishops till he begs for absolution! Imagine a whole people terror-stricken by the arrival of a paper anathema from Rome! Small honour to the so-called saints, whose heavy hand would have crushed out our common liberties; or to those in our own day who build chapels to consecrate their memory, and make pathetic orations over the dust they tread upon. Honour rather to the stout-hearted Reformers who rose up at last against that unnatural tyranny, and animated this great English nation to fling off its fetters and to defy its encroachments. May they never want wise and worthy successors!

It is like passing from foul air into fresh to exchange those dark ages of corruption for the earlier ones of comparative simplicity. Six centuries before Becket, Canterbury became the cradle of the Christian faith among the Saxons. Here, where the cathedral stands, Augustine founded his episcopal seat. Yonder, just outside the walls, on ground that had been sacred to heathen worship, he raised the famous convent that so long bore his name. Higher up the hill is St. Martin's Church, the earliest settlement of all. Here King Ethelbert was probably received into the Christian church. Over the crest of this same St. Martin's Hill came Augustine and his comrades from the coast where they had first landed, in long procession, chanting their litanies, and with the cross borne in front, flushed with the ambition to bring this fair land of the Angles under subjection to the Vicar of Christ.

We cannot recall that mission of the church to our own shores without emotion, or without some measure of sympathy and praise. Yet it was a degenerate Christianity that Augustine proclaimed, and an unspiritual method on which he acted. Already the germs were in the air of all the superstitions that followed. Already baptismal regeneration, a tougher root of evil than all the relic-worship, was in full growth. "Ten thousand Saxons baptised at once on the Christmas-day after their king's conversion," might be a splendid announcement to send to Rome,

but can have brought little inspiration to the harps of heaven. Strange how errors held on to the very ground where they took root! From this very cathedral pulpit, on the day of our visit, we chanced to hear a preacher pouring forth on all and sundry the vials of his ecclesiastical wrath. First he administered a most fearful rebuke to those churchmen who, like the dean himself, make unworthy approaches to union with dissenters. Then he made a desperate assault on school boards and their sympathisers. But his strong point was, of course, the church catechism; and his warnings became really alarming to the handful of his hearers when he predicted the national ruin which was before us if once the children of the land ceased to be taught that "in their baptism they were made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." Ah, how much better for England if Augustine had left his ten thousand Saxons unbaptised, and been content to advance like the apostles by the gradual working of the truth on the understandings and the hearts of those heathen men. So far, at least, he missed his mark, and opened the sluices of all formalities and superstitions and hypocrisies of the later and more worldly age.

We may well admire, and even emulate, the spirit of sincere and self-denying devotion which animated some of those who went on pilgrimage. Only we are called on to direct it to more profitable purpose in the common walks and works of life. "I, too, have my pilgrimage," says one of the friends in the "Dialogue" of Erasmus. "My circuit is made at home. I enter the parlour, and take care that the modesty of my wife and daughters is safe from attack. Next I proceed to the offices, and see what the men and maids are about; thence into the kitchen, observing whether there is any need of reproof; then I notice what my children are about, and I see that everything goes on in order. This is *my* pilgrimage."

There is a nobler one than that, the progress of which John Bunyan has drawn for all generations. It walks not over land and sea, but from one degree to another of the manifested presence of Christ. Its inspiration comes not from pope or prelate, but from the Holy Spirit of God. Its companions are not the merry minstrels of Chaucer's time, but the bright graces and the unmatched lesson of the gospel. Its dress is a Saviour's righteousness, and its token is a Saviour's cross. If we go on pilgrimage, let us go in such company and on such conditions.

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation.
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage."

Popish Persecutions.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE INQUISITION.

BY REV. W. P. COPE, OF MAZE POND CHAPEL.

(*Continued from page* 263.)

GRADUALLY, as its strength consolidated and experience was gained, the Inquisition was prepared for all possible contingencies. At first its action was somewhat arbitrary and often erratic. Precedents were wanting for guidance. It was sometimes fettered by the civil power, not unnaturally jealous of its prerogatives. Like the growth of many tyrannies, its progress was slow, but it was exceedingly sure. Rome can afford to wait. "Men may come and men may go;" but its influences are steadily advancing. Its schemes are pushed forward long after the founders are forgotten. At the end of two centuries we find the Inquisition in full swing. It has "houses"—sometimes called "palaces"—or courts and prisons for the exercise of authority. The office of Inquisitor with a large staff of officers has become a recognized and honoured functionary in the Papal arrangements, and, moreover, it begins to have something like a well-digested code of rules for the guidance of its officials. Eymeric—a kind of Papal Blackstone, for not less than forty years active Inquisitor in the provinces of Castile and Arragon, collected from the civil and canon laws all that related to the punishment of heretics. This "Directory of Inquisitors" was the first and fundamental code. It has been followed ever since without any essential variation wherever the "Holy Office" has been established. Eymeric flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century; about a hundred years later his "Inquisitor's Directory" was published with a commentary, under the sanction of Pope Gregory XIII. To show the esteem in which it was held, we may add that a second edition was published nine years after the first. In addition to this official document another of equal authority has been unexpectedly brought to light. During a riot in Seville which followed the ratification of the Spanish Constitution by Ferdinand VII. in 1820, the mob broke into the palace of the Inquisitors, surprised them at their task, and drove them out, first taking possession of their documents. Among them was a thin quarto volume, partly written, partly printed. Its title is as follows, "Order of Proceedings in the Holy Office, compiled from Ancient and Modern Instructions, by . . . of the Holy General Inquisition." From a foot-note it appears to have been printed, like other books intended for the use of Inquisitors only, within the walls. Doubtless other documents are in existence. These are enough to give us some idea of the principle and practices of the Inquisition for four centuries. Secrecy, profound secrecy, is one of its most prominent features. If precedent were required it was found in the conduct of the papal legate appointed to the Council of Toulouse. He carried away with him to Rome all the records of inquests made, "lest if any evil-disposed person should chance to find them at any time, and it might be the death of witnesses who had given evidence

against them." Witnesses, as well as the accused themselves, are bound by oath to keep secret all they see and hear.

In a case of heresy there were three recognized ways of proceeding—accusation, information, and inquiry. The first method was discouraged; it was found in practice to be dangerous to the accuser and tedious. Information was the method most congenial to the spirit of the Holy Office. Any person suspecting another of heresy was bound under threat of excommunication to lay information against him. The information might be laid in private, with no other witness present than the Secretary of the Inquisitor. The accused would never know who had brought the charge against him.

The process by inquiry might be conducted by the Inquisitor alone. He might make enquiry into the reputation of any person, and if he elicited any suspicion against him it was enough. Nobody needed to say what they had heard, all that was requisite was that people should talk suspectingly about him. It is a well-understood principle of common law that no criminal be required to give evidence against himself: the Inquisition ignored all law, human and divine; a person accused of heresy was required to furnish the particulars of the charge to be entered against himself.

All kinds of witnesses were allowed against the accused. Those discredited in a court of law were heard in the Holy Office, provided, of course, that their testimony was against the heretic. Even a heretic might witness against a heretic. Domestic witnesses—wife, children, servants, might all appear against the accused; they were not to be heard in his favour. The children of heretics rested under a special ban, but if a child informed against the parent the curse was turned into a blessing. Special pains were taken to conceal from the accused the names of all witnesses against him. The time-honoured practice of bringing the accuser and the accused, or the witnesses and the criminal face to face, was especially avoided.

If a witness does not say all the Inquisitor thinks he can say or ought to say, he may be tortured till the evidence wanted is forthcoming. The art of examining a prisoner appears to have reached a perfection that left nothing to be desired. The questions put to him, "were to be vague and general, not in such a manner as would suggest subterfuges or help evasion." The heretics were to be treated as very cunning in disguising their errors. They affect sanctity and false tears which might soften the severest judges: an Inquisitor must therefore be always on the watch against all such tricks.

All methods seem justifiable in proceeding against a heretic. Sometimes the Inquisitor is recommended to assume a paternal tone; for what terror or threats could not do might be accomplished by kind words and an assumed interest in the accused. If he is exhausted by confinement and anxiety, yet obdurate, a change of living is recommended—better food may be furnished, visitors may be allowed him, and the love of life quickened, which may prove stronger than heretical obstinacy. Where everything else failed, an acquaintance of the prisoner might be induced to spend a night with him, who should talk his case over as a sympathizer. Witnesses or a clerk would have to be concealed who should take down notes of all that passed; these notes to be afterwards used

against him. Where all these things failed, the rack or torture might be resorted to. Most diabolical and ingenious were the means of torture employed. Women, stripped of clothing, were bound with cords as relentlessly as the men. Physicians or surgeons stood by indicating how far the torture might be employed without taking away life. With an ingenuity that nothing but long practice could have perfected, thin cords were bound around the arms and legs, and tightened till the skin seemed ready to crack. Should the prisoner die under the treatment, the Inquisitors simply absolved one another from all guilt, and as there was no coroner's inquest, heaven was appeased, and the next case proceeded with.

It might sometimes happen that a person accused through private malice, proved a good Catholic. What was to be done? Should he be declared innocent? That would cast a reflection upon the wisdom of the Holy Office. The Inquisitor was instructed to avoid even the least word that might be taken to imply a formal justification. The accused was dismissed with a written absolution setting forth that the Inquisitor had not found any legal proof of guilt, and therefore he fully released him "from the present charge, inquisition, and judgment."

One point seems to have disturbed the consciences of these Inquisitors a great deal. "May an Inquisitor exact the expenses from those against whom he proceeds? and may he condemn them by sentence to pay the expenses?" Very satisfactorily does Eymeric answer such subtle questions. Inquisitors must live; and as soon as the heretic is pronounced such, his life ceases to be his own, he is able therefore to hold property no longer; the children of a heretic are incapable of any other inheritance than poverty and infamy; the wives of course share the fortunes of their husbands. Who then so fitting to use rightly the property of the heretic as the Inquisitor, whose duty it is to suppress all heresy? Customs in different countries may vary, but this seems to be the safe, as it was the general, rule. A penitent, be it observed, cannot have his property restored. Poverty will be a proper penance; fairness demands that the convertor be rewarded for his zeal; besides, to restore the property to the penitent would lay him open to the suspicion of having been actuated by mercenary motives. What chance there was of escape from such a tribunal may be readily conceived; especially if the accused happened to be a person of means, when most careful questions were put as to his property, and it would be to the interest of the Inquisitor to give sentence against him. If able to procure an advocate to defend his case, the advocate was compelled to abandon the defence if the judge ruled that reasonable proof of guilt had been given.

The method of punishment adopted by the Inquisition did not admit of much variety. The choice generally lay between imprisonment or death. Different degrees of heretical guilt were in some cases met by the varying grades of imprisonment. In the Palace of the Inquisition, or Holy House, there was often extensive accommodation for all classes of delinquents. From rooms well ventilated, light and air being admitted through iron gratings, and sufficiently large for the occupant to move about, with bed, seat, fire-place, and a few conveniences, to a mere cell below the level of the ground, with no light, scarcely space enough

to stand upright in, where the poor prisoner was fed with barely sufficient to keep up the functions of nature—just enough to cause a lingering death, and no more. To these were sometimes added, in set proportion of weight and number, manacles, fetters, chains, and other contrivances of torment. Those thus confined were most effectually shut out from all society or companionship. To no call or entreaty, or sigh, or shriek might the keeper answer in any way; he was sworn to speak to none. The Inquisitor might come or send, to question, to tempt, to terrify when he pleased. Amid scenes such as these thousands spent many years; others ended their lives, cut prematurely short, rather than deny Christ, or betray their brethren. In many more cases they were taken out from this living sepulchre to endure the horrors of the stake.

Not all remained stedfast till death. Sometimes the faith faltered; and, conforming to the church, the heretic was set free. Overcome by remorse these "penitents" would afterwards return to their first faith, and the Lord whom they had denied. These were deemed incorrigible, and were at once handed over "to feel the fire." So also were those brought a second time under accusation, heretics who proved obdurate, and "negative heretics" who persisted in denying what the Inquisition thought they should confess, there being full proof against them. Before handing them over to the stake the church made one more effort at reclamation: since they could not escape temporal death they were urged to be reconciled to God. If they will not they must feel the fire, but if any will confess, be absolved, and receive the host, the church will generously receive such to her bosom. Although the penitent must die, for the good of his soul, it shall be so arranged that his death shall be comparatively easy: in other words, he shall be strangled as promptly as possible, so that only the dead body, and not the living person shall go to the flames. The desire of burning the heretic became at last such a passion with the Inquisition, that not only the bodies of penitents, and the bones of dead heretics dug up, but effigies of those who had escaped the clutches of the church, were publicly consumed at appointed times of execution.

Everything possible was done to give these ghastly exhibitions a most impressive and solemn aspect. The services of royalty and religion were laid under contribution for this end. The king, as a token of his good faith towards the church, was frequently present. Sermons were preached in which the damnable effects of heresy were vividly pointed out, and the fidelity of the church extolled, while she deplored the harsh measures she felt it necessary to adopt against the faithless. The ceremony itself was arranged so as to represent as nearly as possible the judgment-day. All sympathy for the suffering martyrs was alienated by suggesting that they were the victims of divine justice, their sins being open, going beforehand to judgment. We do not stay to particularise; the details are too sickening. It would be easy to paint the emaciated sufferers dragged from solitary confinement in loathsome dungeons, many of them maimed and hurt by the tortures of the rack, chained by rough and rude men to the stake. The crowd presses around to mock; the priests with insulting importunity thrust the crucifixes into their faces. The fires are lighted, and amid ascending smoke and flame, the faithful spirits are borne, as in a chariot of fire,

to the presence of that Christ from whose love nothing could separate them.

To Spain belongs the worthless honour of conducting these ghastly pageantries on the most elaborate scale. The Spaniard is naturally hot, vengeful, passionate. More than any other European nation he approaches to the common ideal of the old Oriental despot; with lions' dens, furnaces seven times hotter than the usual heat, the houses of the offender made into a dunghill that his name may be blotted out, or, if preserved, hereafter associated only with that which is infamous. Rome pandered to these tastes. The nation's weak point was one element of her strength. How much of the bloodthirsty spirit which has since characterised Spanish politics may be traced to this phase of its popish training is a question not difficult to answer. No nation is more sanguinary; none has been more priest-ridden.

Not a single province has been subdued by Spanish arms, but its inhabitants, if heretical, have been rapidly decimated by the Inquisition. The most solemn treaties intended to secure religious protection to the vanquished were valueless.

So completely did the policy of the priests bias the State councils, that the course adopted was not only most iniquitous, but eminently self-destructive. The nursery story of the foolish man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs faintly illustrates the unwisdom of the Spaniards' treatment of the Jews and Moors. Torquemada, the Inquisitor-General of that period, must have determined to outrival Haman. For long ages the Jews had added largely to the wealth of Spain by the trade they so successfully carried on. During the Spanish expedition against Granada, by which the power of the Moors was broken, the Jewish race did more to ensure success to the Spanish arms than the knights and fighting men who formed the army. They were the most efficient armourers in the Spanish camp. They provided the daily rations for the troops. They advanced money to pay the king's troops; and it is more than likely that they raised the gold by which Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Spain, bribed the Moorish king to surrender. Mark their reward. Three months after the occupation of Granada, Torquemada induced Ferdinand to decree the expulsion of the entire race out of all Spain, except such as might choose to surrender the faith of their fathers, and be baptised into the papal church. This was March 30th, 1492. The last day of July was fixed as the last day of their dwelling in the kingdom. The Jew might sell or barter any property he held, but was forbidden to carry away gold or silver out of the country. Any Spaniard who should hide or shelter a Jew or Jewess should forfeit all his property, and be discharged from his office, dignity, or calling. The doomed race could not fail to be reminded of the decree of Ahasuerus, and sighed for another Esther to overrule the counsel of the crafty Torquemada. But so far from Queen Isabella espousing their cause, she steeled her own heart and that of the king against mercy. The spell of the papacy was upon her: she could not resist its influence. Rabbi Abarbanel, who for his wisdom and influence may be compared to Nehemiah at the court of Artaxerxes, pleaded on his knees with tears for his nation, and offered to pay down, as ransom into the king's treasury, six hundred

thousand crowns of gold. His plea had nearly prevailed, for the king's treasury was exhausted; but the Inquisitor-General very astutely prevented any compromise. Rushing into the presence of the king and queen with a crucifix in his hand, he shouted, "Judas sold the Son of God once for thirty pieces of silver; your highnesses are going to sell him the second time for thirty thousand. Here he is! Here you have him! Sell him if you will." And flinging the crucifix down upon the table, in ill-suppressed rage, the crafty Inquisitor ran away. The pathetic pleading of the aged Abarbanel failed. By the first week in July the Jews were on their way out of the country which many of them loved almost as their native land. Their possessions were sold for a trifle, and often found no purchasers. A house was exchanged for an ass, a vineyard for a little linen or cloth. Thus suddenly bereft of home and wealth, they set out on a mournful exodus. Heartrending tales are told of their sufferings. Some died on the road; mothers brought up in every luxury were suddenly overcome by the pangs of travail by the roadside. Some perished at sea; many were sold for slaves by mercenary captains, who had agreed to take them in safety across the seas. One vessel landed its living freight, among whom a disease had broken out, at Naples. Another famished company reached Genoa, where a procession of priests met them. The foremost carried a crucifix in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other, to signify that they who would adore the image might have the bread.

It is reckoned that in this bloody papal persecution no less than ten thousand Jews perished at the stake; upwards of six thousand were burnt in effigy, the persons having died in prison or fled the country; beside upwards of ninety thousand punished with infamy, confiscation, perpetual imprisonment, or loss of civil rights. This computation does not include the numbers who perished in the terrible exode we have already referred to.

It is not to be supposed that papal zeal was satisfied with this bloody work. Torquemada now conceived the design of converting or exterminating the Moors, whom the king and queen had engaged by special treaty to shield in the exercise of their religion. To help in the good work one Fray Hernando, prior of a monastery near Valladolid, was induced to come to Granada. Pope Alexander VI. made him archbishop. In a spirit alien to the usual method of papal propagandism, he sought the conversion of the Moors by expostulation and controversy. His gentle spirit and spotless life won the admiration of the conquered race. He studied Arabic, their native language, and went so far as to have the Scriptures translated into that tongue for their use. Such measures were too slow and pacific for the haughty church. Ximenez, afterwards cardinal and Inquisitor-general, took the matter in hand. The prayers and translations of Hernando in the vulgar tongue were promptly forbidden, and harsher measures adopted. The end of it was that the Moors, who refused to be converted, were driven out of the country. If they escaped with less suffering than the Jews, it was owing to a wholesome fear inspired by an expostulation from the Sultan.

Similar sanguinary proceedings were instituted against such as received the light of divine truth, and desired to walk in it, on the

dawn of the Reformation. In the years 1557 and 1558 a large number of persons were imprisoned as Lutherans. Against all such Pope Paul IV. gave Valdes, the Inquisitor-general, special powers. The brief greatly exceeded in cruelty the excesses practised by Torquemada and Ferdinand. By it the Inquisition was more especially stirred up against the Lutherans, or any who defended them as good. Not only was the power of the Inquisition augmented, but its income considerably increased, to enable it to carry on the new crusade against the rising reformation. Its *autos da fé* were quite common at Seville and Cordova, while one was celebrated with unusual magnificence at Madrid as late as 1680, in special honour of King Charles II., newly wedded to a French princess. At this celebration twenty-one victims were handed over to the flames. At the last moment two recanted, and as a marvellous act of clemency were spared. The remaining nineteen were made to feel the fire. So late as 1826 there is record of one or two being burned alive by command of the Inquisition. It is reckoned that nearly 400,000 fell victims to the Holy Office during its supremacy in Spain. At length the proud boast was made that heresy could not rear its head in the domains of the Catholic King.

We have referred chiefly to the practice of the Inquisition as found at work in Spain. The principle has been the same in every country where it has been for any length of time set up. The differences have been more of degree than of kind. In Italy the holy office was worked with more secrecy and refinement than in Spain. It revelled in merciless cruelty, but without inviting observation; it worked, therefore, with less scandal. A revolution and the dethronement of the temporal power were, however, needed to bring to the full light of day all the hidden works of darkness. Ingenious contrivances of torture, supposed only to have had an existence in the pages of fiction, have been paralleled by the actual facts. Father Gavazzi visited the Palace of the Inquisition in Rome, when it was broken into after the ignominious flight of the present Pope, in 1849. At that time, among other relics of the Inquisition, were found two prisoners—a nun and an aged bishop; and a secret trap door, through which the unsuspecting victim fell on his way to receive, as he supposed, a relaxation of his punishment. Nor were evidences wanting that it had been used, for below was found a "compost of common earth, rottenness, ashes, and human hair, fœtid to the smell, and horrible to the sight and thought of the beholder." From other evidence found in the vaults of Pope Pius V., a pope, be it observed, canonised for his zeal against heretics, the only conclusion possible was that the victims had been buried alive up to their necks in quicklime. What with the suffocation of the smoke, and the anguish of a compressed breathing, the horrible and desperate nature of this death can be more easily imagined than described.

It is not our purpose to trace the causes that led to the decline of this infamous institution. It needs not to be said that its decay was not owing to any enlightened principles of toleration or love of religious liberty in the Catholic Church itself. Rome is always the same. That has been her boast. If she do not always persecute the same, it

is not from change of principle, but from policy, or lack of power. The ecclesiastical bigotry which the other day excommunicated Mr. Henry Petre for denying the Pope's supremacy in civil matters, while he fully acknowledged his infallibility in things spiritual, would, if it had but the power, carry out the practice of the Inquisition. Other forces are at work counteracting that power. On which side victory may fall we can but hope. When the resources of the Papal hierarchy are borne in mind, together with the silent, persistent method of its procedure, he would be a rash man who should dare to predict.

The Rescue.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

THE day had passed like a sunny dream,
None thought of the danger nigh,
Till with stealthy flight and a sudden scream,
The storm came hurrying by.

Its raven pinions, from east to west,
Were spread o'er the wide expanse,
Where wives and mothers in strange unrest,
Cast many a seaward glance.

The boats! Ah! where were the boats they saw
Go merrily forth that day?
The question passed in unanswered awe,
For where, not a soul could say.

Save this—that pointing in black despair,
Away o'er the foaming main,
They uttered the murmured whisper, "*There!*"
And then were silent again.

Yes, there on the height of some mountain wave,
Or swamped in its falling foam,
Are the boats of the fishermen stern and brave,
Far, far from their wives and home.

Those wives have gathered on yonder cliff,
And mothers with silvered hair,
And sisters bowed with one crushing grief,
And neighbours and friends are there.

They gaze—but over the angry main,
Where lately the sunbeams laughed,
They look through the clouded gloom in vain,
In search of the missing craft.

For the loved ones caught in the sudden squall,
Borne far from their cottage beach,
Are thinking—one thought in the breast of all—
Of the harbour they cannot reach.

And now, still higher the billows leap,
Still louder the tempest roars,
While hurrying over the crested deep,
It bursts on the cliff-walled shores.

The tidings spread, till yon rocky brow
Is crowned with a thousand souls,
Who watch and wait, and in sorrow bow
To him who the storm controls.

But hark! as the blast for a moment stills,
In an accent clear and loud,
A voice, whose startling summons thrills,
Rings over the waiting crowd.

"*Are there here twelve men who, for Jesu's sake,*
Can go to the bottom to save?
Let them meet me now on the steam-tug's deck,
And for him to the death be brave."

He led the way! and to Christ's dear fame,
There followed from out that throng,
Twelve hearts that bowed to the Christian name,
For the Christian's duty strong.

The harbour was reached—the deck was gained—
"*Lads, down on your knees and pray.*"
Then the simple cry of a faith unfeigned,
Winged upward its destined way.

They passed through that harbour's mouth, and out
Where the waves in their fury strove;
Where borne on the blast came the cheering shout
Of the crowd on the cliffs above.

That crowd, with many a tear-dim'd eye,
Look'd down on the scene beneath,
And watched, as the vessel now mounted high,
Now sank to the gates of death.

At length she passed from the reach of sight.
Had she perished—would none come back?
Or, battling still with the tempest's might,
Was she ploughing her onward track?

Not a sign was seen, not a sound was heard,
Save the laugh of the storm's rude play,
As they gazed and waited till hope deferred
Grew sick at the long delay.

At last, like the shout of a victor's host,
"THEY'RE SAVED," rose high on the air:
And echoing on, down the rocky coast,
Was caught by the watchers there.

"*They're saved! They're saved!*" At the magic spell
All uttered the welcome word;
Till from rock to rock, o'er the ocean's swell,
The triumph of hope was heard.

"They 're saved!" Yes, there through the deep she
On, on, through the surging wave; [ploughs,
And see, in her foaming wake she tows
The vessels they vowed to save.

The haven is reached; the deed is done;
'Mid a shout of deserved applause,
They stand once more on the shore, each one
Proved true to the Master's cause.

* * * *

To-day, far out on the world's wide deep,
Borne on by the hurricane's blast,
Far, far from the shore where their kindred weep,
There are souls that are sinking fast.

But a voice rings out as the tempest rolls,
"Are there here strong men and brave,
Who are willing to venture their all for souls,
The lost and the wrecked to save?"

'Tis the Saviour's call. Great Master, we come,
With thee at the pilot's helm,
We leave our comfort, our ease, our home,
To plunge where the waves o'erwhelm.

And soon, preserved by thy mighty hand,
Our loved ones following on,
We'll enter the harbour of rest, and land
Mid the shoutings of grace, "Well done."

WM. LUFF.

We declined former poems from this friend, but we bade him try again; and like a good brother he took our criticism in good part, and has done so, and we now believe the poetic faculty is in him. When a composition is good prose it will make good poetry, but mere words are no better when rhymed than when in prose. The incident here so well versified is in itself poetry, though we know it to have been fact, and the main actor in it is well known to our beloved brother, Mr. Archibald Brown. Go on, Mr. Luff, and may the Lord consecrate you to be a sweet singer *for himself alone.* Your cheery words so sweetly versified will stir many of us to braver deeds in the name of Jesus.

Without a Blade.

PASSING along the road the other day, we thought we had found a very beautiful knife. On picking it up we found it to be only a handle without a blade. So do we hear very beautiful sermons—well written and well read—but they are without a blade. They cut out no cancers of sin and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.—*Anon.*

Visits to the Grog Shops and Drinking Saloons of Calcutta.

BY A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

IT has occurred to us that the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, who are so much interested in the accounts given in this magazine of Christian agencies employed in different places, would rejoice to hear of what is being done in this remote part of the earth. At the present day we see Christian energy leaving the beaten track, and finding for itself new channels of usefulness. The example of one zealous disciple, full of love to Christ, inspires others, and so does the work spread. Our sisters across the Atlantic are generally pioneers in the front rank, striking out new paths, and others, seeing their boldness, take courage and follow them, and so is Paul's injunction fulfilled: "Provoke one another to zeal and good works."

Like London itself, the port of Calcutta is thronged by vessels from all parts of the world, and in some of its streets we find a number of grog shops and low drinking saloons, to which most sailors resort as soon as they gain permission to land. In these dens many poor fellows are led to ruin. Hearing of the good which has been effected through the agency of what has been called the "*Women's Crusade*" in America, some friends here who had long looked around with deep, but somewhat hopeless sorrow at the grog shops of Calcutta, thought something might be done there, and determined, by God's help, to *try*. In this city the sin of drunkenness is spreading terribly from Europeans to natives, and even bringing grief and disgrace into the native churches. The poor sailors, so far from home and friends, are especially exposed to various temptations and snares. It was truly with fear and trembling that the first attempt was made; they set out feeling their own insufficiency and the greatness of the undertaking, not knowing what their reception might be; nor can we wonder, for these places are among the lowest in Calcutta. Although the *plan* was suggested by the movement in America, it will be seen that the work is somewhat different in detail. These ladies, as far as possible, speak first to the landlord or manager, and have thus far found these men helpers rather than opponents. Like the women who, on that memorable morning long ago, went weeping to the sepulchre, these also found that "the stone" they feared had been rolled away, although "it was very great." The men, though annoyed to find people, and ladies too, coming to such places to speak to them about Jesus, listened attentively. Many seemed impressed, and said it was the first time a word of warning had been addressed to them for years. They promised to attend the evening services conducted at the theatre by the much-loved and indefatigable Methodist Missionary, Dr. Thoburn, a man eminently fitted for the work. For three months the work has been continued, and we believe much good has been done, but this is emphatically *sowing-work*, for perhaps the same men will never be met with again.

Let us one morning accompany the friends on their round of visits, so that we may see for ourselves. Service being over, four or five ladies meet at the American Methodist Chapel, the usual starting-point;

they belong to different denominations, but are banded together for one object. Provided with hymn-books and tracts in various languages, we set out, but having a distance to go we must ride, for the sun is now hot in this tropical climate, as it is past twelve o'clock. What sad sights meet us as we go through the streets on this bright Sunday morning! Truly this is "a city wholly given to idolatry!" There is nothing to tell us of the rest of the Sabbath; native shops are of course open, and the people are at work just as every other day, but, more than this, we pass many so-called Christians—yes, Englishmen too, busy buying at the shops. Reaching Flag Street, Bow Bazaar, we get out at the door of the first grog shop, and then walk from one to another. One cannot help feeling a sort of shrinking and trembling when venturing upon such work, not knowing what may be the day's experience. Here we find a number of sailors smoking and drinking: we ask them whether they would like some singing, and if they will join in a hymn with us. Some agree readily and come inside, but are evidently much surprised at the request. The landlord now comes forward in a civil manner, and we say, "Good morning, we are here again, you see, come to sing." "O yes, ma'am, come in," he answers. We have a hymn already found in each of our hymn-books, and handing one to every man who can read (the landlord included), we begin immediately to sing that well-known hymn, "There is a gate that stands ajar." By the time we reach the end of the second verse several of the men have caught up the tune, and join heartily, especially in the chorus. How long is it since these rough voices joined in singing a hymn, and since these walls re-echoed the song of praise and voice of prayer? After this hymn, seeing they are interested, we have a second, "Come ye sinners, poor and wretched." Then one of the friends speaks a few, simple, affectionate words to them: "We have been singing about a *gate*, where is it, and who left it ajar for us? Do you know anything of it, and where it leads to? This is the gate that leads to heaven. Do *you* want to go there, and if so, are you *to-day* walking in the road that takes you there? Wishing and hoping will no more take you there than if you went on board a ship bound for New York, and then said you wished and hoped it would take you all right to your wife and home in England. Whether you and I get to heaven depends on *this*,—which road are we walking in?" A few such homely remarks seem to arrest their attention. Some appear much affected, perhaps at the thought of home and the contrast of their present condition, and we see tears on their rough faces. Taking advantage of their softened mood, another friend says: "Now will you all kneel down, while we ask God to forgive us our past sins, and lead us *all* in that path which alone leads to heaven?" To this all respond, and kneeling down surrounded by these poor fellows, and many brethren crowding around the door, we pray our heavenly Father to bless us, and lead us all in his way, realising that, although in one of the lowest grog shops in Calcutta,

> "Where'er we seek him, he is found,
> And every spot is hallowed ground."

After this follows personal dealing with each, and much information about their past life and present state is elicited. All take a tract to read, and some promise to go to the service in the evening. Some tell

us this is their first day on shore. "Well," we say, "don't waste your first Sunday at the public-house all day. Remember, it is the Lord's day, although you are in a heathen country. Come to chapel this evening and hear about the Saviour you used to learn about in the Sunday-school." "Yes, I will," replies one man, "I'll go to-night. I've been at sea for sixteen years and never had a lady to talk to me like this before. I always thought that nobody cared for us poor sailors or what became of us." "Then, if you *promise*, I believe you will go, because sailors like to keep their word." Another friend is speaking at the same time to a man who was evidently much affected by the hymn just sung. She asks him: "Perhaps you have been used to sing hymns in the Sunday-school? do you love that Saviour who has cared for you ever since, though you have so often forgotten him?" &c. And so it is with the other men; after some conversation with each, we go on to the next place.

This we find also full, but they are all Spaniards, so we leave them reluctantly, only giving a tract to each man who can read.

The next shop is kept by a negro, who is always very polite to us, staying to listen as long as we remain. Here we find negroes from Hayti, who speak French; but they also know English. We stay some time talking, and a serious feeling seems to prevail among them: here again they all join in a prayer.

Still further we go to reach the next saloon; it is of a more pretentious character than the others. This is kept by a Maltese, an old man, who has been thirty years in Calcutta. Here we find about twenty men scattered over the room. The landlord had at first written under the card containing the list of rules for his establishment (such as, "No gambling allowed here; no soldiers allowed here"), these words: "No singing allowed here on Sundays;" but he seems to have thought better of it, and is always very civil. Here we sing one or two hymns, and, as the men are so scattered, join the separate groups and get into conversation with them. Here we find all kinds of opinions and arguments. Last Sunday we met a man better dressed and educated than his companions, who laughed and scoffed, and said, "I am astonished at you, ladies; I thought all this was confined to America. You go against the Bible yourselves. What does Paul tell us about women preaching?" This man was one who wished to turn off to everything but the matter in hand, just for an argument, so we pass on to another after only a few words with him. Now, to-day, the men are attentive. Some have just landed, and we ask them to go to the service; others have to go back to the ship for the night-watch—to these we give a tract for sailors, called "Our Look-out Men," for them to read on board. One elderly sailor tells us he has been to Calcutta fifteen times. In conversation we find he has a praying mother, ninety years old, and one brother a minister. He confesses he used to think more of these things when he was young; but he has grown careless now. We urge him to give his heart to Christ, now that his time is passing on. "If it's not too late," he says. We tell him of Christ's love and willingness to save to the uttermost, and mention the dying thief. "But I am not so bad as *that*," he replies, immediately shifting his ground. "No, perhaps not; but you and I both need a Saviour as

much as he did," &c. Presently he says, "Do you know what I have been thinking since I saw you come in? I said to my mate, I should like to have a picture of this place, as it is now, with all you ladies sitting down and talking to us poor sailors. Wouldn't it be beautiful? I should like to show it at home. I shall have something to tell about my first Sunday in Calcutta. But if you will allow me to say it, I wonder you like to come here. I wonder you're not afraid of being insulted in such places." "O no, we are not afraid. The men know we do not come to do them any harm. We have never been insulted yet." Another says, "What a queer place to come to and speak about religion—why do you come *here?*" "Because you won't come to us to hear about Jesus, we come to you. Do you think we want to go to heaven *alone*, and leave you all here, without anyone to speak to you, or take any interest in what becomes of you so far from home?" At parting several say, "Well, good-bye, and thank you."

In the next place we find two men only, who have just landed; they promise to go either to the chapel or the service at the theatre. A number of natives crowd in here. One, who knows English, begins to argue about the divinity of Christ, which he doubts, although he says he believed him to have been a good man. Seeing he is anxious for an argument, and having no time to remain now, we ask him to meet us here next Sunday, and we will show him the truth from the Bible, and meanwhile tell him to remember *one* thing, that if Christ was not the Son of God, he was not a good man, but an impostor. This assertion startles him considerably.

The next two grog-shops, which used to be full on Sunday, are *both* closed. What a pleasure to us! Visits were paid regularly to them each Sunday, but now for a fortnight the places have been shut. We inquire about it from some men standing outside, but they know no reason, except that the manager went off suddenly. Going on a little further we meet the man himself, and in reply to inquiries he tells us he has given up the liquor trade. "Have you made your fortune," we ask. "No, but I am disgusted with the whole affair. Do you remember the two drunken men who were there the last Sunday you called? Well, that finished me." "But how did that disgust you? had you never seen drunken men in your shop before?" "Yes, I had; but it was never put before me in the same way as you did. I never *felt* it before, though I knew it was wrong, and now I have given it up." At present we have only the man's own testimony, but we have no reason to doubt that he gave us the true reason for having given up; and if only this one man had been awakened to a better life, surely it is a great reward. But to-day we are to receive still more encouragement. At another place we meet a man whom we recognise at once as a former "*runner*" or tout of one of these establishments. He was much impressed some Sundays ago at a service he was induced to attend, and remained to talk to Dr. Thoburn after the meeting, but he said he could not yet decide for Christ; he has, however, given up his situation, and is without employment. He declares he will not return to his old business, and we now give him a few words of encouragement in his new course of life. May he have grace not to rest satisfied with any mere outward reformation, but to go still further.

At this house we find several Italians, but as they know English we stay and talk with them. One man looks so earnestly at us all the time we are singing, and after the hymn is over, wiping away his tears, he says, "It is too much for me; it always makes me cry to hear about Jesus." These men are Roman Catholics, but we have some interesting conversation with them; we often find a devout and reverent feeling about these Catholics very different from the indifference shown by the Protestants of the same class. Here the manager is very kind; shaking hands with us as we leave, he says, "I am glad to see you, ladies; come when you like and sing and speak of Jesus."

We pass a good many foreign sailors in the street. Most of them can read their own language, and we give books in Spanish, Italian, German, and Greek. Our next company are Scotchmen, who have just come from Dundee. With Scotchmen there is always some ground to work upon in their early religious training. One tells us he loves the Saviour, and always attends the Bethel service when he gets leave; certainly his whole appearance and manner are different from his companions. Another is a backslider, and after some serious talk with him we give him a suitable tract, called "Hope for the Backslider." One man is much affected. His earnest look, and then his downcast eyes show us how much he feels while we remind him of friends at home praying for the absent one at the kirk and the family altar. We ask them whether they mean to break their mothers' hearts, or whether they will decide *to-day* to leave the paths of sin and serve Christ. We remind them that *to-day* is the accepted time, we have no promise for to-morrow. They were drinking and buying when we came in, but all this time the glasses are standing on the table while we speak. Seeing them thus softened, we kneel down and pray for a blessing. Nor is the day's work finished yet. In the evening an earnest brother goes to these very places, to conduct all who are willing to go to the service. Can we doubt good is done? While some *sow*, others *water*, and may we not add, "God giveth the increase?"

We would add a few words to this short account. Tea-meetings and services for sailors have been also held at the Baptist Chapel, Bow Bazaar. At the last, fourteen remained to the inquirers' meeting, and eight found peace in believing. The men joined so readily in several hymns that were given out that the question was asked, "How is it you know these tunes and hymns?" and one man said, "Oh, we sing these hymns with the ladies who come to Flag Street on Sunday." Immediately after they all prayed in their own simple words. In visiting the hospital the same spirit of readiness to hear is found, and many a hopeful conversation has been held.

Tracts are distributed in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Greek, and Bengali.

Calcutta, March, 1875.

[The reading of this paper has melted us down. When will ladies at home venture upon the same work? This is truly Christ-like service. May our dear Calcutta friends continue in it. Let us pray for them and imitate them. We thank right heartily the sister who wrote this account for us, and shall anxiously look for more information.—C. H. S.]

"Little Benn."

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

FEW visitors to Surrey Chapel during the last thirty-seven years have failed to notice the little man who officiated as clerk, and who was familiarly spoken of as Little Benn. The writing of his name at the head of this paper has recalled to our memory some doggrel lines which aptly denote this eccentric individual :—

> "Mr. Carter Bunn Benn,
> Over three score and ten,
> Is one of the least and the best of men,
> And a perfect adept at saying 'amen.'"

In the spring of this year he died, after only a few days' illness, "and devout men carried him to his burial." He has left behind him the fragment of an autobiography, which has come into our possession, and from which we hope to gather a few lessons and thus embalm, in the pages of *The Sword and the Trowel*, the memory of a devout man.

He was born at Wapping, in the year 1803, and was baptised in the parish church, receiving, as he says, "the ridiculous name of Carter Bunn Benn." He adds, "a rakish young man was his godfather, and the wife of a pipemaker his godmother. It is almost needless to add," he continues, "that they never attempted to fulfil their promises." This is no exceptional case, for very little care, if any, seems to be exercised by the clergy to ascertain the fitness of the sponsors "to renounce the devil and all his works" for their helpless proteges. Most people regard it as an impossible thing to do on their own account, and those who "promise and vow" to do it for others must surely look upon the whole business as nothing better than a pious fiction. We once rode on a coach between Caterham and Limpsfield, and, in conversation with the driver, found he was to figure as a godfather the following day. When we asked him if he seriously thought he could "renounce the devil," etc., for the child, he very shrewdly remarked, "They don't expect you *to do it*, they only want you to *say it*." The church which not only sanctions but compels such dishonesty as this, has no easy task to establish its claim to be called Christian. If the Saviour denounced, in withering terms, the hollow shams of Pharisaic formalism eighteen hundred years ago, surely he cannot look with approval upon its representative system of modern days.

Benn speaks of himself as "a refractory boy," and accounts for his behaviour by suspecting "the poor fellow was born with a diseased brain, which has not yet been repaired." Those who knew him best would not endorse such a verdict, for his conduct never so much as suggested anything like insanity. Before he was a year old his grandmother made a pilgrimage to Wapping "to claim the promised rebel, and take him to her home, where he was well fed, clothed, petted, and spoiled. He was often naughty, and required judicious correction, but alas! the only correction he ever received was inflicted on his head by the handle of granny's long-hair broom, or grand-dad's heavy hat." These were his earliest impressions, and no doubt some of them were lasting. Had the good old dame impressed his heart as successfully as she did his

head the effort would have been more praiseworthy. He was sent to chapel three times every Sunday, and attended the week-night services and prayer-meetings. He wished to attend the Sunday-school in Bermondsey, founded by Thomas Cranfield, but his grandmother thinking it was necessary to canvass for subscribers' votes to secure his admission declined the task, and so poor little Benn had to struggle on without the aid and stimulus which a Sunday-schools affords. His library was very small, and of the two principal books it contained, Boston's "Fourfold State" and "The Newgate Calendar," he chose the latter, rather for diversion than profit. This, however, failed to satisfy the craving of his mind, and being advised to take in the *Evangelical Magazine*, he devoured its contents, not omitting the advertisements. The day-school he attended appears to have served the same purpose for children as the parish pound does for stray animals; it was an expedient for preventing them running wild. Happily for the youth of the present day, this class of school has died out, and the children of the poor have placed within their reach the means of acquiring a useful education, and a literature as interesting as it is wholesome and instructive.

When he left school he was informed that he was to be a tailor. He writes, "I soon mounted the planks, and with a hearty good will commenced the study of the odious trade." On his removal, after the death of his grandfather, he formed a companionship with a godly young man who was engaged as a Sunday-school teacher. Benn soon followed his example and became a teacher in the same school, and in 1820 joined the church at Jamaica Row, Bermondsey. From this time he was engaged in Christian work, and never relaxed his energies until his health began to fail. His connection with Surrey Chapel commenced in 1823 and terminated with his death in 1875, a period of fifty-two years. He was an energetic and successful teacher in Castle-yard School until he received the appointment of clerk at Surrey Chapel. The devout and hearty performance of the duties of his office won for him the esteem of the church and congregation. He became so familiar with the Psalms that he could repeat from memory the alternate verses of the entire Psalter. His Bible and Hymn Book were filled with marginal references, the former containing the names of the preachers and the dates of their preaching at Surrey Chapel; and the latter a complete concordance of every principal word. It was very interesting to turn over the leaves of his Bible and see the ground traversed by ministers during a period of thirty-seven years. We remember being struck by the fact that every book in the Bible had been discoursed upon excepting one of the minor prophets, and even this soon furnished a minister with a text. Thus all Scripture was proved to be "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness," in connection with the ministry at Surrey Chapel. Some few texts were made the subject of discourse by all the leading ministers who had occupied the pulpit, many of the sermons based upon them being eminently blessed to the conversion of sinners. Benn found the exercise to be one of great profit to himself, for in his later years he could recall some of the remarkable sermons he had heard. Many would do well to copy an example so praiseworthy, and thus perpetuate the influence of the men of God who minister in

holy things. The sermon, when spoken, is soon forgotten, unless some artificial aid to memory be adopted.

Benn had become so familiar with his hymn-book also that the number on a street-door or a policeman's collar would recall the hymn bearing the same number, and he would pass along "speaking to himself in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in his heart to the Lord." In this way his spiritual life received stimulus and culture, and even the crowded thoroughfare became a sanctuary. It was never designed that worship should be restricted to the walls of a building, or the sacred emotions of the soul confined to times and seasons. Keble has truly said—

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart.
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

There is reason to suspect that spiritual decay has commenced if, in any place or circumstances, our hearts are not attuned to the worship of God.

In the year 1837 he became a total abstainer, and remained firm to his pledge to the last. Those who heard him speak can never forget his emphatic denunciation of the liquor traffic as carried on for the ruin or degradation of the working classes. For some years he was secretary to the Surrey Chapel Band of Hope, and was untiring in his zeal to promote the cause of temperance. As a speaker he had a ready flow of language, and his speeches were characterised by humour and good sense. On one occasion the Earl of Shaftesbury presided at the annual meeting of the society, and in the course of his speech Benn appealed to his lordship to use his influence with the Queen and induce her to head the temperance movement. His sincerity was apparent when he announced his readiness to walk to Buckingham Palace, knee deep in snow, to take her Majesty's signature to the pledge. His lordship afterwards informed the writer that he never had a convenient opportunity of conveying Benn's request to Her Majesty, or he would certainly have done so, as Her Majesty is always pleased to hear any anecdotes respecting the character and labours of her subjects. Such was the Earl's estimate of Benn that he remarked, "I have always understood that a tailor is only the ninth part of a man, but Brother Benn is equal to nine men put together."

In the prayer-meeting no one was more earnest and devout than the little clerk, and he had a gift in prayer which many might covet.

For several years he was a useful agent of the Benevolent Society, his visits being much valued by the sick poor. This society was formed by the late Rowland Hill for helping the sick poor in their own homes. The visitor is allowed for every candidate on his list 2s. per week for six weeks if necessary, and on the occasion of each visit he is expected to read and pray with the sufferer. For some years past the society has employed a trained nurse, who visits the worst cases daily,

assisting in such domestic duties as would be performed by a nurse exclusively engaged. She goes from house to house, carrying food and simple appliances to those who from various causes are left all day without a helping hand to attend to their comfort. She tidies their rooms, dresses their wounds, administers medicine and food, and speaks to them of the great Physician. No agency can be more beneficent, and none has been more fruitful in results. Since the formation of the society 84,000 cases have been visited, and nearly £40,000 expended.

We remember being at one of a series of church meetings held annually in connection with Surrey Chapel, when Benn referred to the complaint which strangers often urge—viz., that they have attended the chapel for several months and no one has spoken to them. Benn held the theory that it was as much the duty of strangers to make themselves known to the officials as for the officials to make the first advance. He concluded his speech by repeating the following original emendation of one of Dr. Watts's verses, which, he said, these complainers were at liberty to use:—

"Whene'er I take my walks to church,
How many folk I see,
And 'cause I never speak to them,
They never speak to me."

Benn's autobiography is a mere fragment, and contains no reference to his spiritual experience. The date and circumstances of his conversion are not even recorded; perhaps the Lord opened his heart with as little demonstration as he did Lydia's. Of the reality of his conversion, however, there was no room for doubt, for "his conversation was such as becometh the gospel of God." Like Paul, he endeavoured to have "a conscience void of offence towards God and men," and, like David, he "served his generation by the will of God." He was just and devout, and was beloved in the Lord for his holy character and Christian service. One great lesson taught by his life is this—that the most ordinary talents may be consecrated to the service of the Lord, and that the most humble efforts will command his approving smile, if done for his glory. Keble, in his morning hymn, indicates the duty and blessedness of Christian service in obscure spheres.

"O, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go,
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray."

Samuel Medley.

WE promised to give a second part of Mr. Medley's life, but we fear we cannot fulfil our word, for the Memoir from which we took the interesting passage which we gave last month becomes singularly flat and unprofitable after it has detailed his conversion. We have learned that there is another "Life," but we have not yet succeeded in obtaining it. Good men live, and then poor writers bury them in coffins called biographies. As we cannot afford to have a dull page in *The Sword and the Trowel*, we must beg absolution from our promise till the fulfilment of it will be for our readers' good. Meanwhile we give another extract from this quaint and pithy preacher. It is entitled

THE CHRISTIAN A MERCHANT.

Let us consider the real Christian under the character of a merchant, and shew how he answers to that character.

And we need not hesitate a moment to fix this character upon him, inasmuch as our blessed Lord himself hath done it, for he speaks of and describes the real Christian by it. Matt. xiii. 45. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls." And an evident allusion to this character seems plainly to be had in the following passages of Scripture, Prov. xxxi. 14, where, speaking of a godly woman, Solomon says, she is like the "*merchant-ships*, she bringeth her goods from far;" also in Solomon's Song iii. 6—"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, perfumed, with all powders *of the merchant*," which seems evidently spoken as descriptive of the church of Christ. But I now proceed to shew how the real Christian, in his spiritual character and conduct, answers to this description. It may be pointed out, and, I think, proved in the following particulars, viz.—

1. A merchant is, and necessarily must be, *a living man*: it is impossible that any other can be a merchant. Now this is not more true in natural things, than it is in spiritual. None but spiritually living, or truly regenerate persons, are, or can be, spiritual merchants. If they are not such, they have no knowledge of, nor any benefit from the merchandise spoken of in the text. No more can be done by a spiritually dead soul in the merchandise of heaven, than by a dead corpse in any merchandise on earth. If men were to find on the exchange, in the custom-house, on the wharfs, or in the counting-house, a number of dead corpses, do you think they would esteem them merchants? Would they not say, none but living persons can be employed here, either in a way of getting good for themselves, or doing good to others? So true is it spiritually, "except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." None but spiritually living souls are or can be spiritual merchants.

2. A merchant must be a *diligent man*. Drowsiness and slothfulness will cover a man with rags. As it is naturally, so it is spiritually; he who would thrive must be diligent. Hence God's people are exhorted to "give diligence to make their calling and election sure:" and "not to be slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord:" and again to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord,"

and, as Solomon says, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." Compare this with these passages, Heb. vi. 11. "And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end:" 2 Pet. i. 5. "And besides this giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to your virtue knowledge, &c.—A thriving spiritual merchant must be a *diligent* man.

3. A merchant must be *a man of punctuality and dispatch*; if either of these be neglected, his character, his credit, and his trade also, will be greatly injured. There is no earthly merchant in the world but will own this: and be assured it is not less true in spirituals. If punctuality and dispatch are not used by the people of God, in their duty and walk with God, their souls will be much injured; therefore to this the saints are exhorted in the word of God (Eccl. ix. 10), "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." If you are a heavenly merchant, let nothing, which it is in your power to prevent, hinder, or even interrupt the regular, constant, stated duties of your walk with God; and I will venture to say, without fear of being mistaken, you will surely find your comfort maintained, and your spiritual profit increased by it.

4. A merchant must be *constant and regular in his correspondence;* if this is neglected all will go wrong, and his affairs will be thrown into perplexity and confusion. Nor less so will it be with thy soul, believer, if thou art not constant and regular in thy correspondence with heaven by prayer: neglect of prayer will be the bane of thy peace and comfort. Hence you are exhorted in Scripture, "always to pray and not to faint —to be instant in prayer—and to pray without ceasing." As you value your comfort or profit, do attend to this; be constant and regular in your correspondence with Heaven by prayer.

5. A merchant *must know and be attentive to the state of his affairs.* And this is best come at by frequent examination, posting and balancing his books. If this be neglected he will never know how matters stand with him. So, believer, it is of equal moment and importance for thee to know and be attentive to the state of the affairs of thy soul, by frequent and serious reading and searching of the word of God, and then examining and comparing thy heart and life with it; and herein thou wilt find thy judgment established, thy conscience pacified, and thy heart sweetly comforted.

6. A merchant is *a man of truly honourable and respectable calling.* It was said of the merchants of Tyre of old, what is true of many in Great Britain—"That her merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth." Thus they ever have been, and justly are, looked upon as men of a truly honourable and respectable calling in the world. Nor are the saints of God less so in their spiritual calling, however they may be despised and contemned. A saint of God is a truly honourable character, as the psalmist says, "This honour have all the saints:" their connexions and business are truly honourable, and their end will be everlasting honour and blessedness.

7. A merchant is *a man of a very useful calling, not only to himself, but to others also*: merchants are the support of a nation, and exceedingly useful to society, in the many and various parts of their employments.

Indeed, it may be said, what should or could we in this land do without them? It must be granted that our merchants are men of great usefulness. Nor in any sense is the spiritual merchant, the true believer in Christ, a less useful person. He is a blessing, a special and spiritual one, to all around him, to the church, to the world, and to himself. Believers are called in Scripture "the salt of the earth," no doubt to intimate their great usefulness; nor are they less so as spiritual merchants. The world stands for the church's sake, and when the trade of all God's spiritual merchants is ended, this world will soon, very soon, be burnt up. Little do carnal men think how much they are indebted to the saints and people of God upon earth.

8. A merchant is *a man of profitable calling*: he has something in view in undertaking and prosecuting the various duties of it; and many find very great advantages arising from it. But here it must be observed, that this is by no means the case with all earthly merchants; some of them, it must be granted, trade much, but gain little or nothing. Nay, not only so, but they find sometimes that they are engaged in a very unprofitable trade, and really suffer very great losses; however, this not only may be, but is the case oftentimes with earthly merchants, yet it is by no means so with the spiritual merchant. Let who will suffer, lose, break, or be ruined, he is sure to gain, and gain greatly; for saith the Apostle, "Godliness with contentment is great gain:" thus it is with respect to the comfort and pleasure which the soul enjoys from it, even here on earth; and thus it will be hereafter; for then the believer will be put into the certain and happy possession of eternal life and glory. Great gain this indeed! Thus, you see, a spiritual merchant is a man of a truly profitable calling. But I shall have occasion hereafter to speak more particularly of his gains.

9. A merchant must prepare for and expect to meet with many trials, difficulties, and losses, notwithstanding his trade may be good and lawful, his conduct honest and upright, and his gain, in general, great. Something of this sort must the spiritual merchant prepare for and expect. But as I shall have occasion to speak more particularly upon these things hereafter, I forbear to enlarge at present.

(To be continued.)

By the Brook Besor.

A WORD TO THE FAINT AND WEARY.

"More feeble, yet necessary."

WHAT mistakes are often made in the true estimate of strength. It is with men as with the Philistine of Gath, who, when Israel's great champion approached, "looked round about, and when he saw David he disdained him, for he was *but a youth*." So also is it with the weapons employed; in Saul's judgment the helmet of brass and coat of mail alone ensured success; but a sling and a stone were enough for one whose hands had been "made strong by the Mighty God of Jacob."

How often it takes a lifetime to grasp the simple lesson which a babe might learn: "The God of Israel is he that giveth strength unto his people."

"Hath he not chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence?" If the life is divine it can equally exhibit itself through an archangel or through the "worm Jacob." It can only be well with us when we take God's estimate as our own, and learn with the apostle Paul to glory even in our infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon us, knowing that "when we are weak then are we strong." Since God perfects his strength in weakness, may we not do well to "consider" some of those precious lessons he intends to teach, when he weakens our strength in the way? Should we not draw more closely those bonds of union which exist between the members of Christ's mystical body;—since "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee," nor the head to the feet, I have no need of you? Nay, *much more* those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are *necessary*." 1 Cor. xii. 21, 22.

A most touching and instructive page of sacred history connected with the life and trials of the sweet psalmist of Israel is given in 1 Samuel xxx. On his return from the Philistines, whose envy happily would not permit him to take part in the disastrous battle wherein "Saul and Jonathan were slain in their high places," David and his six hundred followers returned to Ziklag, expecting a joyful meeting from loved ones whom they had left in fancied security, to find the city in flames, and their wives and sons and daughters carried away captive by a band of Amalekites who had invaded the land. No wonder that strong men, and valiant though they were—"they wept till they had no more power to weep." The saddest part of all was that with a strange infatuation they spoke of stoning David, who, as on many a dark and cloudy day before this, "encouraged himself in the Lord his God." The "valley of Achor" became "the door of hope" to the servant of the "living God," even that God who delights to prove himself "the God of the living," "who rideth upon the heavens for our help;" to whom difficulties and dangers are things of naught. To all those whose faith rests calmly on his promised aid, a path *shall* be opened even as it was with David's Lord, of whom we read, "And they took up stones to cast at him, but he going through the *midst of them*, so passed by."

In every difficulty in which the Christian may be placed, a full and implicit reliance on God always leads to the inquiry, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" While driven into the rock of our strength we are prepared to hearken to his word and to be guided by his counsel. The Lord will never do for us what we can do for ourselves; we accordingly find David inquiring of God, "Shall I pursue this troop, shall I overtake them?" and immediately came the answer, "Pursue, and thou shalt surely overtake and without fail recover all."

David's company was not large. In comparison with the mighty host of the Amalekites they might truly be compared to a little flock of kids upon the hills, and especially after their reduction by the two hundred, "who were left behind at the brook Besor;" but it "matters not with God to save by many or by few." Doubtless, the four hundred who had been sufficiently reproved for their foolish anger, when they saw the calmness and faith of their great captain, were equally with himself inspired with zeal and devotion in a work so near their hearts, and so greatly affecting the honour of their Lord. There is no difficulty in pressing onward and forward when victory is sure.

After the discovery of the enemy, who were spread abroad upon all the plain in fancied security, "eating and drinking and dancing," we are not surprised to find that "David smote them from the twilight unto the evening of the next day; and David recovered all that the Amalekites had carried away. There was nothing lacking of all that they had taken to them. *David recovered all.*" What a joyous sequel to the agonizing sorrow with which they viewed the burning city. What joyful greetings; what tender embraces, what rapturous delight when again they gathered round them the dear ones from whom they had been so rudely severed!

But all David's company did not share immediately in the joy of victory; 200 of his brave and loyal followers "abode behind, who were so faint that they could not go over the brook Besor." They were not "fainthearted," as were the 22,000 who returned from following Gideon in his encounter with the Midianites: it was from no unwillingness or indifference on their part that they were left behind. Their dear wives were in captivity, they had "wept till they had no more power to weep;" perhaps like their captain on another occasion, they had exceeded the rest in weeping, and the very excess of their grief had "weakened their strength in the way." They, too, had started with resolves as high, and a consecration as entire as the four hundred whose privilege it was to accompany David and fight under his banner. Doubtless they wished to persevere and pursue with their stronger companions; but we are further informed, in verse 21, "they were *made* to abide at the brook Besor," which seems to imply that they halted by command. There was wisdom and kindness, too, on the part of David in this. For the arduous work to be accomplished he needed strength as well as courage. Any appearance of weakness would strengthen the enemy in resistance, therefore the worn-out ones could not join in the forced march. No; their place could not be in the midst of the camp; but were they, therefore, useless encumbrances to the army? David did not think so. They seemed to offer occasion for a new unfolding of that large and tender heart. A wonderful contrast is drawn in the same chapter between this and the heartless indifference with which the poor young Egyptian, the servant of an Amalekite, had been left in the field by his master, because, said he, "three days agone I fell sick," during which time he "had neither eaten bread nor drank any water." Truly, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel! But these were "to abide by the stuff," and thus a work of important trust was committed to them, while as at Elim of old to Israel, and as at the brook Cherith to the prophet, here was a quiet, peaceful resting-place provided for the faint and weary ones at the brook Besor. Doubtless they were disappointed; for they wished to share in the honour and the joy. But should they not do so? Had man given the answer, it would have been in the negative; but wait awhile, God's unfoldings are wonderful, yea, Divine.

The battle is over; the enemy destroyed, the captives all recovered, the joy abounds, David has won great spoil. "And David came to the two hundred men which were so faint that they could not follow David, whom they had made to abide at the brook Besor, and they went forth to meet David, and to meet the people that were with him: and when David came near to the people he saluted them." And so it was, when those who had taken an active part in the battle desired that these should receive no portion of the spoil, but only each man his own, the magnanimity and grace of their great captain was displayed. Nay, said David, "ye shall not do so, my brethren, with that which *the Lord* hath *given us*, who hath preserved us, and delivered the company that came against us into our hand. For who will hearken unto you in this matter?—but as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike."

In all this what precious consolation and encouragement for the faint and weary servants of David's Lord and King! The blessed Lord Jesus has many faithful loving followers "left behind" in the earnest conflict which is being carried on for the recovery of captive souls from the hand of the great enemy. It may be from weariness caused by past active service, or faintness from sufferings borne long and patiently; but they are deeply sensible, and painfully alive to the fact that they are "left behind." The dearest interests of their souls are linked with the honour and glory of their Lord and the rescue of the lost, but they are too feeble to make *any effort* towards this glorious result, and some sinking of heart is at times felt; and an indistinct, unacknowledged wonder arises; *why*, with hearts so true to their Lord, having placed their very being at his command, he should permit them to be thus "left behind," helpless, useless, weak.

These are some of unbelief's murmurings at the brook Besor; but it has other voices to which we would more gladly listen—whispers of the Saviour's voice, the echo of his thoughts of peace towards his beloved and chosen band—chosen, not to stand in the forefront of the battle with him, but equally to bear him and his conflicts and triumphs upon their heart—chosen in the furnace of affliction; called to suffer for his sake, and to be "faithful even unto death." The Lord has need of those who shall "abide by the stuff" —who shall guard his truth and witness to its power in upholding, sanctifying, and comforting those who draw constantly upon his resources. Their separation from the main body of the army is only external; in fact they are a most important and influential part of it, entrusted by their Lord with commands as sacred, moved by purposes as high, and cheered by expectations as great as those who stand in the ranks, or lead the van,—a part of one vast host who have been all made to drink into one spirit. If they seem to be more feeble, yet they are necessary, and specially so in days of excitement and activity in the church, since there are commands which might then be too easily overlooked, or but half carried out, were it not for them.

To the weary ones David's absence caused a blank which could in no other way be filled up but by his joyous and triumphant return: and for this they prayed, and waited, and watched. So is it that on the hearts of his suffering ones the tender assurance of our Master and Lord falls with inexpressible consolation; "I will see you again, and your sorrow shall be turned into joy"—therefore, "watch, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," and "yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

If in suffering and sorrow he calls his own beloved ones to "watch one hour with him," fidelity to this trust will bring ample compensations, both present and future. One hour of weakness and of woe "with him," and "like him" below, will be followed by an everlasting day of glory, honour, and immortality "with him," "like him," above. The suffering Lord thus links himself to his suffering ones down here: the risen and glorified One will unite them with himself up there.

Do not these thoughts lead us onward to the day of victory? As David returned laden with many spoils, having recovered *all* his captives, so shall it be on our Lord's return, for has he not promised, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"? Not one shall be left unrescued, because some of the servants were too faint to pursue. Truly shall it be said in that day as in the day of the history before us, "And there was nothing lacking to them, neither small nor great, neither sons nor daughters, neither spoil nor anything that they had taken to them. *David recovered all.*" The triumphs of the cross shall even be surprisingly greater than the present apparent triumphs of the enemy; but the crown shall be on the head of Jesus only, and the song shall be to him alone "whose right hand and whose mighty arm hath gotten him the victory;" for "*thy* right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." There is, however, one weapon which need not be laid aside, even at the brook Besor. The weapon of "all prayer" may be of wondrous and effectual power here. "Praying always in all prayer and supplication for all saints," and especially for the heralds of the cross, for the soldiers of Christ and for the souls which are "carried captive by Satan at his will. Ah, beloved, the great Master only knows what victories have been won at the "Brook Besor" thus. He has need of you if you are there "left behind." Linked together with the Lord and with his church, joined in purpose, in desire, in hope with them, *you shall also share in their joy*, and thus will be manifested the wondrous grace which unites the weak and the strong in the affections of our precious Lord and Saviour, and the glad surprises which await his faint and weary ones in the day of his return. Say not, beloved, when contemplating the activities of the people of God, Alas! I am left behind! Nay, rather take down your harp from the willows and tune it to notes which angels cannot sing, and which the strong cannot repeat, but which are all the

more needed to complete the harmony of the "new song" before the throne. Can you not catch in the gentle murmurs of the "brook" a voice which speaks in accents true and tender,—"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid"? "I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

While waiting thus, and watching for the Lord's return, join in the battle-cry, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, oh most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things." The golden vials are filled with the incense, which "ascends with the prayers of all saints" before the Lord. How much is going up from such as you! How potent is prayer to bring down the blessings which God waits to bestow on the church and on the world!

In fellowship with your Lord and with his people, he needs you where you are, and on his glad return "*he will salute you*," and you shall "go forth to meet him," the weakness and the weariness left behind — the body of humiliation changed, and "fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." Then for you, too, there shall be glad surprises, greetings with loved ones whom the Lord will bring with him, and a share in the spoils of his victories. If you are faithful in that which is least, you shall receive an acknowledgment as sincere as that given to the servant with many talents: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord."

Ah, beloved! how will the "exceeding great and eternal weight of glory" infinitely more than make amends for "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment!" This is what they are "working for us"—"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearance of Jesus Christ." Then shall the whole body, completed with its glorious Head, rejoice and be exceeding glad, and the more feeble members will be proved to be "necessary." "But *now* are there many members, but one body; and the eye cannot say to the hand I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet I have no need of you." On the contrary, if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, if one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. For the weak, as for the strong; for the busy worker, as for the patient sufferer; for the waiting ones, and the watchers by Besor, as for those who toil on the plain from the morning even unto the evening, there is a place appointed; a high purpose to fulfil, a holy work to accomplish for the honour of him, who, having linked himself with our humanity, (a stoop too infinite for human thought to measure,) suffered with us. "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows:" or, as it is elsewhere rendered, "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses;" and further, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself unto the death of the cross, that in the power of his resurrection we might be united with him in his eternal life and glory. If he had not where to lay his head, if he sat wearily on Samaria's well, if he cried in his hours of bitterest anguish, "I thirst!" can we think it strange that he should call us to fellowship with him in his sufferings?

O sweet brook Besor! May the faint and weary ones who abide by thee hearken, with ears anointed, to thy gentle murmurings which tell of "loving-kindnesses" and of "tender mercies," of covenant love, and of eternal truth, which secure all needful supplies. We have "bread to eat, which the world knows not of;" living water, of which if any drink they shall never thirst, and never die. Let us remember the wondrous companions awaiting us when the "little while" of delay is over, and the King shall return laden with the spoils of victory; for then, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."—M. A. J.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

AFTER eight years of experience, the Committee of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association are still able to testify to the goodness and blessing of the Lord upon the labour of their hands.

For many years the number of Colporteurs they employed was but small indeed, and the appreciation of the work slight, except in those parts of the country where their agents were actually labouring; but during the past two years applications for Colporteurs have been received from many parts of England and Wales, even faster than the supply of suitable men could be obtained. These applications have been made in some cases by individuals, and in others by local committees and County Associations. Twelve new districts have been opened; and, notwithstanding the necessary relinquishment of some others through the difficulty in obtaining funds, there has been a nett increase of 7, raising the present number of Colporteurs to 35, as compared with 28 at the last Annual Meeting.

The employment of these godly men for twelve months in their constant rounds of visiting, has been the means of taking the Word of God into a great number of villages and hamlets, and the fact that the Colporteur, with his pack of books, is well appreciated by the people, is proved by the amount of sales made by them, which for the twelve months ending December, 1874, amounted to *no less* than £2,967 4s. 10d., and that 3,323 new subscribers to periodicals have been obtained. In addition to the above amount, our Book Agents have also sold books to the value of £166 16s. 0d.

The Colporteurs have made 287,929 visits in the course of the year, and have met with numberless opportunities of preaching Jesus in a simple, homely way, at the cottage doors and by the roadside. Many have had reason to thank God for the message of his mercy delivered to them by these his servants, both in the printed page and by word of mouth. The Association during the past year removed its office and stock from the incommodious position in the vaults of the Tabernacle to a large and handsome room in the New College Buildings, very kindly placed at its disposal by the President, and also fitted up by him with every fixture requisite for carrying on the work. A very large expense has thus been saved, as the growth of the work rendered removal to new premises a necessity.

The Religious Tract Society has also again materially assisted us by grants of books and tracts.

Financially, the year has been one of some anxiety, as with each new district the need for funds increases, and had it not been for several very liberal donations of large amount, the work must have been much more restricted. The total sum subscribed during 1874 has been £1,784 18s. 6d. to meet a total nett expense of £1,652 9s. 5d., allowing for the profits made upon sales. Few Christian agencies accomplish so large an amount of work, in proportion to the cost, as Colportage, and a very earnest appeal is, therefore, made to every reader to aid this good cause by contributing to its funds.

The reports received from time to time from the Colporteurs bear ample testimony to the value of their mission, and as they give the best idea of its nature, several quotations are appended.

*Extracts from Agents' Letters, etc.**

"I HAVE not worked more than 12 months, during which time I have disposed of 417 Bibles, from 6d. to 10d., and 333 Testaments, from 2d. to 1s. 10d., in all 750. I am sure I have great cause for gratitude to God for permitting and enabling me to engage in so blessed a work."

"Between 200 and 300 persons (who either have scarcely had a book in their hands during their lifetime, or were readers of that which was demoralizing) have been induced to become constant readers of my books."

"A mother of a young man said how thankful she is to me that her son takes in the book; before he never looked at a book, now he spends all his spare time in reading."

"A wife said that her husband was going every night to the 'Dragon' Inn, but since I bring him the Magazine he stays at home, and is always wishing for the month to come round."

"When weather permits I open my pack of books where there are groups of men and boys standing in the streets. Some time ago, calling at a house, a woman came for me to see her husband, whom I found very ill in bed. He said, 'I am so glad you are come. You remember you were up in yon lane. I remember what you said that Jesus Christ was a Great Saviour for great sinners, I bought that book,' pointing to one on the mantel-piece, entitled,' Come to Jesus.' 'I never read such things before. I am here, and the Doctor gives no hope of recovery, and I'm a great sinner,' and the poor fellow wept. I sung 'There is a Fountain filled with Blood,' prayed, spoke of the Saviour's willingness to save, etc., and I visit him regularly. He is in a fair way of recovery, and I believe him to be a 'brand plucked from the burning.' Cottage Meetings have been held weekly, and we have commenced singing and preaching in the streets. I have also the superintendence of a church and preaching station."

A Colporteur in a manufacturing district writes: "Black, in every sense black; never before did I see so many poor, ragged, miserable, ignorant, wretched, careless, drunken men and women, whole families crowded into one room. I preached in the Market Place, afterwards a Methodist went home to his wife and said, I have been a class leader for years, but have only just believed to the saving of my soul, through a young man who has been preaching in the town." *This Agent preaches five or six times every week, and has been useful to many souls, he writes further:* "I have found favour in the eyes of Christian people of all denominations, and many souls have been 'born again,' and if all is well ten or eleven will be baptised shortly, who have been brought out of the world recently."

From a mining district we hear: "I have held the usual meetings and open-air meetings on Sunday evenings. One man for some time strove to obtain peace, but doubted God's willingness to save him (on account of his wicked life and his advanced age). I have talked to him on the road half an hour at a time. Upon asking him this month how it was with him he said, 'Well, I am happy to say I am trusting in Him who "is able to save to the uttermost," and I have not found out how much His uttermost is yet.' He has, I trust, found peace in believing. I was sent for to visit a poor unfortunate, who was dying, and I trust she found refuge in believing in Jesus. I am constantly receiving fresh testimony of the good wrought by the books alone, and the captains of some of the mines are anxious for me to go still further and visit them."

Another phase of the work developed during the past year has been singing for Jesus. Thus a Colporteur writes:—"Went into the taproom of a beer-house, at the call of those therein. After anything but a polite greeting, I showed the contents of my pack, being asked to do so. Sold several books, and gave each

* We can only afford space for a selection. The Report may be had of the secretary, Mr. W. C. Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Newington Butts.

a tract. Then one and another said' 'Sing us a song.' Then I said, 'I could sing you a song, but perhaps it would not suit you.' However, they wanted to hear my song, so I sang,

'Ho! my comrades, see the signal.'

"They liked it very much. I then sung,

'There is a gate that stands ajar.'

"One then asked me to give them a few words of advice, which I did, and then read a portion of Scripture, and before I left, sang:

'There is life for a look at the Crucified One.'

"L.D. visited fifty families, in the evening went out into the street, took my concertina and sang some sacred songs and solos, reading them, and then speaking a word for the Master, almost stopped the thoroughfare with listeners, who seemed very pleased. Soon after I got home three young men came to me and wanted to take a book."

"Held four prayer meetings, the attendance averages about sixteen; at one service the house was crowded. Prayed in my journey ninety-four times, read thirty-four, spent five hours on Sunday visiting the sick; one man had met with a serious accident, never thought to recover, said had he been killed he would have been lost, now he thanks God for sparing his life, and for my visiting him, for under my influence he has been brought to Christ."

"*Sometimes districts at first the most unpromising prove very successful ones, when worked perseveringly by a good Colporteur. The following is an instance of this:* "When I commenced first I well remember taking up my knapsack and travelling to C——, calling all through the place, and only selling one fourpenny Testament, this month in that same village I have sold over £1 worth. In all the villages through which I pass, more than half the people are unapproachable. They are so prejudiced against Dissent, that you may as well try to take a fortified city, as to win some of them, or to gain their confidence.

The need for our work is often made very manifest: "A station-master told me the other day that nineteen out of twenty that come to his station with corn and other things could not sign their own names. Many that I have tried to sell books to say, 'Master, we never had any schooling, and cannot read.' A great many never go to any place of worship. I spoke to a man the other day about a change of heart, and a living faith in Christ. He said, 'I do not know such a person, or what you mean by a change of heart.' Out of the sixty places I visit, there are only about ten Dissenting places of worship, and in many no church. The people are next to heathens, and in some places where there is a church the people will not go."

The Agents often read to those who cannot do so: "I have some very blessed times with the poor cottagers as I go round. Some of them that cannot read look out for me with joyful expectation when it is my time to come round, because I always read a chapter, sing, and pray with them. I have as many as twelve little prayer meetings in one day. Passing some buildings where a lot of men were at work, one of them called to me, saying, 'I want a New Testament, for I think I shall begin to learn to read. I do not think I am too old, although I am fifty.' He began to learn, and through reading that New Testament he has been led to the Saviour. I have 37 subscribers for Bible parts, and 100 to monthly magazines. Some of these subscribers told me that they never thought of sitting down to read a book until I came round with my tracts, and after reading the tracts they thought they should like to take in some little book. As I was crossing the Heath, I gave a tract to a labouring man, entitled, 'Your Dying Hour"; on my return from a village two miles further, he came running to me and said, 'Do you know what tract you gave me? I never thought so much about death in all my life as since I read it.' He said he felt that he was not prepared to die, and I told him about the love of Jesus; he has ever since been able to rejoice in God his Saviour. The same

Colporteur speaks of a man who gave up smoking tobacco, and with the money thus saved, he takes in a Family Bible, and intends to buy one for each of his children."

The following case by another Agent illustrates the value of the Agency in reaching backsliders who are too often overlooked in our regular church organizations: "Visited the M———, and while talking with a young woman found she once made a profession of religion, and had belonged to God's people. she had, sad to say, fallen into disgrace, and in consequence withdrawn from society. I urged her to come again among God's people, and to visit his house. I am happy to say the wanderer has returned to our Master's fold."

In a district near London the Colporteur says:—"I took my stand in the market place to preach, and met with much opposition, was pelted with rotten oranges, but did not leave till the police ordered me away. I also preached to the cabmen at the station, and was very well received, and also in the livery stables. Spoke to the landlady at a public house about Jesus, and she was brought to tears, and she wished me to call again."

Several of the Agents help in Temperance Work; one says:—"In addition to other work I have, with the assistance of a few friends, formed a Band of Hope, which I hope will be the means of doing much good. We have about one hundred members, some of whose parents are drunkards. Drink is one of the greatest evils we have to contend with in this neighbourhood.

"On one occasion met with a lot of men, about thirty, working on the line. As they were taking their dinner I thought it a good opportunity to speak to them, and found them willing to listen. I gave each one a tract, and showed them my Bibles and books. I am surprised at the number of young men in the town and neighbourhood who cannot read, and to whom, of course, books are of no use. Many of them since the religious awakening which has taken place recently in the town are willing to learn, and for the purpose of teaching them we have commenced a night school, which I hope will be the means of much blessing."

The following is an amusing instance of the opportunities Colportage offers of introducing the gospel to people:—"Returning home the other day, by the canal side, a bargeman thus accosted me: 'Halloa, old flick, what have 'ee got in yer' box. sugar?' To whom I replied, 'Yes, friend, will you try its quality?' handing him at the same time a New Testament, which he thankfully received."

"*One of the oldest Colporteurs, residing in a mining district, writes:*—"I am happy to say there is a growing interest in the literature circulated; many have risen from the penny magazine and papers to threepenny and sixpenny subscribers. To-day, spoke to a lot of gamblers. They cleared up when they saw me coming. I said, 'Why do you not go on?' No one spoke. I said, 'If I was at work for the devil I would go on with all my might; but I should advise you to give him up and have a better master.' I spoke for some time about the short duration of all earth's pleasures and vanities, and the blessedness of having Christ. One young man said 'they will clear up for you as well as a policeman.' I have had some nice meetings and some anxious souls. Had a good day speaking to souls. Met a woman on tramp, and spoke to her about her soul, and about the Lord Jesus as a Saviour for the lost. We knelt down together in the middle of the turnpike road to beseech the Lord to bless her soul. She promised to think upon what was said.

"The same agent, on another occasion, went into a ring of gamblers. He was on his way to a cottage meeting, and said, 'I've offered to give a man sixpence to go with me, but he dare not encounter me.' 'Oh,' says a man, 'If you'll give me sixpence I'll go with you;' so I told him I would. He came along, smoking his cigar, and asked me how long I should want him. I told him rather better than an hour. He said he couldn't stand an hour. I told him he would have to behave himself, and not say his soul was his own that afternoon, for I had engaged him. There was nobody in the cottage when we arrived, so I said, 'Let us pray.' He looked at me, and I said, 'You will have

to do as I do:' so he knelt down, and I prayed till eight or ten came in. We then sang a hymn, and I said, 'Now, lad, you told me you could pray; now there's a chance for you.' 'I cannot pray after that fashion,' he says. So I said, 'Then I must,' and we had a service. At the close I called upon the people to stay, saying, 'I want you all as witnesses at the bar of God at the great day of judgment that I paid this man for hearing the gospel to-day.' Then he cried out, 'I want no money,' and put it down on the desk. I then spoke kindly to him, found out where he lived, and he promised to come again." *This Colporteur has a donkey and cart which he uses on his rounds.*

The Colporteurs often attend fairs and races, when held in or near their districts, one writes: "K.—This was the day of the races, great excitement in the Town. I saw a lot of men; they said, 'there goes a man with a knapsack,' I said, 'yes,' and turning round, gave every one a tract, and talked with them. I took my New Testament and began to read, but they all took to their heels. I gave away many tracts. A gentleman said to me, 'are you the man that is creating such a stir among the people? My daughter was visiting one man that died, and he said that he put all his trust in Jesus since you came to see him.' I said 'I am very glad.'"

Many other instances of the diversified character of the work might be detailed, if necessary, but these will suffice to indicate its value. Markets are regularly attended, and a stall set up on the Market day from which Christ is preached, and a healthy literature circulated, the good seed is scattered in all possible places, and often much ingenuity is manifested by the Colporteurs either in inventing, or adapting means to reach the people.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS EMPLOYED BY THE ASSOCIATION, WITH THEIR DISTRICTS.

During the past year forty-one Districts have been visited by the Agents, being an increase of fourteen since the last Annual Report.

England.

Cambridgeshire, Ely	L. Eyres.
*Devonshire, Morchard Bishop	E. Richards.
Derbyshire, Riddings	R. Woolner.
Essex, Maldon	F. A. Pearce.
Gloucestershire, Tewkesbury	R. Trenchard.
Gloucestershire, Minchinhampton	J. Townsend.
Huntingdonshire, Offord	A. McCaig.
Herefordshire, Ross	J. Taylor.
*Herefordshire, Lyonshall	C. H. Shelton.
*Herefordshire, Ledbury	E. Sinden.
Herefordshire, Presteign	D. J. Watkins.
Isle of Wight, Ryde	A. Pratt.
Isle of Wight, Wellow	W. Hodge.
Isle of Sheppey, Minster	A. Rayner.
Kent, Eythorne	R. Marshall.
Lancashire, Pendleton...	G. Newell.
Lancashire, Cloughfold	S. Mobbs.
Lancashire, Haydock	J. Varnham.
Middlesex, Brentford	J. Cameron.
Nottinghamshire, Arnold	J. Hargest.
*Nottinghamshire, Long Eaton	C. Slack.
*Oxfordshire, Witney	J. Edwards.
Somersetshire, Axbridge	E. Garrett.
Shropshire, Shrewsbury	J. H. Charlton.
*Shropshire, Bucknell	T. Buckingham.
*Staffordshire, Stoke-on-Trent	W. Nixon.

Staffordshire, Burslem...	G. Cook.
Surrey, Croydon	W. Rogers.
Surrey, Rochampton	H. Boyd.
Surrey, Dorking	W. Baker.
Wiltshire, Downton	C. Mizen.
Wiltshire, Warminster...	S. King.
Wiltshire, Wootton Bassett	J. H. Castle.
Warwickshire, Studley	S. Dawson.
Warwickshire, Hilmorton	S. Smith.
Warwickshire, Leamington	G. Tout.
Worcestershire, Worcester	W. Tait.
Worcestershire, Evesham	W. Mathews.
*Yorkshire, Sheffield	T. Dempster.
WALES.	
Denbighshire, Wrexham	J. Brend.
Glamorganshire, Cardiff	H. Channer.

** Those marked thus have been discontinued from lack of funds.*

Notices of Books.

The Unchanging Saviour, and other Sermons. By the late CHARLES VINCE, of Birmingham. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. VINCE was one of the leaders in our Israel, and it saddens one's heart to think of him as *the late* Charles Vince, and to remember that we shall never look again upon that manly, cheerful countenance, a glance of which was enough to breathe courage into the desponding. As a preacher, he always kept to the lines of the gospel, not with the slavish dread which fears novelty of thought, but with that true allegiance to the orthodox faith which sees in it something ever fresh and always new. He has left behind him a church which endures right well the fiery trial of his loss, thus proving that he built with gold, silver, and precious stones. It will be long before they will find a meet successor, but we pray that great grace may be given them that, by the Holy Spirit's guidance, they may train a successor. The Charles Vince who departed hence when so full of usefulness was not quite the same man when first called to the pastorate in Birmingham; he had to grow into what he became, and so must the man who succeeds him. Churches cannot expect a new comer to begin where the departed left off; he, too, must be allowed time to ripen, and we doubt not a man will be found who, by the kind consideration and helpful sympathy of the brethren, will develop, if not into a Vince, into some other form of powerful and gracious manhood. It is idle to be crying out for fathers to follow fathers, for God means the sons to step into their places, and mature as their sires have done before them.

Mr. Vince excelled in beautiful and complete metaphors. He has "set in order many parables" which will live and be used by thousands who never heard of his name. We scarcely know a preacher, unless it be William Arnot, whom, alas, we must also now call *the late*, who could produce such perfect similes, so complete in all points. This volume, although it only consists of notes of sermons, has in it several precious gems of parabolic illustration, and having quoted some of these, we shall put down the volume with a sigh for an honoured memory and a prayer for the sorrowfully bereaved. May the church be blessed with such another pastor.

The Parable of the Good and Bad Pictures.—"Sometimes you go into into houses where there is more wealth than taste, and you see upon the walls pictures that have been well bought with honest money, but not well chosen

with good taste. Some of them are such daubs that you cannot help believing that the painters had mistaken their avocation, and been painting on a canvas when they were only competent to paint on a tea-tray. It is of little use your giving to the owner of these things costly volumes of lectures on art, or reading to him Ruskin's 'Modern Painters.' If you want to improve that man's taste and judgment, buy a picture by one of the great masters. Get some beautiful specimen of David Cox or of Turner. Hang it up among the others, and then let it do its work. By-and-by you call at that house again, and you see that the walls have been cleared of the rubbish, and there only remain the good pictures. You ask how it is, and your friend says he so soon got tired of the old pictures when he had his David Cox or his Turner to look at. Those he could never get tired of, for there was some fresh beauty in them every time he looked at them. And what has become of the old pictures? 'Oh, the servant had them, and broke them up to light the fire.' Show a man the good, and he will soon be tired of the bad; place the beautiful before him, and he will turn his back upon the ugly."

The Parable of the Paralysed Tongue.—"I went a few weeks since to see a man whom I had formerly received into Christian fellowship, and I found him with a paralysed body, and with a partly paralysed tongue. The man was there, and the heart was there, but the tongue would not render them the service it had been wont to render. How that man writhed in agony! How the sweat drops stood out on his brow as he twisted himself about, and tried to make my untutored ear catch his meaning! But it was all incoherent; and when there came one who had waited upon him, and watched him, and whose tutored ear could catch the meaning of the noise, and who by experience was able to see his meaning when his paralysed lips could only mumble, and his tongue pour forth no sound at all,—when she came and interpreted the noise to me, and read the meaning that was expressed on his countenance, with what a sense of sweet relief he fell back upon his couch! Not yet cut off, he thought, from fellowship with my fellow-creatures; there is one who can understand me, and interpret me to others! And what is our prayer ofttimes but the babbling of half-paralysed lips? But he who sent his Spirit to create the desire, 'understands our thoughts afar off.'"

The Parable of the Blind Man and the Youth.—"They say that one day, as Le Clerc, a great critic, was walking in the streets of Paris, he accidentally trod on the foot of a young man. The young man immediately raised his hand, and smote him in the face. Le Clerc said, 'Sir, you will be sorry for what you have done when you know that I am blind.' Sometimes you hold a harsh opinion of a man, and you are angry with him; but if you would take the trouble to inquire, you would perhaps find some defect that entitles that man as much to your compassion as a blind one if he trod on your foot in the streets."

The Parable of the Reviving Flower.—"The day closed with heavy showers. The plants in my garden were beaten down before the pelting storm, and I saw one flower that I had admired for its beauty and loved for its fragrance exposed to the pitiless storm. The flower fell, shut up its petals, drooped its head, and I saw that all its glory was gone. 'I must wait till next year,' I said, 'before I see that beautiful thing again.' And the night passed, and morning came, the sun shone again, and the morning brought strength to the flower. The light looked at it, and the flower looked at the light. There was contact and communion, and power passed into the flower. It held up its head, opened its petals, regained its glory, and seemed fairer than before. I wonder how it took place,—this feeble thing coming into contact with the strong thing and gaining strength! By devout communion and contact a soul gains strength from Christ. I cannot tell *how* it is that I should be able to receive into my being a power to do and to bear by this communion, but I know that it is a fact. Is there a peril from riches or from trial which you are afraid will endanger your Christian consistency? Seek this communion, and you will receive strength and be able to conquer the peril."

The Speaker's Commentary, or the Holy Bible with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary and a Revision of the Translation. By Bishops and Clergy of the Anglican Church. Vol. V. Isaiah to Lamentations. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

We confess we expected more from the Speaker's Commentary than it has afforded us, yet it is a work of great learning, and must be helpful to many. It has the merit of being concise; its line of comment is not precisely occupied by any previous work; it is, so far as we have seen, decidedly evangelical; and it is critically reliable; for all which reasons we are bound to speak well of it. The present volume is the production of two most eminent scholars—W. Kay and R. Payne Smith. To purchase the five, or rather six, volumes now issued, for vol. I. is really two volumes, the student must expend £5 10s. It is pretty clear that when the work is completed it will cost about £10, and we fear that few purses in the pockets of dissenting ministers will be able to spare such an amount. We wish it were otherwise.

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. IV. Psalm LXXIX. to CIII. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

We asked our esteemed friend, Dr. Landels, to write us a review of the new volume of the "Treasury," and here it is.

"No brief notice can do anything like justice to this goodly volume. Happily, to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* it matters little whether we can do it justice or not. They need not our word to assure them what precious things are here in store for them. They have drunk at streams from the same source before now, and know by experience their quality. It may suffice to say now, therefore, that this fourth volume has all the characteristics which distinguish its predecessors, and have secured for them such general acceptance. The original remarks show the same sententious wisdom; and the voluminous quotations from other authors are no less fitly chosen. The book is a monument not only of sanctified genius, but of amazing labour. How our friend with his multitudinous engagements could find time for it we cannot imagine. He is a living contradiction to what we heard affirmed in a meeting of ministers a few days ago, that men now attempt too many things to be able to do anything well. We know of no one who attempts so many as he; nor do we know of one who does any of them better. We trust his strength may prove equal to the preparation of the remaining volumes, without interfering with the many important works which he has in hand. May the Lord whom he serves so diligently preserve him for still better service during many years to come."

Theology of the Old Testament. By Dr. Gust. Fr. Oehler. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

The subject is comparatively new. Few have undertaken to define and explain the theology of the Old Testament, and fewer still have succeeded in making it stand out by itself, unmixed with the theology of heathenism by which it was surrounded, and the theology of the New Testament with which it has now become almost inseparably blended. This has been accomplished here in a degree, and with a precision not before attained. While looking upon the revelation of the Old Testament in its historic, dogmatic, and moral teaching as entirely preparatory to that of the New, this author clearly preserves the broad line of distinction between them. As the Old Testament is the proper standpoint from which to judge of the revelation of the New, such an investigation when thus patiently and thoroughly pursued becomes an invaluable assistance in Biblical studies. To some few statements we object, and especially to a modified view of atonement, as suggested by the ancient sacrifices; but even this we conceive may have arisen from an excessive caution or fear of going beyond the prescribed boundaries of Old Testament theology in distinction from that of the New.

The Bible Educator. Edited by the Rev. E. Plumptre. Vol. IV. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

This great work is complete. It supplies at a cheap rate a mass of Biblical information, written in a popular style, by some of the ablest scholars of the day. Christian people who wish to become intelligent readers of the Bible, young persons who would be able to teach others, and ministers who would have Oriental illustrations ready to hand, in other than dictionary form, will all find "The Bible Educator" to be exactly what they need. Somebody grumbled about an article being unsound: we confess we do not see the unsoundness of it, nor would anyone else have done so if a very keen nose had not scented out an imaginary ill savour.

China's Millions, and Our Work among them. Edited by J. Hudson Taylor. Price One Penny. Morgan and Scott.

It is meet that the claims of the enormous population of China should have a special advocate among our monthly periodicals, and yet more meet that Hudson Taylor should be the editor. Our friend is a very apostle, and the work achieved by him is most blessed. The China Inland Mission, of which he is the heart and soul, is in need of funds to send out 18 new men, and ought to be supplied at once. Nothing but lack of pecuniary help hinders the work in China, and we pray the Lord to supply this lack by exciting the sympathy of his people. We have before us No. 1 of "China's Millions," and we commend it most heartily. We fear that a large sale will not be found for a paper which confines itself to one definite object, unless the friends of China will purchase it for distribution.

Plain Talk. A Monthly publication, edited by H. Stowell Brown. Passmore and Alabaster.

A very racy pennyworth, as those will well imagine who know the vigorous common-sense style of our great Liverpool friend. He writes in a downright and manly manner, not with a feather from the wing of a tomtit, but with a magnum bonum, which he dips deep into the ink, so that every stroke is distinct. If the Liverpudlians, we beg pardon, "the Liverpool gentlemen," do not buy this periodical we shall give them up as hopeless. Those whom Stowell Brown cannot move must be stolid indeed.

John the Baptist: the Congregational Union Lecture for 1874. By Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is *the* great book on the subject, and will for many a day remain so. The great forerunner of our Lord furnishes a noble subject, and right well has Dr. Reynolds handled it.

Lectures to my Students. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

Some of these lectures have already appeared in this magazine. We allowed a friend to glance over the lectures while they were passing through the press, and we found that the copy could not be got back. We were glad, because it showed that non-ministerial readers would be interested by these lectures as well as our preaching brethren. Although the subject is not a very popular one, we believe that the things which we have spoken will be read by thousands who will never enter a pulpit. The price is half-a-crown. Our first edition is five thousand, and the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* will soon clear out the stock. At least, we hope so.

Science and Scripture. By the Rev. James Brodie. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., Edinburgh.

We agree with the author as to the harmony between Scripture and science in revealing the same divine attributes, and we agree with him in the supernatural revelation of attributes peculiar to the scheme of human redemption; but we have less sympathy with certain speculative ideas respecting the creation and the flood. We have been glad to find here more of Scripture than of science, and more of that part of Scripture which speaks of him whom to know is life eternal, than of any other part. The peculiarities to which we have referred are harmless, and stand by themselves, while that which is in unison with known truths, and which is far more abundant, is evangelically animating and pure.

Notes.

We have had during the last few weeks to thank several schools, and senior classes, for help sent to the orphans. Nothing seems more natural and beautiful than that happy young people, with tender parents living, should help those who have lost their father, and are dependent upon a poor, struggling, widowed mother. We thank the considerate teachers who have moved the children to this good work, and with equal sincerity we thank the lads and lasses themselves.

We observe with much gratitude to God that at a meeting held to celebrate the Centenary of the Baptist Church, Wokingham, a resolution was moved by Pastor Longhurst, of Reading, seconded by Pastor Brooks, of Wallingford, and carried unanimously, expressing the opinion that the Stockwell Orphanage has special claims upon the Baptist denomination, and ought to be liberally supported by it. Our friends around Reading lead the van in the generous help which they give to our work, and we feel most thankful to God for moving them so to do.

If friends sending goods to the Orphanage would always put their names and addresses in the parcels it would be a great help to us in replying to them, and if they would write to Mr. Spurgeon at the same time the packets would be readily identified. Our endeavour is to acknowledge every gift as speedily as possible, but we are not always at home, and are frequently so occupied that we must leave matters of detail to others. Friends, we are sure, will try to save us all the care they can, and by attending to this request they will materially lighten our daily load. We are under deep obligations to many farmers, millers, and others who send us help in the form of goods.

A case has been reported in the papers of the forging of our name to a post-office order. The instantaneous discovery of the crime may reassure all doubting senders of money. It is almost impossible for money to be lost, if reasonable care be taken, as this instance proves. The letter was not delivered to us, but stolen by some person unknown, and yet the cash was not obtained and is not likely to be, for the authorities know that only through our bankers will orders due to us be presented to them. Still we wish senders of donations, who wish for personal acknowledgements, would send us their correct addresses, for in one case we have had three letters returned, all addressed according to the sender's desire; and in many other cases we have the returned envelopes from the dead letter office to show that we have written, but cannot communicate with the parties to inform them that the error lies with them and not with us.

The anniversary of the Orphanage and the celebration of the Pastor's Birth-day came off as a fête at the grounds, Stockwell. Despite the rain it was the best anniversary the institution has ever had. The attendance was so large that two meetings had to be held, and the amount brought in exceeded £500. The Bazaar goods sold well, and all went off happily. The Earl of Shaftesbury kindly spoke at both meetings in the most hearty manner, as also did Messrs. Chown and Lewis, while Messrs. J. Wigner, Cuff, Barnard, Inglis, Mayers, S. H. Booth, Rowe, Williamson, Samuel Minton, and many others cheered us with their help and presence. Pastor A. G. Brown not only presided at one of the meetings, but supplied us with a capital drum and fife band. The day was rendered specially attractive by the matchless music of Mr. Duncan S. Miller and his friends, the royal campanologists; these gentlemen have carried the art of bell-ringing to perfection. The tunes familiar to our Zion sounded very sweetly as they rung them out. The whole day was bright with mercy, though damp with rain.

Will hospitable friends, as on former occasions, take an orphan each for a fortnight's holiday? There are many who have no friends to give them a change, and we hope our heavenly Father will tell some of his children to see to it.

We are glad to see that the new chapel at Bulwell is being proceeded with so vigorously. Truly the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. Our young brother, Mr. Douglas Crouch, has been enabled to do wonders, but he has very uphill work to raise funds for the much needed edifice. We hope all Nottingham friends will promptly aid this most deserving work.

Just now our Colportage department is most in need. We are going on from hand to mouth, and are hardly able to support the men we have. No enterprise more richly deserves to be supported, for it is most cheap and effective; but we have had to give up some of our districts for want of funds. Have all the Lord's stewards exhausted their trust money? Are there no pounds hidden in the earth? We believe that no true work of God would ever need to ask for pecuniary help

if the gold and silver in the hands of believers were viewed as "not their own."

It has given us much pleasure to assist our brethren Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Camberwell Hall, and we would have done far more, only our own enterprises demand our constant attention: our heart is very warm towards them for their work's sake. The fuss made about their preaching at Eton is a sad sign of the condition of Episcopalians. Among no other sect of Christians would respectable persons have been found to oppose the useful labours of our American friends; all other Protestants would have welcomed them. Our inestimably precious National Establishment has of late had singular opportunities for displaying her bigotry. She tyrannizes in the graveyard, and excludes her ministers from active communion with other Christian pastors, and there really was no necessity for any of her sons to go out of their way to treat two true-hearted foreigners with indignity. Are there not enough poor Christian Englishmen to brand as schismatics, and ranters? Was there need to grow wrath at two Americans whose teachings are perfectly colourless as to any point in which mere Churchism is involved? We are sure that all true Christians in the Establishment must feel ashamed of this wretched bigotry. What Americans will think of our aristocracy we can shrewdly guess; we only hope they will not confound the rest of our countrymen with these *honourable and distinguished* gentlemen, nor judge the Christians in the Episcopal body by the conduct of the worldlings who belong to it.

We have hitherto had no obituary department in our notes, but we must have one in future. We mourn the decease of *Mr. James Mursell*, of Newcastle, a singularly solid, judicious, and weighty brother of our own denomination. He was not brilliant, but burned with a steady light, which increased in power. He laid himself out for Christian service in all directions, and was ever ready to help those who needed his aid. His hearty co-operation with the revival leaders in Newcastle was a clear proof that beneath his calm exterior there burned the sacred volcanic force without which great results in conversion will never be attained. We also mourn the decease of our well-beloved brother *Dr. Arnot*, one of the pulpit poets of the Free Church; a man of a choice spirit, tender as a maiden, brave as a martyr, combining the much talked of "sweetness and light" with much of fire and force. His literary works we regard as a priceless legacy to the entire church of God, and though we lament his departure, we are grateful, considering the tendency of his constitution, that he was spared so long, and thankful that he died as he did, instead of lingering in sad decline, or suffering protracted agony. Adieu, brother, till the day break and the shadows flee away!

On June 14th we attended the anniversary of the Tabernacle Home and Foreign Working Society. The name hardly indicates the object of this quiet but most excellent institution. The ladies who compose it make garments for missionaries and ministers at home and abroad who are poor enough to need such aid. When we give alms to mendicants we frequently do more harm than good, but to help a needy saint is altogether a good work, and to relieve a poor servant of God in the ministry is best of all. Our friends send out clothing for the pastor's wife and children as well as for himself. They are now in the day of small things, but the society has so good an object that it must grow. We are sorry that any minister should be poor, but glad that men can be found who are willing to preach the gospel in poverty. Such men ought to be helped. A poor preacher with seven children and £70 per annum, prizes a box of clothing as those can hardly imagine who roll in riches. We shall be glad to receive materials and half worn garments for this excellent Society, and cash will be equally welcome. The ladies by giving their work make a little money go a long way. Our friend, Mrs. Evans, who has led the way in this enterprise, has our hearty thanks, and so have all her helpers. Till brighter days shall come, and God's people shall grow more careful of their pastors, we hope that this Society will provide for at least a portion of those good men who were educated in our College, and are now giving their whole souls to working among a poor people from whom they cannot expect to receive even food and raiment sufficient for their station.

Mrs. Spurgeon, our beloved and afflicted wife, begs us to say that she has been so much interested in reading the book entitled "Lectures to my Students, by C. H. Spurgeon," that she would like to bear the cost of giving a copy to each of a hundred poor Baptist ministers who would accept it of her. She mourns that she can do so little personally for her Lord, and hopes that this little gift may be owned of God to the stirring up of some of his ministers to yet more earnest labour for his glory. We cannot deny our dear sufferer anything which causes her pleasure, and

therefore willingly give publicity to this her own spontaneous desire. To prevent disappointment, from the applications being too numerous, we, for this month, invite only *Baptist* ministers to apply. Address Mrs. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Clapham, Surrey.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—May 27th, twenty-five; May 31st, twenty; June 3rd, twenty-four.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Whiteman	5	0	0
Miss Sarah Taylor...	5	0	0
Mr. T. Garland	5	5	0
Mr. W. Sims	5	0	0
W. S. J.	1	1	0
Mrs. Sims	10	0	0
Mr. T. Coop...	100	0	0
Dr. Plimsoll	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0
Mrs. Allbury	0	2	0
Mrs. Underwood	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Long	20	0	0
J. W. H.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Sword	0	5	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. D. Molyneux	0	5	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
Mr. R. Finlayson	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	2	10	0
Mr. R. Jones...	0	5	0
Two Friends per Mr. D. Watson ...	0	2	0
Mrs. McInroy	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	2	0	0
Mr. W. Lockwood...	1	0	0
Miss Candler	0	2	6
Mr. H. Amos...	2	12	6
Miss Bowley...	0	10	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm...	0	10	0
W. T	0	5	0
Wilts	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	10	0
Mr. R. France	0	5	0
Miss Love	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Knott	20	0	0
Mrs. Turner	0	5	0
Mr. G. Ayers, per Mr. Marshall ...	1	0	0
R. M....	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt...	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., May 23	39	3	11
" " " " 30	20	11	1
" " " June 6	32	2	3
" " " " 13	20	11	1
	£308	1	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
H. D. T.	5	0	0
Mr. G. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	3	0	0
Mrs. Sims	0	2	0
Mr. D. Wallis	0	2	6
R. T.	1	0	0
Mrs. Robinson	2	2	0
W. H. B.	0	8	7
Miss J. B. Young and Friends	3	0	0
W. S. J.	1	1	0
Mr. Waller	0	5	0
Dr. Mill	1	0	0
Mr. W. T. Gibson	0	10	0
Mrs. Markwick	1	0	0
J. H. S.	0	7	0
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. R. Law	0	4	4
J. P.	1	0	0
One who loves the Master	1	0	0
Martham Baptist Sunday School, per Miss Moore	1	14	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0
Mrs. Whitaker	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. A. Gordon	8	0	0
Mrs. Herman	5	0	0
A Member	1	0	0
The Earl of Shaftesbury	10	0	0
Miss Clarke	0	10	0
Myra	0	5	0
Mr. Moreton	0	10	0
Miss Lewin	0	5	0
Miss Maria Wade	2	15	7
Mr. J. Simon	0	7	6
Per Mr. James Dougall:—			
Lothian Family ... 1 0 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Dougall ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. W. Dougall 0 5 0			
Miss McLean 0 2 6			
Miss Cockburn 0 3 0			
	2	10	6
J. L.	5	5	0
Miss Dalton	0	10	0
Sabbath School, Grantown, per Mr. Wallace	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Mee	1	0	0
Mr J. Feltham ... —	1	0	0
Miss J. Hogg	0	10	0
Mr. D. Molyneux	0	5	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
X. O., Balham	2	0	0
Clara	0	10	0
Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. J. Marsh	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	7	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Jones	0	5	0
Two Friends, per Mr. D. Watson	0	2	0
Mrs. Mitrey	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Macduff	0	10	0
Conscience Money	0	2	0
First Class, Belvoir Street School, Leicester, per Mr. Wightman	0	10	2
Miss Candler	0	5	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	16	6
Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, per Mr. Rickett	1	10	0
Miss Bowley	1	12	6
Miss Wade	5	0	0
Miss Smith	10	0	0
Mrs. Ostler	0	5	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Clapham Omnibus Driver	0	11	0
Clapham Omnibus Conductor	0	5	0
Miss Gillard	0	7	7
Miss Wallington	0	6	4
Master Stracey	0	0	6
Mrs. Berry	0	9	5
S., 1860	1	11	0
J. S. H.	0	7	0
M. W.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Evered	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	10	0
Mrs. Paul	0	6	6
Mr. S. C. Carson	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	15	0
Mrs. Chambers	0	5	0
Readers, West Haldon	0	5	0
Readers, Tweedside	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Farmer	0	11	3
Mr. Tubby	5	0	0
Eileanach	1	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	2	0	0
Northampton	1	0	0
A Servant	0	1	0
Rosie	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Baker	3	4	6
A Friend, Houghton-le-Spring	1	0	0
Mr. G. Lawrence	0	10	0
A. H. Nash	0	2	6
Miss Frederick	0	10	0
Mrs. Kirkby	0	10	6
Mr. Hodges	1	0	0
Mrs. Stafford	5	0	0
Mrs. Parken	1	0	0
Mr. Bailey	0	10	0
Mr. Carrington	0	4	0
Mr. W. Archer	14	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boughton	0	10	0
S.	2	0	0
Mrs. F. Jones	2	2	0
Mr. G. Murphy	0	5	0
Mr. Turner	0	10	0
Mr. Court	0	5	0
Mrs. Summers	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. Mills	11	15	0
Threepence per week	0	11	0
Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
Mr. H. Stuart	10	2	0
Miss M. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon	20	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Rev. W. J. Mayers	26	8	6
Moiety of Lecture, per Rev. Newman Hall	8	18	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Mr. J. Leach — 1 1 0			
Mr. M. J. Sutton — 1 1 0			
Mr. P. Davies — 0 5 0			
Mr. Gregory — 0 5 0			
Quarterly:—			
Mr. James Withers — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman — 0 1 1			
	2	18	1

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Palmer	10	0	0
Mr. Croggon	1	1	0
Mr. T. Pocock	2	2	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. King — 0 5 0			
Mr. Simonds — 0 5 0			
Mr. Jonas Smith — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Jonas Smith — 0 5 0			
Mr. Robert Smith — 0 5 0			
Miss Smith — 0 5 0			
Miss Emily Smith — 0 5 0			
	1	15	0
Bazaar at Annual Meeting:—			
Miss Higgs — 23 0 0			
Mrs. Bartlett — 17 16 5			
Orphanage Stall — 16 0 0			
Miss Wyatt — 2 15 6			
Singing Bird — 0 14 0			
Refreshment Stall — 15 0 1			
	75	0	0
N. Simpson	0	4	2
Master W. Penny	0	7	9
Master H. Stehr	0	2	7
Mr. Monck	0	8	0
Mrs. Steer	0	10	0
Master W. Parker	0	3	7
Mrs. Samuels	0	12	0
Miss A. Mattos	0	11	0
Mrs. Waller	1	6	6
Miss Winslow and Pupils	5	15	4
Master Walter Everett	0	5	0
Miss Butcher	0	12	6
Mrs. Evans	2	4	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Waight	2	2	0
Master C. Bennett	0	1	4
Mrs. White	0	4	0
Miss Argyle	0	9	1
Mrs. Dummett	0	8	6
Mrs. Richardson	0	7	1
Mr. Ball	0	5	7
Per Mr. Passmore:—			
Mr. Passmore — 10 0 0			
Mr. Alabaster — 10 0 0			
Mr. Mason — 10 0 0			
Mr. Wrigley — 10 0 0			
Mr. Straker — 5 0 0			
Mr. Green — 2 2 0			
Mr. Hollings — 1 0 0			
	48	2	0
Mrs. Smith	0	4	3
Mrs. Garrod	0	16	8
Mrs. Semark	1	7	6
Mrs. Stratford	0	10	6
Mrs. Martin	0	10	0
Miss Burgess	0	2	6
Miss Edwin	0	11	0
Mr. H. Barrett	1	7	0
Miss Stevens	0	1	6
Miss K. Stutter	0	2	6
Miss F. Stutter	0	3	2
Miss K. Frazer	0	3	9
Mrs. Day	0	2	6
Mr. Willcox	1	4	0
Mrs. Bowes	1	11	6
Miss Morgan	1	0	0
Master J. Everett	0	6	0
Master Viner	0	1	0
Miss Powell	1	8	6
Mr. Pearce	0	10	6
Mrs. Pearce	0	10	6
Miss Laura Munday	0	7	0
Miss Field	0	3	0
... and A. Gallant	0	12	0
Mr. Lang	4	0	0
Mr J. Lancashire	0	15	0
Miss Lancashire	0	15	0
Mr. Summerfield	0	7	6
Mr. Oxley	2	0	0
Mr. J. White	0	11	6
Miss K. Sangster	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Sangster	0	7	6
Mr. Nisbett	1	1	0
Miss Desroix	0	5	9
Mrs. S. Johnson	2	2	6
Mrs. Gosling	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	3	0
Mrs. Jennings	0	12	0
Mrs. Harper	0	10	6
Mr. Thorne	3	7	0
Mr. Mansell	12	0	0
Mrs. Worth	2	6	0
Mrs. Thorne	0	17	6
Mr. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. Hellier	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Miss Hunt	0	8	7
Master W. Charlesworth	0	4	9
Mr. Higgs	41	0	0
Mr. A. Goodwin	10	0	0
E. B.	41	0	0
Mr. Austin	4	0	0
Mrs. Parker	0	7	1
A Friend	0	10	0
Eizzil	0	10	0
E. A. T.	0	10	0
Z. Z.	0	10	0
A few Sermon Readers, Edinburgh, per S. Vast	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Smith	3	0	0
Mrs. Jas. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	2	2	0
Ditto Box	1	14	0
Mrs. Bull	1	5	7
Mrs. Dunscombe	0	2	6
Per Mrs. Dunscombe	0	12	0
Misses C. M. Heath	3	0	0
G. A. Foster	1	1	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. T. Smith	5	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Miss Smith	10	0	0
Mr. Woodnutt	5	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. E. Chalk	0	17	0
Miss J. Hogg	2	9	7
Mr. Watkins	1	1	0
Mrs. Clayton	0	5	0
Mr. Rowe	0	3	3
Mr. W. Drake	0	14	4
Master Harry Drake	0	16	2
Mrs. Thornwell	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Abbott	1	0	0
Mrs. Healy	0	10	0
Mr. Rooksby	1	0	0
Per Mr. Barnard:—			
Mr J. G. Randall	1	1	0
Mr. Pawle	0	10	0
Mrs. Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. Holmes	0	5	0
	2	6	0
Mr. Pullen	0	15	0
Mr. Sedcole	0	5	0
Mr. W. Bennett	0	2	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	1	0
Mr. Rowe	0	11	0
Miss Ney	0	10	0
Mr. Newman	0	10	0
Mr. Gladwin	0	10	6
Mr. Kemp	0	5	6
A Friend	1	1	0
Small Sums	0	8	0
Miss Bonsor	3	3	0
Mrs. Tunstal	1	0	0
Mrs. Simmonds	0	10	8
Miss Burdon	1	0	0
Miss Abbott	0	9	6
Mrs. Abbott	0	8	0
Master Pendrey	0	1	0
Mrs. Smith	0	4	0
Miss Keys	2	10	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Master Marsh	0	15	0
Miss Chew	1	2	6
Mrs. Underwood	0	10	6
Miss Buck	0	10	0
Miss Deacon	0	7	6
Miss Jephs	1	1	0
Mrs. Cropley	0	10	6
Miss Hughes	0	8	1
Miss Gobey	0	9	6
Mrs. Taunton	0	15	0
Mrs. Sanderson	0	10	6
Mr. Henry Hobson	5	0	0
Miss A. Phillips	2	15	0
Miss H. Phillips	2	16	0
Mr. C. Miller	0	10	0
Miss Cockshaw	0	12	0
Mr. Charles Russell	1	0	0
Mrs. Boggis	0	15	0
Mrs. Hinton	2	17	0
Master J. Lawson	0	5	6
Miss S. J. Wardell	1	2	3
Mrs. Woollard	0	17	6
Mrs. H. White	0	16	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	0	15	0
Miss M. Lefevre	0	13	6
Miss Powell	0	10	0
Mrs. Allum	0	7	0
Mrs. Pawcey	0	4	0
Miss Maynard	0	12	1
Miss J. Hale	1	0	0
Master W. Paskins	0	4	2
Miss H. David	1	2	6
Mr. E. David	0	10	0
Mr. R. Wilcox	0	6	0
Mr. G. E. Thomas	0	14	0
Miss J. A. Langton	0	8	6
Mr. J. Gerrish	0	12	3
Miss Narraway	0	10	0
Miss Narraway	0	5	0
Mrs. Russell	1	1	0
Miss Nisbet	1	10	0
Mr. Romang	3	10	0
Miss Weeks	0	6	6
Mr. Priestly	0	14	6
Miss Spry	0	12	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Miss Goslin	0	10	0
Mrs. Hill	0	15	0
Mr. R. Bullard	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Payne	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Green	1	0	0
Miss Pearce	3	12	0
Mrs. Ritchie	0	4	0
Miss E. Jones	0	11	0
Mrs. Hubbard	2	2	6
Miss Hobbs	1	0	0
M. Kentfield	0	10	4
Small Box	0	10	8
Miss Turner	0	7	9
Miss G. Cullen	0	3	6
Misses M. and A. Lutley	1	0	4
Miss Walker	1	5	1
Master Turner	0	17	6
Master E. Horton	0	10	0
Miss J. Stevens	0	4	9
Master W. Laker	0	4	0
Master Morse	0	0	6
Master Hanson	0	6	9
Master A. Mitchell	0	3	1
Master J. Dupont	0	8	8
Mrs. Davis	0	4	0
Miss E. Spratt	0	7	3
Miss Underwood	0	2	0
Mr. J. W. Chisholm	0	12	0
Master M. E. Chisholm	0	11	1
Master E. Phillips	0	11	8
Master W. Phillips	0	10	10
Miss Baker	0	3	11
Mrs. Welch	0	11	11
Mrs. Day	0	5	11
Mrs. Kerridge	0	2	8

	£	s.	d.
Miss Court	0	4	1
Messrs. Archer and Malthouse	1	8	0
Master W. Ward	0	4	0
Miss Carter	0	8	6
Master E. Cox	0	0	11
Miss Fidge	0	4	8
Miss J. Maynard	0	10	9
Mrs. Buswell	0	16	4
Mrs. Crane	0	7	0
Mrs. Doddington	1	5	9
Miss Sarah Neal	0	4	6
Mrs. Gardiner	0	4	5
Miss Fairey	0	9	3
A	0	5	9
B	0	18	4
Miss Choat	1	14	11
Master Horace George Brightwell ...	0	1	5
Miss Eliza Ridley	0	14	8
Miss Peddall	0	14	3
Mr. Barker	0	8	7
Miss Descroix	0	4	8
Mrs. R. Padbury	0	17	0
Mrs. Sarah Butler	0	1	2
Miss Hughes	0	7	8
Mrs. Mayne...	0	3	11
Miss Hughes	0	7	6
Miss Blake	0	8	0
Miss Hudson	0	7	4

	£	s.	d.
Miss Shaw	0	16	0
Miss J. L. Potier	1	0	2
Miss E. Butler	0	1	6
Miss Evans	0	0	9
Mr. W. J. Evans	1	0	3
Master M. Storer	0	3	6
Master Ambush	5	9	3
Miss S. A. Patty	0	4	8
Miss Moon	0	12	5
Miss Fairman	0	10	0
Miss Sidery	0	10	1
Miss Croker	0	6	7
Maria Gooding	0	17	2
Mrs. Farrar	0	11	6
Mr. Goldstone	0	18	0
Mrs. Prebble	0	13	0
Mr. R. W. Years	0	6	5
Miss E. Young	0	5	6
Miss Kiernan	0	0	0
Master H. Warne	0	2	8
Lily M. Banff	0	6	4
Miss Law	0	17	9
Miss Passmore	0	4	6
Master W. Chate	0	0	5
Miss Hubbard	0	6	4
	£78	2	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS.—Half Box Valencias, Mr. Austin; a Sack of Flour, Friend at Reading; a Bag of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 Sacks Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders.

CLOTHING, &c.:—A Piece of Calico, F. C. S.; a Parcel of Cloth, Mr. Whittaker; 6 Cotton Shirts, Miss Ainger; 12 Cotton Shirts, Mrs. Payne; 6 Pairs Boys' Boots, Mr. Smith.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Mr. Austin, 5s.; Collected by Miss Simms, 12s.; Mrs. Heffer, £2 2s.; G. M. Shuttleworth, £1; Fifteen Coins, Pillar Box at Orphanage Gates, 1s. 11d.; Collected by Mrs. Basely, The Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, 16s. 1d.; J. G. Arnold, £3 9s. 2d.—Total, £8 13s. 8d.

GOODS FOR BAZAAR FROM THE FOLLOWING FRIENDS:—Miss C. Wilson, Miss H. Wilson, Miss Morris, The Misses Blackwell, Mr. G. A. Calder, Mr. E. J. Bowley, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Miss Stockwell, Mr. Fryer, Mr. Vinson, Mr. Woodmason, Mr. H. P. Brown, Mr. Gooding, Mr. Bromley, Mrs. Masterman, Mrs. Perry, Two Little Girls, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, Messrs. Peck and Frean, 2 Parcels, per "Globe Express," no name.

ERRATA IN JUNE NUMBER:—For "Messrs. Dransfield" *read* "The Misses Dransfield;" for "Box of boot Books, no name," *read* "J. Farmer;" for "50 Coverlets, Mr. J. Bailow," *read* "Mr. J. Barlow."

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Presteign District, per Mr. S. Watkins...	7	5	0
Arnold District, by Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
Cloughfold District, per Rev. J. Parry	10	0	0
Wootton Baptist District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	7	10	0
New Southgate, by Mr. B. Vickery	20	0	0
E. B., Special	30	0	0
Worcestershire Evangelistic and Colportage Association, per J. S. Hanson	30	0	0
Sheppey District, per W. I. Robinson	5	0	0
Ryde District, by Miss Hadfield ...	10	0	0
Mr. Cockerell	1	0	0
Mr. Nisbet	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. A. Boot	1	1	0
"Alise"	0	5	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss Smith	2	0	0
Mr. Priestley	2	0	0
Mr. Goddard	2	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	10	0
J. Harrison, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
Mr. Pope	0	2	6
T. H. Olney, Esq.	1	1	0
H. Olney, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	5	0
Mr. G. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. C. M. New	0	5	0
Mr. W. Lockwood	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	12	6
	£111	18	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

1874-5.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

FOR

Fatherless Boys,

CLAPHAM ROAD.

Trustees.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President.* J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

Mrs. C. HILLYARD.
WILLIAM HIGGS.
WILLIAM OLNEY.
W. C. MURRELL.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.
T. R. PHILLIPS.
WILLIAM MILLS.
THOMAS OLNEY.
THOMAS GREENWOOD.

Hon. Consulting Physician.
HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.
J. COOPER FORSTER Esq., F.R.C.S.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon.
J. C. WORDSWORTH, Esq., F.R.C.S.E.

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.
1875.

REPORT 1874-5.

I. STATISTICAL.

THE growth of the Institution will be seen in the following Table :—

Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
From Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	148
From April, 1870, to March, 1871	42	196	7	13	183
From April, 1871, to March, 1872	38	234	9	22	212
From April, 1872, to March, 1873	21	255	15	37	218
From April, 1873, to March, 1874	36	291	38	75	216
From April, 1874, to March, 1875	63	354	42	117	237

Of the 42 boys who left during the year 28 were provided with excellent situations; 2 were dismissed on their mother's remarriage; 4 on account of ill health; 1 on attaining the age of 14; 1 by vote of the Committee; 4 were returned to friends able to keep them, and 2 were removed by death.

With very few exceptions all the boys sent to situations have done remarkably well. One City firm has taken 5 boys, and a West End firm four. This fact is a gratifying testimony to the efficiency and good conduct of the boys.

Several of those who left last year have professed their faith in Christ, and others are on the way. One of the first boys who was converted is now devoting his evenings and his Sundays to Missionary Work in the South of London, and is developing a talent for preaching of no mean order. He has applied for admission to the College, and will be received in the January session. We are encouraged to hope that others also will yet be called to be earnest and useful labourers in the Lord's harvest. As a sample of the testimony to the boys who have left we may quote the following just received from a minister, who applies for a transfer of membership :—

"Our young friend E. E. has won golden opinions, and is a credit and an honour to the Stockwell Orphanage. T. P., another of your pupils, I hope will shortly unite with us. He also is a promising young man."

II. SANITARY.

The general health of the boys has steadily improved, but the autumn brought a mild epidemic, and several were ill with low fever. Two dear boys, in whose constitution the seeds of consumption were present at the time of their admission, yielded to the ravages of this most fearful disease. We are glad to record that in each case we had abundant evidence to justify the belief that "to them to die was gain."

Our Medical Staff is as complete as it is possible to make it and to one and all we tender our most grateful thanks.

III. DOMESTIC.

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals, by the Head Master and his assistants. The Word of God is read and expounded, hymns sung, and prayer offered, and the whole of the boys repeat the text for the day, taken from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack. A religious service is conducted for the elder boys once a week, when addresses are given by ministerial and other friends.

On the Lord's-day morning the elder boys attend service at the Tabernacle and Stockwell Chapel; and a suitable service is conducted for the rest at the Orphanage, by Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. Mr. W. J. Evans still superintends the Sunday School in the afternoon, assisted by a staff of earnest teachers, and Mr. Macgregor presides over the Evening Service. All these good friends affectionately labour to win the children to Christ.

During the past year two Series of Special Services were held with the boys by the members of the Children's Special Service Mission, assisted by our own Sunday School Teachers. All felt an influence for good, and several, we have reason to hope, became truly converted. We bespeak an interest in the prayers of all those whose sympathies are with us in this great work, that the blessing of God may crown our labours, and cause the children of our charge to become true disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We held our Annual Meeting in June. The day was fine, but the evening set in very cold which interfered somewhat with our gathering in the open air. The friends brought in nearly £200.

In response to the appeal of the President a number of friends kindly entertained, during the holidays, those boys who had no relations to receive them. We hope that others will copy an example so praiseworthy, and second our efforts by bringing a gracious influence to bear upon the boys while under their roof.

In August we arranged a trip for the boys and their friends to the Sea-side. They dined on the Ramsgate sands, on pork pies, kindly supplied by the successor of our departed friend Mr. Tebbutt, of Melton Mowbray. In the evening they went to Margate and were regaled with a plentiful supply of tea, cake, and bread and butter, kindly provided by Mr. Drew and his friends.

Christmas Day was a grand occasion. Friends from all parts of the country sent contributions in money and kind, so that there was nothing lacking to make the festival complete. Our good friend, Mr. Harrison, came forward with his annual present of a box of French Plums for every boy, and Mr. Duncan sent a new Shilling for each. The old boys rallied in good force, and the day was one of unmingled pleasure. The president was presented with a magnificent Album containing the boys' portraits.

IV. EDUCATION.

The School Departments have been efficiently maintained, and the boys' progress in the subjects of an ordinary English education is very gratifying. French Classes have been conducted gratuitously by the Rev. W. P. Tiddy, Miss Galland and the Misses Avis. Mr. Acres continued his Shorthand Class until nearly the whole of the elder boys had left for situations. The Harmonium Class has been efficiently maintained by Mr. Smith, and Mrs. Smith has kindly undertaken to teach one boy the piano.

We presented 154 boys for Examination in Drawing, in connection with the Science and Art Department, as follows:—Freehand, 90; Geometry, 42; Model, 22. Sixty-three gave the Examiners evidence of having been taught drawing; 56 showed proficiency; 30 attained excellence, and only 5 failed. The amount gained in money was £14 5s. in addition to Certificates and Prizes.

No less than 153 have now taken Music Certificates under the Tonic Sol-fa system; 100 of whom assisted in the Juvenile Choral Festival at the Crystal Palace last June. They have also given a Service of Song at New Cross and Clapton, the proceeds of which have helped to augment our funds, and have rendered assistance at the Tabernacle and elsewhere by singing at special meetings. During the next Winter we hope our friends in London will assist us by lending their Chapels or School Rooms for this purpose.

Scientific and other Lectures have been given by various friends, and the whole of the boys were taken to the Polytechnic, through the kind liberality of Mr. James Benham.

V. FINANCIAL.

Our funds have fluctuated during the year, but our exchequer has never been exhausted. To our many contributors we are ever grateful. We undertook the work for the glory of God, and he has never failed to honour our faith. With ever-increasing responsibilities we find it easy to trust him, and confidently believe that he will never leave us nor forsake us. While our confidence is in the living God, we recognise the fact that he works by means, and sends his gifts by human messengers. At times we have felt anxious, because the gifts have been detained too long in transit. When our friends are moved to send some-

thing to the Orphanage, we hope they will discover the label marked "IMMEDIATE." There is a good old proverb which says—"He gives twice who gives quickly." To a few friends who collect for us continually we are deeply indebted. Could not more aid us in that way?

We tender our sincere thanks to those who have sent contributions in kind. Their generous aid is of the utmost advantage to us in reducing our expenditure. Our esteemed friends, the Misses Dransfield and their pupils, still labour with earnest zeal in making shirts for the boys, and to them we are under obligations which we can never express. We have also received similar aid from the young ladies at Brockley Road Chapel, New Cross, Wynne Road, Brixton, and many others, for which we are most grateful. We commend their example, and trust it may be followed in many instances.

VI. TESTIMONY.

In our last report we were able to furnish our readers with the testimony of visitors, which was of the most gratifying kind. We transcribe the following received since:—

1.—MR. W. BIRCH, OF MANCHESTER.

"I am much pleased with all I have seen at the Orphanage. It struck me that the lads could not be much happier in heaven than here. They are buoyant and hearty, and the dogged and frightened look, which is seen in the children of many large institutions, is absent here. Much pleased with the style of the education * * * May the Lord bless all who bless this Institution either by service or contribution. I cannot suggest an improvement."

2.—Dr. FISH, Newark, New Jersey:—

"This Institution seems to me to be one of the wisest, most economical, and effective in its design and administration of all the institutions of charity which I have examined in my travels."

3.—In the January number of *Good Words* the writer says:—

"In our short visit we had various evidences of the thoroughness of the training and the influence of the family life. The schools are remarkably efficient, the boys being well drilled in the more ordinary elements of a good useful education; but there are ample opportunities for a boy with a studious turn."

4.—The REV. T. VINCENT TYMMS:—

"Greatly pleased with all arrangements, particularly with the evidences of healthy liberty."

We have also been encouraged by the expression of gratitude from the friends and relatives of many of the boys; and from the boys who have left we have received letters of thanks for the benefits they received while in the Institution. As a pebble cast into the lake creates a series of concentric circles which, sparkling in the light of the noon-day sun, reach the farthest margin, so we trust that the circular wave of blessing commenced at the Orphanage will extend over the whole face of society and benefit and bless mankind.

Instructions to Applicants & 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. The Trustees therefore issue forms of application very sparingly, as they consider it unwise 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 are bound not to attend to them otherwise than officially. Cases will be considered on their own merits, and they will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. **Mr. Spurgeon cannot personally see any applicants, and should not be written to.** All letters on this business should be addressed to the Secretary.

Mothers who marry again are bound in honour to inform the Trustees, as the School is for *fatherless* boys only. Should a mother's circumstances become greatly improved, she ought to take the boy home without delay as the charity is for the destitute, and not for those who can keep their own children.

Whenever children have relatives who can render help, they are always requested to do so; and it is hoped that every widow whose boy is received 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 his head and linen are perfectly clean; *otherwise he 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; 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 dismissal 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 CHARLESWORTH,

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE; or,

Mr. CHARLES BLACKSHAW,

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

NEWINGTON BUTTS.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st MARCH, 1875.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations :—			
General	4,234	16	11
Collecting Boxes and Books	575	11	5
	4,810	8	4
„ Annual Subscriptions	135	7	4
„ Balance of Interest and Rents	1,259	2	6
Total Income	6,204	18	2
„ Legacies	253	7	8
Total Receipts	6,458	5	10
	£6,458	5	10

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Maintenance and Education :—			
Salaries and Wages	796	18	10
Provisions	2,401	8	3
Clothing	996	2	11
Laundry, Washing, Soap, &c.	277	2	11
Fuel	174	11	8
Gas and Water	259	14	1
Books and School Requisites	25	8	11
Gardening and Sundries	109	9	9
Medical Expenses	65	15	6
	5,106	12	10
„ General Expenses :—			
Office Expenses, Stamps, &c.	177	4	5
„ Repairs, Alterations, and Insurance	445	11	10
„ Poor and General Rates	75	2	0
Total Expenditure	5,804	11	7
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund	10	8	0
„ Balance due on 31st March, 1874	13	4	0
„ Balance to Credit 31st March, 1875	630	1	6
	£6,458	5	10

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, and compared the same with the Books and Vouchers, and find it correct.

WILLIAM PAYNE,
WILLIAM IZARD, } *Auditors.*

WILLIAM HIGGS,
W. C. MURRELL,
THOMAS H. OLNEY, } *Trustees.*

10th June, 1875.

CHARLES BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1875.

Dying Ministers.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have been passing through a long period of serious ministerial thinning. From the Baptist body our Lord has taken away, not the veterans, whom in the course of nature we might look to lose, but men in the prime of life from whom many years of service might have been expected. One by one they have departed quite unexpectedly, and left sad gaps in our ranks. Attempts have been made to account for this, and theories have been started. According to some there must have been great sin in the denomination, and therefore we are visited with these judgments. We agree in this opinion only so far as to wish that there may be great searching of heart among us all; but we are quite unable to accept it as an interpretation of the matter. We have seen times of far greater lethargy, and far less Christian love than the present, but there was no remarkable mortality among our leading ministers; indeed, we have even known seasons in which fierce discussions among brethren must have grieved the Holy Spirit, and yet neither the more litigious spirits nor any others of the offenders were cut off. That God does occasionally, for their sins, visit churches in the sickness and death of their members is certain; but there seems to us to be nothing in the present case to warrant the idea that he is doing so. In general the removals of his servants may be viewed as loving chastisements to the survivors, but to trace them to some supposed fault would be a dangerous practice, for it would, like the arguments of Job's comforters, cause very much needless grief at a time when the heart needs consolation, and it would

logically involve the flattering conclusion that, when ministers are spared, God must be well pleased with their people, and the churches must be in a good condition. The fact is the Lord takes his servants home according to his own pleasure, and has other objects in view, and other reasons for his acts besides the censure of his saints. It may be that he calls home his beloved ones when he knows that the church will suffer least by their withdrawal: he may see in his people certain elements of strength which will enable them to bear the bereavement better at this time than at any other; and, viewed as a sign of the times, the deaths of valued pastors may be rather a token for good than for evil. We have always proofs enough that our churches are not perfect, and had need amend; loud calls for humiliation and awakening come from our own consciences, and from the world perishing around us, and there is therefore no need to invoke the aid of that superstitious feeling which must needs see a judgment lurking in every painful providence. The Lord prunes his vine branches, not because he is displeased with their barrenness, but because, being charmed with their fruitfulness, he would see it increased. The church is to be congratulated that her Lord has found in her garden so many flowers fitted by his grace to be gathered to himself. Not in anger but in love has the Well-beloved gleaned her roses and her lilies.

We have observed that certain other brethren are of opinion that the rather numerous deaths of the last few months may be traced to severe mental labour, involving sickness, depression, and premature exhaustion. So much is required of ministers now-a-days that the brain grows weary, and the soul is drained of vital force. In some of the cases over which we mourn this may have been the fact, but it certainly was not so in all. Brethren have gone from us who rejoiced in their service as the war-horse rejoices in the day of battle; they took their labour happily, and their cares sat lightly upon them; wearied no doubt they often were, but they showed no sign of flagging, and bemoaned no physical or mental strain. They fell we know not why, their bones were full of marrow, and their bows abode in strength. The Lord alone knoweth why and wherefore he released these his faithful ones so early from their warfare in the high places of the field. Yet if but one true-hearted minister has been made the victim of unnecessary toil, and has fallen beneath burdens which he ought not to have carried, it behoves the churches to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity. Why cause us to serve tables so much as many of us are compelled to do? Why expect us to attend every religious service, and compel us to do so, or else to mourn that the interest flags and the meeting falls off? Why bring every petty matter to us for judgment when there are other spiritual men to be found quite able to decide the question in dispute? Why hound us to the death to attend readings, committees, soirées, conferences, conventions, tea fights, ordinations, recognitions, bazaars, anniversaries, stone-layings, chapel-openings, school-treats, etc., etc.? There must be an end to this slavery, and it ought to come, not through the refusal of the oppressed worker, but from the generous consideration of his friends.

It has also been hinted that an insufficient maintenance, and consequent anxiety, has a tendency to shorten life. This also is true. That

many brethren have pined away in poverty we are unable to doubt, and that there may yet be many more we have grave reason to fear. Surely this involves criminality somewhere. If one worthy brother has succumbed beneath the pressure of pecuniary want, or died of a broken heart through the unkindness of professed friends, it is a matter to be heard before the judge of all, and woe unto those by whom the account must be rendered; for the Lord looks narrowly to the blood of his messengers, and will visit it upon the covetousness which starved or the contentiousness which smote them. We would fain hope that in no one case of recent death could such a charge be truthfully laid; nay, more, we are fully persuaded that no such accusation would even be suggested; but at all times it has not been so, we know instances in which pastors have been as much murdered as if they had been stabbed to the heart, or slowly poisoned. The Lord will certainly require this at the hand of the guilty in the day of reckoning which cometh on apace.

The practical point of the matter, which it is always well to seek out, lies in the suggestion that we do all we can to disencumber the work of our ministers of all that does not properly belong to it by ourselves fulfilling our own part of the Lord's service according to our ability. We must no longer leave the mouth to do the work of the hand, but each member of the body must fulfil its office. The inevitable labour of the pastorate is great enough for the most laborious, wise, talented, and healthy of men: let us not lay upon them grievous additional burdens, let us not expect them to do impossibilities, let us not selfishly demand more of their attention than is our proper share, let us not harass them with idle gossip, or tax their time with objectless interviews. They have enough anxiety in dealing with impenitent sinners, doubting enquirers, desponding saints, and miserable backsliders; it is wanton cruelty to cavil with them about mere words or unimportant doctrines, and it is real brutality to carry to them the hard speeches of the godless, or the petty quarrels and jealousies of professed believers. Let us help, and not hinder them. Let their peace be precious to us: worry shortens life, and therefore since we would have them live long and win souls for many years to come, let us minister to their comfort. It will do us good to be their active assistants, and it will relieve them of a great load if they see the various departments of church work efficiently worked by our earnest efforts.

Another point well worthy of attention is—let us pray for more ministers of the word, and do our best to aid all likely young men in the noble desire to fit themselves for the holy service. We cannot recall the departed, let us look out for their successors: and if we have not dealt so well as we should have done with those who have gone before, let us pay the arrears to those who are coming on. Young brethren are beginning in a humble way to open their mouths for the Lord Jesus, let us not snub them and quench their feeble light, but do our best to encourage their efforts, hoping that the Lord's anointed may be before us. It would not be possible to calculate what possibilities of benediction are contained in one true-hearted minister; God seldom gives to earth a greater blessing. The churches must revise their feelings upon this matter. There must be no more sneers at *the one man ministry*, since it is by the leadership of the *one man* that the blessing evidently

comes. There must be more prayer for our colleges, and a greater interest taken in them. This interest should be shown by individuals devoting their substance to support young men whom God has called, so that their charges while under tuition may not be burdensome to any. If the fathers are taken from us we must expect to receive the promise which gives to us their sons. When God reaps we must sow again. The drilling of recruits must be vigorously pushed forward when the efficient soldiers are being removed from the war. The mass of Christians do not attend to this; they under-value the ascension gifts of Jesus, and do not even think them worth asking for. This must be changed, or the Lord may cause a famine of the word to come over our land, until a man shall be more precious than a wedge of gold. It has almost come to this already, and it is high time it became a matter of prayer and effort. The Holy Spirit has been grieved on this point, and we must humble ourselves before him, or he may restrain his working among men until we have no more a prophet or a wise man in Israel.

As for the writer, he hears from the graves of brethren now with God a cheery call to look for coming rest, and therefore to labour on while life or breath remains. O that health permitted us our former labours! Wherefore is a willing heart joined to an ailing frame? We champ the bit;—but we know that the Lord is wise. If asked what are our main thoughts when such names as Vince, Marsell, and Best pass over our memory, we would reply, *we enquire where are the men to fill their places?* In the midst of the battle we must not give way to lamentations over those who fall, but must cry to the commander-in-chief to close up the ranks. We die, but God's church does not; our anxieties are not needed by the dead, we must fix them upon the living. God is never short of men though we are. The ranks must and will be closed up: God will have it so. Is there anywhere a David concealed among the sheepfolds? We will seek him out. Is there a Timothy hidden in a quiet, godly family? We will encourage him to testify for Jesus. Is there an Apollos, mighty in the Scriptures, who yet needs to be taught the way of God more perfectly? We will lay ourselves out for him and such as he is. Reader, what will you do?

Crazy Ministers.

MR. TALMAGE is not only a great preacher, but a mighty editor. His "Christian at Work" is all alive, and when we begin to read it we are compelled to go on. After writing the previous short article our eye fell upon the following, which will make an excellent pendant to it. We know that what Mr. Talmage says is too true. To us personally our friends at home are very considerate; but we know that many other pastors could not say as much, for their people have not half as much consideration for them as they have for their saddle-horses. It is not that they are unkind, but they are thoughtless; and, after all, whether a dog bites you in anger or through carelessly mistaking your leg for a shin of beef it comes to very much the same thing.

Here are Mr. Talmage's lively remarks—

"A some one sends us a newspaper with a list of four ministers who recently have become insane, the newspaper having a marginal note desiring us to explain. We have no capacity to demonstrate the certain cause for such clerical dementation, but we may imagine several reasons for such disaster. Perhaps they may have lost their balance through a large number of begging letters. They may by every mail have been solicited for money that they did not possess. They may have been violently charged with niggardliness for postponing immediate response. For instance, we have on our table a pile of letters from the grasshopper regions, asking for relief; from Western Sunday-schools, who want a new library; from a young man, who needs a new suit of clothes; from a woman in Pennsylvania, who says her husband is unable to support her; from England, Ireland, and Scotland, asking for help in the building of chapels,—a heavy rain of applications that is enough to set any man's brain afloat; and we may imagine that some of the persons spoken of in that newspaper were mentally swamped in that way.

"Another possible cause for the seeming epidemic of insanity among the clergy may be the demands of lecturing committees who want you to go and speak in behalf of their Church or Young Men's Christian Association, and who persist in having you go after your telling them it is impossible. They break through all your established hours of privacy. They wake you up after you have gone to bed, or stop you in the street with their long yarn of necessities. If that will not make a minister crazy, nothing will.

"We present another possible cause for the series of intellectual collapses, spoken of in the newspaper article aforesaid, in the exorbitant and unreasonable demand for impossible pastoral services. They may have been confused by the attempt to attend three funerals in the same hour three miles distant from each other. Being able to go to but one of the three, of course the other two families will feel that they have been outrageously neglected. They will write sharp letters, talk profusely throughout the congregation, and possibly leave the Church in high dudgeon. The attempt of a minister to be in three places at once will naturally divide and shatter his intellect.

"We do not know that the above causes worked in the unfortunate cases referred to, but we only assign them as sufficient causes of aberration. We are not surprised, like our correspondent, that there are so many lunatic ministers, but rather amazed that there are so few. It is a matter of congratulation that, under the pressure, there are so many clear-headed clergymen."

Perhaps the minds of these ministers gave way through the perpetual motion of their door bell. No sooner did they settle down to study than a newspaper correspondent requested an interview, a lady with a mission demanded an audience, a travelling pedlar disguised as a minister desired a few minutes' conversation in order to sell a box of pens, a tourist wanted a chat and an autograph, a secretary requested half an hour in which to puff his society, a mad engineer begged to display a wonderful invention, and so on, *ad infinitum*. This pest and the cheap postage threaten to craze some of us.—C. H. S.

John Berridge,*

AS ONE OF "THE POETS OF METHODISM."

ONE day, in the course of December 1776, two old friends met in the vicarage of a parish in Bedfordshire, not having seen each other for sixteen years. One was a tall man, lusty, but well-formed and of good bearing, agreeable, and somewhat majestic, with a face in which gravity, thoughtfulness, kindness, jollity, and fun were curiously blended into consistent unison; while in his address there was a mingling of solemnity, ease, and tenderness. The other had something more of the ethereal about him. His person was striking. He was evidently one whose looks were often

> Commercing with the skies,
> His rapt soul sitting in his eyes.

Deep thought, language, philosophy, divinity, and holy imagination seemed to speak in his features; while his face appeared to give forth the reflection of a spiritual world. There was sweetness even in his manifest languor; and, indeed, to see him and to hear his voice was to receive an impression which disposed the soul to divine pursuits. The last time these two friends met, they were alike in their theological views; now they came together knowing that they had become dissimilar. But doctrinal notions were as nothing before the warmth of their mutual love. Each saluted the other as brother; and they embraced with tears of brotherly affection. "We left them together," says an eye witness, "for two hours, and when we returned we found them still consulting how they might be useful to the Church of Christ. They were now to part. The worn and languid one showed tokens of decay, and as he did not expect to see the other again it was the more solemn. They invited us who were present, and also called in the servants, to join them in a parting address to the throne of grace. The invalid prayed fervently and affectionately, and having concluded, all were about to rise from their knees, when the other began to pray in language equally warm and loving with that of his dear brother. Their parting was such as might be expected after such a meeting. Their conduct reminds me of the saying of the persecutors of the primitive Christians—'See how these Christians love one another!'"

This parting scene was in the vicarage of Everton, and the two friends were the vicar himself, John Berridge, and John Fletcher of Madeley. When the loving vicar saw his saintly friend depart, never, probably, to enter that house of prayer again, he might have had thoughts and feelings like those which he threw into devout verse on the final departure of Whitefield, another of his evangelical co-workers. His hymn was founded on the Psalmist's prayer, "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

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* Extracted from that thoroughly interesting work, "The Poets of Methodism." London: Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster Row. 1875.

Send help, O Lord, we pray,
And thy own gospel bless;
For godly men decay,
And faithful pastors cease;
The righteous are removed from home,
And scorners rise up in their room.

While Satan's troops are bold,
And thrive in number too,
The flocks in Jesu's fold
Are growing lank and few.
Old sheep are moving off each year,
And few lambs in the fold appear.

Old shepherds, too, retire,
Who gather'd flocks below,
And young ones catch no fire,
Or worldly prudent grow;
Few run with trumpets in their hand,
To sound alarms by sea and land.

O Lord, stir up thy power,
To make the gospel spread;
And thrust out preachers more,
With voice to raise the dead,
With feet to run where thou dost call,
With faith to fight and conquer all.

The flocks that long have dwelt
Around fair Sion's hill,
And thy sweet grace have felt,
Uphold and feed them still;
But fresh folds build up everywhere,
And plenteously thy truth declare.

As one Elijah dies,
True prophet of the Lord,
Let some Elisha rise
To blaze the gospel word;
And fast as sheep to Jesus go
May lambs recruit his folds below.

The Wesleys and their Oxford companions had gone out from college, and were in their various positions, working out their Christian plans, when Berridge, at the age of nineteen, began his course of preparation for his great life-task at Clare Hall, Cambridge. Born at Kingston in Nottinghamshire, the son of a farmer, he was destined by his father to succeed him on the soil. But John had no capacity for calculating the worth of bullocks, and the disappointed parent declared he should go to college "to be a light to the Gentiles." The example of a pious boy-neighbour, and the religious influence of a tailor, sometimes employed in the house, led him to take a religious turn. With a mind well trained and largely furnished, he served as a curate for some years, and in 1755 was admitted to the vicarage of Everton. After a year or two of unsatisfactory labour, he was led to a clear discovery of the way of salvation by faith; and his ministry at once became living and fruitful. The first fruits were characteristic. One of his flock came to inquire for him. "Well, Sarah?" said he. "Well!" was the reply; "well, not so well, I fear!" "Why, what's the matter, Sarah?"

"Matter? why, I don't know what's the matter. These *new sermons!* I find we are all to be lost now; I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep; I don't know what's to become of me!" The number of such inquirers rapidly increased. Mr. Hicks, a neighbouring clergyman, was one of his converts.

At length Wesley and the vicar met; and an alliance was formed.

"I was informed," says John Wesley, in November, 1758, "that Mr. Berridge desired I would come to him as soon as possible. I set out for Everton. Mr. B. was just taking horse; I rode on with him, and in the evening preached at Wrestlingworth, in a large church well-filled with serious hearers. We lodged at Mr. Hicks's, the vicar, a witness of the faith which once he persecuted. . . . . But a few months ago Mr. Berridge was thoroughly convinced that 'by grace' we are 'saved, through faith.' Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; and God confirmed his own word exactly as he did at Bristol, in the beginning, by working repentance and faith in the hearers, and with the same violent outward symptoms." The wonderful effects of Berridge's preaching are described by Wesley, who was an eye-witness, On Saturday 14th July, 1749, he says: "While Mr. B. preached in the church, I stood with many in the churchyard to make room for those who came from far; therefore I *saw* little, but *heard* the agonizing of many panting and gasping after eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was constrained, by the multitude of people, to come out of the church, and preach in his own close. Some of those who were here pricked to the heart were affected in an astonishing manner. The first man I saw wounded would have dropped, but others, catching him in their arms, did, indeed, prop him up, but were so far from keeping him still that he caused all of them to totter and tremble. His own shaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It seemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck, and shaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her hands, filling them with dust, and with the hard trodden grass on which I saw her lie, with her hands clenched, as one dead, when the multitude dispersed. I omitted the rejoicing of believers, because of their number and the frequency thereof, though the manner was strange; some of them being quite overpowered with divine love, and only showing enough of natural life to let us know they were overwhelmed with joy and life eternal."

Scenes like these opened everywhere in rapid succession. Under the ministry of Berridge's neighbour, Hicks, and himself, about four thousand souls were aroused in the space of twelve months. He entered now on a course of itinerancy. He went through all the surrounding counties; preached ten or twelve sermons every week, travelling on horseback in that time about one hundred miles. In the spirit of this missionary work he wrote his hymn on "Thy kingdom come:"—

O Father, let Thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom built on love and grace;
In every province give it room,
In every heart afford it place;
The earth is Thine, set up Thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as Thine own.

Still nature's horrid darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn the check of fear,
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where Jesu's messengers appear;
We pray that Christ may rise and bless
The world with truth and righteousness.

Bid war and wild ambition cease,
And man no more a monster prove;
Fill up his breast with heavenly peace,
And warm it well with heavenly love;
To Jesus bid the people go,
And Satan's kingdom overthrow.

More labourers in the vineyard send,
And pour Thine unction on them all;
Give them a voice to shake and bend
The mountains high and cedars tall;
That flocks of sinners, young and old,
May shelter seek in Jesu's fold.

Berridge was thoroughly adapted for his work. Robust in form and constitution, firm and undaunted in spirit, fearless of men, unwavering in faith, with a mind well furnished, a heart glowing with zeal, a voice loud and strong, and perfectly under command, with never-failing power of expression, he was verily a "son of thunder." At times, when he spoke, Sinai seemed to thunder and flash; while that same voice would become tremulous and melting while he wept over those to whom he preached a Saviour. Persecution of no kind checked him; though, for nearly thirty years, the enemies of truth would know him by no other title than "The Old Devil." His humility was deep and pure. The expression of his feelings respecting himself as an itinerant was sometimes in amusing accordance with his character. In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, he says, "I am one of those strange folks who set up for journeymen without knowing their business, and offer many precious wares to sale without understanding their full value. I have got a Master, too, a most extraordinary person, whom I am supposed to be well acquainted with, because he employs me as a riding pedlar to serve nearly forty shops in the country, besides my own parish; yet I know much less of my Master than I do of his wares." He was once on his way to a visitation when a strange clergyman joined him. After some chat, the stranger said, "Do you know one Berridge in these parts? he is a very troublesome, good-for-nothing fellow, they tell me." "Yes, I know him," said Berridge, "and I assure you that one half his wickedness has not been told you." The stranger was surprised, and begged to have the wicked fellow pointed out to him when they came to the church. Other talk followed, until they arrived at the place of meeting. Berridge's companion then reminded him of his promise to show him this Berridge. "My dear sir," said he, "I am John Berridge." "Is it possible?" cried the other; "and can you forgive me? Will you honour me with your acquaintance? Will you admit me to your house?" "Yes," was the old man's reply, "and to my heart."

The true simplicity of the hymnist's character, and the genuine

lowliness of mind, are put forth in his best hymn style in his verses on "My Soul is even as a Weaned Child."

Dear Jesus, cast a look on me,
I come with simplest prayer to thee,
And ask to be a child;
Weary of what belongs to man,
I long to be as I began,
Infantly meek and mild.

No wild ambition I would have,
Nor worldly grandeur I would crave,
But sit me down content:
Content with what I do receive,
And cheerful praises learn to give,
For all things freely sent.

Well weaned from the world below,
Its pining care and gewgaw show,
Its joy and hope forlorn;
My soul would step a stranger forth,
And, smit with Jesus' grace and worth,
Repose on him alone.

I would love *him* with all my heart,
And all my secret thought impart,
My grief, and joy, and fear;
And while the pilgrim life shall last,
My soul would on the Lord be cast,
In sweet believing prayer.

His presence I would have each day,
And hear him talking by the way
Of love, and truth, and grace;
And when he speaks and gives a smile,
My soul shall listen all the while,
And every accent bless.

He first learned the lesson of his Lord's active service, and then was called to the suffering which was necessary to complete his character. He was for a time laid aside from work; and it was during this trial that he composed the hymns contained in his volume of "Sion's Songs." He had previously compiled and issued a collection of divine songs designed chiefly for the religious societies of churchmen in the neighbourhood of Everton. It contained some originals; "but," says he, "I was not wholly satisfied with it. The bells indeed had been chiefly cast in a celebrated foundry, and in ringing were tuneable enough, none more so; but a clear gospel tone was not found in them all." He alludes to the hymns of the Wesleys, from whose doctrinal notions, once his own, he had now somewhat swerved. "Sion's Songs," however were Berridge's own. "Ill health some years past having kept me from travelling or preaching, I took up the trade of hymn-making, a handicraft much followed of late, but a business I was not born or bred to, and undertaken chiefly to keep a long sickness from preying on my spirits, and to make tedious nights pass over smoothly. Some tinkling employment was wanted, which might amuse and not fatigue me." He wanted "tinkling employment," and some of his hymns are certainly curious tinkling productions; but others are more worthy of a man

who, on the testimony of those who knew him best, "possessed a strength of understanding, a quickness of perception, a depth of penetration, a brilliancy of fancy, and a fund of prompt wit, beyond most men." The peculiar balance of humour and gravity in his character is seen in the prayer with which he closes the preface to his hymn-book: "My Saviour and my God, accept this mite of love, which is cast into thy treasury. Give it a blessing, and it shall be blessed. What is water in the hymns turn into wine; by giving them a charge to enliven the hearts of thy children, and stir up the wills of aliens to seek thy salvation. Only attend them with an unction of thy Spirit, and whatever be the hymns, thy glory shall be promoted by them. Amen."

His humour, and what may be called his grave waggery, often found vent in his letters and in his intercourse with friends. He was never married, and it is very curious to find him most free to joke and be serious by turns on the question of wedlock in his epistles to the Countess of Huntingdon.

My Lady,—Before I parted with honest Glascott, I cautioned him much against petticoat snares. He had burnt his wings already; sure he will not imitate a foolish gnat, and hover again about the candle. If he should fall into a sleeping-lap, he will soon need a flannel night-cap, and a rusty chain to fix him down like a church Bible to the reading-desk. No trap so mischievous to the field preacher as wedlock, and it is laid for him at every corner. Matrimony has quite maimed poor Charles, and might have spoiled John and George, if a wise Master had not graciously sent them a brace of ferrets. Dear George has now got his liberty again, and he will escape well if he is not caught by another tenter-hook. Eight or nine years ago, having been grievously tormented with housekeepers, I truly had thought of looking out for a Jezebel for myself. But it seemed needful to ask advice of the Lord; so falling down on my knees before a table, with a Bible between my hands, I besought the Lord to give me a direction.

The first sign he tells us was not satisfactory. Another trial brought up the passage, "Thou shalt not take thee a wife," etc. These words he took, as he says, "not only as a rule of direction, but as a promise of security," *Thou shalt not take a wife*, that is, I will keep thee from taking one.

In his sitting room at Everton he had several portraits of pious men hanging on the walls in small frames; and over the mantel-piece there was a looking-glass of the same size in a similar frame. A clergyman who paid him a visit for the first time looked at the pictures one after another. "That," said Berridge, "is Calvin, and that Luther; and that," pointing to the glass over the fireplace, "is the Devil!" The visitor stepped quickly to look at it, and saw his own face. "Is it not," cried Berridge, "a striking likeness of his Satanic majesty?"

Probably he sometimes felt that he was treading on snares when indulging this waggish mood, and might seem to be giving himself a caution and a check in his hymn on "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?"

But oh, thou man of God,
This empty mirth beware;
March off, and quit this giggling road:
No food for pilgrims there.

It checks the Spirit's aid,
And leaves the heart forlorn,
And makes them look as Samson did,
When all his locks were shorn.

May Jesus be my peace,
And make up all my joy;
His love can yield me serious bliss,
And bliss that will not cloy.

But the way in which he uses his faculty of merry quaintness in giving sharp point to moral and religious truth in his "Christian World Unmasked," and in his epistolary recommendation of "Cheerful Piety," gives a pleasant impression of consistency, and finely balanced intellect and affections. The closing verses of one of his best hymns breathe the spirit in which he waited for his Lord's coming—

Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from thy precious blood.

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

One who was near him at the last, said, "The Lord has enabled you to fight a good fight." "Blessed be his name for it," was the response. "Jesus will soon call you up higher," it was said again, "Ay, ay, ay," he cried, "higher! higher! higher! Yes, and my children, too, will shout and sing, 'Here comes our father!'" This was his last voice on earth. He "fell asleep in Christ," January 22, 1793.

Zanzibar, and the East African Slave Trade.

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS OF LONDON.

A SLAVE! Our feelings are aroused at the very name; and justly too, for if any nation is jealous of the freedom of mankind it is England. It is interwoven with our laws; it sits on the brow of an Englishman, like a national characteristic; it is the outgrowth of that precious faith which has made this land so great, and enables her still to dictate to the enemies of oppression. Yet there is a small discount to be taken from this statement, for we have heard the cry "la liberté" shouted back from our shores in concert with the hypocritical travesty of it which rose from the smoking ruins of Paris; and the expiring apology of the oppressors still informs us "that the slave is well off," "better cared for than the London poor," and so on. But *quid valet?* Since the gauntlet was thrown down in the days of Wilberforce the war cry against the great wrong has been rising like a spring tide, and will continue to do so till the foul crime is wiped from the face of the earth. We are glad to know that Protestant Christianity assails

the wide-spread evil with a bold and threatening front, while Romanism shakes hands with the followers of the false prophet of Arabia as they barter away the lives and liberties of the groaning sons of Ham. Across the Atlantic the price of the inhuman traffic has been paid in the blood of the Saxon race, marshalled against itself in the late civil war, and the whole of the western coast of Africa has been snatched from the grasp of the Papal and Pagan slave-dealer. Sierra Leone is a lasting and worthy monument of the friends of freedom; though it is truly called "the white man's grave," it is nevertheless the bondsman's "free town," where a colony speaking one hundred and twenty different African languages has been rescued from the slaver's grasp and gathered under the British flag, to learn of that faith to the influence of which, at the sacrifice of so much life and wealth, they owe their freedom.

As pent up waters will find an outlet at the weakest point, so the traffic in human life, opposed on the western coast, has long sought to establish itself under the influence of the Sultan of Zanzibar along the east, and the success that has attended this evil enterprise, this paper will partly show. As, however, the enemy has been attacked at this point also, and with some show of victory, we see evidences that the slave-hunter has made another detour to find a new outlet for his merchandise. It will be ours to again pursue these retreating thieves, who steal, not gold, but men's lives and liberties. Already we have caught the wail of the slave, as he is driven to death or servitude, along another route, but the friend of freedom is approaching even there. The mission about to commence labour at Kisuladini, and the sons of the covenanters about to plant their feet and to build their homes on the shores of the newly-discovered Nyanza, will throw no small difficulty in the way of the Arab-hunter as he seeks his prey. Or, should he even have danced amid the reeking ruins of an offenceless town, and have its helpless inhabitants safely chained and manacled to be deported to the distant mart, he will find his dangers in so doing increased.

We are about to take a glimpse at the slave traffic of the eastern coast, and it will be but a glimpse. We may attempt to follow some of these captives in their servitude, and, if they will, we will let them tell the tale of their suffering and of their escape. We will listen to their song, while, with the Union-jack floating over their heads, they join in their native dance, or sing of the days of their bondage, and we will try and tell them—them, who have been hunted down, kidnapped, bought and bartered away, even them—of a Saviour's love, of the blood and the Spirit that can wash and regenerate and make them children of God.

The very name of Zanzibar suggests that even before it was so named it must have gained some reputation for its traffic in the sons of Africa. The name by which we know it is foreign, and of Mohammedan origin. Among the natives it still retains its original name, Urjuza. Zanzibar, or Zanguebar, as the Portuguese, who were so interested in the African's servitude, used more properly to call it, is composed of two Persian words—"Zangee," a slave, and "bar," a depot; so that we may call it a Persian slave-depot. And, considering the enormous interest that has been created in this human commodity along

the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, it is only right that the Persian tongue and Mohammedan influence should have the unenviable renown of the origin of such an enterprise. It is evident that in centuries past Zanzibar was a slave-depot, and its fame, even to the present time, cannot yet boast of better associations.

At Zanzibar and along the east coast of Africa the Persians, Danes, and Portuguese, have each caused their supremacy to be felt, but each in turn has yielded his influence to a successor, as though

> "The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
> And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed."

Each nation in its supremacy was actively engaged in forging fetters for the black man, and having stained its hands in the African's blood, yielded the sinful traffic to other hands, and sunk itself from the proud eminence it once gained among the nations to be a power of inferior rank. None of these powers have left behind them any better memory than the names their sinful trade has stamped on localities—a few ruined edifices, and a deep-rooted and well-merited hatred among the natives whom they have so long and so bitterly oppressed. The island itself with adjacent islands, and part of the mainland, now forms part of the sovereignty of Zanzibar, but this kingdom is of recent date, and does not even extend beyond the present century; but as the slave interest culminates at Zanzibar, and the short history of the present court has risen on the ruin of African lives and homes, a sketch of the same is necessary to our subject.

Ahmed, the son of Said the Imaun of Muscat, not contented with his exalted priestly functions, sought, in imitation of a Western priest, to unite the temporal to his spiritual power. His design, however, did not extend beyond Oman on the southern shores of the Gulf. The Imaun, whose high functions were "to teach the faithful the worship of the true God" raised the red flag in 1780, and united the titles of King and Priest, Sultan and Imaun. The son of Said appears to have been contented with this double dignity left him by his father, but Said Said, the grandson of the first Sultan, looked with longing eyes along the shores of the Persian Gulf and the eastern coast of Africa, and determined on the conquest of both. To accomplish his object a fleet of Arab boats was secured. These extemporised men-of-war are about thirty feet long, having one and sometimes two sails, with but little deck, and an elevated poop. Arabs pressed into the service of the royal priest, and the towns along the Gulf submitted to his rule. This Moslem "teacher of the true faith," flushed with victory, took his elated Arabs and fleet of boats six hundred miles along the eastern coast of Africa, and united Zanzibar, a considerable portion of the mainland, and the adjacent islands to his empire in the year 1807, so that the claims of the slave interests of the present reigning family do not reach farther back than seventy years. At this time the slave traffic was comparatively uninterrupted by British cruisers, so that by this conquest Said Said secured to his own control the chief traffic of the eastern slave trade. But although he had added such important conquests to his dominion, he did not remove the seat of Government to Zanzibar till 1840. His reign was long, and may be said to have been

prosperous, but it should be noted that not long after he enriched his court by the revenue of the slave market he himself had to pay tribute to the invading Wahabees, a sect of Mohammedan reformers of recent date, with Saracenic courage and success, who owed their progress more to the sharpness of their scimetars than to the power of their preaching. Their history, as far as Said Said is concerned, is an illustration of our Saviour's declaration, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." They were seriously chastised by the court of Stamboul, and Said Said lived to see the end of the obnoxious tribute. For three generations the priesthood and the royal power were united in one person, but this compound dignity became again separated at the death of Said Said. The aged and imperial priest had three* voracious sons to satisfy, and he endeavoured to do it by the dismemberment of his empire. He gave Zanzibar and the rest of his African possessions to Masjid, his second son; but Oman and the Imaumat he divided between Thoweynee, his first-born, and Amjid, the youngest, giving the latter, however, but one third of the whole. The remains of the old king had not lain long in the grave when Thoweynee manifested signs of discontent at his father's settlement. He found cause to quarrel with his younger brother, and with Mohammedan artifice and craft seized his person and petty kingdom, and condemned him to perpetual captivity. The ruin of one brother suggested the ruin of the other, and a better reward—the absorption of his more important kingdom. In this design he imitated his father, Said Said, and gathering together a fleet of slave boats, manned them with Arab sailors, and what the fratricidal struggle for the profit of the slave market would have been is left to imagination, for the British stepped in and prohibited the war, and thus became the arbitrators between the two hostile brothers. Here is the link which definitely connects England with the slave question of the East. There was something in Thoweynee's complaint to justify his war; it was that his younger brother enjoyed the rich possession of Zanzibar, while he had only Oman, and though he had already united his younger brother's kingdom to his own the English acknowledged the justice of his complaint, and a treaty was ultimately signed, by which the court of Zanzibar paid annually to the Sultan of Oman 40,000 crowns.

Thoweynee had a son, Said Selim, trained up in the wily school of his father, who so profited by his father's example that he even exceeded his sire's artifice and craft. We have seen much success attending Thoweynee's schemes with his two brothers, but in turn he was out-schemed by others as wily as himself. His reign was full of troubles. We find his own people in revolt against him, and he is so miserably reduced as to call to his aid the detested Wahabees, who exacted tribute from his father. They proved his worst enemies, and finally he lost his life by the hand of his own son, and the parricide ascended his father's throne. This is but one illustration out of a crowd which presses on our notice, showing with infallible accuracy how wrongs, like Abel's blood, cry for vengeance, and are but seeds sown to be reaped in some future day:—

"Sure will the harvest be."

* Said Said had fifteen sons. Said Burgash, the present Sultan of Zanzibar, is the fifth.

We should have left Thoweynee at Oman, and have followed the slave at Zanzibar were it not for the treaty just referred to, which has been esteemed a difficulty in the way of our extending further protection to the outraged slave. The treaty, however, while it was intended to guarantee the annual payment of forty thousand crowns to the Sultan of Oman never contemplated that that amount should be wrung from him for the benefit of his brother's murderer; and, what is of more interest to us, the treaty which secured that stipend was intended also to secure the restriction of the slave trade, but our few sketches will show that this has been a failure. There can be no regret on the side of justice that this treaty, with all its failures, has been so recently abolished, and the farther restrictions of the slave traffic insisted on, but we have yet to see with what success.

Zanzibar is the emporium for the produce of Africa, but its *slave* market has ranked highest, for such African products as ivory, gum, copal, hides, oils, etc., are comparatively unimportant adjuncts of the merchandise in human sinew and bone. The natives of India have entered largely into the trade of this island, already six thousand are to be found who have forsaken the "holy Ganges" for the promising trade of Zanzibar. Here the Khoja intended for the harem is found busy in his bazaar, and the Bhathiyaras, more accustomed to trade, finds ample remuneration for his talent. These votaries of Kalee and Vishnu must have been engaged in their enterprise for centuries, for they have left an impress on the language extending from the coast far into the interior. Here also the Arab adventurer and slave hunter provides himself with what he considers the essentials of his trade—beads, trinkets, cloth, and brass wire to barter for his human goods; as also with powder, firearms, neck fetters and chains to execute that part of his work which cannot be effected by barter. With these he penetrates into the land of Ham, even far beyond the footprints of the heroes of the cross and the sound of Christian teaching, farther, perhaps, than the most determined explorers have found their way. He has brought his chosen men with him from Zanzibar to aid him in his deadly work; and, having selected his locality, these scatter themselves to collect the ivory and to kidnap the unwary African as opportunity may occur. Parents lose their children, whom they never see again, unless, indeed, they are themselves captured, and meet as slaves at the cantonment, or market, a sad circumstance, which is not uncommon. Here is a case by way of illustration as we heard it from the slave, "My father called me Zamba; he had fields of his own, where he cultivated mangoes, cassada, etc. I used to work sometimes in the field, and when about fifteen years old I was so working when a stranger asked me to come a little way to assist him up with a load, promising a reward. I consented, and having gone some distance, I began to be alarmed when suddenly another man appeared from the bush, and I was immediately seized, thrown on my back, a piece of wood was forced into my mouth, and in some way was tied behind my head, so that I could neither halloa nor get rid of it. They tied my hands and my feet, and carried me away. When they got far enough from my people, they released me, and told me to walk, and threatened to shoot me if I refused to obey. I was taken to a slave prison, where were others, captured like myself,

some of them were old friends, seized and carried off from the same locality, but most of them were strangers. Some with fetters round their necks were attached one to another by a chain, others were secured by hand and feet." Zamba's statement would carry us beyond our object, were we to follow him just now, but we may just say that Zamba's account, with trifling variation, has been repeated to me a hundred times. It is sad for one (and there is no Englishman who is not such) who feels the value of home and the sweet relationships of father, mother, and friends, to hear the replies to such questions as "Where is your mother?" "Where were you born?" "When did you last see your father?" "Mother! I don't know where she is; I was only a little boy when I was taken from her. I scarcely remember my father. My home was in the great plain near the river, a long way off, and I shall never see it again." Yet such has been the reply a hundred times. But Zamba's account brings before us the hunter's work in the mildest form. Raids for the capture of peaceful and industrious inhabitants of populous towns spread the greatest devastation and cause the largest amount of misery and loss of life. The practice is to fix on some town or village, and attack it at the most unguarded hour. Houses are fired, a panic is created, and in the general confusion and alarm the slave-hunter's party, aided probably by some neighbouring chief, who has a share in the plunder for his services, carry off the people as slaves. Towns are in this way obliterated, and entire districts depopulated. The victor has to sort his prizes after the capture, and the useless are either put to death, or are left to die of their wounds, or, weak with age, to starve among their ruined homes. Such indeed is the destruction of human life on these occasions, and united testimony affirms it, that only one out of four survives the carnage and becomes the hunter's property, and these are mostly the juveniles. It will pay the hunter, and indeed, it is sometimes his policy to destroy the adult community that he may capture the children. But men and women are often captured too, and brought to the cantonment in no small numbers.

Beings whose freedom was seen in their glance,
As they ranged the broad jungle with arrow and lance,
In bitterness now pour their wail on the air,
Or sink on the soil of their birth in despair.

Disconsolate captives in sadness and grief,
To whom even death comes a welcome relief,
And children whose parents were ruthlessly slain,
Still call on their parents for help—but in vain.

And infants whose sense of their wrong is express'd,
In the moan and the cry as they hang at the breast;
Hearts breaking with sorrow, and eyes dimm'd with tears,
Men crush'd by oppression, made cowards with fears.

Till wasting or pining for freedom or bread,
They sigh with the dying or lie with the dead.
Oh! surely if blood cries to heaven again,
Then Africa's blood cannot long cry in vain.

The suffering from ruined homes, disease, and starvation occasioned through the capture, is beyond description, but yet it is light in contrast

with the perils and sufferings of the march to the coast, which commences as soon as the hunter has gathered sufficient victims for his object. This caravan of wretched life, sickness, and death, numbers sometimes even five hundred. The African who has outlived the burning of his village and the slaughter of his friends has now to travel over the long distance to the market, hundreds of miles, menaced with suffering from the club, the musket, or the dagger. Death from exhaustion or murder soon reduces the number of these miserable victims. The faltering and diseased are despatched out of the way as useless to the trader, and as examples to urge the weary ones onward; or if the work of slaughter become too tedious, the sufferer is tossed into the bush, and left to live or die. Infants becoming a burden to their fagging mothers so as to interfere with the journey are torn from the breast, dispatched, and the tender quivering frame thrown to the birds and beasts, and the weeping mother urged on at the point of the lance, or by the blows of the club. Sometimes, indeed, the penalty inflicted for weakness or disease is strangulation *à la mode Africaine*, sad end to the once active, laughing stranger, sporting on the banks of his native lake. Onward and still onward is the deadly march, marking the line of route with the bones of those they have left behind, till tenacious life, still clinging to its earthly home of skin and bone, enables a caravan of emaciated flesh, or living skeletons, to reach the market to be sold for what they will fetch. The loss of life in this march of death is about one in three. Out of a caravan of 300 only 200 reach the coast. But the trader has calculated his losses, and did not leave the interior, where human life is cheap, till, notwithstanding this serious death-rate, he could realise a satisfactory profit on the transaction. Such is the loss of life sometimes that one trustworthy African traveller says, "the air along the line of march was polluted with the dead."

About six hundred miles of the East African coast is comprised in the kingdom of Zanzibar, extending about five hundred miles south of the equator. Nearly at the southern end of the Sultan's dominion is Quiloa, through which the chief commerce, especially in slaves, passes. During five years there was an average of 19,130 registered slaves passed through the customs of Quiloa, but since there is a duty of two dollars on every slave sold at that port there has been, necessarily, a large amount of smuggling carried on to evade the duty. The lowest average put on the smuggling trade is 3,000, so that for the five years referred to we have an average of 22,430 annually reaching the coast from the interior. We may accept the united assertion of travellers and explorers, and they agree in their statements, that for every life brought to the coast ten lives are sacrificed. These 224,300 murdered ones must be added to the 22,430 who march to the coast —a fearful aggregate of suffering for a single year.

"Weep for the mourners who stand
By the graves of their brothers in tears;
And weep for the people whose land
Must wait till the day-star appears."

Shall we ask what is the value of these wretched beings when they reach the market at Quiloa? Five dollars! two of which are paid in duty to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and three remain to the dealer to meet

his expenses and reward him for his work; but as the ordinary value of a child in the interior is only a yard of cloth, and two for an adult, the remuneration is ample. From this market Madagascar, the island of Zanzibar, and the towns along the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea have for centuries been supplied with the human merchandise. A slave, who, after being captured near the lake when a boy, was driven to the east, passed ten years there, mostly in the hands of the Portuguese, once harrowed our feelings by the recital of the punishment he endured and saw inflicted on others; but he also gladdened our hearts with the recital of his escape, and his confession of his faith in the Saviour. We will only refer to the flogging, which is of common occurrence. He said the lash was so laid on as soon to remove the flesh, but the worst part of the torture appeared to us to be when the horrible flogging was over. Lying, if he had not strength to stand, all gory with his own blood, the portions of flesh partly detached by the lash were removed by rough hands and the knife; and—who can conceive the pain!—chillies and salt were rubbed in. We pass by all the horrors of his ten years' servitude. His master died, and he was again sold, and with about four hundred others put on board a Portuguese ship for America. They were packed below more like bags of sand for ballast, rather than beings who were expected to breathe and live. Only small holes in the sides gave ventilation to the fainting human freight. These slaves, as their manacles and strength would let them, stood against the holes to catch the refreshing breeze, and look across the broad expanse of blue, over which the winds and waves were taking them. One such suddenly turned round and exclaimed, "Porto prio! Porto prio!" and soon the announcement spread animation and excitement among the sons and daughters of suffering, and each who was able endeavoured to pass to the orifice to see the flag of hope. Strange that these pining prisoners of hope, deported from central Africa, should know the meaning and value of a British flag so well, for such it was that had animated the cargo. Noise, clamour, and activity betrayed the alarm of the crew and those who had command. The doorway leading to the compartment where our adventurer lay was barricaded up with boards and lumber, but it was in vain. The lumber was soon removed, and the boarding was smashed in with an axe, wielded by the strong arm of a determined English tar; and the appearance of a British officer in uniform, sword in hand, was hailed with a wild African shout of delight and a flood of joyful tears. The dungeon was soon exchanged for daylight, fetters for liberty. The diseased, the hungry, and the naked were attended to; and the *Water Witch*, for such was the name of the English ship which captured the slaver, took her as a prize.

The liberated slave from whom this account is gleaned is indebted to the *Water Witch* for more than the happy results just described. He learned something about the Saviour from the lips of the chaplain. On shore he again fell into Christian hands, where he learned more of the plan of grace and love, till, when we met with him, with glowing eyes and heart he could tell how the *Water Witch* delivered him from slavery and death, and how the precious blood of the Saviour had saved him from the penalty of sin and the second death.

But, to return to Zanzibar, we find that the slave traffic has for some years past brought in a revenue to that Government estimated from £15,000 to £20,000 annually. This revenue was cut off by the treaty of 1873, by which the slave markets, to which we are about to refer, were closed throughout the Sultan's dominions, and to compensate for the loss of revenue the Sultan is no longer bound to pay the 40,000 crowns to the representatives of the parricide of Oman. The statement in reference to Zanzibar, therefore, applies up to that period; but we would not have our readers suppose that because the slave markets of Zanzibar are now closed that the shameless conduct, suffering, and cruelty attending those markets have ceased to exist; we should be happy to think so, but we believe that all the evils and horrors are only transferred, and what was true of Zanzibar two years ago is equally true of the slave traffic in the new route it has chosen. This £15,000 or £20,000 annually represents the duty levied on slaves in the markets of the Sultan's dominions, but only a small number of those reaching the market at Quiloa reached the market of Zanzibar, because at that market a further duty of two dollars per head is imposed; therefore the main traffic was from Quiloa, and yet, notwithstanding this extra duty as many as from 100 to 300 slaves were in the market—naked children whose losses and troubles had deprived them of their childishness and stamped them with premature sorrow and grief—men and women, scarcely clad, placed in semicircles, to be inspected by the Arab and Persian trader, who feel what muscle the slave still has left, and pass him through positions as tests of sinew and strength. Here is a turbaned Arab in his flowing robe, passing from group to group, gazing on misery in bondage with a smiling face, who cracks his joke with his Persian friend, whom he meets at this market of human flesh on the same errand as himself. The salesman has brought out a lad, all fresh from the ruined village afar; every muscle is in motion to obey the salesman's command. Only seven dollars! And now half-caste Arabs and Persians press forward to examine his limbs, his teeth, his eyes, all for seven dollars! And in yonder shed, with a Somalee master over them, are many more to be exhibited, as occasion may require, at the same price. Here are men and women with only a rag to cover them, and but the remains of life and manhood or womanhood about them, to be felt, examined, and handled to the extent of the Arab's pleasure. But then slaves vary in appearance, from life clinging to skin and bone to the well-favoured woman decked with ornaments and suitable apparel to enhance her value; these remind us of Mary the Copt, the slave girl to the wife of Mohammed, who so fatally enamoured the great prophet. Here is one such before us, a very natural attraction to a Mohammedan, and she can be purchased for eighty dollars. All the work in Zanzibar being done by slave labour, every description of servitude is to be purchased here. Servants, land-labourers, gardeners, etc., all these are constantly brought into the market under a variety of circumstances, and command a price according to their ability and age. Indeed there are some who have passed through all the perils of slavery, and have entered on a life of freedom, possessing land of their own. Such was Frij, one of Captain Speke's faithful servants, who accompanied him to the interior.

The beautiful island of Zanzibar is capable and destined, we trust, for a better traffic, but a trade yielding a good profit and established for generations is not easily set aside by a people naturally averse to change. The fertility of the island is well known. The aroma from the spice beds, like the fragrance of the famed rose beds of Bengal, attracts the mariner on the sea. Vegetation is abundant. The orange bush is as common as the hawthorn in England. The stately palm and cocoa nut, the shady mango and giant creeper hanging in graceful festoons, flourish here. Indeed,

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

Sterility and barrenness are strangers in the island. The sugar cane is already cultivated. The exports and imports amount to 2,500,000 dollars per annum. In those items no doubt slavery is involved. Natives of India have invested in this island £1,100,000, and hold many of the estates in mortgage. Slavery is its curse, and has long prevented the development of the natural resources and products: we trust it will not be long before these are found by the Arab, the Hindoo, and the Persian to constitute the material for a more profitable and honourable trade.

We must not suppose that the slave ended his perilous journey when he reached the market of Quiloa or Zanzibar; in most cases his sufferings were but half over. Many who survived the march to the coast succumbed to the journey by sea, for those markets were but *entrepots* for Persia and Arabia. Slavery, like every produce, has its seasons, and the season is a terrible time for the bondman. The double-sailed boats, known as slave dhows, such as Said Said hired and manned when he conquered these parts, crowd the various harbours. Could we transport ourselves a few months back we should see from the shores of the island the grey rocks as they rise on the shore of the great continent, and the white sails of the empty dhows could not fail to attract our eye as they crowd together waiting for a cargo. The fleet bears testimony to the merchants' activity, but it is loaded, not with copal, sugar, or oil, but with human beings to be borne across the sea and sold again.

But what amount of cargo can these dhows take? They are scarcely more than thirty feet long, and yet they will pack away one hundred and fifty individuals: accommodation there is none, they must brave the elements and the sun or die, and many of them will be cast into the sea, the victims of the Arab's avarice, ere they reach the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea. The prohibited traffic in slaves is narrowly watched in this direction by British cruisers, and many are the captures made, but far more evade their vengeance and escape to their destination with their freight. Cargoes of African slaves are thrown into the sea when escape is inevitable. The condition of the captured slaves tells a sad tale of suffering; crowded into a small boat, and exposed throughout the whole sea voyage, few escape the ravages of a wasting disease, of which many die a lingering, painful death. We have listened to many wonderful escapes from the hand of the enemy, both by the cruisers, whose authority and power the desperate Arab will sometimes dispute sword in hand, and by flight from the master's house in Persia and Arabia.

The captured slaves have been liberated at Bombay, Seychelle Islands, Aden, and other places, and have formed an interesting field of missionary labour. The Foreign Church Missionary Society had the honour of doing much for them, both for their temporal prosperity and spiritual advancement; and with no small pleasure and interest do we observe them pressing on, with their usual ardour, to new fields of enterprise among this much wronged race. We may dismiss this part of our subject by saying that the Gulf traffic, although prohibited by treaty, has been a success, and in proof of this we need only point to the towns of Persia along the northern shore, and even so far inland as Sharaz, some of which owe half their population to this horrid traffic.

One smiling Sabbath morn we went among these expatriated sons of Africa. They were a "remnant of the captivity," having outlived their wrongs. Still preserving all the characteristics of the tribe to which they belonged, they mostly spoke a patois of the language of their captors, and had even adopted their names and faith, importing with them no small amount of Fetishism from Africa in the form of superstition and charms. We possess a charm against lightning at sea, given to us by one of these sable sons of the unknown land. He had been directed to the Christian charm, even to the divine protection, and he seemed disposed to trust it rather than the charm he resigned. It was a square divided into sixteen smaller squares, each square containing the word علّي allee, and in this was wrapped a small vessel containing the word الله allah. The following is a copy of the paper:

علّي	علّي	علّي	علّي
علّي	علّي	علّي	علّي
علّي	علّي	علّي	علّي
علّي	علّي	علّي	علّي

The poor African could give us no explanation of the charm, so we were left to form our own conclusion. العلى, al allee, meaning "the high or exalted," is one of the one hundred names by which pious Moslems call upon God; and as it is also associated with "Allah," the proper name of the Divine Being, this may be the important combination which is thought to influence the lightning. Allee is also the name of Mohammed's sainted son-in-law, but the superstitious African knew nothing of all this. He only regarded it as a charm against lightning. These swarthy children of the sunny land were trying to while away

under the summer sun the tedium of a Sabbath morn. A small group was listening to a song in which the singer took a review of his slave life, and we were attracted by the rough music and by the song itself. The arrangement was somewhat ingenious, for every stanza began and ended with

Aiwa, aiwa, ana ghulam wa.
Oh yes, oh yes, I'm a slave.

Let me attempt to put the slave song into English:—

THE SLAVE SONG.

I'm a slave, I'm a slave, you can see,
And therefore you need not be told,
For all the world knows,
Where the sable skin grows,
There are muscle and bone to be sold.
Not a being that sits on his hearth,
Though it be but a kraal on the wold,
But a slave from my birth,
And my uttermost worth
Is my value in barter or gold.
Aiwa, aiwa, ana ghulam wa.

I'm a slave, I'm a slave, for the whip
Has left its broad marks on my flesh,
You can count, if you will,
For I carry them still,
The scars of the terrible lash.
I toil with the rise of the sun,
In childhood, in manhood, in age,
Or I'm barterer'd away,
In the broad light of day,
I'm a slave, and my life is my wage.
Aiwa, aiwa, ana ghulam wa.

I'm a slave, I'm a slave, on my brow
Grows the thick curly hair of my clan,
The badge of a slave,
From a child to the grave.
I'm a slave, I'm a slave—not a man.
A man hath his kindred and friends,
His body and life are his own,
But the life of a slave
Is his master's, who gave
Full value for sinew and bone.
Aiwa, aiwa, ana ghulam wa.

We listened to his song of bondage, and when he had finished we endeavoured to follow with the song of freedom—the freedom of the children of God. But the subject of the theme was new, and redemption by the blood of the Redeemer came upon them with all the romance of their own wild fairy tales, for they had never heard that this poor distracted world had a Saviour before. Though there were only about eight in this group, all from Africa, and not far from the birth-place of each other (for they could all speak the same language), yet they declared themselves to be of different tribes. We copied the

names of four : the Muveema, the Mukoowa, the Meeas, and the Muzee Koowa; and, looking at the poor half-naked fellows, we were not a little surprised to hear them talk about the respectability of their tribe, the Muzee Koowa in this respect being the most celebrated. We inquired respecting their faith and name. They professed themselves Mohammedans, but they knew nothing about Mohammed nor the Koran. They all had Mohammedan names, which we knew must have been adopted, so we asked Said Hammed, one of the number, to account for the possession of such a name, and we learnt that when he lived by the "great water, so wide that you could not see to the othe side, and where even at the narrowest the tall palm did not look muc higher than a man," his name was then Jeener Argo. Some of his friends, his father, if we have not forgotten, died and left him his wives for his inheritance, and his chief wanted some of them ; but this sable heir-at-law was unwilling to part with any of his wives, and hence he lost them all, for the chief sold him into slavery, and seized his possessions. We could not get nearer to the land of their birth than what could be gleaned from such a statement as the above, and this being done in a language foreign to us both might occasion a difficulty. We endeavoured to collect a specimen of the unknown tongue, hoping to fix the locality of the vernacular on some occasion ourselves. We got Mungo for God, majee for water, etc., and other strange words, of which we had no knowledge then. Since we have admitted these friendless ones more closely to our affection, we have acquired a smattering of their savage tongue, with a keen appetite for more, that the word of life may reach them in their native tongue, and we are now able to say that the language is known as the Suaheli, and is spoken in from ten to twelve degrees of latitude on the coast of East Africa, and penetrates far into the interior, and is one of a family of several others spreading far away over the broad continent. But let us return to our sable friends again. It is still the Lord's day, and we have secured the hearing of some fifteen, and we have just startled them with the announcement of the resurrection of the dead, and the eternal glory or pain that will follow. Their white teeth and extended eyes show that they are not only surprised but interested. Occasionally they utter the jungle cry, Witu gani hee ? What things are these ? But none of the Suahelis can reply, so we endeavour to reply ourselves, and leave it to the Spirit's teaching. While we are thus engaged a group of about twenty are commencing a native dance to native music. The musician has an instrument something like a guitar, with only two strings, extending along a bamboo stem, and secured over the end by pegs, which do the work of screws. One string was the octave of the other (for we tried them). At one end of the bamboo stem was almost the entire shell of a large fruit which they call zeezee. This was intended to increase the sound of the instrument. The dance was *tête-à-tête*, only two engaged in it, and the movement of one seemed to be the exact counterpart of the other. The motions of the foot were imitated, one of which was for a considerable time kept in the advance of the other, with the heel firmly placed on the ground; the fore part of the foot kept questionable time with the music, springing, whirling, advancing, and retiring, and thus made up the dance, the motion being

repeated by each. This native exercise seemed capable of being extended at will, for as one grew tired and forfeited his position, through failure, he wheeled out and another wheeled in. Sometimes the native melody grew so faint as to be scarcely audible; then anon the musician would throw all his force into his instrument, and produce all the noise possible. We have often seen three men engaged in a similar way, and remember on one occasion when the native zeezee was absent they extemporised a guitar by thrusting a bamboo through a beef tin, and rattling away on its sides with a bone *à la Sambo*. Let them dance while they will, they have reason to dance. They have been captured in the centre of Africa; their towns and villages obliterated, they have been driven to the east and sold as merchandise in the market of Zanzibar, and now they are free. We think we see a meaning in the broad grin, the sparkle of the eye, and the merry dance, for we remember the time of our captivity when with an outstretched arm *He* delivered us. When *He* turned our captivity then our mourning was turned into dancing, then our mouth was filled with laughter.

Before we finally leave our Suahelis let us read once more to them in their own tongue—they know so little about love that this portion will come on them with a peculiar charm—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We are not surprised that they catch the words and repeat them with bated breath, "Mungo alivyenpenda ulimwengu!" "God loved the world!" We will leave them with the good news lingering on their lips, hoping to repeat it again soon.

Such is a short and rapid sketch of Zanzibar and the East African slave trade. What we have said of the slave market of Zanzibar we may hope the treaty of 1873 has put a stop to, and if so the horrors of the sea route will cease also; but we must not forget how native treaties for the restriction of the slave trade have failed. Since 1873, too, slavers have been captured trying to effect the sea route; and even if the Zanzibar market and the sea be closed the revolting and sickening scenes connected therewith are but transferred to another route. The hostile Gallas made, at one time, a slave caravan to the north impossible, but their hostility has ceased, and a route is established from Lemoo northward, transferring the entire transaction to the continent.

There will yet be stern work for the friends of Africa to do, and there are hearts and hands that will not grow weary till the great task is accomplished. The sacrifice of British life and gold has been great, but the recompense will most certainly come in the emancipation of Africa's suffering sons.

How to lead the Young to decision for Christ.*

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1875,

BY PASTOR G. MALINS, OF NEWCASTLE.

THE significance of the question which this paper proposes to answer lies, we assume, in the fact that ordinary methods and ministries have failed to influence the young for Christ, either to the extent of our desires, or in the measures we believe ourselves justified in expecting. The question implies the necessity of a class of agents, and a style of operation, more in correspondence with the persons to be influenced. We suppose it to be evident that there is a remarkable contrast between the old routine work among the young and the special efforts that have been made during more recent years; as also between the smallness of former spiritual results and the large ingatherings more recently enjoyed. The newer, more earnest, and better considered activities have rolled away the reproach of the past. A genius for adapting Christian efforts to special classes has been developed, and the young have come in for a large share of attention. Faith in the possibility of their conversion, and love to their souls, have given birth to new methods of work in the place of the old ones. The trim, hard-trodden highways are forsaken and new paths struck out, and the prose order of Christian work has been superseded by the poetry of Christian enthusiasm. Such men as Payson Hammond, and Josiah Spiers have done much by their successful mission to the children to dispel the delusion of Christian tories that "bread must necessarily be cast upon the waters to be found after many days." For long the conviction that work among the young must be pursued chiefly with a view to securing saving results in after years rather than at once sat like a nightmare upon the energies of Christian men. But recent conversions among the young upon a large scale have awakened multitudes to a degree of earnest, hopeful, and fruitful activity such as was never before witnessed.

The fact assumed by the title of this paper, viz., that the young can be led to decision for Christ, will not, as a general proposition, be disputed. It is only when it is assumed with regard to the very young people that grave questions are raised, and serious doubts entertained concerning its truth. As we pass from the teens down the numerals, heads are gravely shaken that are full of intelligence, and hearts tremble that are full of faith alone. It is manifest that the special efforts made to lead the young to decision for Christ do not enjoy the sympathy of the majority of the members of our churches. This is indicated with sufficient clearness by the suspicion and distrust with which the young converts are regarded by their seniors. The mention of their names for membership in the churches is often greeted

* The Editor is not to be supposed to agree with every opinion and statement contained in papers bearing their author's name. This excellent paper is printed by the desire of the Conference of the College, and it is hoped that it will draw forth other articles upon the same subject. The point on which all Christians are not agreed is the value of the labours of Mr. Hammond: we neither endorse nor criticise them.

with incredulous sidelooks, if not with an open and avowed suspicion that never falls to the lot of older persons, with no better credentials of fitness. And this is witnessed at a time when, more than at any previous period, the Holy Spirit has roused a deep, wide-spread, earnest, and intelligent concern for the salvation of souls, and when the manifold well-tested and reliable results among the young rebuke such distrust. It does not come within the legitimate scope of this paper to dwell at length upon the misconceptions upon which such distrust rests, though they are not difficult of discovery. When we hear such men as the gifted Gilfillian dubiously, and almost scornfully, asking, "How can these young people decide for Christ in an hour? Are they aware of the objections raised against the gospel accounts in almost every part of them?" we reflect at once that the fallacy consists in supposing that a rational appreciation of the external evidence of the truth of the gospel is necessary in order to decision for Christ—a supposition which, if true, would not only unchristianise the children of the churches, but three-fourths of their entire membership. Our hope lies in One who can supply a demonstration of the truth of the gospel to the soul, which supersedes the necessity of rational conviction by the force of external evidence. "It is by the manifestation of the truth to every man's *conscience* in the sight of God." On the other side the difficulty is palliated by the development theorists, who insist upon the existence in the soul of a life germ, left undestroyed by the Fall, to which only a graduated and suitable ministry of truth is needed. Or, again, we are met by the baptismal regenerationists, who plead against the necessity of conversion by the truth because of a life that trickled sacramentally into the soul of the child from the sacred fingers of the parson. In all these views we detect important and dangerous errors. The first fails to recognise the demonstration of the Spirit, the second denies the lost condition of the soul, and the third denies the absolute agency, sufficiency, and simplicity of the truth. We take for granted the truths which these errors tend to negative, and proceed to enquire—What is requisite in the persons who would lead the young to Christ? what are the special truths to be made prominent? and what is the special style of agency best fitted to give effect to the truth.

I. Our first enquiry is, What is requisite in those who would win the young for Christ? *The first indispensable requisite in the person who would lead the young to decision for Christ is a deep and hearty love to Christ and to them.* Love to *Christ*, which inspires desire for his glory in their conversion to him. Love to *them*, which is fruitful in endeavours adapted to accomplish this end. Love to them must be of that particular kind which is fresh, frank, genial, and young in its expressions. It is not enough for us to possess a love which will interpret Christ to ourselves, but love which is creative of analogies that, bearing an affinity to their youthful natures, will enable us instrumentally to interpret Christ to them. Children must be reached chiefly through the imagination and the emotions, and love alone is the genius that creates the forms of truth and breathes through them the contagion that can move young hearts. Let us not forget that children feel deeply, even when they do not understand very clearly: a cold intellectual nature may throw forth streams of very beautiful thoughts, but they will fall like icicles

upon the warm and susceptible natures of children. Children soon know who loves them, and if we have to strain ourselves from a mere sense of duty towards them, though they may not *understand* the philosophy of it, they will *feel* its truth. Love only will make efforts natural, enthusiastic, and easy. If we have only as much of this precious commodity as will suffice to fill the shop window we shall soon be sold out, for the demand for it is very large. It will matter little how rich are our intellectual stores, for we shall find but little market for them among the young, except love manufactures them. Love must weave the material, decide the pattern, and dispense it. Without this we shall fare badly in dealing with young people. They will fight shy of a dry, cold, ungenial minister or teacher. I remember that, when I was in Dublin, Dr. Urwick once said to me very playfully, "I feel it a duty to cultivate juvenility for the sake of my young people," and I remember that though he was often dry and uninteresting to the young in his pulpit ministrations, he was bright and genial as a spring morning in his associations with them at other times. If we cannot convince our young people that we truly love them, and cannot put it into a frank, genial intercourse with them, tempered and controlled by an earnest spiritual purpose, we shall stand at a great disadvantage in dealing with them. The first thing needful is to gain their confidence, and the second thing is to keep it, and the third thing is to use the advantage for leading them to Jesus, and all these must be done by love wisely manifested and maintained. God never ordained us evangelists to the young if he did not gift us with large, patient, loving hearts. If this be lacking we shall gain little influence over them, and in the time of their anxiety they will either keep their anxieties to themselves or else pour them into other ears.

2. If we would lead them to Christ *we must have a well established certainty that they can be so led.* We mean this remark to apply to the very young, because it is folly to suppose that any uncertainty can exist as to the conversion of the senior scholar.

Doubtless, the reason of much failure in our attempts to lead the young to Christ is to be found in the lurking, if not avowed, suspicion that the cases of professed conversion among them are not real or reliable. Whatever others may think upon the subject, we, who would lead the children to Jesus, must be possessed by the settled conclusion that as soon as they can know what sin is they can also know and trust the Saviour. Suspicion on the contrary will effectually paralyse our efforts; for it is not reasonable that anyone will lay himself out heartily and earnestly to do a work which he believes to be unlikely of accomplishment. If you have any doubt upon this subject, go and converse with the children who have professed conversion. This is the course which wisdom and honesty dictate. All we ask is that you will fairly apply the same measure to them that you apply in your estimate of older converts, and that you do not expect them to be experts in theological technicalities, but that you let them convey to you in their own way the story of their trust in Jesus. If you did this to any of the fifty or sixty young Christians in our church in Newcastle you would arrive at the conviction that they had as much title to be received as disciples of Jesus as you have.

3. *We must have a deep sense of the importance of their decision for Christ in youth.* If sin be a power in the soul, progressive and destructive, so also is the spiritual life a power progressively beautiful and beneficent. The same reasons which make the conversion of the adult important make the conversion of a child tenfold more so. There are possibilities of attainment in personal character, and of usefulness in the world open to the child which in the natural order of things are closed against the older convert. Moreover, if Godliness be beneficial in the man, it is especially so in the child. There is a beauty in the early morn that is not to be found in the mid-day, there is a beauty in the spring-time which does not belong to the summer, there is a beauty in the rosebud that is not found in the fullblown flower: and so there is a beauty in godliness in youth which does not belong to one in whom it begins its reign in older years. Where the young heart becomes the dwelling-place of supreme love to Jesus, its natural simplicities become holy and beautiful in a kind and degree that are not possible to him who has been perverted and corrupted by long years of transgression. And not only so, for the life of nature is only a partial symbol of the life of grace. Grace is permanent progress without total decline. There may be partial failure and temporary decline, but it is the nature of divine grace to evolve out of our humiliations the material for a richer life. The life-tide may have its ebbs, but it will have its corresponding flows. The waves may seem to recede, but it is only to make their mark further on. "With partial retrogression there is total progress." So in the history of the spiritual life: it may seem to recede, but that is a preparation for further advance in faith and love. Grace lays up honey in unlikely hives. "Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." It is to the glory of grace that out of mistakes it enables us to organise victories, and out of failures to originate success. So that, whatever may intervene, when the spring-time of nature coincides with the spring-time of grace it becomes the commencement, preparation, and pledge of a riper spiritual manhood, which may mellow into a dignity, purity, and venerableness of character analogous to the natural period of grey hairs. On the other hand, the progress of sin in the soul is a terrible truth. Though the child be fallen from its birth, there is going on from day to day a downward progress, which, if not arrested, must end in irrevocable ruin, and even when arrested in later years, it is over the grave of many a buried power which in this life may never know a resurrection. Given then a Christ-like love, clothing itself in suitable expressions; given a firm conviction that children can be led to Christ, joined to a deep sense of the importance of that consummation and the moral fitness of the person who would so lead them is secured. We have never witnessed the union of these qualifications in the same degree in any man as in Payson Hammond, of America, and we have never heard of or seen more marked or abiding results than those of his works. Many thousands in the United Kingdom, and many more thousands in the United States of America, are fruits of his labours among the young. The Secretary of the Massachusetts Sunday School Union told us, when in Glasgow a few years back, that not less than forty thousand, chiefly children, had been received into the churches as the result of his labours. It may be asked,

where are all these reputed converts in Great Britain now? We answer, many of them in the churches, many of them outside, because though Jesus gathered the lambs with his arm and folded them in his bosom, the churches in their suspicion and distrust did not all imitate his loving example.

II. What are the special truths to be made prominent?

We contemplate necessarily something different from the ordinary Sabbath-school teaching, which is supposed to deal in the presentation of Bible truth in general. Work more directly evangelistic is needed among the children. The work we contemplate is not so much that of storing the mind with Scripture information as of applying truth, with the view of leading them to immediate decision for Jesus Christ. What, then, are the truths we must keep distinctly and impressively before them but *sin* and *salvation*, and both as seen in *the personal Jesus!* Sin seen in its opposition to him, and salvation in the finished work which puts it away. This is "the simplicity which is in Christ." It is useless talking generalisations and abstractions to children; though we are prone to do so, forgetting that they cannot attach any definite meaning to them. When we have spoken of redemption or imputed righteousness, do not let us be deluded into supposing that we have presented to them the Redeemer and the Lord the Righteous One. Nothing is more subtle or easy than the deception which puts a generalisation in the place of Jesus. Just as it is easy to hide God by theology, so it is easy to hide Christ under Christology. We must labour with all skill and simplicity to keep before them the personal Saviour with all his glorious love in the revelation his word and work make of it. Jesus the dead, risen, and accepted substitute, and sin in its essential wickedness, as displayed in its opposition to him. We were powerfully impressed some years ago with this special feature in the address of Payson Hammond, of America. One great element of power in his address was the clear and vivid presentation of sin and salvation at one and the same time, in one and the same work of Jesus. The one all-pervading thought you had in listening to him was—what a wicked creature I must be not to love and trust this Saviour. He had a wonderful power of awakening interest, and then exciting hatred to conduct that was precisely analogous to the sinner's treatment of Jesus, and bringing it home in application to his hearers. You would think he had taken Nathan's parable to David for his model. How skilfully Nathan adapted the parable to the case of David, and how cleverly and effectually he by it brought his sin home to him! Instead of rushing to his point with a bold unveiled home-thrust, he veiled the point of his sword till the right opportunity arrived. He employed a parable of the narrative kind, fitted to awaken every sentiment of honour, justice, and benevolence, which he knew to be slumbering in the heart of his royal hearer, and not till he had effected this and led him to pronounce his own condemnation in that of another did he thunder upon him the startling announcement, "Thou art the man," and David bowed his head with the confession, "I have sinned." This same kind of skill we should seek to attain in speaking the gospel to children. Sin must be shown in its reality and tremendous guilt, as mirrored in the glorious and tender love of him whom it basely rejects.

It is "sin, because they believe not on me." "They hated me without a cause." A little child is capable of appreciating the argument—if you can love your parents, relatives, and friends, who are infinitely less worthy of it than Jesus, and be grateful to them for benefits that are infinitely less than those which Jesus died to confer upon you, what a wicked heart yours must be if it cannot and will not love and trust Jesus Christ! This is the principal truth to which the Spirit bears witness, and he will honour, as he has done, the longing, earnest believing efforts, to bring it home to the hearts of the young. This preaching of a personal Christ is the great need of all, but especially of children. For just in proportion as the intellect is untrained, and the imagination and the affections are active, they are unfitted to grasp doctrinal statements, and so it is the more necessary, as far as human putting can do it, to present to them Jesus the loving one waiting to receive them in their sinfulness, and welcome and save them when they come. Doubtless we have all listened to addresses to children that were very quaint, original, and pleasing, but the conviction was unavoidably forced upon us, that the speakers did not aim distinctly at leading the young to decision for Christ. Mere talks about religion in the abstract, or about integrity and uprightness, and its rewards in this life, however prettily illustrated, may please but can never convert. A moral address to the unconverted is like trying to build a house by beginning at the top. It is madness to seek to form Christian character where no life through faith in Jesus exists. Lessons in morality are not the seed of the kingdom, but dry old husks which lost their germ when Adam fell, and he who sows them with the hope of reaping a crop is a fool for his pains. The only convincing or converting power for old or young is the cross of Christ, where divine love is seen judging sin and putting it away for ever by the sacrifice of himself.

III. It is time to inquire what kind of agencies are best fitted to give effect to the truth. We should be sorry to say anything which would seem to underrate the Sabbath-school, yet we are convinced that as now organised and in operation its aim is not sufficiently direct to hope to secure the conversion of the young upon a large scale. That the Sabbath-school has done a work which was sadly needed, and achieved results the extent and value of which eternity alone will disclose, we gladly and gratefully admit. Nevertheless, its teaching is too general, its aim too indefinite, to secure results such as we desire, and believe to be capable of accomplishment. The past few years have developed a style of agency more fitted to secure, and more fruitful in saving effects, than was ever before witnessed among the young. Not that these efforts can ever displace the Sabbath-school: they are supplementary, and generally begin where the Sabbath-school teacher ends. The evangelist to the young takes his stand upon the facts already taught and known, to illustrate, apply, and drive home with a view of securing immediate decision for Jesus Christ. Special services, where hymns of a simple, cheerful gospel character are sung, and where addresses bright with gospel allegory, illustration, and anecdote are given, and all directed to produce conviction of sin and immediate trust in Jesus, are commended, by extensive and abiding results, as the most effectual way of winning the young to Jesus. The ordinary ministry of the pulpit,

or of the Sabbath-school, has accomplished but little when compared with the labours of such men as Payson Hammond, and Josiah Spiers. Even the labours of our honoured and beloved brethren, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, have resulted in no such awakenings among the children as were witnessed under the ministry of Payson Hammond a few years ago in Great Britain, and as are continually reported from America at the present day. The gospel preached in both cases is the same, and the men who preach it are equally earnest and gifted, but the one casts the net into the sea for small and great, while the other carefully provides that the meshes of the net shall be so small as to catch and keep the little ones. The lesson is that if we would win the children for Jesus it must be by the gospel presented in special adaptation to their young years. If Sabbath-school workers could be persuaded out of their "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" style of work, to adopt occasional variations in school services, our schools might become spheres of greater and more permanent blessings. Permit us to give an example in point. About two years ago a feeling of deep dissatisfaction was expressed by our teachers with the smallness of the results of their work, and earnest prayer was offered for the salvation of the young. These prayers were answered in the conversion of a few of our scholars. Our desire was quickened by the visit and powerful addresses of Mr. Moody, and we began to feel that some different method of bringing the truth home to them must be adopted. We agreed to lay aside the ordinary teaching for one Sunday afternoon, and to hold instead thereof an evangelistic service. Two or three short, earnest, pointed addresses were given, and gospel hymns sung at intervals. We varied the proceedings by requesting two or three of the boys who had been recently converted to tell their fellow-scholars how they had been led to Christ, and why they believed they were saved. We then requested two or three to follow one another in prayer for the conversion of their fellow-scholars. We finally requested all those who were decided for Christ to confess it by standing up; at the same time we begged those who were not Christians to keep their seats. I shall never forget the solemnity of that first meeting, or the touchingly simple outpourings of heart of those lads in prayer for their friends. At the close of the meeting we requested all those who were anxious about their souls to go into the vestries for conversation, the boys into the deacons' vestry and the girls into the pastor's vestry, when about twenty-six, of about equal numbers of boys and girls, arose and did so. Nearly all of these we afterwards baptised. We continued those meetings at intervals, and we received, chiefly as the result of those meetings, about fifty children into the church, from seven years of age and upwards. When asked what was the means of their awakening, they invariably referred to the testimonies or the prayers of their fellow-scholars, or to the fact that when those were asked to stand up who were decided for Christ they were obliged to keep their seats. My brethren will, of course, consider all the circumstances of their own cases before they decide upon the wisdom of pursuing a similar course. There are plants that we cannot force. If the Spirit of God is working we must watch his workings, and seek to work in harmony with him. When the wind blows we can spread the

sails to catch the divine breeze, but we cannot make it blow. We may get to the mountain top, like Elijah, and pray for the rain; we may send out the servant—faith—to watch for the first small cloud in the sky, and when the sign appears ring out the message down the mountain side to the watchers below to prepare for abundance of rain; but we cannot manufacture the cloud or create the rain.

Permit me a few words, in conclusion, upon the importance of personal dealing. When impression has been produced, it should be immediately followed up with the view of consummating it in decision for Christ. We cannot individualise, vary, and apply truth to suit the needs of newly-awakened minds in the same degree in public address as in private. We must get them alone, if possible, and find out their difficulties, and speak home to them with a freedom, directness, and loving earnestness, such as is otherwise impossible. For this reason the enquiry meeting at the close of the public one is important. Its chief value consists in the opportunity it affords of following up impressions while they are fresh. We are persuaded that these after-meetings, as they are called, if rightly conducted, are admirably fitted for leading the awakened mind to decision for Christ. Once get them to commit themselves to the expression of their anxieties, and a great barrier is broken down. We have watched young people who have long struggled against their convictions, who, as soon as they once gave expression to their anxiety, broke down, and yielded themselves to Jesus Christ. We are persuaded that there are many young people in our schools and congregations who have spiritual anxieties that come and go through years, who, if afforded the right kind of opportunity to give expression to them, and encouraged to use it, might, humanly speaking, be led into the peace of the gospel long before they are so led. Pardon us for relating a personal incident. When a very young lad we were under very deep anxiety of soul. Our mother attended the Hyper-Calvinistic chapel, and our father the regular or Moderate Baptist chapel. We sometimes went to the one and sometimes to the other, so that we knew the ministers well, and both in different ways did us much harm. We were troubled with awful questions about election and reprobation, for the solution of which we used to ply the Moderate Baptist with a multitude of difficult questions. These questions, however carelessly they seemed to be put, veiled the most terrible anxiety and sadness of soul, which we did not disclose. Instead of dealing gently with us, to find out our real state of heart, and seeking to show us that these doctrines had nothing to do with the open and hearty welcome proffered by the Saviour in the gospel, he became offended with us because we did not accept his explanations, and shunted us off with the prediction, uttered in the hearing of another, that we should become an infidel. After this we united with a few boys, like-minded in their desire for salvation, in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer for divine grace, when lo! the Hyper-Calvinistic minister heard of it, and, with beetling brow, demanded what business we had to pray. "You," said he, "should attend the means of grace," (by which he meant Providence Chapel,) "and, peradventure, God may bless you." We were dumbfounded and distressed beyond measure. We were never so afraid of a man in our life. We thought he perhaps,

being one of the elect, had been favoured with a sight of the roll, and secretly knew that our name was not there, for his discourses had filled our untrained imagination with wild fears about that awful record. He caused us years of suffering, for which we forgive him, as we hope he has repented of it. We cannot but feel that our own case represents in some degree that of many others, and that if there were more well-considered methods devised for securing personal converse with the young, a larger number might be gathered unto Christ at much earlier periods than is generally the case. We of course speak from the human stand-point. We are sure that final results are secured, but results, so far as we have to do with them, depend upon the use of right means for securing them. A personal converse with the young, however arranged to suit given circumstances, is indispensable, if we would lead the young to Christ upon a larger scale.

With the mention of a very common hindrance to early decision for Christ, I will close this paper. Many of the young get the idea —an idea confirmed by the example and requirements of older persons—that if they become Christians they must crush all the buoyancy out of their young life and say farewell to all the innocent amusements to which their healthy natures prompts them. No wonder that their fun-loving natures shrink from a religion which puts their top-spinning, marble-playing, and romping propensities into the "Index Expurgatorius." This is not Christianity. It is a libel on Christianity. The religion of Jesus was never designed to hush the young glee, stop the flow of the life-blood, and spread paralysis over the fresh energies of the child. There is about as much sin in their fun as there is in the frisking of a lamb, and the two are just as natural. The generation has not yet died out—but we hope it soon will—represented by the deacon who, having opposed with all his might the admission of a little boy into the church on the ground that he ought to wait till he was established, came running into the minister's house one day in a most triumphant state of excitement, exclaiming, "There, I told you what it would come to, there is Johnny So-and-so running down the hill as hard as he can, playing at horses."

We have received into the church at Newcastle about sixty young people from seven years of age and upwards with confidence, a confidence which, after nearly two years, we have no reason to regret. Assuming, then, that these young people can be led thus early to Jesus, that evangelistic efforts specially directed to them have been crowned with unexampled and abiding blessing, let us honestly, heartily, and believingly lay ourselves out for its accomplishment. Let us seek them as precious jewels for the Master's crown in the day of his coming. Let us give all the encouragement to those whom the Master has endowed with the gifts of head and heart for this special work. Their conversion will obviate the necessity of seeking to save them from the firm grasp of the devil in older years; it will impart growing strength and earnestness to the church for the fulfilment of her mission to a lost world, and lessen the number of those who come into our churches—able indeed to rejoice in the grace which snatched them as brands from the burning, but able only to lay the wrecks of wasted lives upon the altar of service.

Beware of little Sins!

ONE sin never goes alone. Cain's anger is seconded with murder; Ahab's covetousness is attended with bloody cruelty; and Jeroboam's rebellion with idolatry; and Judas' thievery with treason. I might give instances of this in Adam and Eve, and in Lot, Abraham, Noah, Jacob, Joseph, Job, David, Solomon, and Peter, &c., but a touch on this string is enough. One sin commonly disposes the heart to another sin. A small sin many times draws the heart to a greater, and one great sin draws the heart to another great sin, and that to a greater, till at last the soul comes to be drowned in all excess. Augustine relates the story of Manicheus, who being tormented with flies, was of opinion that the devil made them and not God. Why then, said one that stood by, if the devil made flies, then the devil made worms, and not God, for they are living creatures as well as flies. True, said he, the devil did make worms. But, said the other, if the devil did make worms, then he did make birds, beasts, and man. He granted all. And thus, saith that old father, by denying God in the fly, he came to deny God in man, and so consequently the whole creation. The seed is but a small inconsiderable thing in itself, yet let it be but cast into the ground, and there rest quietly for a time, and it will take root, and grow up to a great stock, and bring forth many flourishing branches; like the grain of mustard-seed, (Mat. xiii. 31, 32), which though it be the least of seeds, yet being cast into the ground, grows up to be the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. Satan will be sure to lodge himself, in the least of sins, as birds nest themselves in the smallest branches of a tree, and there he will hatch all manner of wickedness. A sinful motion, if it be not rejected, will procure consent, and consent will break forth into act, and one act will procure another act, until the multiplying of acts have begot a habit, and that habit hath choked and stifled conscience; and when once conscience is stifled and benumbed, it will be ready upon all occasions to lay the soul open, and to prostrate it to the basest and worst of sins. Oh, there is a prodigious evil in the least of sins; it will quickly multiply itself into all manner of evils. Unless sin be cut off in the first motion, it will proceed to action, and from action to delectation, and from delight to custom, and from custom to a habit; and so the soul will be in imminent danger of being undone for ever. A little thief put in at the window, may open the doors for stronger and greater to come in, that may take away both life and treasure at once. A little wedge makes way for a greater, and so do little sins make way for greater. Satan and our own hearts will be modest at first, and therefore they are often in a combination, first to draw us to lesser sins and then to greater, and so from sins less obnoxious to sins more scandalous, till we come to be abominable to God, hateful to others, and a terror to ourselves. Such as live in one sin, God will in justice give over to other sins. The Gentiles gave up themselves to idolatry, Rom. i. 23; "And God gave them up to uncleanness," ver. 24. It is impossible for any man to take one sin into his bosom, and to shut all others out. He who allows himself in one sin, will find it shut the door of heaven against him, and therefore the true penitent turns from sin universally.—*Thomas Brooks.*

The Two Railways.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

I FOUND myself, no matter when, in a great railway station called "Human Life." On either side of the crowded platform a long train was drawn up. That on the right was called the "Church"; the carriages were variously marked, Presbyterian, Independent, Episcopal, Baptist, Quaker, Methodist, and other names which I do not remember. The train on the opposite side was called the "World," and like the other was composed of various carriages distinguished by inscriptions. Here I read Scepticism, Philosophy, Morality, Ambition: farther down, Pleasure, Sensuality; farther still, Drunkenness, Licentiousness. The people on the platform were rapidly filling the trains, and I noticed several men among them persuading them not to enter the "World." On the other hand, there was no lack of noisy officials clamorously crying down the "Church."

One man as he stepped into the carriage of Pleasure showed me his ticket; it had written on it, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Another said that when he was getting his ticket, a man named Honest told him the "World" was bound for destruction. "Upon this," said he, "I was taken aback, and no doubt had gone over to the other side, had not a gentleman who was by stepped up and said, 'Whatever Mr. Honest may say of the terminus, he cannot deny it is an exceedingly pleasant journey,' and upon this he offered me a return ticket."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes, here it is." I looked at it, and read, "Deathbed Repentance."

Another ticket I saw bore this inscription, "Oppositions of Science." It was held by a gentleman who got into the carriage of Philosophy, laughing as he did so at some one who, on seeing his ticket, had said, "Falsely so called."

I now bethought me of the other train, and, walking over to it, asked one whither it was going.

"To the Holy City," said he.

"Then I will go with you."

At this he was pleased, and, taking me by the hand, led me to the carriages, where we were asked to show our tickets. My companion produced his, which I noticed had the word "Faith" on one side, and the words "Jesus only" on the other. Accordingly he got in, but I having no ticket the door was shut against me.

I sat down in disappointment, but the guard pointed me to the ticket office, over which was written, in large letters, "Ask, and it shall be given you." I produced my purse, and applied for a ticket; to my surprise, there was nothing to pay: the ticket was given me, and with the rest I hastened to join the train. Soon, at a signal made, the whistle was sounded, and we were off.

We travelled through a beautiful and plain country, through fields, meadows, and woods; across rivers, brooks, and roads; for the line was perfectly straight. Here and there we saw people in the fields, who laughed and hooted as we passed, calling us fools for being cooped up in such weather. Some in the carriages were inclined to lean out to watch them, and with longing eyes too; but the elder passengers warned them of the danger, and showed us signals here and there, erected because of certain whose heads had been hurt by contact with rocks that stood near the line. On one of these signals I read, "Love not the world;" on another, "Remember Lot's wife;" on another, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." We went through all weathers, neither storm nor sunshine hindered us; neither mountains nor pits obstructed the way, for the engineer had exalted the valleys and brought low the hills; the crooked places he had made straight, and the rough places plain. At length

we drew near the end of our journey, and a shadow spread over the train; some of us were afraid, but one heavy-headed passenger began to sing, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." In this song we joined, and our fears fled away.

I soon perceived we were entering a tunnel; it was gloomy at first, but our eyes were attracted by increasing light, and our ears held by sweet sounds that seemed to come from the farther end, and grew more distinct as we advanced. The light also brightened till it shone like the light of the land where there is no need of sun and moon. The sound was like the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and of singers singing for joy. As we drew near we could distinguish the burden of the song—"Come in ye blessed of the Lord." This suddenly ceased, and we heard a voice uttering words which thrilled every heart. "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." We found ourselves in the light and beauty of the Holy City, amidst friendly greetings and angelic song; yet these were not the glory of the place. Jesus was there.

The other train had started when we did, but in the opposite direction. The line wound its serpent-like course in and out among the beauties of the country, and the passengers occupied themselves in speculating what new phase of scenery the next turn would disclose. When things were weary outside they amused themselves with jokes and jesting within. Here and there along the line men were stationed with red flags which they waved when the train passed calling out "Beware of sudden destruction." These the passengers nicknamed scarecrows. Thus the time wore away till evening set in and the journey's end drew near. Some now began to be uneasy, and to wish themselves out of the train; the rest called them fools and cowards.

Presently they entered a tunnel and were lost in darkness; one cried out that this was what Mr. Honest had called the tunnel of death, and many trembled when they heard this cry, but the train went faster on and they thought they heard a smothered whisper creep up through the tunnel—"Beware." All listened anxiously: some tried to account for it, others said it was only fancy; but the train went on, and presently the hoarse whisper was again and more distinctly heard "—Beware!" There was no passing it over. Conviction long smothered was making itself heard, and with terrible effect; women wrung their hands, men cursed and raved for help, but still the train went on, and again the cry was heard—"Beware!" Dreadful apprehension seized all that company. Every face grew pale, every heart was chilled with horror, but no escape was posssible, and the train plunged from the tunnel's mouth into the bottomless pit, to fall there for ever.

And there is no return.

IN a work upon elocution we find this seasonable hint. A person leaving a warm room, and going into a colder one, or into the open air, should carefully close the lips for a few minutes, until the person has become as it were acclimatised to the colder atmosphere; and then breathe through the nostrils alone, by which the cold air is made to traverse the long, warm nasal passage before it reaches the windpipe and vocal organs; and its temperature being thus raised, one common mode of "catching cold" is avoided. Most persons, upon leaving a warm church or hot concert-room, immediately open their mouths to discuss the merits of those they have just heard, and many a severe cold is taken. It is equally common, but still worse, for a public speaker to do so; for his throat is more heated from his recent exertions, and he may, and often does, become hoarse for a month by such apparently trifling neglect.—*Lady Bountiful's Legacy.*

Contempt.

I have unlearned contempt. It is the sin
That is engendered earliest in the soul,
And doth beset it like a poison-worm,
Feeding on all its beauty. As it steals
Into the bosom, you may see the light
Of the clear, heavenly eye grow cold and dim,
And the fine upright glory of the brow
Cloud with mistrust, and the unfettered lip,
That was as free and changeful as the wind,
Even in sadness redolent with love,
Curled with the iciness of constant scorn.
It eats into the mind till it pollutes
All its pure fountains. Feeling, reason, taste,
Breathe of its chill corruption. Every sense
That could convey a pleasure is benumbed,
And the bright human being, that was made
Full of rich, warm affections, and with power
To look through all things lovely up to God,
Is changed into a cold and doubting fiend,
With but one use for reason—to despise!
Oh! if there is one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have passed away.
The law of heaven is love, and though its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure:
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measure in which love is given;
And in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that wings above its head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree, and flower, and running brook,
We see how everything was made to love;
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.

N. P. Willis.

A Letter to my Readers.

BY THE EDITOR.

Dear Readers,—Being prevented from day to day from preaching, through a partial return of my painful malady, it came into my mind to write you a brief epistle. You so constantly help me in my many enterprises, and are, many of you, so kindly interested in my welfare, that I cannot but feel towards you very warmly. Our relations are not the mere common ones which exist between an editor and his subscribers—you are all my friends, and some of you are very dear brothren and sisters in Christ. Permit me, then, in an hour of pain and weakness, to solace myself by writing to you.

And, first, will you pray for me? Pray that I may have bodily health, if the Lord will. I grudge these hours in which I must lie back and gaze upon the battle without being able to wield sword or battle-axe in the conflict for my Master. I get to work, and plunge into it right heartily, and then I overdo it, and am down again, jaded in mind, and racked in body. I am anxious to do all I can, but, alas, my ability is greatly decreased through the weakness of the body. I did something to help my brethren, Moody and Sankey, but not a tenth of what it was in my heart to have done. My church grows, and needs perpetual oversight, the College, Orphanage, Colportage, the Magazine, and my books, all call me hither and thither from morning till night, and yet when I would be doing good, I must perforce lie down and mourn my inability. Ask then that, if the Lord will, I may recover my former strength, and be able to work on. If the Lord do not hear you, I will bow my head, and be content to do as much as he permits me, and try to do that measure of work as best he enables me.

But the main subject which presses upon me just now is the spiritual state of each of my readers. I feel a burden upon me about the souls to whom I speak by this magazine. I generally cater for you as for believers, warring and working, with *Sword and Trowel*; but there may be, there must be, some of you who could not be so described. This is painful to think upon. Would to God it were not so. You, dear unconverted readers, are favourable to religion, and yet do not favour it enough to yield your hearts to its power. You have not yet repented of sin, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and consequently you are none of his. Shall this state of things continue? Is it right to be an unbeliever? Is it safe? Can you endure it any longer? The world is very fascinating, perhaps, but when full of pain I do not find it so, and hence I infer that when the death-sweat lies on men's brows it must yield them but poor comfort. Do you think the world will be any stay to you in those last hours, which must come one day, and may come so very soon? Probably you are convinced, as I am, that nothing short of a good hope through faith will cheer you in your mortal agony; why, then, are you not seeking that good hope? Nay, why is it that you have it not even now, since it is to be had immediately by trusting in the Redeemer? You are waiting—waiting for what? What more can you desire? Has not God given his Son? See how the tints of autumn are appearing! Another summer is almost gone and you are still unsaved! Years fly as the eagle, and tarry not—why do you tarry? What ails you? Life, eternal life, is proclaimed to you in the name of Jesus, and you refuse to have it. Ah, me! How shall those be saved who are so careless about salvation? It seems to me that if men were to throng our houses of prayer, and demand with clamorous cries what they must do to be saved; if they were to follow us to our houses and fall down on their knees and entreat the Lord's ministers to explain the gospel to them; yea, if they were to suspend all labour and business, and weep day and night till they found Christ, the excitement would not be worthy of censure, nor be one whit greater than the case would justify. How can you rest in a state of enmity to the God of love? How can you bear yourselves while the wrath of God abideth on you? My heart weeps over you, and

chides my pen for writing so coldly. Thus saith the Lord, "Consider your ways." *Now*, reader, *just now*, pause, reflect, bow your knee in prayer, and end this long delay. Your sin is a burden to you; look to Jesus, and see it laid on him. One glance of faith will do it all; and these few lines will be repaid a million times if they should, through God's good Spirit, lead you to it.

To those of my readers, and I believe they are by far the major part, who are already one with Christ, I may be permitted to say—Brethren, it behoves us to be in good order as before the Lord, good order I mean for enjoying his fellowship, for performing his bidding, enduring his will, or removing to his throne. Yet it is not easy to be always as we should be. Our graces are apt to rust and lose their brightness in the damp atmosphere of this poor, cloudy world: even under the best circumstances we deteriorate, unless we use great watchfulness. We are so busy too with minor matters, and do not seem able to help it. The house work must be done, and Martha does not see how she could sit down with Mary, though she would be glad enough to do so if the dinners would cook themselves and the children's faces would only keep clean. The business wants our thoughts, and even the church causes us care;—what are we to do? We shall get choked up with these things if we are not continually awake to keep our hearts clear. Going up the Thames the other day in a pretty little steam vessel we were continually hindered by the weeds which wrapped themselves around the screw. Every now and again we heard the cry, "Stop her," and when we inquired what was amiss, it was the weeds, always the weeds. In the voyage of life we must be well awake to the weeds; long golden bands hold the wealthy Christian, black, rope-like growths twist about the poor, a wretched tangle of distracting doubt encumbers the educated, and a miserable mass of ignorance hinders the ignorant: the weeds are of all sorts, and must be cleared out or progress will be impossible.

If ever an age needed and suggested the highest form of Christian devotedness it is the present. Visited with revival on the one hand, and weighted down with infidelity on the other, threatened by superstition and invaded by scepticism, the church is called by her mercies to all that is heroic, and urged by her dangers to all that is intense. Both heaven and hell invoke us. Time and eternity are crying to us. We have glorious opportunities and fearful perils, among which the most fearful of all is the peril of being found unworthy of our calling and traitors to our trust. O could I coin my heart into living words, and make this page burn with them, I could not sufficiently exhort each individual believer to yield himself wholly unto God. Labour as in the presence of your bleeding Redeemer. Love souls and pray for them, and woo them to Jesus as in the immediate shadow of the Judgment-seat. Be conscientious as to personal service, and do not stand in need of pastors and leaders to be as taskmasters to you. By the love and blood of Jesus, beloved in the Lord, bestir yourselves.

Especially let us be more constant and instant in prayer. Small bands of two and three, meeting in parlours, drawing rooms, or kitchens may pray down great blessings. Prayer at casual meetings of believers, prayer at odd times when workmen and servants are resting, prayer under the hedge in the corn-field, prayer anywhere and everywhere, will be sure to command a blessing. If anything in this world is sure of success it is believing prayer. Trade fails, crops perish, property wastes, inheritances are lost, but prayer is never a failure, for the Lord liveth, and he cannot lie. Therefore, brethren, LET US PRAY.

Yours, with all my heart,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Notices of Books.

Calisthenics and Drilling Simplified; for Schools and Families. By D. Cunningham. Haughton and Co., Paternoster Row.

A very capital book for the drilling of young ladies. It suggests modes of exercise calculated to be very beneficial to the frame.

The Judgment of Babylon the Great, and the Introduction of the Glorious Millennium. By Amariah. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

If only we could be sure that Amariah had really hit upon the Interpretation of the Revelation what a boon his book would be. He gives us his ideas in language so plain that he strikes us as being the very opposite of certain other prophetical gentlemen, who owe more to their profundity than to their light. The obscure he honestly lays aside, and gives forth his parable in sincere simplicity; and for this we thank Amariah, whether we accept his explanations or not. He has put the future into a nutshell, and if we were quite sure that the nut was sound we should rejoice indeed. We are disappointed to learn that the Jews will be restored in the year 1945, and the Millennium will soon follow, for we shall not live to see it; the author is on the safe side in placing the date beyond the ordinary period of man's life, for it must be very awkward to survive one's own prophecies, and find them all untrue. We wonder how those brethren feel who thought Louis Napoleon to be the future personal infidel, Antichrist. We have a list before us of some twenty of these wise men, some of whom we trust will be more cautious in the future, but others of them are so bitten by *the Beast* that we feel sure they will rave on till death ends their mania. The little work before us tells out the notions of a sanguine brother, whose views on other points are sound and good; and those who wish to see what the good man thinks will happen had better buy his book.

Word and Work, a Weekly Record of Christian Testimony and Effort. One Penny. Shaw and Co.

Mr. Russell Hurditch has a great gift in editing useful serials. This paper is of the same kind as "The Christian," and a worthy competitor of that useful weekly. We are glad to see that such truly earnest papers find sufficient support. The present great revival supplies matter of great interest, and we are delighted to find that enterprising brethren arrange for spreading it abroad.

Church Establishment Considered: especially in Reference to the Church of England. By the late Richard Ingham, D.D. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

As we maintain that all religious movements should result from enlightened views and principles derived from the word of God, we strongly recommend the thoughtful and unprejudiced perusal of this book to all who would be like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do." It goes thoroughly into the whole subject of the relation between the Church of England and the State, into its origin, its history and consequences, and also into the arguments that have been adduced both against its preservation and in its defence. It is free from all bitterness of controversy, from the imputation of unworthy motives, and from unqualified censure or praise. It is temperate in all things, and all the more powerful because it leaves great Scripture truths to speak for themselves. It is valuable as a book of reference in relation to the constitution, the officials, the internal government, and the internal discipline, and the emoluments of the State Church. Its statements, too, wherever it might be deemed needful, are confirmed by quotations from modern writers of the highest repute. It should be looked upon as a standard work for all libraries in the present day.

The Poets of Methodism. By the Rev. S. W. Christophers, author of "Hymn Writers and their Hymns." Haughton and Co.

We have inserted in our present number an extract from this very attractive work. The author's style strikes us as being redundant in beauties; it would be all the better for trimming and pruning. Still this is a good fault, and is redeemed by other excellencies, and we dare say that to many readers it is no fault at all. Mr. Christophers has collected a mass of facts, and worked up his incidents with a painter's art and a poet's soul. He is, no doubt, a thorough Wesleyan, but we detect no trace of narrowness, and he touches upon controversial themes and the fierce theological battles of former ages with a tender hand. Some of his poets are very minor celebrities, but they are happy in having so cordial a master of the ceremonies to introduce them to the assembly of songsters—one who makes the most of them, and is never hard upon their weaknesses. No one who purchases this volume will complain of its being dull, and we feel sure that thousands will find it a genial company for holy leisure hours. Here is a story which we like so well, that we cannot help giving it.

"It was on a Whit-Monday, about seventy years ago, that the little village of Denby in South Derbyshire was all astir. The Benefit Club was to turn out, and march to church. There was a mustering of old flags. Every man proudly handled his newly-painted staff. Flute and fiddle, triangle, bagpipes, and drum, were attuned. The ranks fell in. The band struck up; and then,

With motion like clock-work, they all move along,
First right leg, then left, as the bell goes ding dong.

"All at last were in their places at church. There was to be the usual sermon from the parson, who was nothing loath to dispense his guinea's worth; for temporalities were of more importance to him than such spiritual matters as he thought might be left to those who knew more about them. His Whit-Monday sermon was, perhaps, more valuable than many others in his stock, as it served every year, and every year was again paid for by the club. All were on the look out for the homily, now become so well known; when, lo! even thoughts of the club dinner were interrupted by the announcement of a new text, and by the opening of a new sermon. What could this mean? The text, too, was remarkable—'Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise; why shouldest thou destroy thyself?' The problem was soon solved. It was a sermon against the Methodists. The club was warned and exhorted to beware of the over-righteous people, whose teachings and practice were declared to be dangerous to soul and body, Church and State; tending most certainly to self-destruction. There was one Methodist in the club upon whom the discourse had anything but a soothing effect. And as the club passed out in order before the parson, who, at the close of the service, stood in the porch to give them his smile, this young member confronted his pastor, and cried at the top of his voice, 'If Satan, sir, had taken the pulpit this morning he would have preached as you did!' 'Who are you?' was the angry response, 'who are you, who presume to call a clergyman in question?' 'Sir!' replied the other, 'if some one did not speak, surely the very stones would cry out!' The parson left the field. At this crisis, when there might be some fears that the young zealot's conduct would cost him dismissal from his master's service, for he was a farm servant, the very master himself, recovering a little from the bewilderment into which the parson's discourse had thrown him, walked up, and said, 'Benjamin, if you'll tell's what that text really means, we'll all stop and hear you.' It was too good a chance for Benjamin, who was, in fact, a Methodist local preacher. He took his stand on the church steps. He was no more in apparent social position than farmer Abel's man; but to unseen observers he was really more. There he stood, with his long face, which told how used he was to pondering; his high, round brow showing its signs of power beneath his black hair, combed in straight primitive fashion; his large Roman nose,

and his eye—verily his eye—there was but one—his flashing brown eye. The power of that eye was felt by a person, who says, 'I heard him preach once. His text was, "Upon one stone shall be seven eyes." And I thought as I looked up at him and met his gaze, "And sure enough you've got one of them!" But now that eye threw its light around from the church steps upon the congregated club, standing with their banners and staves, and hushed band, willing even to delay their dinner, that they might have a sermon from one of themselves. The text was the parson's own. And now the preacher lifted up his strong, well-modulated voice, and with firm articulation, fervent gravity, logical expertness, vigorous and quaint style, he held the crowd in deep, silent attention, while he showed that 'over much righteousness is necessarily a righteousness pushed too far in one direction: that the over-much righteousness which tends to self-destruction is self-righteousness, showing itself in various ways—in straining towards a self-imposed standard of righteousness in one's own strength, instead of frankly accepting the righteousness of the gospel: an over-done, hollow, outward righteousness, paying 'tithe of mint, anise, and cummin;' an over-much righteousness in one's own conceit, needing no repentance, not submitting to the righteousness of God; the worst instance of overdoing in one direction, which is undoing in another.' This was the first Methodist sermon ever heard in Denby. And this preaching genius was Benjamin Gregory, the father of a genius, scholar, theologian, preacher, writer, Christian poet, still living to bless Methodism with his consecrated utterances in prose and verse."

The Glory of the Cross: as manifested by the last Words of Jesus. By A. B. Mackay, Brighton. Hodder and Stoughton.

A choice theme, handled with much reverence and spiritual power. We do not remember meeting with the following incident, which is worthy of being universally known.

"At one of the social gatherings of Baron d'Holbach, where the most celebrated infidels of the age were in the habit of assembling, great entertainment was afforded by the witty way in which the pretended absurdities, stupidities, and follies of the Holy Scriptures were descanted upon. The philosopher Diderot, who had taken no part in the conversation, brought it to an abrupt termination by saying, 'Gentlemen, I know no men, either in France or elsewhere, who can speak or write with more talent than you who are here present, and yet, notwithstanding all the evil that has been spoken of this book (*de ce diable de livre*), and no doubt with reason enough, I defy you, with all your power, to compose a narrative as simple and yet as sublime and touching as the story of the passion and death of Jesus—a narrative which shall produce the same effects and make so strong a sensation, felt so generally by all men, and the influence of which shall continue the same after so many ages.' So astonished were the company, and so touched in their inmost consciousness, that a long and awkward silence ensued."

Well may the author add, "Yes, and had we nothing more than these seven dying words of Jesus—nothing more than this his last legacy—we should have had sufficient to substantiate all his claims as the Son of God and Saviour of the world. They come home to the conscience and heart with such self-evidencing power as to command the undying love and profoundest homage of every sincere God-seeking soul."

The Verity of Christ's Resurrection from the Dead. An appeal to the common sense of the people. By Thomas Cooper. Hodder and Stoughton.

Our old friend is a splendid reasoner, subtle but withal so clear and downright, that no man of our acquaintance can be compared with him as a controversialist. He speaks from solemn conviction of heart, and yet argues step by step as if it were a matter of the head only. None of his opponents can charge him with cant, or with shirking an argument. In this book he excels. As the author has done his part of the work so well, it remains for those who desire the conversion of sceptics to do their part by distributing the book on all sides.

The Works of St. Augustin. T. and T. Clark, 38, Great George-street, Edinburgh.

We prefer Augustin to St. Augustin, and Paul even to St. Paul, and Peter to St. Peter. These titles have been conferred by the church of Rome, and should be confined to its own sons and daughters. Peter we know, and Paul we know, but who are these? It is, however, one of the redeeming qualities of the church of Rome that it greatly reverenced the character of Augustin, and gave its sanction to his writings, which greatly tended to preserve some glimmerings of gospel light for upwards of a thousand years, during which darkness covered, not the earth only, but the church, and gross darkness the people. It may be admitted we think, that Augustin was the greatest of the Christian fathers, and did as much in his day to rescue the doctrines of grace from philosophy and vain deceit as Luther did from the superstitions of his day. He saw not, indeed, the distinction between the righteousness of justification and the righteousness of sanctification, so clearly as could be desired, although he evidently had the faith of justification in his heart and its fruits in his experience and life. It was reserved for Luther, by the help of Augustin, and by his own independent investigation of the Scriptures, to restore that distinction to the clearness with which it is stated and defended by the Apostle of the Gentiles. The works of Augustin, notwithstanding this great error of the times in which he lived, have their own peculiar value, which consists partly in the knowledge to be gained from them of the doctrines and discipline of the church upon its entrance into the dark ages, and partly, and more especially, in the experience of the deep things of God, both in the law and in the gospel, and the devotional fervour which cannot fail to be discovered in all his writings. This thoroughness of experimental godliness gives interest even to his controversial reasonings and to his fanciful analogies and illustrations, which are not to be admired on their own account. The writings of few, if any, have had a greater influence upon their own times and upon succeeding ages, and on this account, also, their reproduction is a valuable contribution to the church literature of the present day.

The Temperance Reformation and the Claims upon the Christian Church. By Rev. James Smith, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

This is a prize essay, in which the temperance movement of the modern times is strenuously advocated upon political, social, moral, and religious grounds. We can forgive, and perhaps admire, a little intemperate zeal in an ardent and persistent assault upon the evils of intemperance. Temperance and abstinence are not, in our opinion, synonymous terms, and by no fair rules of interpretation can the Scriptures be made to sanction extreme views upon the subject. Yet so persuaded are we of the benefits of all agitation upon the subject that we would not arrest it in any direction if we could, and we cordially recommend the volume before us for its spirit and design to all who would be fully persuaded in their own minds upon one of the great questions affecting the present welfare both of the church and the world.

The Church in the House: a Series of Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles. By William Arnot. Nisbet and Co.

Quite a portly volume. We are becoming rich in works upon the Acts, but there is always room for a book by Dr. Arnot. He is a poet-preacher, full of metaphor, simile, and aphorism. Whatever he touches he beautifies and lights up with sunbeams. The chapters are intended to be read by families in the evening of the Sabbath-day, for in Scotland the public services are in the morning and afternoon, and the sweet eventide for the household. This is not our habit in England, we almost wish it were, but there are difficulties in the way. We are sure, however, that all families will be the better for such reading as Mr. Arnot furnishes. There is in this work no parade of criticism, no display of boastful learning, and no reference to the literature of the Acts; but there is a clear elucidation of the text, attended by an impressive enforcement of its lessons, and he must be himself to blame who is not profited by its perusal. From these hundred and four notes ministers may gather as many sermons.

Scenes and Sketches from English Church History. By Sarah M. S. Clarke. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

These sketches are graphically drawn, and must secure attention, but we are not clear that we agree with the writer's views of history. What she thinks contending for the church of God seems to us rather more like ecclesiastical intrusiveness, and in the overthrow of some things she reverences we should unfeignedly rejoice. One grows daily more and more convinced that history as commonly received among us is but another name for romance, for its accounts have come down to us tinged with the prejudices not only of the age in which it transpired, but of all the ages since; and unfortunately deadly error, which would have been detected in its native form, may be concealed in a so-called history, and obtain unquestioned currency. Something very like Papal supremacy is to be found in the second of these sketches; and though we acquit the authoress of all intent to teach it, such would certainly be the impression upon our own mind.

The Children's Pulpit. By the Rev. Gordon Calthrop. London: William Hunt and Co.

Those who refuse to address children under the influence of the notion that they cannot *come down* to their level have mistaken the qualification for the work. It is a service to which we have to rise. To win the ear of children demands the highest kind of talent, and a preparation of the most laborious nature. The reason so many fail is because they do not spend their best strength in the service. A random address or sermon to children is bound to fail. The men who have been most successful with the young have qualified themselves by earnest application and profound study. We are delighted to find so many coming to the front as preachers to the young. The book before us consists of fourteen sermons to children. They are thoroughly evangelical and present the truth in a winsome manner. We commend them to parents who are in the habit of gathering their children around them to listen to "The old, old story."

Science not antagonistic to Scripture. By John Radford Young. Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.

It is absurd to look in Scripture for the language of science before science had an existence or a name. It must have taught it before it employed its terms and ideas. Its language is invariably accommodated to the usages of those who are addressed, with a limitation of meaning to the subject upon which they are addressed. It would rather speak five words that would teach others than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. Between the language of science and the language in common use for the same natural phenomena, a great difference still exists without affecting the credibility of either. It is remarkable that the Scripture account of the present creation should be so guarded, that while describing the preparation of a world for the habitation of man, it anticipates subsequent discoveries and leaves them to their own sphere. It is enough fo us to know that creation and revelatio are from the same Being, so remove al fear of any other than an apparant disagreement between them. To those who are not satisfied with these general views, we commend such defences of Scripture on scientific grounds as the one before us.

The Skull and the Brain: their indications of Character and Anatomical Relations. Longmans, Green and Co.

He who wants to know all about his own cranium should consult Mr. Morgan, who is one of the most judicious of phrenologists, and writes always so as to entertain and instruct at the same time. We sometimes question whether the whole of a man's character can be developed on the skull alone. If the brain is continued into the spinal marrow, does it present no translatable phenomena throughout the whole length of the vertebral column? At any rate, we like a man with a good back-bone, and are of opinion that a vast amount of character lies in that direction. If the Evangelicals of our blessed Establishment had possessed one-tenth as much backbone as a common hare, what a different state of things should we now see.

Out of Darkness into Light; or, the Hidden Life made Manifest through Facts of Observation and Experience: Facts Elucidated by the Word of God. By ASA MAHAN, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.

DR. ASA MAHAN says some very excellent and striking things, but also a great many other things which we take leave to question. He has a very clear view of his own excellencies, and his testimony to his own powers and graces is remarkably explicit. It must be a very comfortable thing to be able to think and speak of one's self so complacently, and to be surrounded by a large and growing number of disciples and friends who believe in you; indeed it must be so very pleasant, that we shall not wonder if all our congregations should have in them imitators of so favoured an original. The Psalms of David, which describe an experience of conflict and sorrow will soon become obsolete if our new teachers are to be believed; and the biographies of all our brethren who have gone before us into glory, may as well be burned at once, for the footsteps of the flock by no means follow the same track as in years gone by. As soon as *we* attain perfection our friends will hear of it, most probably by means of a notice in the *Times* under the head of *Deaths*.

Notes.

MRS. SPURGEON very speedily distributed the hundred copies of the "Lectures to My Students," and so numerous were the applicants that she felt bound to give a second hundred. These also have all been seized upon, and many other claimants are left unsupplied. Mrs. Spurgeon has done her fair share in this matter, and leaves the further supplying of poor ministers and students to the generosity of some other friends, with whom our publishers would make generous terms. Friends will take this as an intimation that further applications cannot be responded to. It has been a great pleasure to our beloved wife to give a book to so many needy servants of the Lord, but it is a sad fact that there should be so many needing such a present. Cannot something be done to provide ministers with books? If they cannot be made rich in money they ought not, for the people's sake, to be starved in soul. Some of the applicants say that they have not been able to buy a new book for the last ten years! Does anybody wonder if preachers are sometimes dull?

The College has had its vacation during the month of July, but the students will reassemble August 3. We beg for earnest prayer that the session may be one of the best the College has ever known. Young men of the right sort are still wanted and should apply at once, so as to be in time for the Michaelmas session. Any Christian men living near the Tabernacle, who wish to improve their gifts, so as to serve their Lord better, can receive gratuitous instruction in the evening classes, if their hours of business allow them to devote the evenings to study. They can apply to Mr. Page, at the College.

As many of our country friends are at this time visiting London, it may be convenient to them to know that they can always obtain a seat in the Tabernacle on Thursday evenings. We are very seldom away from home, all seats are free, the service begins at seven, and there is plenty of room. The same holds good of the Prayer-meetings on Mondays at seven.

From Smith's Falls, Ontario, we have a most cheering letter from our brethren Revs. Lennie and W. Carnes, who are working with a large measure of blessing upon their labours. They tell us that our friend Joseph Forth has had a delightful revival at Perth, and Mr. Grant also has had a considerable increase to the churches over which he presides. Mr. Lennie has opened a new church, and Mr. Carnes is working as evangelist to the association. All our Canadian brethren seem to be prospering. The Canadian papers also record the death of J. C. Mukish, who was for awhile in the College, and seems to have been exceedingly useful before his life closed.

Our friend Mr. Bird has settled at Oxford, and the cause prospers greatly. Mr. Hill, who removed to Derby, is also much encouraged. Mr. Rawlings, from Watchet, commences at Shackleswell with hopefulness, and we wish him abundant success.

Our friends in Reading have resolved to

hold a bazaar for the Stockwell Orphanage, commencing October 11th. This is a noble spontaneous effort. Goods can be sent to Mrs. Withers, 7, Eldon Square, Reading, or to Mr. W. Anderson, Baptist minister. May the Lord reward these loving friends for their great kindness.

A friend has offered £5 towards a colporteur, to work among navvies, on any lines of railway which may be formed. This is a good idea, and we trust it may be carried out.

We saw the other day an acre of land which our good friend Mr. Toller, of Waterbeach, has set apart for the orphans. It is half wheat and half potatoes. This is a grand way of helping us.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—June 21st, sixteen; 24th, twenty-two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	5	0
Mrs. D. Kavannah	0	5	0
Mrs. T.	20	0	0
I. B. F., per Rev. E. J. Boon	0	19	0
Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Mrs. G. S. Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. Monroe, per Mrs. Bartlett... ...	5	0	0
Hook	0	2	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. R. E. Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. Hurrell	2	2	0
Mrs. Stuart	5	0	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. Treliving	0	2	6
R. D. Otargo	2	10	0
A Friend, per L. Eyres	0	10	0
Ebenezer	1	0	0
Mr. J. Salter...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Livingstone...	1	1	5
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0
E. Salmon	0	2	6
A Friend, per Mr. Court	0	6	4
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	6
Mr. Bowker's Class	15	0	0
Miss Rodwell	0	5	0
Mr. D. Molyneux	0	5	0
Mr. E. Falkner	2	0	0
A Wellwisher	0	5	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	5	5	0
Mr. Crozzon	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barrow	10	10	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	25	0	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Collection at Park Road Chapel, Peckham	4	10	0
Mrs. Stocks	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
A. Z.	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	10	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., June 20	36	2	10
" " " " 27	45	13	4
" " " July 4	33	14	0
" " " " 11	37	1	2
" " " " 18	33	14	0
	£316	11	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Warkworth	0	7	0
Mr. Daniels...	0	5	0
Miss Millbank	1	5	4
S. H.	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader, Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mrs. Bright	0	10	0
Miss Hobbs	0	10	0
Mr. T. J. Latimer	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hall...	1	0	0
Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Rev. T. Curme	1	0	0
Per Rev. W. Durban	10	0	0
Mr. G. L. Miller	0	5	0
Miss Laing	0	5	0
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Store ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Monroe, per Mrs. Bartlett... ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Wilson...	0	10	0
Miss Waters and Miss Billiter	2	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0
Mr. Rippon*	5	5	0
Mr. H. Clark	2	2	0
Mr. Wadlaw...	0	5	0
E. B. I.	0	5	0
Hook	0	2	0
Mr. Chessher	0	5	0
E. T. C.	0	13	6
E. H.	1	0	0
Mrs. Hurrell...	2	2	0
Mr. Stuart	5	0	0
Mr. J. P. Jones	0	10	6
R. D. Otargo	2	10	0
A Friend, per L. Eyres	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0
J. J. Y. and a Few Friends, Leicester...	0	11	0
Miss Withers	0	12	6
Mrs. E. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. C. Gladish	0	11	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Dr. Phillippo	1	1	0
S. G.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Livingstone...	2	0	0
Mr. J. How	5	0	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	8	0
Mr. J. Harris, Montreal	10	10	0

* Also £5 5s. for Richmond Street Schools.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mr. Westrop	50	0	0
Miss Falconer	2	0	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Mr. W. Cook	1	0	0
E. D.	0	10	0
Rev. R. E. Sears	0	5	0
Every Little Helps...	0	1	6
H. Barnes	0	1	0
Mr. W. Crawford	0	10	0
E. Salmon	0	2	6
Miss S. Tritcher	1	0	0
Miss A. Tritcher	0	10	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	8	2
Mrs. Few	0	10	0
Mrs. Bailey	0	5	0
Profit on few Photos, per Hand Bell Ringers	0	3	0
Miss F. Mann	0	4	0
B.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Villacott	2	0	0
Mr. A. Colvin	2	10	0
Mr. D. Molyneux	0	5	0
Mr. E. Falkner	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. A. A. Rees	2	0	0
Mrs. Howard	10	0	0
John	4	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor	0	10	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Sinner Saved	1	10	0
Mr. J. Cubey	3	4	0
K. L. B.	0	1	0
Mr. Bousfield	0	5	0
W. A. M.	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss McNaught	1	0	0
Mr. J. Waller	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	2	10	0
Mr. Chew	5	0	0
Mr. Croggon	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies	1	1	0
Mr. C. Wightman	1	1	0
Mrs. Stocks	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	10	0	0
Per F. R. T :—			
Mrs. Bampton 0 5 0			
Mr. C. Brown 0 5 0			
Mr. Kearsley 0 5 0			
Mr. W. C. Parkinson ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. W. C. Parkinson ... 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Benson 0 5 0			
Miss Edwards 0 5 0			
Mrs. F. T. Edwards ... 0 5 0			
Miss Annie E. Johnson ... 0 5 0			
Master J. H. Johnson ... 0 5 0			
	2	10	0
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. J. Horton	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. Parnell	1	1	0
Mr. Bobbett	0	10	0
	£191	5	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS.—Some Cabbage, Mr. Butt; Ditto, Mr. Parker; 2 Baskets of Cherries, R. J. and A. Frembie; 4 Currant Cakes, and 15 Loaves of Bread, Grove Chapel, Camberwell; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Mr. Freeman.

CLOTHING.—22 Caps, Mr. Ashton; Parcel of Shirts and Socks, Mrs. Cook.

DONATIONS:—Per Mrs. Sewall, 5s; T. E. Wilson, 5s; Mr. Brown, £1.—Total, £1 10s.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Dorking District, per Sir A. Cotton ...	10	0	0
Wrexham District, per Mr. S. Jones ...	10	0	0
Arnold District, per Miss Wells ...	3	0	0
Tewkesbury District, per Rev. J. Wilkinson	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	20	0	0
Shrewsbury District, per R. Marston, Esq.	10	0	0
Cardiff District, per R. Cory, Jun., Esq.	10	0	0
Eyethorne District, per S. Clark, Esq....	7	10	0
Witney District, per Robert Abrahams, Esq.	10	0	0
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
"H. M."	20	0	0
Miss Gairdener	2	0	0
E. B. J.	5	0	0
Hook	0	2	0
A Padstow Friend	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	10	0
E. W., Chepstow	0	5	0
Miss Grace	1	0	0
Per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon...	30	0	0
Mr. D. S. Miller	1	0	0
Miss Palmer	1	0	0
X. O., Balham	2	0	0
H. E.	0	3	0
Miss Du Pre	20	0	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	0	0
Mr. E. Falkner	2	0	0
Mr. C. G. Baker	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor	1	1	0
R. B.	1	1	0
Mr. C. Ball	10	0	0
	£156	7	0

For Blind Mission, Mark viii. 22, 10s.; Mr. C. Ball, £10. Mr. Ball also sends £10 for Richmond Street Schools, £5 for Tract Society, and £10 for Poor Fund. £5 is acknowledged from E. H. S. for "School Treat," but for which school is not stated.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

Whose faith follow.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON TO THE MEMBERS OF MRS. BARTLETT'S CLASS ON THE SABBATH AFTER HER LAMENTED DECEASE.*

MY dear Friends,—On this occasion I will not try to comfort you, for I fear I might only aggravate your sorrow. I have already attempted the painful duty on two occasions, both at the time of the funeral and also this morning; but your wounds are too new and too deep. May the Holy Spirit exercise his chosen office of Comforter, and then your griefs will be assuaged. I shall rather endeavour this afternoon to make practical use of the life and character of our beloved friend. I am sure if we could hear her wishes from her own mouth she would say, "Weep not for me, but follow me so far as I followed Christ," and she would not forbid my speaking of her if thereby any of you might be benefited, for she lived only for your good. In that respect her desires are unchanged; even in glory she loves you still. Anything about her that would glorify Christ she would not wish me to withhold.

The Apostle Paul addressed the Hebrew believers in the thirteenth chapter of his epistle at the seventh verse, and said, on the behalf of teachers and pastors (and Mrs. Bartlett was both of these), "*Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word*

* Many, if not all of our readers, must have heard of this female adult class, in which the attendance was from five to eight hundred, and from which several hundreds have been called into the church by Mrs. Bartlett's instrumentality.

of God, whose faith follow." Those last words shall serve me for a text,—"WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW."

I could, this afternoon, have held up our departed sister as an example in a great number of points of character, but in selecting her faith I have chosen that which lay at the root of all the rest. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and therefore until we believe in the Lord Jesus none of those things which are pleasing to God are to be found in us. Faith is the boring-rod which taps the great "deep which lieth under" and enables the fountain of grace to well up in streams of Christian virtue. With faith we must begin, with faith we must continue, and with this we must close; for, as the first sure token of salvation is faith as a grain of mustard seed, so its perfection is faith with the far-reaching boughs, beneath which the weaker ones find a shelter. "The just shall live by faith." Hence the apostle in saying "Whose faith follow," means, in fact, that we are to follow them in every grace, only he points his finger expressly at that which is the centre and kernel of all.

But have you faith? Have you all believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? If you have not, why not? and wherefore? We are sometimes attacked by unbelievers, and they seem to think it will be difficult for us to justify our faith: we do not find it so, but, on the other hand, you unbelievers have a task before you which you will never be able to accomplish, namely, to justify your unbelief. Many of you know that the gospel is true, you know that Jesus is the Son of God, you know that his blood taketh away sin, and yet you are not trusting in the cleansing blood, you are not believers in the Son of God, but you remain still without Christ, unpardoned, unrenewed. How can you excuse your unbelief? How *will* you excuse it at the last great day? You have no faith, and therefore you are "condemned already, because you have not believed," and remaining as you are you must be lost for ever. I would to God that this afternoon you might follow Mrs. Bartlett's faith by resting as she did in the great sacrifice. Come to the Saviour just as you are, with all your sins and weaknesses, and tell him you are lost and undone without him, and that from his feet you will never go until he look upon you and say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Come without fear, for Jesus has sweetly said, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."

There are some points about our beloved sister's faith that I would urge you to follow, and the first relates chiefly to you who are young. Oh that you might follow her in *the early birth of her faith.* She was quite a child when the Holy Spirit wrought saving faith in her. I do not see many here so young as she was when she made a profession of her faith in our blessed Lord. I would urge upon you younger ones to pray in the language of the psalm, "O satisfy us *early* with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." I have noticed that many of the most eminent saints were called early. Sin, even when repented of and blotted out, leaves a weakness behind, but when the soul is preserved from falling into the grosser sins through early conversion there is often developed by the Holy Spirit a character of peculiar beauty and a piety of special excellence. Your Samuels, and Josephs, and Josiahs, and Daniels, are "men greatly beloved," and

young women who give their hearts to Jesus when they are young are most likely to grow up into Christians who shall be like Deborah, who was "a mother in Israel." Those who give to God the morning of their youth shall find him doubly precious in the evening of their days. From seven to seventy makes a grand Christian life, and roughly speaking our beloved friend realised that joy. I am myself a living testimony to the sweetness of giving the dewy morning to Jesus. I was not yet sixteen years of age when I was baptised into the name of the sacred Three, and I have never regretted that with my mouth I thus early made confession of the Lord Jesus. Oh that I had sooner believed! It is quite impossible for us to find eternal life too soon. It were well to be so soon converted as to have no bad example to regret, no wasted years to mourn over, no formation of evil habits to lament, no memories of a conscience tampered with to embitter the future. Oh, you who are very young, dear Mrs. Bartlett speaks to you, and from her grave reminds you that those who seek the Lord early shall find him.

I would next say follow her faith in *the continuance of it.* During all those long years our beloved friend was kept by the grace of God standing on the same rock on which she put her childish foot, looking up to the same Saviour whom she had saluted in her girlish days as Christ her Lord, growing in grace, becoming rooted and grounded and built up in him. She continued walking in the same way—the good old way—abiding steadfast in the faith even unto life's close. We have been so stunned by the blow of her unexpected death that we have, perhaps, forgotten that it was almost time for her to go home. She had reached her threescore years and ten, so that hers was not a life terminated before its time. She has been gathered like a shock of corn fully ripe that cometh in its season. Throughout that life which, according to the rule of nature, may be considered to be a complete one, she was enabled to press forward in the heavenly race with undiminished ardour. True to the last hour to her life-work, she spent the last gasp of her breath in her Lord's service. She was for years what she used frequently to call herself, "a dying woman," but she laboured on to the end. She lived until her work was done; we are sure of that, for had there been more for her to do her Master, and ours, would have permitted her to remain to do it. Her work was finished; through divine grace and the power of the Holy Spirit it was finished: the last warning to you all she had given, the last invitation to come to Jesus she had presented, the last prayer for you she had offered, and the last tear for you she had shed; and then she went home, and her Lord said to her, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, my sisters, let us follow her faith in this. May we never be backsliders, never lose our first love, never turn aside to crooked ways. If any of you have done so, return I pray you. By the prayers and tears of her you loved so well, return, return! And may the Lord so restore you and stablish you in the faith that from this moment until you are summoned home you may never desert your post, nor slumber at it. "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." Mrs. Bartlett stood firm to the last; let us gird ourselves also with the same mind. "Be ye steadfast, unmovcable, always abounding in the work of the Lord"

Another point in her faith which I earnestly commend to this class, and all here present, was *its unalloyed simplicity*. Ever since I have known my beloved sister, now with God, I have admired the way in which she has kept to the simplicity of the gospel, both in her own experience and in her teaching. Many have come and gone, but we have always known where to find her. I remember her tremblings when certain novel views were introduced into the class by a good but unwise brother. She came to me and said, "This will never do; those young people know nothing of those points, and do not need to know; they will be puzzled and led away from simply looking to Jesus." I was of her mind, and rejoiced in her common sense, and in her holy resolve to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified. In her time she, with me, saw the rise and fall of many wise ones, who had found out something new:—oh, so new, so wonderful, so delightful! I have seen others go after these will-o'-the-wisps until they have plunged into the mire, but none of these things moved her. There she stood, knowing in her soul two things, herself a sinner and Christ a Saviour. You have heard, I dare say, a good deal of talk about higher life and perfection; you never heard a syllable from her concerning any higher life than the life of faith upon the Son of God, and yet if ever woman possessed the higher life she had it, and because she had it she could not see it in herself, and would never have been so vain as to assert that she exhibited it. The spiritually ugly see beauties in themselves; but the beautiful in heart mourn over their spots and imperfections. She knew that there is only one true life, namely, life in Christ, and there can be nothing higher than that, for it is the life of God in the soul; and whoever strains after anything higher than that leaps at a shadow, and is in danger of missing the substance. Exalted views of their own spiritual attainments frequently crush men in despair when the bubble collapses. She kept to this—"I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him." You never heard from her any "divers and strange doctrines." I know that you have listened to everything that fell from her lips, some of you for many years, and you can bear witness that the end of her conversation was, as Paul puts it here, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." If there was anything beyond Christ, she did not seek it; if there was anything beside Christ, she did not desire it. Her motto was "Jesus only," and this made her so safe a guide for young minds, and this made each one of you feel when you got anywhere under her lee like a ship in a quiet harbour. Now, dear young friends, and older friends too, imitate her faith in its simplicity. Be not dazzled with this or that. If any say, "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" say to yourself, and say to others too, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

I commend to you the faith of your departed teacher for *its intensity*. She heartily and thoroughly believed what she taught. Intense faith is not very common. We are very apt to take things at second-hand, and put them down as orthodox, and consider that we believe them. So to believe that when you are on the borders of the grave you can steadily gaze upon eternity without fear, this is faith. So to believe

that, like my dear brother, William Olney, we can realise death and feel nothing but pleasure at the thought, because we shall so soon be with Jesus: this is to believe indeed. Often has Mrs. Bartlett in spirit skirted the coasts of eternity, for she was frequently prostrated with pain, and by that extreme weakness which succeeds it, and at such times she has never displayed the slightest sign of doubt or dread. Her heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. Her intense faith yielded comfort to herself, but it also affected others. She spoke because she believed, and her confidence gave her power. This is an age of falsehood, and the good must expect to be abused, but I have never heard anybody hint that Mrs. Bartlett did not believe what she taught, or was not in earnest while teaching it: surely Satan himself dared not insinuate that. Her pathetic pleadings have forced the tear from the eyes of strong-minded men, for she felt every syllable that she uttered, and made others feel it. Through God's Holy Spirit, her unstaggering reliance upon the Saviour has led many of you to confide in him. You saw how she believed, you saw the joy which her faith brought to her, the calm rest and power which she obtained, and you were led to Jesus Christ, perhaps unconsciously to yourselves, very much through her example. She was a thorough and complete believer; downright in her convictions and rooted in her principles. She was immersed into the Lord Jesus, she had not been content with a mere sprinkling of faith; and according to her faith so was it unto her.

Imitate her faith, next, in *its activity*. What a worker she was. Nobody will ever know until the books are opened at the last how much she did. Her Sabbath-day work was but a small portion of her holy toil: she almost looked upon it as relaxation: her work continued all the day, and every day of the week. How many times she has come to me with the burden of your souls upon her, to speak of the tempted, the afflicted, and the backsliding! How frequently, also, did she tell me glad tidings concerning souls awakened and troubled ones brought to rest in Jesus. Your despondencies, your temptations, your failings, she carried them all on her heart. I do not believe that any mother in this place knows her children much better than she knew the members of this class; and, what is more, I believe that there are few children who would tell their inward feelings to a mother so frankly as many of you have unbosomed yourselves to her. There was about her a sympathy of heart and an affectionateness of manner, and an absence of everything like reserve and haughtiness, which drew you towards her and held you fast. Her heart was large and her efforts incessant. If her son, Mr. Edward Bartlett, were to rise and tell you what she did, which I am sure he cannot do, he would have a long story to tell. He himself has been fired by his mother's zeal, and is one of the most industrious workers among us, and may God spare him long to labour on. She was a worker who neither needed the pastor's praise to encourage her, nor his exhortation to enliven her. She needed the bit rather than the spur, for she went beyond her strength, and when ordered to rest she only went away and worked elsewhere. It is well to remember this, for this will make us see how long she lived: if we measure life by work rather than by years she lived as long as the ancients before the flood. My dear sisters, are

there not some among you who love the Lord who could be equally active for him? I do not think we shall find her equal in all respects for many, many a day to come, but every working sister must be after her own order, and if you consecrate yourself as perfectly as she did you may not be useful in her line of action, but you will succeed in some other. God will open a door of usefulness, and help you to enter in. Some of you who have the gifts and the graces qualifying you to lead, should give yourselves up to the Lord, and ask him to anoint you with fresh oil. Our ranks are thinned, close them up. A brave officer has fallen, let each private soldier see to it that the fight does not falter. Be instant in season and out of season, and so follow her faith's activity.

Again, imitate her *in her self-sacrifice*, though not exactly in the form it took. Few could rightly make so supreme a sacrifice as Mrs. Bartlett did. When she first came among us she was in a good position, obtaining by her own efforts a considerable income, but when the class multiplied it called for so much of her time and attention that she determined to give up all, and devote herself entirely to this work. Accordingly she cast herself upon the providence of God, and the kindly support of her two loving sons: but, as in the order of God's providence her sons did not prosper as we would have desired, she had much reason to regret the step which she had taken, and yet so possessed was she with the passion for soul-winning that I do not think such a thought ever crossed her mind. I marked her self-denial, and it was my great privilege to help her in divers ways as best I could, always judging that anything I could do for her was exceedingly well laid out. I rejoiced to know and help a woman who could, for Christ's sake, relinquish everything. Just before she died, as you perhaps know, her son, whom God has greatly prospered in America, came over to this country. She told me herself that he pressed her to return with him, as he could provide for her most comfortably in his adopted country; he also urged his brother to emigrate, for there would be good prospects before him. She told me last Sabbath week that she knew it would be for her temporal advantage, but she added, "How could I leave that dear class?" The mother would gladly have joined her son, but the lover of souls was stronger than the mother, and she said, "How can I leave the class which God has given me? How could Edward leave his work at the Alms Houses? It is impossible for me to go." I rejoiced in both the mother and the son, and thanked God that I had such helpers. I am sure it was to Mrs. Bartlett a deliberate giving up of earthly comforts for your sakes when she resolved to abide with you. She could not tell then, of course, that she was on the doorstep of heaven at that very moment when making, once again, a supreme sacrifice for her Lord and Master. She could not have made a more complete surrender, even had she known that the Lord was so near. Yet see how, in her self-renunciation, she after all was led to do the best thing for herself; for now she did not die on her passage across the sea, and she did not die in a strange land, but she fell asleep amid old and happy associations, just as she would have desired to do had it been left to her choice. May we also be willing, if it be for God's glory, to suffer the loss of all things that we may win Christ, and be found in him.

I am sure if all could be told—and I am not authorised to tell it, nor would it be right for me to do so—she would be reckoned among the most illustrious of consecrated women. "Whose faith follow," my sisters. "Whose faith follow," my brethren. Reckon yourselves rich, not in proportion to what you have, but in proportion to what you can sacrifice for Christ. Reckon yourselves to be wealthy, not in proportion to what you can lay by, but in proportion to what you can give to the Master's cause; for he is most honoured who can most completely forget himself and live entirely for the Lord. May that blessed Spirit who enabled her to present herself as a living sacrifice enable each one of us to do the same.

Last of all, "Whose faith follow" *in the consummation of it*; for now her faith has attained its reward. We think a great deal of the dying words of good men and women; but perhaps we go too far in so doing. Some professors ought to bear a good testimony for Christ when they come to die, for they have never done so during their lives. Sometimes God enables his feeble ones to say good things when they are dying, for the sake of their relatives, who might otherwise have been overwhelmed with sorrow. I have no ambition myself to sit up in my bed and gather a company around me, and talk as some dying Christians have done; I would prefer to bear my testimony while I live, as Whitefield did. A friend remarked to him, "I should like to be near you when you die, Mr. Whitefield." "Why?" said the man of God. The answer was, "Because you will bear such a testimony for Jesus." "No," said Whitefield, "I do not suppose I shall; there is no need for it, for I have testified to hundreds of thousands all the while I have been living." I want you so to live that if your life should be suddenly cut short your work would be finished. There are so many unfinished lives: as you look at them you lament over them as fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Our dear sister's life has long been such that had she been called home at any hour she would have died in harness and gone from her post to her portion. There was nothing particular for her to do when she reached her last moment. I did not hear of her sending for anybody to ask their forgiveness, nor that there was anybody whom she had to forgive; nor did she need to send for a minister to cheer her, nor to say to those about her, "Have pity upon me, oh my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me." She had but one thought which was at all distressing; it was concerning those she left behind, and very largely about you, and who would watch over you in her absence. Beside that she had nothing to do, and that really was no work of theirs, because no worker is called upon to find his own successor. We must all be satisfied like Moses to work up to the point at which God calls us away, and then leave him to find the Joshua who shall crown the enterprise. Her work was finished. Standing here and looking back upon it as calmly as I can, I pronounce hers to be a finished life. To God be all the glory.

Your class is now like a vessel without a captain; but meanwhile the Lord will bless you. Follow the faith of the departed by believing in God, and not in flesh and blood: "Whose faith follow" by expecting a great blessing still. Do not be discouraged. Be not afraid: "only believe." I recollect a time when for certain reasons this class became

very thin, and its condition was unsatisfactory, but Mrs. Bartlett said to me, "Well, if they all go away, I will begin again and gather another class;" and she buckled to the labour with such indomitable zeal that very soon all was flourishing again. Now that this trial has come, we will not dishonour our God by unholy mistrust, but we will begin again by God's good blessing; nay, rather, we will keep on where she has left us, and I am sure that God will certainly find for the class the teaching which you need. We will do our best, all of us resting in the power of God, and the work of her hands shall be established for many years to come.

As for her who is gone, if anything could make heaven more heavenly to her it would be if she could look down and see the class quickened with a divine ardour, passionately longing for the conversion of souls, keeping well together like a well regulated army, and continuing that blessed warfare which she for so long a time carried on in this place. I charge you by the love of Jesus Christ and by the love you bear her, try to make this class in years to come all that it has been in the past. Regard it as her living monument. While some are planting flowers over the graves of their dear ones, be you yourselves the flowers, and this class the little garden, which shall keep loving memories from dying out. Never let the class flag in numbers, in earnestness, in prayer, or in service. Pray for it; work for it; live for it; because if God has magnified himself in it, it ought to be very precious to us.

To her God, and my God, and your God I commend you. He ever liveth and ever worketh. We who minister among you are all passing away, but he is the same, and of his years there is no end. Look up, I beseech you, from the coffin and the grave to your risen Lord, and his abiding Spirit, and hear him say, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Let us pray.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What burdens lighten, what temptations slake,
What parchèd grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all—the distant and the near—
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,—
That we are ever overborne with care,—
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled,—when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with thee?

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

The Baptismal Service Practically Considered.*

An Article extracted from "The Irish Church Advocate" of July 1st, 1875.

THERE is in our fallen nature a conservatism of corruption. We hold error with persistent tenacity, but our grasp of truth is weak and variable. It is to this special corruption the prophet Jeremiah alludes in the remarkable words—"Pass over the isles of Chittim, and see, and send unto Kedar, and consider diligently, and see if there be such a thing; hath a nation changed their gods, which are yet no gods? but my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit." —Jer. ii. 10, 11. This conservatism of corruption was also illustrated in the conduct of the whole line of the kings of Israel, of each one of which it is written, "He departed not from the sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." And the same evil tendency of our fallen nature was more largely exemplified in the apostasy of Christendom from the purity and simplicity of apostolic truth and worship, to the antichristian and abominable idolatries of Popery, and in the desperate tenacity with which multitudes still cling to these abominations, notwithstanding the Scriptural light which is now so widely diffused, and which exposes their real character. But to come nearer home, the history of our Prayer-book, and especially the history of our Baptismal Service, affords another illustration of this conservatism of corruption, which crops up in every period of the religions history of man.† The English Reformers of blessed memory, who were God's honoured instruments for delivering our church and nation from Popery, were not infallible. They were cut off by the cruel hand of persecution before they had reached the maturity of knowledge towards which they had made great progress at the close of their ministry. Bishop Poynet's Catechism, which was written in the last year of Edward's reign, and which expresses the most matured conclusions of the Reformers, shows how thoroughly they were being emancipated from the sacramentalism and sacerdotalism which constitute the very *virus* of Popery. Taking a sober view of that most important document, we are warranted in the persuasion, that if the progress of reformation had not been stayed by the martyrdom of its originators, the objectionable sentences in our Baptismal Service, which have occasioned such strife and evil in our church, would have been expunged. We need hardly say that the paragraphs to which we allude are, the declaration of the regeneration of the infant, and the thanksgiving to Almighty God for the supposed benefit.

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* When we preached our well-known sermon upon Baptismal Regeneration we were favoured with so abundant a measure of abuse, that the charge of slander and *vituperative declamation* brought against us in this article sounds very mildly in our ears. The article is thoroughly Irish, and we reprint it without alteration, as containing one of the best justifications of our sermon ever issued from the press. If our antagonists will only keep on answering us in this way we shall not need to utter another syllable.

† Pretty strong. Surely it verges on *vituperative declamation*. We heartily endorse it.

Now, we remark, in the first place, that these paragraphs afford slanderous tongues strong ground for misrepresenting the true doctrine of our church, and impugning the morality of the whole body of our evangelical ministers. A sermon by "C. H. Spurgeon," which has reached a circulation of one hundred and ninety-five thousand, affords a painful illustration of this evil. In pages 8, 9, we read :—

> The form for the administration of baptism is plain and outspoken, seeing thanks are expressly returned unto Almighty God, because the person baptised is regenerate. "*Then shall the priest say, 'Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's Church, let us give thanks unto Almighty God for these benefits; and with one accord make our prayers unto him, that this child may lead the rest of his life according to this beginning.'*" Nor is this all, for to leave no mistake, we have the words of the thanksgiving prescribed, "*Then shall the priest say, 'We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant with thy Holy Spirit, to receive him for thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into thy holy church.'*"
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> This then, is the clear and unmistakable teaching of a church calling itself Protestant. Here is a professedly Protestant church, which, every time its ministers go to the font, declares that every person there receiving baptism is there and then "regenerated and grafted into the body of Christ's church."
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> "But," I hear many good people exclaim, "there are many good clergymen in the church who do not believe in baptismal regeneration!" To this my answer is prompt. Why, then, do they belong to a church which teaches that doctrine in the plainest terms? I am told that many in the Church of England preach against her own teaching. I know they do, and herein I rejoice in their enlightenment, *but I question, gravely question, their morality.* To take the oath that I sincerely assent and consent to a doctrine which I do not believe, would to my conscience appear little short of perjury, if not absolute, downright perjury; but those who do so must be judged by their own Lord. For me to take money for defending what I do not believe—for me to take the money of a church, and then to preach against what are most evidently its doctrines—I say, *for me* to do this (I judge others as I would that they should judge me), for me, or for any other simple, honest man to do so, were an atrocity so great, that if I had perpetrated the deed, I should consider myself out of the pale of truthfulness, honesty, and common morality.

The whole of this vituperative declamation is founded upon a misrepresentation. It assumes that baptismal regeneration is the doctrine of the Church of England* which every one of her ministers is bound by solemn engagement to teach; and to hold this ground for criminating the whole body of the Episcopal clergy, Mr. Spurgeon *suppresses the fact that the highest ecclesiastical tribunal in the land has ruled, that baptismal regeneration is not a doctrine which every man who has honestly accepted the Prayer Book is bound to teach.* With this judgment before him, Mr. Spurgeon must be fully aware that every minister of the church is as free to denounce the figment of baptismal regeneration as he is.† To retort Mr. Spurgeon's accusation, we have only to quote

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* And very naturally too, since the writer admits under the head of *secondly* that "the paragraphs alluded to in their plain grammatical meaning teach the doctrine of baptismal regeneration," etc.

† Yes, and then they go on teaching it all the same in words whose "plain grammatical meaning" cannot be misunderstood. Can Acts of Parliament make it right to teach what you do not believe? Has any man a license before God to teach a

his own words, "We question, gravely question the morality" of such a mode of argumentation as this, based as it is upon the suppression of a fact which neutralises the conclusion.*

Secondly—But we ask, why retain in our baptismal service these objectionable paragraphs, which not only give a plausible ground of accusation to the enemies of our church, but which sorely wound the consciences of many of its best friends, both of the clergy and laity? It cannot be denied that the paragraphs alluded to in their plain, grammatical meaning teach the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and require a laboured explanation to justify our church from the charge of holding that dangerous error. The writer knows for a certainty that these objectionable statements in our baptismal service with the cognate sentences in our church catechism, have driven many of the best members of the church into dissent, and he has invariably found that this is especially the case in times like the present, when persons are awakened to a sense of their religious responsibilities. One of the questions discussed at the recent clerical meetings was, "the best means of advancing and rendering permanent any signs of religious awakening among our parishioners." Of all the means of securing such a desirable end, the revision of the Prayer Book, particularly in the baptismal service, is, in our judgment, absolutely essential.

Thirdly, we abhor, as involving a rejection of the highest principle of morality, the saying, that one of the uses of language is "to enable us to conceal our thoughts." The tongue, as the organ of speech, is spoken of in Scripture as the *glory* of man; but it is only such when its truthful utterances announce the revealed will of God. Hence, all ambiguity of expression, especially in the things of God, must be displeasing to the "God of truth;" and if one has unwittingly been betrayed into such an abuse of language, the error, when it is exposed, should be promptly corrected. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" Hence the apostle says, "Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech." It is a dangerous presumption to use before God, in the administration of a divine ordinance, words which are calculated to convey to the mind of the general hearer a contradiction to the truth of God. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven, and thou art upon the earth, therefore let thy words be few."

Fourthly. Another evil resulting from the retention of the objectionable sentences in our baptismal service is apparent in the general tone of the preaching of our ministers. We know assuredly that a very large proportion of the clergy are tainted with the error of

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doctrine in one form and denounce it in another? We said nothing about "*the highest ecclesiastical tribunal in the land*," because our notion of right is founded upon the rule of a higher tribunal still. A man may hold his living by law and be almost a Romanist, but this is universally condemned by evangelicals; what is the reason why the evangelical, who is equally inconsistent with the Prayer-book should be excused?

* That fact has no connection with the conclusion. We say that a man who teaches a doctrine which he does not believe is dishonest, and so he is whether the ecclesiastical courts sanction or condemn his doing so

baptismal regeneration. While they justly censure the presumption of Revivalist preachers in stating the exact number of persons who were converted at this or that particular meeting, they, with singular inconsistency, hold that every infant upon whom they have sprinkled the water of baptism has been made a subject of the new birth, of which the Lord Jesus speaks in John iii. as an indispensable qualification for the kingdom of heaven. When one points out to them the characteristics of regeneration, or the new birth, as set forth in Scripture, as a new creation, the imparting of a spiritual and indestructible life, involving a total change in the principles, the tastes, and the conduct, and point out, as a simple matter of fact, the total absence of any such change in the great majority of the baptised, they tell us, in opposition to the whole current of Scripture testimony, that regeneration, or the new birth, is a totally different thing from conversion—that it is only a change of state, but not necessarily a change of character—in fact, they make regeneration to be a word without any definite signification, but that, whatever it is, it is inseparably connected with baptism. Hence the solemn words of Jesus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," lose all their power, and instead of pressing on their hearers the indispensable necessity of the new birth, they preach to them as if they had already received the blessing; that they are clothed with the garments of salvation, and that all they need is to tack upon them some ornamental fringes of good works. This radically erroneous tone of the preaching of a very large number of our ministers, is one of the worst results of retaining the more than ambiguities* of our baptismal service, which are made instrumental to the positive inculcation of one of the most radical and dangerous errors of the apostate church of Rome.

Fifthly and lastly, we ask, what benefit can be secured by the retention of the objectionable paragraphs in our baptismal service? Their removal would not impose a burden on any man's conscience. If some have persuaded themselves that baptismal regeneration is a true doctrine of Christianity, and that they are bound to teach it, the proposed omission would leave them at liberty to do so. But as the service now stands, it does impose a burden which many have found too grievous to be borne. To compel a minister on pain of the forfeiture of his ecclesiastical position to utter words which, in their plain, grammatical sense, assert a doctrine which he abhors, is nothing more nor less than an unjustifiable tyranny over conscience. It may be said, let those who reject the doctrine of baptismal regeneration leave the church; they have perfect liberty to do so. Not so, for they do not believe that it is the doctrine of our reformed church, as it was in the days of Edward VI., and they have been released from the legal obligation of teaching it. To abandon the church of their fathers under such circumstances would, in our judgment, be an act of schism. Let not the friends of revision be discouraged—our demand for the removal of the objectionable paragraphs must ultimately be conceded—but let there

* *More than ambiguities!* What does this mean? When a witness before the court utters *more than ambiguities* what does he utter? This is a mild way of saying what we said without ambiguity.

be no compromise; we demand the total excision of the declaration and thanksgiving, and nothing in the way of explanatory prefaces or rubrics can meet the exigencies of the case, or put an end to the discontent which prevails among the great majority of churchmen.*

Modern Jews.

THOUGH the mission to the modern Jew is one of the most toilsome and discouraging in which an evangelist can be engaged, it meets with a fair proportion of success. We refer particularly to the operations of the London City Mission.

A certain visitor had only just left the death-bed of a young man to whom he had been offering instruction and Christian consolation, when at the door of the house he witnessed a melancholy scene. A coach was standing there, and the occupant, a youthful Jewess, was just returning incurable from an hospital. On the pavement by her side stood her father, grave and depressed. Glad to seize and to improve a golden opportunity, the missionary approached, and said, "Coachmen are rough nurses. I have been used to sick beds, can I help you upstairs?" The offer was accepted, and upon reaching the apartment the missionary ventured to remark,—"It is hard work to die." "It is indeed, and serious work too: God help me, it is," replied the invalid. After listening to some gentle words concerning Christ, the young lady proceeded to say, "I shall be glad to hear you read and pray again, for I have many doubts on my mind respecting the Nazarene." The subject of Christ's Messiahship was subsequently introduced to other members of the family: a discussion ensued, and some of the household were awakened into beholding something divine in Christianity. "You will come again and see my poor sister, won't you? You have promised, and real Christians keep their word," was the first parting greeting. Afterwards the visitor not only found himself welcomed, but eagerly looked for. The patient herself exclaimed, "What a providence it was that you should ever come to this house. Pray for my sister, for the religion of a Jewess will not take her to heaven." Though astonished at this triumph of truth, the missionary did not need to seek for any explanation, for the result arose from comparing the Old with the New Testament. Persuade the sons and daughters of Israel to compare the two Scriptures, and it frequently happens that the Spirit of God brings them to acknowledge our Lord as the Messiah.

The intelligent Jew shows a bent towards religion. We have had conversation with devout Israelites which have been most edifying.

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* We hope this writer will continue to dilate upon the same subject. He is a very helpful fellow-worker, and he is welcome to abuse us to any extent. An abler advocate we could hardly wish for; he not only proves our point, but in his own way honours us with his commendation, for, although "*vituperative declamation*" in its plain, grammatical sense means something rather objectionable, we have no doubt that the writer, by "*a laboured explanation*" could show that he intended—"honest, outspoken rebuke." We thank him heartily.

When modern infidelity has been the theme, we have been encouraged and strengthened by their aguments for the being of God, and the inspiration of the Old Testament. The less devout and more bigoted soon drift into controversy, and there the Jew has no mean power. For hours consecutively will he resist the claims of the New Testament with a subtlety of reasoning borrowed from the Rabbins. Making no distinction between Christians and Gentiles, he evinces surprise at the behaviour of the untutored multitude, who sneer at doctrines which he so deeply reverences.

Though encouraging opportunities occur of holding kindly argument, and of instilling Christian sentiment, it must still be remembered that one who devotes himself to the conversion of the seed of Israel pursues no easy path. According to the testimony of one, himself a zealous Hebrew missionary, and subsequently an adventurer in Abyssinia, the hardships and discouragements inseparable from the lot of the philanthropist among the Jews are well-nigh intolerable. He is regarded as an enemy tempting the Israelite to apostasy, and he is treated accordingly. Petty annoyances are common, and to be expected. At one time his hat will be destroyed, or his coat made so unsightly by unwelcome missiles, that necessarily he folds it up and carries it home. The vulgar are goaded into this behaviour by blinded instructors. A Rabbi has even been known to intrude into a city missionary's meeting, not only to abuse the Christian teacher, but to utter violent threats, hoping by such means to disperse the congregation. A Jew, under religious conviction, is generally libelled as being a worthless fellow, and the wrath of his brethren is stirred at the mention of his name. It is to be feared that the character of many pretended converts has gone far to support the Jewish opinion that a convert must be a hypocrite.

Superstitious stories are often used by Jews to parry the evidence as to our Lord's deity. "I will tell you," said one, probably instructed by an adept in tradition, "I will tell you by what power Jesus used to work miracles. When the temple stood there was a prayer written at the doors, and any one who knew this prayer and learned it by heart could work any miracle he liked. To prevent this the Jews placed two lions at the door. If any one should learn it the lions roared, and he forgot it and could do nothing. But Jesus was a clever man, and he wrote this prayer on a piece of parchment and learned the prayer after he went out, and worked his miracles by it." This is a specimen of the traditions which the missionary may expect to contend with.

Another example of the city missionary's work among the Jews will show what irrepressible energy is manifested by the Hebrew mind in seeking truth when the clue is once in possession. A missionary at the West-end became acquainted with a young Prussian Jew whose thirst after truth brought him to London. His parents being wealthy, he received an expensive education; but they showed some want of foresight in placing him at a Christian school, where his associating with a young believer opened the way to knowledge, which ultimately ripened into a living faith. "How is it that you will never eat anything in our house, and why don't you stop in the schoolroom when our Scripture lessons begin?" enquired the little Christian of his Jewish playmate. "I dare not eat

anything in your house," answered the other, "because you cook everything different to what we do; and I cannot take part in your Scripture lessons, because you don't believe in God. My Jewish teacher always told me that you believe in a man as being the Son of Almighty God, and I must, by his directions, even stop my ears when the name of Jesus is named in my hearing." After this style these juvenile disputers discussed religion. "Your Rabbi tells you about our religion as *he thinks* it is, but not as you would find it to be," remarked the Gentile, once more pressing his friend to attend the Bible-lessons. The seeds of truth thus sown brought forth desires after more knowledge though the boys separated, the Jew proceeding to a higher school, where, committing the mistake of supposing all Gentiles to be equally Christians, he sought instruction in the gospel from the gay students by whom he was surrounded, till, shocked by the badness of their lives, he laid Christianity aside, and supposed it to be but a development of heathenism, as well he might, if many who bear the name of Christ were true specimens of his followers. By-and-by he discovered that "Christian" was not synonymous with Gentile, and found out that there was an inner circle of believers in Jesus who were Christians indeed. Researches after truth were recommenced, the youth attended gospel services, until the bent of his inclinations becoming known at home, he was hastily recalled, and kept in guarded seclusion during two years, a sufficient time, as the parents thought, for a dangerous curiosity to wear away. Being now, according to the judgment of friends, settled in opinion and well grounded in the faith and ceremonies of Scripture and tradition, the young Jew was allowed to proceed to London; but in London his desire to examine the claims of Christianity returned. Being his own master, he procured a tutorship in an academy, and saw sufficient of Christianity to convince him of the desirability of knowing more, and of sifting the evidences of the system to the foundation. He extended his researches, and benefited much by the conversation of one who had himself experienced the ordeal of passing from Judaism to that of which Judaism is only the type. In a condition of eager excitement he met a Jewish visitor of the London City Mission, with whom he held long and earnest conferences. The conflict between old prejudices and new light was painful, and even terrible; and the enquirer compared himself to "a thirsty traveller in the wilderness;" but soon the clouds of doubt passed away, and joy succeeded fiery trial. Probably the passage from Jewish bondage to gospel liberty is one of the roughest in mental voyaging; but the convert's joy on entering into rest abundantly repays him. But what said his friends? One relative wrote, "I could scarcely believe mine own eyes when I perceived from yours, just to hand, that you had taken such a horrible and thoughtless step." Another, "I was shocked by your madness-breathing lines, I conclude you are insane." "Our dear parents will rather desire death than that horrifying news," was the language of one still dearer. "Forget that you ever had parents, never call me sister."

Since their rejection of the Messiah the religion of most modern Jews has partaken largely of superstition; and though, on the whole, the nation remains one, it is really divided into several denominations. The strict Jew who believes in the Talmud and its endless traditions

looks askance at his brother who only accepts the Old Testament Scriptures as a rule of faith; and others who maintain certain strange doctrines are regarded with contempt alike by Reformer and Talmudist. The daily observances required by the priests of the orthodox creed are a burden from which most escape by neglecting them altogether. The phylacteries, certain texts of Scripture which are tied on to the hand at prayer-time, are still worn by men, and are supposed to be of special virtue in preventing sin. Fringes on the garments are supposed to frighten away evil spirits, and the M'Zuzah, a sacred scroll fastened to the portals of the houses, is supposed to attract blessing. Gross darkness has indeed fallen upon the people; for those who do not practise and believe in such absurdities are in most cases altogether irreligious.

If the orthodox Jew excites our pity in life, we compassionate him still more in death. Full of alarm and trembling the dying man departs hence trusting in his own righteousness. If any of his children have embraced the Christian faith he has been known to curse them with his latest breath, believing that he pleases God by so doing. Then as superstition has followed him all his days, it does not forsake him at the close. To escape certain punishments or penalties after death he desires to be buried in the Holy Land; and if that be impossible, a bag of earth from the beloved Jerusalem must be brought to serve as a pillow for his corpse.

The Jews rebuke us by the manner in which they observe the Sabbath, frequently at great cost to themselves, for in many instances they virtually lose two days of trade in the week, a great feat of self-denial to persons of such business habits. In other things also they are very precise and careful not to violate their laws. Strict Jews make earnest endeavour to meet the requirements of the Ceremonial Law, as for instance in regard to touching fire: "As an instance how strictly the Jews observe the law against touching fire, it is related that one Sabbath evening whilst a father and his son were at supper the snuff of a candle, which had long remained unsnuffed, dropped upon the table-cloth and set it on fire. Both father and son started up in great confusion, and began to call for the Gentile servant to come and put out the fire; but she was in a neighbour's house, snuffing the candles, and could not come immediately. Not one of them dared to touch the table-cloth, but looked on until it was consumed, as well as many other things upon the table. The Jews have no scruples, however, in asking Christians to break the Jewish laws, for they consider that all Gentiles are in a reprobate and lost state, and that God has given them no laws, nor promised them any blessings."*

Though we regard Judaism as an effete system there is yet preserved a show at least of great reverence for sacred things. The regard paid to the sanctity of the Law is remarkable. The whole of the copy must be written on unblemished calf-skins, prepared after the orthodox manner,

* See "The Home and the Synagogue of the Modern Jew," (Religious Tract Society), an able and entertaining book, and one sure to please those readers who are desirous of readily arriving at a correct knowledge of the present condition of God's ancient people. We are indebted to this volume for some of the facts of this article.

and it must also be engrossed by a learned scribe, who will execute only a small portion at one time. These conditions entail great labour and heavy expense; but as it is a special virtue to present copies of the Law to the synagogue, the wealthy and devout take care that the supply is abundant.

In Poland, under the despotic rule of Russia, modern Jews have found a chosen home. For centuries Poland has been their chief retreat, and in spite of extortion and ill-usage on the part of a short-sighted government, the Jews remain completely distinct, and are the principal upholders of the commerce of the country. Rabbinical learning is prosecuted in Poland as it is nowhere else, and from Poland, therefore, come some of the most learned Rabbis. Probably, too, the Day of Atonement is observed in Poland as it is not in other countries. The author from whose pages we have already quoted gives a sketch of the great fast as he observed it :—

"The Day of Atonement was now ended, the congregation having fasted from twenty-four to twenty-six hours, and having continued in the exercise of their prayers upwards of twelve hours without intermission. To me the ceremony was far from uninteresting, though not exactly of that interest which I had imagined to myself. The prayers though at first tiresome, from the sing-song manner which invariably characterises the reading of the Rabbis, were rendered soon effective by the solemn, wailing responses of the congregation, which were often uttered more in the form of a shout than of a petition. On the faces of all was an expression of deep gratitude, and many were in tears. Through the lattice-work of the gallery I could see the women sobbing, and silently repeating their prayers—for Jewesses are not allowed to take any public part in the services of their church. The men, wrapped in their ghost-like garments, grouped themselves about the synagogue, talking to each other during the intervals of the prayers, or else sat down, away from their fellow worshippers, with their heads bent low in meditation, and their arms folded on their breasts. All appeared inexpressibly sad, and it was a strange sight to see the change that came over every face when the ram's horn was blown, announcing that the fast was over,—a change which spoke of the greatest possible relief, as if a disagreeable duty had been performed, and all was now over for another year."

When Jewish converts make great temporal sacrifices we are thereby certified that they are sincere in giving themselves to Christ, and they become valuable additions to the church. Many most honoured Christian ministers are of the seed of Abraham, and we trust that many more of that honoured line will yet be found among us, teaching none other things than Moses in the law, and the prophets did write. Israel which first preached the faith to the Gentiles will yet herself embrace it again, but long years of cruel persecution, and especially long observation of the gross idolatry of many so-called Christians, have alienated our Jewish brethren, so that God alone can hurl down the adamantine wall of Hebrew prejudice and blindness. It devolves on Christians to bear the gospel to the Jews in the spirit of love, confessing that our fathers had a share in driving them into their present alienation, and realising that only by a display of divine might can they be led to

accept the Son of David. We honour the men who are doing evangelists' work among scattered Israel; and detract nothing from the tribute due to them in expressing a belief that, not by their endeavours alone, praiseworthy as they are, will the day of Jewish emancipation be ushered in. Israel will only bow in obedience to Christ at the command of Him at whose omnipotent word the walls of Jericho crumbled and fell.

While this article was yet in the press a letter came to us by post which shows that the work of our brethren, Moody and Sankey, was not without result even among the tribes of Israel. It is entitled "Testimony of an Israelite, who, by the grace of God, has been brought to believe in Jesus as his Saviour."

"Dear Friend,—I am going to tell you what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for me. I was awakened on the last Sunday that Mr. Moody was at the Opera House. I was passing there and going to join some of my friends to have a hand of cards, and I saw an immense crowd of people. As I was looking at them, a gentleman touched me on the shoulder, and asked me if I would like to come in with him. I said laughingly that I did not want to come in. He asked me again, and in such an earnest manner, that I said that I did not mind; so in we went. We got on the platform so that we might see all that was going on. We had not been long in the place before several gentlemen of position came on the platform; among others the Lord Chancellor. Well, thought I to myself, if these gentlemen take such an interest in the meeting, there must be something in it. I got interested, and the singing commenced, and you cannot imagine the effect it had on me. I felt that I should like to have joined in it, but could not. After the singing, several gentlemen offered prayers, which seemed so different to what I had heard in our places of worship, and they prayed with so much earnestness that I could not help crying, for I felt nearly heart-broken; and when Mr. Moody commenced to preach about the thief that was crucified with our Lord, St. Luke xxiii. 42, when the thief said, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom,' I then thought if he could only say these few words and be saved, what a gracious Saviour was this; and if I could only say the same words, I might also be saved, I was just as bad as he was, and I went on my knees and asked the Lord if he would remember me, I felt greatly relieved, but did not find peace that night. After the sermon was over, Mr. Moody asked those that would like to become Christians to stand up. I should say that at least two hundred men stood up, and something pulled me up too; but I could have given all that I had to have sat down again, but could not, and he told those of us who felt anxious about our souls to go into the inquiry room. I went there and sat down, and a clergyman came to me and asked me if I was anxious to be saved. I told him that I was a Jew. He then told me that our Lord was also a Jew, and of the seed of David; and he spoke to me about our blessed Lord, and referred to the Old Testament. He told me that Jesus was the promised Messiah that was spoken of in Isaiah and other prophets, and we prayed together and held a long conversation about our blessed Lord and Saviour. The following Tuesday evening there was to be a young men's meeting in Oxenden Street Chapel, and I went there and

found the Saviour that night, and he found me, and I can say that since I became a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ I have never had such a happy time in my life. Would to God that I had known the Saviour years ago. Now, to tell you a little about myself. For the last twelve years I have led a most wild life, and have travelled a great deal, and, with shame I confess it, I have been one of the gayest men in London. During the last five years I went night after night to a well-known dancing room. I have also been a gambler in my time, and attended most of the race meetings in England and the Continent, and I may repeat that since I became a believer in the Lord Jesus it has been the happiest time in my life. After I was converted I went home to my parents and told them that I had found the Messiah that was spoken of by the prophets, but they laughed at me, and said that I was a renegade, and had turned away from the religion of my forefathers. I tried to explain it to them, but they would not listen to me, and told me to go out of their house and never come in again, and my mother told me I was no longer a son of hers. I have lost all my influence among my friends, but the love of Christ is dearer than all my friends were to me. I could not live without the Lord. I have been insulted, and have lost father, mother, brothers, sisters and relations, but I have found Jesus, and him only do I want. I have had brilliant prospects (as regards this world) offered me if I would return to the old faith, but by God's help and grace I have rejected them all. Dear Christian friends, you have a very little idea of the struggle it costs a Jew to become a Christian, and the persecution such a step draws upon him. Taught from his earliest infancy to hate the name of Jesus, he has to overcome the most deep-seated prejudices ere he can persuade himself to acknowledge him as the Messiah, and then flesh and blood will recoil from the prospect of being cast off by one's own parents, their love and tenderness often turned into bitterest hatred; anger and scorn taking everywhere the place of friendship and affection. To be hated, despised, pointed out as an object for contempt and insult, this is hard to bear, and only to be endured by that strength which God himself imparts. Dear friends, I respect poverty because Jesus Christ respected it. I respect riches because they furnish the means of relieving the distressed. I endeavour to be sincere and faithful to all men, but I have peculiar tenderness towards those whom God has caused me to be intimately connected with. These are my sentiments, and I daily bless my Redeemer, who has impressed them upon me. I owe my deliverance to his power and goodness, having nothing of myself but weakness, feebleness, and corruption. But the truth is, did we consider this life as it becomes us to do, even as wise men we might easily find that the world below neither was intended for, nor indeed can be, a place of rest, it is only a school to exercise and train us up in habits of patience and obedience, till we are fitted for another station; a little narrow nursery, wherein we may be dressed and pruned till the time for us to be transplanted into Paradise. To be able to hear in our consciences the approving voice of the Lord God of heaven, beholding us and saying, "well done good and faithful servants," would be enough to outweigh all that our obedience costs us, though it were possible to separate it from what follows—"enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I would

rather have the love of Christ and a dry piece of bread than have all riches without that love. I am having a happy time of it, working for the Lord, who gives me strength for it. The high aim of the true Christian is to be useful. This is the tendency of his spirit, of his affections, his desires, his hopes, his efforts, and his whole renewed character. It is not that he may be a noted man, nor even a happy man, but a useful man. Dear friend, may the Lord bless and keep thee, may he lift up the light of his countenance upon thee and give thee peace. Amen.",

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On the Road with a Colporteur.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part I.

THE operations of an active, efficient colporteur may be both humble and arduous, but looking at results, and judging the tree by its fruits, we shall pronounce that work to be as important as any which is undertaken by loving souls in the Lord's vineyard. There can be no doubt that the true colporteur represents the most likely agency for the evangelization of the poor in rural districts, or he is a man whose calling and object win favour among all classes. To the cottagers of his widely-extended domain he is a confidential Christian friend as well as an itinerant bookseller. Taking advantage of circumstances, he embraces many opportunities of dropping the good seed by the wayside—opportunities which come through the interest which is always attached to an attractive collection of bright new books, and thus he is virtually an itinerant preacher. The entrance of such a man into a village is a relief to the monotony of daily life, and it is regarded as such by the cottagers. Both old and young possess that laudable curiosity which prompts their looking over the well-filled knapsack, and those who cannot afford to buy are not necessarily doomed to disappointment; for the colporteur is a distributor of tracts as well as a seller of more expensive wares.

Starting from Waterloo on a journey of inspection by one of the mid-day express trains, we pass the first night at Portsmouth, and enjoy an opportunity of seeing something of the wonderful work of Miss Robinson among the soldiers of the garrison, of which a detailed account may be forthcoming on some future occasion. Leaving this town on the following day, we pass rapidly through the pleasant plains of Hampshire, and on the way encounter one of those carriage incidents which instruct and amuse. At a certain junction, where our train would not be ready for its onward journey until it had gone through a prolonged process of shunting and jolting, a couple of gentlemen left the compartment, preferring to stretch their legs on the platform, and on returning they found that their comfortable corner was occupied by a well-dressed young man and woman, who not only refused to relinquish their "rights," but were insultingly rude in the language they used. In reply to these people's coarse remarks and horse-laughter, the

gentleman who was chiefly affected answered very gently, and even spoke a word of religious admonition to the chief offender—the woman. The annoyance was kept up for some time without any reply from the aggrieved party, the train, meanwhile, travelling at a very rapid speed through a beautiful country. At length the speed slackened, the train stopped, and then our fellow-passengers, who knew how to make themselves supremely disagreeable, found that they were on the wrong road —that they were hurrying at express haste towards Salisbury, while they were fondly calculating on dining at Southampton. As the woman left the carriage, with the prospect of having to wait nearly two hours ere she could be carried back to her starting-point, some one drily asked her if she was not sorry for having taken the seat. She was both sorry and chagrined, but pride would not allow her to say so. Old Æsop would have tacked a moral on to the end of such a story; our readers can do this for themselves:—Many who are assuredly on the wrong road are profanely confident because they find pleasant diversions by the wayside; but none the less on this account will their journey end in confusion and disappointment.

Such is the convenient arrangement of trains on the South-Western systems, that we have to wait more than three hours at Salisbury ere we can proceed to Warminster, our destination. We are thus enabled to ramble at leisure through an antique city, and to walk through the ancient aisles of the mediæval temple which Foster calls "that most superb Salisbury cathedral." We wander up and down the spacious area, admiring the taste and genius which bequeathed us this costly relic of the times when piety consisted in lavishing a prodigious amount of treasure and labour on a single shrine. We soon encounter a verger in cathedral uniform, who, having learned the story of antiquity by rote, and having taken our intellectual measure, and judged us to be London tourists whose antiquarian culture is somewhat imperfect, pours into our ears a volume of information with parrot-like volubility. The good fellow manifested a becoming abhorrence of the Puritan iconoclasts who, with Cromwell at their head, had mutilated the chapter-house, and probably made stables of the cloisters. He also, read for our edification a long row of grotesque hieroglyphics with which the interior of the chapter-house is embellished; and, but for a soul-saddening recollection, we might have fancied the fairy-like chamber to be no other than the Interpreter's house of "The Pilgrim's Progress," the walls being crowded with illustrations of Bible stories. The most sombre fact attaching itself to these mementoes of our "pious forefathers" is that these displays of ludicrous little images of men, animals, and inanimate objects were once the only channel by which the people could learn the facts of Scriptural history or guess at the way of salvation.

We learned from sundry inhabitants that the city is a dull place—it is especially dull on wet days—and one shopkeeper, whose trade partly consisted in selling hair brushes, made harrowing representations of the state of business, and of the preference manifested, even by the gentry, for purchasing their brushes in London. "The city of Salisbury a dull place! That it is. It is a most awful place for trade," and here our informant intimated, with more vehemence than the occasion

required, that you might most days of the week fire a cannon down the streets without great risk of hitting anything except the lamp-posts. Having seen and heard as much as we desired, we took leave of our communicative friend, and arrived at Warminster shortly after six in the evening.

During five or six days, during which time we explored the outlying districts, Warminster was our base; thither we returned each evening to be lodged and entertained in the house of Mr. Thomas Hardick, a gentleman who is a steadfast friend and wise counsellor of the colporteur, Samuel King, of whose operations we are now about to speak. Warminster is a quiet place, old-fashioned, comfortable, and on the whole, very orderly. The town stands slightly to the west of Salisbury Plain, and the bracing air wafted down from the hills is to the Londoner a great luxury. The town has long ceased to grow, and speaking commercially, it has seen its best days. Once upon a time both the woollen and silk trades flourished largely; but for the most part these have departed. The old Dissenting interest, which lapsed into Socinianism, has happily become extinct, and younger and more faithful rivals are masters of the field.

Samuel meets us at the station with smiles, so pleased is he to have an opportunity of paying his respects to Mr. Secretary Jones, the commanding lieutenant of the workers who serve the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association. Time is precious, however, for Samuel is ready to drive us to Crockerton, a village nearly two miles distant, the site of an old Nonconformist chapel, a mother church in the district, wherein a meeting is to be held. The chapel is of the real old meeting-house model, doubly interesting because old-fashioned, and because of the testimony of tradition that the original planters of the church worshipped in a neighbouring wood to escape the vigilance of persecutors at the time of the Restoration. It is encouraging to see a large number of villagers assemble at a week-night service, and we are the more pleased because on the present occasion, by so doing, they exhibit an interest in the colporteur's work. We are favoured by having a full house; on the walls are tablet memorials of departed worthies; the fittings are antique; each old leaded window has about two hundred panes, while the ancient clock ticks away the hours in measured sombreness to remind us of sterner days when every man was not able to sit at ease under his own vine and fig-tree. Samuel King, the colporteur, has been acquainted with this neighbourhood for many years, and he remembers to have heard his father say of a village hard by, called Warminster Common, that strangers could not pass through the street without insult and illusage. An old gentleman who was adventurous in Christian enterprise inaugurated a better day by gathering children around him on a stile, and this led to the establishment of a congregation and to the reformation of the besotted peasantry. In travelling about England many similar stories may be heard, and they correctly indicate the condition of the poor in that famous eighteenth century, which is still looked back upon by many as a happy era.

The congregation that evening showed a lively interest in all that pertains to colportage; indeed, the meeting was a specially attractive one, as several persons of local importance were present in addition to

the secretary from London. Our chairman is Mr. Hardick, our venerable host, and his beaming features add emphasis to the utterances of an honest heart when he speaks of that blessed truth that salvation does not depend upon our own merits. Another attraction is the singing, the hymns of Mr. Sankey's collection being so admirably rendered by Miss Hardick as thoroughly to delight the villagers.

A colporteur who is able to command these salutary supplementary aids is highly favoured, and occupies vantage ground. Samuel is quite aware of this, and refers to the chairman as a valued friend of his youth, and one of the guides of his mature life. He is also glad on other accounts; there have been many conversions of late, and by God's blessing these are traceable to individual effort. It is thought with good reason that the blessing is spreading in the district; eight are to be baptised on the Sabbath following; "a wounded bird" was heard of last week; and another good sign had been gathered from the question. "Mr. King, have you John Bunyan's 'Come and Welcome'?" Years ago all this would have gone on in spite of brick-bats and rotten eggs; now everyone appears to be interested, the people one and all accord their colporteur their cordial sympathy.

The interest of the meeting is well sustained, and in the speeches, and in Miss Hardick's solos, we have ample variety. Reference was made to the work of grace in progress among the young, for many were coming forward and expressing a desire to join the church. It was hinted that some good old people viewed with distrust the applications of the children. It was not so with Thomas Hardick, for his heart was always gladdened when he was permitted to welcome the youngest believer into the fold. This was the tone of the chairman's speech, and when others had followed in the same strain our first meeting came to a close with one or two more of Mr. Sankey's songs, and a great deal of hand-shaking outside the chapel doors.

But what about the colporteur himself as a man and a Christian worker? In the first place we may say that he comes of a hardy race, he willingly engages in a laborious service, he literally bears hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He is necessarily of a robust constitution; for he must not be physically weak whose duty requires that he shall walk from fifteen to twenty miles in a day, it may be beneath a burning sun, or, amid winter snows, with a knapsack at his back weighing some fifty pounds or more. While making no claims to scholarship or literary culture he is, nevertheless, a shrewd man in his own business; he understands well the temper of his district, employs ingenious methods of securing new friends, and no one is able to entertain a doubt respecting his conversion or his solicitude for the welfare of the people. To see the man's every-day work, and to understand the hardships as well as the sweeter things strewn in his pathway, it is necessary to attend him during an ordinary round, talk with him as with a fellow tourist on the road, and enter the cottages with him to converse familiarly with the inmates. The colporteur may, perforce, accomplish his rounds on foot; he may use a small hand-carriage, he may prefer wearing out his legs on a velocipede, or he may excel every other contrivance by constraining a donkey to become his friend and servant. Whatever

may be his chosen mode of locomotion he is sure to be a man of varied adventure, and provided he is of a communicative temperament, his narratives will not fail to be instructive and diverting. If he is a man given to walking he can tell you of perils among hills and "dawgs," enough to make your hair stand on end. Should he be a velocipedist he can tell of the dangers arising from stones on the hill-sides, or of his having had to run "slap into a hedge" to save both the machine and his own neck. One lone spot was pointed out to us, a kind of dell, a haunt of robbers in the old coaching days, where a well-remembered collision once occurred. It was growing late, the night was very dark, and Samuel was working his tricycle towards Warminster, thinking of light and rest at home, when sounds of approaching wheels were heard, then followed a crash, and the machine as well as its rider lay disabled in the road, inadvertently overturned by another traveller, who by no means looked with disfavour on the work of colportage in general.

The colporteur must needs be a business man as well as an evangelist, and in his case necessity becomes the mother of many inventions. Our friend Samuel designed his own velocipede and manufactured his own harmonium. Though not engaged to do so, he imparts variety to the general work by preaching thrice on Sundays, and this self-imposed task, not requiring any great mental exertion, may in reality prove nothing less than a relief from the trials of the road during the week. Of course the little churches he visits minister to his necessities in carnal things, a sum not less than half-a-crown and not exceeding five shillings being the usual return for three sermons, the only exception having occurred when Samuel actually received a sovereign for a day's labour. We do not mention these things in disparagement of the congregations, which are for the most part composed of hard-working labourers, their wives and families, who are quite unable to contribute anything considerable to the support of the ministry. The colporteur's pastoral experiences did, however, forcibly remind us of the honest negro who received a shilling for three services. "A shilling?" remarked a friend to whom the circumstance was mentioned; "but that's mighty poor pay, is it not?" "Aye, mighty poor pay, yes," was the shrewd answer, "but then its mighty poor preach!" We do not compare Samuel with this negro genius; for judging by the people's appreciation of his services, and the interest created by his movements generally, he must be quite an acceptable preacher.

When actually on the road, the colporteur is a subject of that varied adventure which attends those who enter houses of all ranks and sizes, and a little experience soon teaches him the most likely method of succeeding in his endeavours. If we ask why he is so generally successful in winning favour and in pushing sales, the answer is that he makes himself as agreeable as possible by adapting himself to the needs of those among whom he moves. Colporteur George Cook, who is prosecuting a very interesting work at Burslem, tells us that as soon as he steps over the threshold of a cottage he proceeds to smooth little Willie's hair, provided such a service be necessary; Polly, who stands shyly aside, is kindly noticed, and if the surroundings are cleanly, he kisses the baby. No ordinary poor person's household can be expected

to be proof against such assaults as these; the gentleman with the soldier-like knapsack, crammed to its utmost capacity with interesting books, is asked to take a seat, and now that the way is open, he proceeds to business. He inquires about the children's schooling, and then, directing attention to his wares, he asks, "Would it not be wise, ma'am, to have a nice little book or two for the use of the young ones at home?" This appeal is very commonly successful, and it is found that parents who are comparatively thoughtless as regards their own welfare, are not callous when the wants of their children are in question. The colporteur knows that the easiest way of winning favour with the parents is first to ingratiate himself with the little ones.

Let us now suppose that Samuel is on the road, and, after an hour or so of travel, he enters one of those interesting Wiltshire villages which are intimately associated with the war between Alfred and the Danes. The first house of call will probably be the general store of the vicinity, and this will be kept by a stout, good-tempered dame, with a round face and a pleasant smile, who is especially glad to receive the periodicals for which she has been eagerly looking for many days. As the good woman takes up her monthly parts she eyes them admiringly, and then looks with renewed interest at the choice wares of the open pack on the counter. "What's this, Mr. King?" she asks, taking up a little volume glittering in its array of coloured cloth and gold. What is it? "Oh, a sweet little book, ma'am, I can assure you. I could not read it myself without tears," says Samuel. "And how much?" "Only sixpence, ma'am!" Only sixpence? She looks at the gaily-bound volume, then at the two sixpenny parts she has just purchased. and which are known to be filled to overflowing with the best of everything. "Only sixpence; well, next time, perhaps;" and so, not daring to be extravagant, the purchase is deferred. Then comes the news, "Do you know, Mr. King, Mr. —— is very ill; not expected to live very long, the doctor says." "Oh, indeed, ma'am, sorry to hear that," replies Samuel, re-arranging his pack, "I'll just call up and see him." "Yes, sir, he'll be very glad to see you." The good lady did not desire to get rid of us, but she was well pleased with our determination to proceed at once to the chamber of sickness.

The walk from the store to the house of the invalid is but the work of a few minutes, and after knocking gently, we enter the hall, feeling like intruders, who are, perhaps, unwelcome. We are not asked to go upstairs by a friend who treads softly, and speaks in that undertone which is often fraught with saddest meaning; we are, in fact, agreeably disappointed, for the "invalid" is not in bed at all; he is sitting at ease in a comfortable parlour, the table being plentifully supplied with luxuries, of which we are cordially invited to partake. The family here are of good standing, and they show that refined bearing which comes only through education. The conversation is generally entertaining and profitable in the best sense, touching upon religious subjects, public men, books, and the famous antiquarian attraction of the district, the White Horse of Westbury. Most gratifying was the evidence before our eyes that the colporteur of tact and energy may penetrate into the best houses of the land. The pack as it lay open on the carpet, the books scattered in becoming confusion around, presented

a more interesting aspect than ever, and the purchaser this time was a young lady, who could afford to distribute books among the poor. It is cheering to learn that the foot-weary colporteur has several houses of call of this better class on his widely-scattered district.

To transfer ourselves from the genteel house to the more humble home of a thriving artizan is the work of another minute or two, and doffing our hats, we are accommodated with genuine country-house chairs, the severely polished surfaces of which might serve as substitutes for looking-glasses were glass or quicksilver as scarce as in times of old. Samuel is in a genial humour, the late handsome treatment in the gentleman's parlour is still fresh in his memory; the pack is laid on the table, the buckles are speedily unloosed, and the unique collection of books, numbers, and parts of books, delights the eyes of the simple-minded cottagers. It is Saturday afternoon, so that the master of the household, with a washed face and divested of his coat, looks as though he were anticipating the Sabbath in common with the whitened tables and cleanly floor. The children are rather shy ; they do not even come forward to inspect the precious contents of the knapsack as they would love to do, but they eye the colporteur from a distance as a gentleman not to be approached on a familiar footing without a breach of good breeding. This respectful conduct of the young ones is quite in keeping with the bearing of their elders ; for Samuel is not treated as an intruding bookseller, he is received as a friend who confers a favour by calling. There was much to talk about as well as plenty to see, but what we found to be especially noteworthy was the manner in which the colportage agency introduces into peasant homes family Bibles, which but for its toilsome itinerants would never reach such a destination ; and when we remember that the sacred volume is commonly expensively bound for the sake of descending as an heirloom to another generation, we see what a lasting influence for good is exercised. One or two numbers or parts of minor importance are taken in by the family, and when these are delivered the eyes of the man, as well as those of his wife, feast themselves on Samuel's pack, the contents thereof lying about the dresser in a way most provokingly tempting. There are numbers and parts of approved works; there are books in green, blue, or buff, and finished off with gold ; but what Bible is this, Mr. King, in a red cover, with a picture on every leaf, and a frontispiece by Gustave Doré? The work, which is no other than our well-known friend, "Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible," attracts the cottager's notice, and gratifies his taste. The man takes the work in his hand, holds it at arm's length, and scans the pages with eyes that twinkle with admiration, the wife standing by, equally interested.

"I be in a good mind to take in that there, Mr. King."

"Well, my friend, you'll always have your money's worth in a good family Bible, you know," answers Samuel.

"How many parts be there, Mr. King?"

"Forty parts at a shilling each, and then at the finish you'll have a large presentation picture."

The honest fellow indulges in one more admiring look, and we can see that he is counting the cost, like a judicious Englishman. Forty

shillings—yes, and then there's the binding; but in common fairness deduct from these "the large picture" He is inclined to yield, and no wonder; there is a tempter on one side, standing yonder by the pack, and there is another tempter on the left, who only speaks with his eyes.

"Shall I—shall we have it?" he asks.

"Oh, just as *you* like, you know," says the woman, in a tone of indifference, which shows her to be well versed in the ways of man.

The final word is given, "Put me down, Mr. King," and this ends the interview.

We left these good people with inward satisfaction; for a family Bible in forty parts at a shilling each represents a good order, and spreading over a considerable space of time, Samuel says it is ensuring business for the future. We walked a few paces beyond the cottage to look at a natural baptistery, rather singularly situated opposite the doors of a Wesleyan chapel, and on our return the cottager called out to know if he could not have the Bible faster than one number a month; he was so impatient to possess the book as a whole that he thought he might take in, say a dozen parts at once. "Well," replies the more cautious Samuel, "Suppose I bring you two to begin with."

In this way we are cordially welcomed on all hands, not only by the cottagers, but by the gentry and the Nonconformist pastor. Some even complained of having been passed by on former occasions, while the colporteur's circle of friends appeared to extend to the utmost limits of every village we entered.

But the colporteur is something more than a visitor, something even more than a travelling preacher, he sows the seed of the kingdom by the wayside. Some telling examples of this effective service occur in the experience of George Cook, who is stationed at Burslem, in Staffordshire. One very sultry day, in the summer of 1874, he sat himself down on the grass by the wayside to rest awhile, when a little girl, in an exceedingly dirty state, passed over a stile. She was timid, but George at once brought her to an easy frame of mind by bringing to light a packet of sweets which he judiciously carried for the very purpose of conciliating children. The girl took the sweets and learned a child's hymn, containing words of prayer and the germs of gospel truth. This circumstance might have been forgotten, but while passing through the same vicinity several months afterwards, someone was heard to call out with great vehemence, "Mother, *mother*, MOTHER! *there goes the man that loves me!*" He entered the cottage and took a seat, as the woman desired to make a confession. "Sir," she began, "My little girl came home and taught her brother to pray that prayer, and then begged of me to go to chapel with her, which I did after a few weeks, and the Lord was pleased to convince me of sin. I came home in great distress of soul, and for the first time in my life I threw myself down upon my knees and earnestly begged for mercy. Some time after I was reading, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;' I believed in Jesus, and I felt my sins taken away." Nor was this all, for the weeping woman went on to say that her husband was following in the same path, and that they now had family prayer in their house.

After receiving such a testimony as this, we shall learn to estimate at its proper value the influence of infant disciples. Take another example of a different kind, but still an example of successful seed-sowing by the way-side. There used to live near the colporteur's house at Burslem a singular character, who, when the worse for drink, loved to display his polemical skill by chattering on religious subjects. One day he accosted George in the street in his usual style; but he was replied to by a number of texts, such as, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God;" "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." This was aimed at the talkative sot, but it hit another mark. An old dame just then opened her door for the purpose of driving away divers dirty youngsters, who were using the doorstep as a play-ground; the words spoken entered her heart and she learned to use the Publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This woman soon after lay upon her death-bed, and desiring to see the man who had spoken the texts in her hearing, she cried out in dying eagerness, "Send for him! oh, send for him!" What? was it wrong with her after all? "Wrong?" said she in answer to that question, "Yes, yes, all wrong—*all wrong with me;* but Jesus is ALL RIGHT! AND I TRUST MYSELF BODY AND SOUL IN HIS HANDS."

Many are reached through the direct preaching of the Word. Some little time ago the Burslem agent preached a sermon in the market-place, and soon afterwards a Methodist professor was heard to confess, "I have been a class-leader for years, but have only just believed to the saving of my soul. I see most distinctly that sinners are saved, blessed, accepted, and taken to heaven for Christ's sake; it is wholly by believing and not by doing that we are saved."

While rejoicing at these results we cannot help thinking that something ought to be done to lighten the toil of the colporteur. The knapsack is a dreary burden to carry for hours along dusty roads, beneath a hot sun; and after particularly inspecting Samuel King's velocipede, or "Three-wheeled Philistine," as the natives call it, we could only pronounce the machine to be both clumsy and inconvenient. On a level road it can only be worked by a considerable expenditure of strength, and, as prolonged exertion engenders copious perspiration, frequent and severe colds are a common result. Would not a small light hand-carriage, nicely fitted on springs, prove a better servant than either the military knapsack or "the three-wheeled Philistine"?

Higher Holiness.

BY A. MOODY STUART, D.D.

*An extract from his closing Address to the Free Church Assembly.**

WE rejoice in a real likeness to Christ; and we joy in the assured hope that when he shall appear we shall be wholly like him, for we shall see him as he is. If in heaven all were not white as snow; if one spot were left, either one stain of the past not washed away, or one old sin retaining its poison, on that single spot we should gaze for ever, and all heaven would present no beauty and afford no joy. That one stain would occupy eternity with itself.

It cannot, however, be set forth as within the plan of redemption that perfect holiness should be ours on earth. If we wash our hands in snow water, and make ourselves never so clean, we are quickly plunged into the ditch again, and compelled to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." We are not, therefore, defeated, for we have learned that sin is not omnipotent over us, but that grace is omnipotent over sin. There is no sin, no temptation, no obstinacy, no vitality of sin over which grace is not almighty to overcome, and at last to uproot it. When sin and Christ met together on the cross, Christ finished transgression for us, and made an end of sin; and so in us, when sin and the grace of Jesus Christ meet together, grace triumphs, in the end always triumphs, and over every kind of sin. Yet every man who is acquainted with himself must adopt the language of the patriarch of Uz: "If I say I am perfect, mine own mouth shall prove me perverse"; and both the word of God and the history of the church attest the humbling truth that "No man is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed"; and the higher any man rises in nearness and in likeness to God, he is always the more deeply conscious of sin: as seen in Job, in Daniel, in Paul. There is a wide gulf between the character of the holiest of the redeemed and of him who was separate from sinners, and the liker they become to the Redeemer the gulf becomes consciously the wider. "I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee"; "I repent in dust and ashes," "I am carnal sold under sin," are the confessions of the highest among the saints, while in Jesus of Nazareth we pass in an instant to another form of man altogether, who demands, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" who asserts, "I do always those things that please the Father;" who announces to the whole world, "I am meek and lowly," which it would be pride in any other man to say, or in the angel Gabriel to speak of himself. Yet this sinless One is more truly human, more open, more accessible, more sympathetic, more attractive to the worst of sinners than any man of like passions with ourselves.

* We have been greatly struck with Dr. Moody Stuart's address, and as we fear that few of our readers on this side the Tweed are likely to have seen it, we have taken the present lengthened extract. The whole of the opening and closing addresses may be bought as a pamphlet. Maclaren and Macniver, of Edinburgh, are the publishers.

But while sin still stains all the redeemed on earth, there is a wide difference between one and another in holiness. While some are saved only as by fire consuming their wood, hay, and stubble, an abundant entrance is ministered to others into his kingdom, where without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and between these lowest and highest there is every degree of various holiness. It would be misery for one child of God to live for a single day in the heart and life of another child of God, for the man who strives to be in the fear of the Lord all the day long to live for a day in the measure of hardness, deadness, earthliness, selfishness, pride, acridness of temper, that are allowed by another. It is grace that enables one man to grow in grace above his fellow, but it is our sin that we frustrate the grace of God so sadly in ourselves. Which of us did not once expect to be far better men than we have been? which of us might not have become far better than we now are? and, thanks be to God, which of us may not still be far better in the future than we have been in the past? The past we cannot recall, but it can be confessed and forgiven; and if we yield ourselves as clay into the hands of the great Potter, his hands can mould each one of us as a vessel meet for the Master's use.

MISTAKEN VIEWS ON HOLINESS.

But what is the holiness that we are to hope for and aim at in this present world? As regards what constitutes holiness in redeemed men on the earth, the dangerous opinion has been advanced which makes a very excessive distinction, or rather division, between the new man and the old, between the flesh and the spirit in the believer, as if the sinfulness of the flesh were to be disregarded on account of the holiness of the spirit; forgetting that it is still one person in whom the evil and the good are found, and that if the sinfulness of the old nature is accounted little, it will soon swallow up every trace of holiness in the entire man.

Another perilous opinion rests on an extreme distinction between the will and the emotions, holding that all holiness is in the will, and that if the will is right we need not be distressed for wrong emotions. We cannot be grateful enough for a renewed will, for when the will is not supreme in the man as in dreams, he is ready to become the helpless prey of any emotion; and it belongs to the highest good in the redeemed, when the evil in the affections is met by the resistance of the will, as when the will quenches the sudden emotion of anger. Yet sin in the emotions constantly makes the child of God cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am;" and he is the far holier man of the two whom the sinful emotion makes wretched, than he who regards it as of no account. If there be no sin in evil emotions there is no holiness in good emotions, in love to God or man; and it will then be hard to discover any holiness at all.

A third opinion, very closely allied to the last, is that which reduces the standard of holiness; and instead of our Saviour's full demand, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," adopts a measure of man's own, sometimes called evangelical perfection, which some men fondly think they have attained. But to lower the standard is not to heighten the man; and a fuller discovery of the holiness of

God would draw from every man the confession, "I abhor myself in dust and ashes." The difference is vast between a partial and an absolute resistance to sin, not only in the contest on our part, but in the strength of sin that contends against us. If we count that to be innocent, which is sin by the law of God, we shall encounter less resistance, and gain an easier victory; but the conquest is partial and deceptive. It is often most of all when we would do good that sin is present with us in greater power than at other times. In the weighty words of Dr. Owen—"Whosoever contends against indwelling sin shall know and find that it is present with them, that it is powerful in them. He shall find the stream to be strong who swims against it, though he who rolls along with it be insensible of it." This element throws some light on our blessed Lord's resistance to temptation, which is apt to be looked upon as easy because He had no sin within Him. But, on the other hand, Jesus of Nazareth, oppressed by suffering, and surrounded by sin, stands alone in an absolute resistance to the least inlet of evil. Therefore against Him the pent-up stream of sin without beat with a force which neither Adam nor any fallen man has ever encountered, because they have all yielded to the stream; and so His words of grace come home to us, "To him that overcometh, even as I also overcame."

Another view of holiness, which we prefer to call mistaken rather than erroneous, connects it with a perpetual joy, as expressed in the lines—

> "If our love were but more simple,
> We should take Him at His word;
> And our lives would be all sunshine,
> In the sweetness of our Lord."

The relation between joy and holiness is very close; there is joy the fruit of holiness, and holiness the fruit of joy. "The peace of God that passeth all understanding keeps the heart and mind in Christ Jesus;" and there is no more common or hurtful error than in seeking peace with God as the fruit of holiness, instead of looking for holiness as the fruit of peace with God through Jesus Christ. "Joy in the Holy Ghost" belongs to the highest of all holiness, and in this relation joy itself is holiness. But this is only one part of the truth, for sorrow also is holiness in the godly sorrow for sin that worketh repentance not to be repented of. It is far from scriptural to assert that true religion always begins with peace. True religion began in the famished outcast in the far country, when he resolved "I will arise and go to my father;" and it was already begun in the proud soul of Saul of Tarsus, when in darkness and distance it was said of him by the Lord, "Behold he prayeth." And through the Christian course "all sunshine" is neither attainable nor desirable. Paul, after being justified by faith and having peace with God, after reckoning himself dead unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ, after finding that sin has not dominion over him when he is under grace, after delighting in the law of God in the inner man, has still a sharp, long, and frequent conflict with sin struggling not to be slain and to get the victory. Likewise in his providential life and ministry his spirit is far from resting in a perpetual sunshine, but is often perplexed and cast down by fightings without and fears within. On one occasion his mental anxiety is so

severe that he is unable to avail himself of a most favourable opening for preaching the gospel. "When I came to Troas to preach Christ's gospel, and a door was opened to me of the Lord, I had no rest in my spirit, because I found not Titus my brother, but leaving them went from thence into Macedonia." This perplexity on account of the Corinthian church so oppresses him, that he cannot preach to the people thirsting for the word of life; but leaves them, not to go to Corinth, but to find Titus, and learn how the Corinthians had received his letter; and afterwards the Lord grants him a singular blessing at Troas, which he leaves in such perplexity. This is not all sweetness and sunshine; and if we cultivate a mere placid joy, however the Lord may cover our mistake and grant us that smile which we covet, we are nevertheless turning aside in the harvest from the burden and the heat of the day, we are declining the battle-field, and in fighting no great battles we can look for no great victories.

MEANS OF ATTAINING HOLINESS.

Further, in the way of acquiring holiness, its attainment by faith has been spoken of as if it were a new discovery, and also as if a man were sanctified by faith alone in the same sense in which he is justified by faith alone. It is true that many who look to Christ alone for their justification, have been looking partly to themselves for their sanctification; but this obliquity of view springs from a defective sight of justifying righteousness. Sin has no condemnation because we are not under the law, but under grace; and sin has no dominion because we are not under the law, but under grace; and according to our apprehension of free grace are our apprehension and experience of sin's no condemnation and sin's no dominion. In our Shorter Catechism, with its wondrous fulness and precision throughout, while our effectual calling is defined as the work of God's Spirit, our sanctification is described as a "work of God's free grace," exactly as justification is an "act" of the same free grace; not thereby setting aside the Spirit's work, but bringing out the great truth that sanctification comes from grace, and if from grace in God then through faith in us, for "therefore it is of faith that it might be by grace." Practically it has brought a bright surprise to most believers, when they have found that with the pardon of sin through the blood of Christ there has been the victory over it through the same grace that forgave it. But we are not sanctified at once as we are justified; we are never exhorted to perfect our justification, as we are called upon to be "perfecting holiness;" and while sanctification is unto faith and never apart from it, it is likewise through trials, through mercies, through temptations, through deliverances; and in it we work out our own salvation, because God worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. But, knowing these things, how far short we fall in doing them; with how little confidence can we say to our flocks, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ?" What a treasure of unused holiness is mine, is yours, in Christ; there for us, there possessed by us; but how guiltily content we are to have it in Christ, instead of drawing it out of his fulness as grace for grace to ourselves.

We receive holiness by faith, but we obtain it also by intensity of

prayer, of which Coleridge says most truly, that "to pray with all the heart and strength, with the reason and the will—prayer with the whole soul—is the highest energy of which the human heart is capable;" and it is at the same time the most fruitful. If we prayed for holiness as for our very life we should find it above all our asking and thinking.

We obtain it, further, by solemn and unreserved dedication of ourselves to God in Christ, which with our fathers frequently took the form of a written personal covenant with God. Oh, that we did one and all, by the mercies of God, present our bodies, our entire persons, a living sacrifice, that so we might prove in ourselves, in our own hearts and lives, "what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

But along with faith and prayer and self-surrender, there are daily lessons to be learned in detail by us all. Our Lord Jesus Christ would himself live over again in the world in the person of each one of you, and in the place where he has planted each as his own representative in the earth. In the marriage of the Lamb the Bride will come to him washed in his own blood and clothed in his own righteousness; and also "in raiment of needlework" wrought out through her own hands by God working in her to will and to do; in a clothing minutely beautiful as by the million-fold puncture of the needle—"stitch, stitch, stitch"—till her patient continuance in well-doing is crowned with glory, honour, and immortality. In this trying, humbling, yet most glorious process, the soul is helped by all kinds of detail, such as are found in Thomas a Kempis: "How little soever the thing may be, if it be inordinately loved and regarded, it defiles the soul and keeps it back from the supreme good—no man is safe to speak but he that willingly holds his peace.—What thou art thou art; nor is it any use to thee to be accounted greater than what thou art in the sight of God." Or again, in the words of John Wesley, "It is hardly credible how straight the way is, and of how great consequence before God the smallest things are. As a very little dust will disorder a clock, and the least grain of sand will obscure our sight, so the least grain of sin which is upon the heart will hinder its right motion toward God.—And as the most dangerous winds may enter at little openings, so the devil never enters more dangerously than by little unobserved incidents, which seem to be nothing, yet insensibly open the heart to great temptations."

Absolutely sinless holiness, as we have said, is our only scriptural standard, and the least sin is not to be tolerated in us or excused, or in any way made light of. But it will be asked of whom the Bible speaks when it bids us "mark the perfect man," seeing "there is not a just man on the earth that sinneth not." What is perfection? It is, we take it, a true and steadfast loyalty of heart to God, which in its root pertains to all God's children, but is more marked in those who "wholly follow the Lord." Above all others on the earth in his day, Job is described as "a perfect man," but Satan never proposes to try if he is sinless, for neither Job himself nor anyone else entertained such a thought. Satan's boast is that this favourite of heaven will, if tried, turn out not merely faulty but disloyal, will renounce God altogether, will curse Him to his face: and Job's wife, whom Satan spares to aid him when he slays his dutiful children, asks her stricken husband, "Dost thou still retain

thy perfectness," which is well translated "thine integrity," or thy loyalty to God. In like manner David, under severe chastening, in the forty-first Psalm, after special confession of sin, "Heal me, for I have sinned against thee," blesses God for preserving him in his fidelity through the trial. "As for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity," that is literally, "in my perfectness." Now while sinlessness is the standard which we strive to reach in heaven and always to approach more nearly on earth, this steadfast loyalty of heart is a noble aim for our actual possession day by day. Its daily confession is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee;" and its daily estimate of all things is, "thy favour is life, thy lovingkindness is better than life." The holiest state of man on earth is described in the words of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm—"Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

"By sins we feel how low we're lost,
And learn in some degree
How dear that great salvation cost
Which comes to us so free.

If such a weight to every soul
Of sin and sorrow fall,
What love was that which took the whole,
And freely bore it all.

O, when will God our joy complete,
And make an end of sin?
When shall we walk the land, and meet
No Canaanite therein?

Will this precede the day of death,
Or must we wait till then?
Ye struggling souls be strong in faith,
And quit yourselves like men.

Our great Deliverer's love is such,
He cannot long delay;
Meantime, that foe can't boast of much,
Who makes us watch and pray."

Coloured Education.

A PAPER printed in Eufaula, Ala., prints the following as a veritable incident which occurred the other day in that city: "A lady hired an old negro woman named Charlotte, who had the most exalted opinion of her own individuality and originality. Whenever a subject was under discussion in the family, Charlotte would be sure to state her own superior method of proceeding in such matters. On one occasion the lady was talking of sending some of the children to school, when Charlotte put in her oar as usual: 'Lor! missus,' she said 'what mek you pay money fur to send de chile to school? I got one smart boy name Jonus, but I larns him myself.' 'But, Aunt Charlotte,' replied the lady, 'how can you teach your child when you don't know one letter from another?' 'How I teach him? I jis mek him tek de book an' set down on de flo, an' den I say: Jonus, you tek yo eye from dat book for one second, much less leggo him, an' I skins you alive!'"

The famous Sermon to the Fishes.*

BY ANTONIO VIEYRA.

If the church wished that we should preach about S. Antony from the Gospel for the day, she should have given us another. *Ye are the salt of the earth.* A very good text for other holy doctors, but very short of what it ought to be with respect to S. Antony. Other holy doctors of the church were the salt of the earth; S. Antony was the salt of the earth, and the salt of the sea also. This is the subject on which I had determined to preach to-day. But I have for a long time felt that on the Festival of Saints it is better to preach like them than to preach of them,—the more so because my doctrine, let it be what it may, has here had a fate so much resembling that of S. Antony at Rimini, that it may as well imitate him in everything. Many a time I have preached to you in this church and in others; morning and evening; day and night: always with doctrine very clear, very solid, very true, and which was the most necessary and important to this land, for the amendment and reformation of the vices which corrupt it. The fruit which I have collected from this doctrine, and whether the earth has received the salt, or has had nothing to do with it, you know, and I, for your sakes, grieve. This laid down, I wish to-day, in imitation of S. Antony, to turn from the earth to the sea, and, since men will not profit by my sermons, to preach to the fishes. The sea is so near that they will hear me easily. The rest may let this sermon alone, since it has nothing to do with them. . . . .

What! and are we to preach to-day to the fishes? No audience can be worse. At least fishes have two good qualities as hearers—they can hear, and they cannot speak. One thing only might discourage the preacher,—that fishes are a kind of race who cannot be converted. But this circumstance is here so very ordinary, that from custom one feels it no longer. For this cause, I shall not speak to-day of heaven or of hell; and thus this sermon will be less gloomy than mine are usually considered, from putting men continually in remembrance of these two ends.

Ye are the salt of the earth. You are to understand, fishes and brethren, that the salt,—like yourselves, the child of the sea,—has two qualities which are experienced in your own selves. To preserve that which is whole, and to keep that which might corrupt from corruption. These same qualities are to be found in the sermons of your preacher, S. Antony, as they ought to be in those of all preachers. One is to praise virtue; the other, to reprehend vice: to praise virtue, for the sake of preserving it; to reprehend vice, for the sake of preserving from it. And do not think that this pertains to men only; it is also applicable to fishes. The great doctor of the church, S. Basil, says so, in these words:—We have not only to blame and to find fault with fishes, but there are some qualities in them which are worthy of our imitation. When Christ compared His church to a fishing-net, he says that the fishermen, taking the fishes, *gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.* And where there are good and bad, there we have an opportunity of praising and blaming. Having said thus much, in order that I may proceed in a clear manner, I shall divide your sermon, fishes, into two parts: in the first, I shall praise your virtues; in the second, I shall blame your vices. . . . .

To begin, then, with your praises, fishes and brethren. I might very well tell you that, of all living and sensitive creatures, you were the first which God created. He made you before the fowls of the air; he made you before the

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* Probably but few of our readers have seen this remarkable sermon. The preacher was a Romish monk, and the discourse is not given for spiritual edification, but as an interesting specimen of the quaint homilies of ages past. We take it from J. M. Neale's "Mediæval Preachers."

beasts of the earth; he made you before man himself. God gave to man the monarchy and dominion over all the animals of the three elements, and in the charter in which he honoured him with these powers, fishes are the first named. *Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle.* Among all animals, fishes are the most numerous and the largest. . . . . For this reason, Moses, the chronicler of the creation, while he does not mention the name of any other animals, names a fish only. *God created great whales.* And the three musicians of the furnace of Babylon, brought forward in their song the name of the same fish, with especial honour. *O ye whales . . . . bless ye the Lord.* These and other praises, then, and other excellencies of your creation and greatness, I might well, O fishes, set before you; but such a matter is only fit for an audience of men who permit themselves to be carried away by these vanities, and is, also, only suited to those places where adulation is allowed, and not in the pulpit.

. . . . Great praise do ye merit, O fishes, for the respect and devotion which ye have had to the preacher of the Word of God; and so much the more, because ye did not exhibit it once only.* Jonah went as a preacher of the same God, and was on board a ship when that great tempest arose. How did men then treat him, and how did fishes treat him? Men cast him into the sea, to be eaten by fishes; and the fish which swallowed him carried him to the shores of Nineveh, that he might there preach, and save those men. Is it possible that fishes should assist in the salvation of men, and that men should cast into the sea the ministers of salvation? Behold, fishes—and avoid vain-glory—how much better are ye than men. . . . .

. . . . . Aristotle, speaking of fishes, says, that they alone, among all animals, can neither be tamed nor domesticated. . . . . There they live, in their seas and rivers; there they die in their fountains; there they hide themselves in their grottos: and none among them is so large as to trust man, or so small as not to avoid him. Authors usually condemn this characteristic of fishes, and attribute it to their little docility, or exceeding brutishness; but I am of a very different opinion. I do not condemn—on the contrary, I very much praise—this their retirement; and it seems to me that, if it were not natural to them, it would be a proof of their prudence. Fishes, by how much the further from men, by so much the better. Hate conversation and familiarity with them. God preserve you from it! If the beasts of the earth and the birds of the air choose to be man's familiars, let them do it and welcome; it is at their own expense. Let the nightingale sing to man: but it must be in her cage. Let the parrot talk to him: but it must be with her chain. Let the hawk go to the chase with him: but it must be in her jesses. Let the ape play the buffoon for him: but it must be with his ring. Let the dog content himself with gnawing his bone: but he must be dragged where he likes not, by his collar. . . . .

In the time of Noah happened that flood which covered and drowned the world; and of all animals, which fared the best? Of lions, only two escaped —a lion and a lioness; and so of other beasts. Of eagles, two only escaped, the male and the female; and so of other birds. And of the fishes? All escaped: nay, and not only all escaped, but were much more at liberty than before: because the land and the sea were then all sea. If, then, in that universal chastisement all the beasts of the earth and all the birds died, why did not the fishes also die? S. Ambrose says, because the other animals, as more domestic, and more nearly allied, had greater communication with men; the fishes lived at a distance, and retired from them. . . . . See, fishes, of how great benefit it is to live at a distance from men. A great philosopher, being asked which was the best country in the world, replied, "That which has the largest portion of desert, because it has men at the greatest distance." If S. Antony preached this, also, to you, and if this was one of the benefits for which

* Vieyra has just been relating the legend of S. Antony's sermon to the fishes.

he exhorted you to give thanks to God, he might well have asserted with respect to himself, that, the more he sought God, the more he fled from man. . . . .

I wish to finish this discourse of the praises and virtues of fishes, with an account of one,—I know not whether he were a hearer of S. Antony, and learnt from him to preach. As I was sailing hence to Para, I saw a vast quantity of fish, of a kind which I had never before observed, leaping up every now and then from the water. They told me that the Portuguese sailors called them *Four-eyes*. I wished, therefore, to investigate for myself the reason of this name, and I found that in real truth they have four eyes, each perfect and entire. "Give thanks to God," I said, "and praise the liberality of his divine providence: for to eagles, which are the lynxes of the air, and to lynxes, which are the eagles of the earth, he has given but two; and to you, little fish, he has given four." But I soon found something else more worthy of wonder, in the circumstance, and in the place. So many instruments of vision in a worm of the sea, on the very shores of those vast lands where God has permitted for so many ages that so many thousands of heathen should be living in blindness. Oh, how deep and incomprehensible are the reasons of God, and how profound is the abyss of his judgments!

Philosophising, then, on the natural cause of this providence, I noticed that those four eyes were thrown a little out of the ordinary place, and each pair joined like the two parts of an hour-glass, in such a way that those at the part above looked directly up, and those at the part below looked directly down. And the cause of this new architecture is, because these little fish, which live on the surface of the water, are not only persecuted by other and greater fish, but also by a great quantity of maritime birds, which dwell in those bays; and, as they have enemies in the sea, and enemies in the air, nature has doubled their sentinels, and has given them two eyes to be on their watch against the birds, and two others to be on their watch against the fish. . . . . This is the sermon which that fish preached to me; teaching me that if I have faith, and the use of reason, I ought to look nowhere but directly up, or directly down; up, considering that there is a heaven, and down, remembering that there is a hell. It alleged no passage of Scripture in proof of the doctrine, but it taught me what David meant by one which I had not previously understood, *Turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity.* What! could not David turn his own eyes in any direction he pleased—in the way which he wished? No. He wished to turn his eyes in such a manner that they could not behold vanity, and this he could not do in the present world, wherever he turned them, because all is vanity. In order, therefore, that they might not behold vanity, God had to turn them in such a manner, that they should only look to the other world in both its hemispheres. . . . . And this is the favour which that great prophet asked of God, and this is the doctrine which that very little fish preached to me. . . . .

But, before you depart, as you have heard your praises, hear also that which I have to blame. It will serve to make you ashamed, though you have not the power of amendment. The first thing which does not edify me in you, fishes, is, that you eat one another. A great scandal in itself, but the circumstances make it worse. You not only eat one another, but the great eat the little. If the contrary were the case, the evil would be less. If the little ate the great, one would suffice for many; but as the great eat the little, a hundred—nay, and a thousand—do not suffice for one. . . . . S. Augustine, who preached to men, in order to set forth the atrocity of this scandal, pointed it out to them in fishes; and I, who preach to the fish, in order to show how abominable is the custom, wish that you should look at men. Look, fishes, from the sea to the land. No, no, it is not that way that I mean. Are you turning your eyes to the forests and to the interior? Here, here! it is to the city you must look. Do you think that it is only the savages that eat each other? The shambles here are much larger; white men eat each other far more. . . . .

Is any one of them dead? See how they all fall upon the miserable man, to

tear him in pieces and to eat him. His heirs devour him; his legatees devour him; his executors devour him; his creditors devour him; the commissioners of orphans, of the dead, and of the absent devour him; the physician who helped to kill him devours him; his wife herself devours him, when she gives him for a shroud the oldest sheet in the house; he is devoured by the grave-digger; by the bell-ringer; by those that sing as they carry him to the grave: in fine, the poor dead man is not yet swallowed up by the earth, but he is already swallowed up by its inhabitants. . . . .

Descending to particulars, I will now tell you, fishes, the complaint which I have to make against some individuals among you. And beginning by this coast of ours, on the same day that I first arrived here, the bully-fish excited at once my laughter and my indignation. Is it possible that you, being such tiny fishes, can be the bullies of the sea? . . . . Tell me, why does not the sword-fish bully? Because, ordinarily, he that has a long sword has a short tongue. This is not a general rule: but it is a general rule that God will not endure boasters, and that he has a particular care to beat down and to humble those who are guilty of boasting. S. Peter—with whom some of your ancestors were very well acquainted—had so good a sword, that he ventured by himself to attack a whole army of Roman soldiers; and if Christ had not commanded him to put it up in his sheath, I promise you he would have cut off more ears than that of Malchus. Notwithstanding, what happened to him the same night? Peter had vaunted and boasted himself that though all should lose their courage, he himself would be constant unto death, if it were necessary; while, on the contrary, the truth was, that he lost his courage more than any one else; and the voice of one wretched woman made him tremble and deny. . . . . Thus it is: to boast much before the occasion, is a sure proof of sleeping when the occasion comes. What think you of it, fishes and brethren? If this happened to the greatest fisher that ever was, what may happen to the least fish? . . . .

With the flying fish, I must also have a word: and my complaint is not a trifling one. Tell me—did not God make you fish? and why, then, do you set up to become birds? God made the sea for you, and the air for them. Content yourselves with the sea, and with swimming, and do not attempt to fly. . . . . You seek to be better than other fishes; and for this reason you are worse off than any. Other fishes of the deep are taken with the hook, or the net; you are taken without hook or net, by your own presumption, and your own caprice. The ship pursues its course; the mariners are sleeping; and the flying-fish touches the sail, or the rigging, and falls on to the deck. Other fishes are killed by hunger, or deceived by the bait; the flying-fish is killed by the vain desire of flying, and his bait is the wind. How much better it were to dive beneath the keel, and to live, than to fly above the yards, and to die! It is a great proof of ambition that, the sea being so immense, the whole ocean does not suffice to so small a fish, but he must needs desire a larger element. But see, fishes, the chastisement of ambition. The flying-fish was made by God a fish; he desired to be a bird: and God permits he should have the perils of a fish, and besides that, those of a bird. . . . .

From this example, fishes, keep, all of you, this truth in mind. He that desires more than befits him, loses that which he desires, and that which he has. He that can swim, and desires to fly, the time will come when he shall neither fly nor swim. . . . .

With this last remark I bid you farewell, or allow you to bid me farewell, my fishes. And that in departing, you may receive some consolation from this sermon (for I know not when you will hear another), I wish to remove from you a very ancient grievance under which you have lain from the time that the book of Leviticus was published. In the ecclesiastical law, God chose certain animals which should be sacrificed to him; but they were all either beasts of the earth or birds—fishes being totally excluded from these sacrifices. Who doubts that this universal exclusion would be the cause of great disquietude

and sorrow to all the inhabitants of so noble an element, which affords the matter for the first sacrament? The principal motive for the exclusion of fishes was this: Other animals can go alive to the sacrifice, but fishes, not so; and God desires not that any dead thing should be offered to him, or should approach to his altar This point would be very important and necessary to men, if I were preaching to them. O, how many souls approach to that altar in a state of death, because they approach, and are without a fear of approaching, in mortal sin. Fishes, give great thanks to God, that he has delivered you from this peril; far better is it not to approach to the sacrifice, than to approach to it in a state of death. . . . .

O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord. Praise God, O fishes, both small and great; separate yourselves in two choirs and praise him with one accord. Praise God, because he has created you in such numbers; because he has distinguished you in so many species; because he has invested you with such variety and beauty; because he has furnished you with all the instruments necessary to life; because he has given you an element so large and so pure; praise God who, coming into this world, lived amongst you, and called to him those who lived with you and of you; praise God who sustains you, praise God who preserves you, praise God who multiplies you; praise God finally, by serving and sustaining man, which is the end to which He created you; and as at the beginning he gave you his blessing, so may he bestow it on you now. Amen. As you are not capable of grace nor of glory, so your sermon neither ends with grace nor with glory.

How to Preach so as to Convert Nobody.

THE design of this article is to propound several rules, by a steady conformity to any one of which a man may preach so as not to convert anybody. It is generally conceded at the present day that the Holy Spirit converts souls to Christ by means of truth *adapted to that end.* It follows that a selfish preacher will not skillfuly adapt means to convert souls to Christ; for that is not his end.

Rule 1. Let your supreme motive be to secure your own popularity; then, of course, your preaching will be adapted to that end, and not to convert souls to Christ.

2. Aim at pleasing, rather than at converting your hearers.

3. Aim at securing for yourself the reputation of a beautiful writer.

4. Let your sermons have the following characteristics:—

Let them be written with a high degree of literary finish.

Let them be short, occupying in the reading not more than from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Let your stylo be flowery, ornate, and quite above the comprehension of the common people.

Be sparing of thought, lest your sermon contain truth enough to convert a soul.

Lest your sermons should make a saving impression, announce no distinct propositions or heads that will be remembered, to disturb the conscience of your hearers.

Make no distinct points, and take up no disturbing *issues* with the consciences of your hearers, lest they remember these issues, and become alarmed about their souls.

Avoid a logical division and subdivision of your subject, lest you should too thoroughly instruct your people.

Give your sermons the form and substance of a flowing, beautifully-written, but never-to-be-remembered essay; so that your hearers will say, "It was a beautiful sermon," but can give no further account of it.

Avoid preaching doctrines that are offensive to the carnal mind, lest they say of you as they said of Christ, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" and lest you should injure your influence.

Denounce sin in the abstract, but make no allusion to the sins of your present audience.

Keep the spirituality of God's holy law, by which is the knowledge of sin, out of sight, lest the sinner should see his lost condition, and flee from the wrath to come.

Preach the gospel as a remedy, but conceal or ignore the fatal disease of the sinner.

Preach salvation by grace; but ignore the condemned and lost condition of the sinner, lest he should understand what you mean by grace, and feel his need of it.

Preach Christ as an infinitely amiable and good-natured being; but ignore those scathing rebukes of sinners and hypocrites which so often made his hearers tremble.

Avoid especially preaching to those who are present. Preach *about* sinners, and not *to* them. Say *they*, and not *you*, lest any one should make a personal and saving application of your subject.

Aim to make your hearers pleased with themselves and pleased with you, and be careful not to wound the feelings of any one.

5. Preach no searching sermons, lest you convict and convert the worldly members of your church.

6. Avoid awakening uncomfortable memories, by reminding your hearers of past sins.

7. Do not make the impression that God commands your hearers *now* and *here* to obey the truth.

8. Do not make the impression that you expect your hearers to commit themselves upon the spot, and give their hearts to God.

9. Leave the impression that they are expected to go away in their sins, and to consider the matter at their convenience.

10. Dwell much upon their inability to obey, and leave the impression that they must *wait* for God to change their natures.

11. Make no appeals to the fears of sinners; but leave the impression that they have *no reason* to fear.

12. Say so little of hell that your people will infer that you do not believe in its existence.

13. Make the impression that if God is as good as you are he will send no one to hell.

14. Preach the love of God, but ignore the *holiness* of his love that will by no means clear the impenitent sinner.

15. Often present God in his *parental* love and relations, but ignore his *governmental* and legal relations to his subjects, lest the sinner should find himself condemned already, and the wrath of God abiding on him.

16. Preach God as *all mercy*, lest a fuller representation of his character should alarm the consciences of your hearers.

17. Try to convert sinners to Christ without producing any uncomfortable convictions of sin.

18. Flatter the rich, so as to repel the poor, and you will convert none of either class.

19. Make no disagreeable allusions to the doctrines of self-denial, cross-bearing, and crucifixion to the world, lest you should convict and convert some of your church-members.

20. Admit, either expressly or impliedly, that all men have *some moral goodness* in them, lest sinners should understand that they need a radical change of heart, from sin to holiness.

21. Avoid pressing the doctrine of total moral depravity, lest you should offend, or even convict and convert, the moralist.

22. Do not rebuke the worldly tendencies of the church, lest you should hurt their feelings, and finally convert some of them.

23. Should any express anxiety about their souls, do not probe them by any uncomfortable allusion to their sin and ill desert; but encourage them to join the church at once, and exhort them to assume their perfect safety within the fold.

24. Preach the love of Christ, not as enlightened benevolence, that is holy, just, and sin-hating; but as a *sentiment*, an involuntary and indiscriminating fondness.

25. Be sure *not* to represent religion as a *state of loving self-sacrifice* for God and souls; but rather a free and easy state of self-indulgence. By thus doing you will prevent sound conversions to Christ, and convert your hearers to yourself.

26. So select your themes and so present them as to attract and flatter the wealthy, aristocratic, self-indulgent, extravagant, pleasure-seeking classes, and you will not convert any of them to the *cross-bearing* religion of Christ.

27. Be time-serving, or you will endanger your salary; and, besides, if you speak out and are faithful, you may convert somebody.

28. Do not preach with a divine unction, lest your preaching make a saving impression.

29. To avoid this, do not maintain a close walk with God, but rely upon your learning and study.

30. Lest you should pray too much, engage in light reading and worldly amusements.

The experience of ministers who have steadily adhered to the above rules will attest the soul-destroying efficacy of such a course, and churches whose ministers have steadily conformed to any of these rules can testify that such preaching does not convert souls to Christ. If souls are converted in congregations cursed with such a ministry, it will be by other means than the preaching.—*Extracted from an article by* Pres. E. G. Finney.

Notices of Books.

An Account of the Ten Days' Convention held at Brighton for the Promotion of Scripture Holiness. F. E. Longley.

Like the Oxford convention, this appears to have been a very holy and happy meeting. So far as we can gather from the short reports of speeches, many brethren have been living far short of the true condition of believers, and from some of their confessions we almost fear that they were not believers at all, or extremely uninstructed ones. That faith gives rest, strength, consecration, and victory over sin is a fact which many of us have not only known, but joyfully realised ever since we knew the Lord. We do not wonder that those who grasp this for the first time become full of delight and enthusiasm, and meetings which bring them to this realisation must be to them for ever notable, as days of heaven upon earth. If this be the sole object of Mr. Smith and his coadjutors, and of some of them we are sure it is, we rejoice with them, yea, and will rejoice. But there are signs of something else not at all to our mind. There are ambiguous voices and dark sayings which look toward fanatical expectations which can only breed the leaden peace of self-satisfaction, or collapse in disappointed hope, and consequent dismay. We wish our brethren were more explicit; they are already more so, and we feel more confidence in them in that proportion. Many among them we are sure are right in all respects, but there are with them perfectionists pure and simple, and others who talk arrant nonsense if they do not mean that they have attained absolute freedom from sin. Even this report says, "those who have gone so far will have to go further," and where will they go? Alas, we tremble when we read the report's own answer. May the Lord be glorified and his church be really blessed.

A Bird's-eye View of unfulfilled Prophecy. By James Douglas, M.A. John Shaw and Co.

Of course a bird's-eye view depends upon the height of the bird, and the power of its eye, and in no case can we expect minute details, or, as the author says, "microscopic knowledge", from so elevated an inspection. Many of the old expositors kept down among the symbols and signs, and settled pretty definitely the exact dates of the fall of Antichrist, and the restoration of the Jews, and so on: it is very wise of their successors to soar on high, for by this means they do not fall into the misery of living to see their vaticinations disproved, nor can after generations smile at their follies. Our author would, we believe, have been equally safe on his feet, for he follows safe roads, but he is wise in taking wing as he has done. We, upon the whole, agree with Mr Douglas as to his hopes of the future, but we could not endorse all his statements about the present. He thinks that disbelief in the pre-millennial advent brings great evils upon the church, but our friend Dr. Carson is of an opposite opinion, and we ourselves are inclined to think that any coldness and error which exist may be traced to other and more potent causes. We do not see that our prophetic brethren win more souls to Jesus than others: we heartily wish they did. They are as feeble a race as the rest of us, and perhaps even less inclined to labour, because some of them have given up the world as hopeless, and are content with picking up here and there one from the general wreck.

Mr. Douglas gives us credit for common sense, and we fear that this quality somewhat hinders our enjoyment of many modern prophesyings. With him, however, we have not much fault to find. He writes vigorously, but rather too coarsely at times, and he is perhaps just a little too dogmatical, but he does not fall into any wild imaginings, and is commendably practical. The story of *the Key*, with which he commences, is so good that we quote it at large:—

"Now, by those who are expecting some marvellous exhibition of critical acumen, what we have now to relate will be somewhat disappointing. It recalls to our mind one of Edgar Poe's unrivalled sketches, which are so naturally depicted that you find it impossible to regard them as mere works of imagination. The sketch to which we refer is entitled *The Purloined Letter*. A French Minister of State appropriated a letter belonging to a lady of high rank, which left her completely in his power. This power he wielded unscrupulously for political ends, and in order to his own aggrandisement. The lady, driven to desperation by the continual tightening of the screw, and growing dread of the exposure of weighty secrets, engaged the Prefect of Police in her service, and whetted his zeal in her cause by the offer of an immense reward. He and his subalterns left no stone unturned to regain the letter. The apartments of the French Minister were ransacked time and again. Every item of furniture was taken to pieces and narrowly examined. No hole or crevice was left unexplored. The minister himself was waylaid several times, as if by footpads, and searched from head to foot. But all in vain. It was evident that the Minister of State was astuter than all the Parisian detectives. Ultimately the Prefect informed a friend of the task that had for months baffled their utmost skill. He reflected upon the story, and concluded that the minister must be fooling every clever scheme at detection by the very simplicity of his contrivance; that the key to the mystery must lie upon the surface. The friend, accordingly, called upon the Minister of State; entered into conversation with him; let his eyes roam vacantly and rest on the more prominent objects in the room; noted a letter in a card-rack half torn through, and more than usually crumpled and disfigured; concluded that *that* was the letter in question, and, on the very next day, by a simple expedient, got possession of the long-sought-for document.

"Between this tale and the principle of prophetic interpretation there seems to be a ray of analogy. 'The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God.' Man by his *subtlety* hides, God by his *simplicity* unfolds, the casket of truth and wisdom. The perils to which we are exposed in the search after the higher knowledge *spring from* rather than *flee*

before those speculative faculties of ours, which, in the folly of human vanity, we believe to be our highest adornment. 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.'"

Two Hundred Sketches and Outlines of Sermons. By JAMES BURNS, D.D. Dickinson and Higham.

DR. BURNS seems determined to emulate Charles Simeon in the number of skeletons which he presents to the public, for he has issued sixteen volumes already. He speaks of this volume of sketches as his last, but we place no reliance upon the prophecy, for a man who has skeletonised so often and so successfully is pretty sure to do it again. As a teetotaller, and everything else that is very special, the doctor may hope to live long enough to issue another seventeen volumes, and then begin again. We do not altogether deprecate the use of other men's outlines, for every now and then a preacher may be hardly driven for time, or he may feel mentally incapable of new thought, or he may be a mere beginner and unable to arrange his matter: but the frequent use of ready-made plans is most pernicious, and we think also, disreputable and dishonest. Woe unto those who speak in the name of the Lord, but only utter words which they have stolen, every man from his neighbour. We believe that Dr. Burns would heartily unite with us in this opinion.

With regard to these sketches, they strike us as being very suitable for those who need them. They are in general thoroughly evangelical, never peculiar or eccentric, and for the most part inartificial, and even commonplace; so that ordinary people will not be encumbered by plans which they cannot work. One or two of them we think quite unallowable, as for instance No. 85, on "the hand of Jesus." It cannot be right to speak of our Lord's healing, life-giving, and supplying hand, when the text refers to the judgment of blindness brought upon Elymas the sorcerer. This is preaching *from* the text with a vengeance. On the other hand there are outlines of remarkable excellence, and we judge the whole collection to be very much above the average of such productions. Oh, ye cripples who need crutches and wooden legs, here is a rich store for you of the best materials! Oh, ye feeble men, who can run alone and yet indulge yourself with a staff, ye can find a good one here! But ye young and able-bodied men, if ye dare indulge yourselves with any of these *helps*, we would gladly lay an oaken cudgel about your backs.

The Church in the Cherubim; or, the Glory of the Saints. By the Rev. JAMES GOSSET TANNER, M.A. Hatchards.

THIS book is written to prove that the cherubim are the typical representatives of the redeemed. The writer is far from being alone in the opinion, but we are not among his comrades. When the Lord placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword to keep man from the tree of life, were these the church? Those who have leisure and taste for such recondite speculations will find a very full view of the subject in Mr. Tanner's book, and even if they do not agree with his theory they will be interested in seeing what can be said for it.

The Young Men's Missionary Advocate: the Journal of the Young Men's Auxiliaries to the Baptist Missionary Society. One Penny, Monthly. Stock.

OUR young friends deserve every encouragement. The zeal of the young brethren at Mare-street has exceedingly abounded, and they have fired others also. They felt that they must issue a magazine, in the hope of arousing other young men, and the number before us for August is No. 5. It contains some lively, earnest, telling articles, and the parent society might do a worse thing than adopt the serial, or at least purchase a quantity and distribute them gratuitously.

Children Reclaimed for Life: the Story of Dr. Barnardo's Work in London. By the author of "The Romance of the Streets." Fourth Thousand. Price 3s. 6d. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS well illustrated book brings vividly before the mind's eye the work of one of our most practical Christian philanthropists. It is our Mr. Pike, who is the author, and the chapters are in

his best style. Our joy in Dr. Barnardo's work is very great; may the Lord continue to bless him, and yet more and more favour him. It is stimulating to the faith of others to see how continually the Lord supplies the need of all the good Doctor's agencies, even as he does ours. Blessed be our faithful God.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton.

The contributors to this work are all men of mark, and the editor is an expositor of known excellence, and therefore we expect much upon opening the volume, and naturally also reckon upon finding some matters from which we differ. We like a work none the less because it comes in conflict with our views, if it does so honestly, and in a reverent spirit towards the word of God. No one can read this "Expositor" without gaining instruction and finding his mind awakened to thought, but he had need be on the alert against a tendency to new senses, by which miracle is frittered down. Mr. Cox does well to devote his time to studies so helpful to his brethren; may he find that they appreciate his services, and may be himself feel more and more attracted to those old-fashioned views of things which are not less reasonable than the new. "The Expositor" is not of the class which Revival preachers and exhorters could utilise, but such as a more quiet, educated order of ministers will read with interest; and, if these brethren add discretion to their interest, they will, upon the whole, read with profit.

Not as a sample of the book—for it is almost the only specimen of its kind—but merely for our readers' pleasure, we quote a passage illustrating the superiority of obedience to the spirit of a precept to the mere fulfilling of the letter:—

"Anecdotes, as a rule, seem wofully out of place in an exposition; but at this point of my argument two recur to my memory, which will make it clearer than many pages of laborious commentary: and therefore, though still with some reluctance, I will tell them. It is said that many years ago an eminent minister of the gospel, who had been a great athlete in his youth, on returning to his native town soon after he had been ordained, encountered in the High Street an old companion whom he had often fought and thrashed in his godless days. 'So, you've turned Christian, they tell me, Charley?' said the man. 'Yes,' replied the minister. 'Well, then, you know the Book says, If you're struck on one cheek, you're to turn the other. Take *that*;' and with that he hit him a stinging blow. 'There, then," replied the minister quietly, turning the other side of his face toward him. The man was brute enough to strike him heavily again. Whereupon the minister said, 'And *there* my commission ends,' pulled off his coat, and gave his antagonist a severe thrashing, which no doubt he richly deserved. But did the minister keep the command of Christ? He obeyed the letter of the rule; but did he not violate the principle, the spirit, of it?

"Hear the other story, and judge. It is told of a celebrated officer in the army that, as he stood leaning over a wall in the barrack-yard, one of his military servants, mistaking him for a comrade, came softly up behind him, and suddenly struck him a hard blow. When the officer looked round, his servant, covered with confusion, stammered out, 'I beg your pardon, sir; I thought it was George.' His master gently replied: 'And if it were George, why strike so hard?'

"Now which of these two, think you, really obeyed the command of Christ? the minister who made a rule of it and kept to the letter of the rule, or the officer who made a principle of it, and, acting on the spirit of it, neglected the letter? Obviously, the minister disobeyed the command in obeying it, while the officer obeyed the command in disobeying it.

"And here we may see the immense superiority of a principle over a rule. Take a rule, *any* rule, and there is only one way of keeping it, the way of literal obedience, and this may often prove a foolish and even a disobedient way. But get a principle, and there are a thousand ways in which you may apply it, all of which may be wise, beneficial to you and no less beneficial to your neighbour."

St. John VI., a Key to the Anti-transubstantiation view of the words used at the institution of the Lord's Supper. By a Clergyman. Hatchards. Price One Shilling.

THIS "clergyman" does well till he comes to justify the calling of ministers "priests." He says the word *priest* is derived from the word presbyter;—what does it matter what it is derived from? The question is, what sense does it convey to the people? If the clergy mean to call themselves presbyters or elders why not do so and we shall understand them, but so long as they call themselves *priests* they will be understood in the Romish or pagan sense. Whatever the evangelicals may do with the language of the Prayer-book, we know how the ritualists use it, and how forcible a weapon they find in it for the defence of their position. Will this mis-use of language never end? Never till disestablishment takes away the cause of all this stuttering and stammering, not to say equivocating and shuffling.

Notes.

WE have this month received the largest amount, save one, ever entrusted to us at one time, namely, £10,000, being a legacy left to us last year by the late Mr. Matthews, and notified to the public at that time. One half is for the College, and upon the strength of it we have received thirty more students, and have entered upon new fields of labour. The other moiety is for the Orphanage, and will be invested, according to our general rule with legacies, unless our daily needs should cause us to draw upon it. When our capital becomes large enough to put the Boys' Orphanage somewhat more off our hands, it may be the Lord will then enable us to build a Girls' Orphanage too. Had there not been a sum given at the commencement, as an endowment, we might not have thought of one, but as that was the basis at the commencement we feel bound to increase it when *legacies* are given; using donations for our every-day expenses.

Mrs. Spurgeon requests us to say that she was very sorry to decline some applications for *lectures*, and that she is exceedingly grateful to those friends who have so generously enabled her to resume the distribution. She has acknowledged these kind gifts personally, and would have printed the list, only she believes that the donors do not wish to have it so. Poor ministers, really ministers, and really poor, can now apply; and those declined before will be among the first attended to. As there must be some limit, it is thought best not to include local preachers, and others who have resources beyond the support given by their people. Mrs. Spurgeon is every day sending out books to needy brethren whom we have selected for her, and it gives her intense pleasure to be thus of use to the Lord's people. She suffers very greatly, and this holy service cheers the tedium of sickness, and affords her great comfort. Those who have sent the means have made us both very happy, and we earnestly pray the Lord to reward them. Very cruel is the poverty of many Baptist ministers. How can they feed the people when they never see a new book? To supply them with mental food is a boon, not to them only, but to all their hearers. We trust this beneficent service will be continued. We have named the work MRS. SPURGEON'S FUND, and we believe that it will not soon come to an end, but will do great good.

The loss of our excellent Mrs. Bartlett, and the continued illness of Mr. William Olney, our right-hand helper in spiritual things, are subjects for much earnest prayer. We feel both these sorrows very greatly. Yet there are sweet alleviations in the love of our people and their zealous endeavours to supply every lack of service. Nothing flags. Converts are more numerous than ever, and the crowds at the Tabernacle so vast as to cause great difficulties as to modes of admission. We have done our best, and those who cavil at our plans little know what anxieties surround us on this account, or they would not judge us so severely. When everybody is overcrowded and inconvenienced, and those who suffer most from pressure bear it all patiently, it is a pity that a few should be so loud in their complaints, and throw abroad charges of discourtesy and so forth. If our friends could know how many conflicting claims we have to meet, they would see that ours is no ordinary

case, and cannot be managed by ordinary methods. If this great pressure continues, a crowded house and an enormous church will lay burdens upon us which will make our position one of eminent trial. We and our worthy helpers at the entrances are all doing our best, but we claim the sympathy and aid of all who worship with us, and we ought not to be saddened by ungenerous remarks.

It was great delight to us the other evening to meet a numerous band of workers who have rallied round Mr. William Olney, junior, the eldest son of our worthy deacon. In one of the worst parts of Bermondsey he is carrying on a mission work, which for life, energy, and real results is second to none.

Our excellent helper Mr. Dunn has worked hard to erect a new mission house and school in a very poor part of Walworth, but he still needs £200. We hope our Tabernacle friends and others will see this good work carried through at once, for it concerns our own neighbourhood, and we must not neglect it. No debt should ever be thought of.

This cannot meet the eye of any blind gentleman, but we hope some wealthy blind friend will hear of it. We are very anxious to build a chapel for the poor blind. Mr. Hampton needs such a place for his noble efforts. We think we can get a site, and as these poor people often bring their dogs with them, and as we have to provide them with tea, a separate well ventilated building is greatly wanted.

God has been very gracious to the Orphanage in the matter of health. While epidemics have been raging we have had only one case of fever, and that by no means an aggravated one. The sad visitation at the noble Orphanage at Bristol made us tremble, and while we prayed for our brethren there, we also cried to the Lord to avert the scourge from *us*, and now we bless his name that he has done so.

A fourth teacher is needed for the Orphanage. A Christian young man would find a great sphere of usefulness among the boys. For particulars apply to Mr. Charlesworth, The Orphanage, Stockwell, London.

Our Friend, Mr. Hayles, Hanover Street, Kennington, has very kindly painted and grained our Orphanage gates, and lettered the great board. We are very much obliged to him, and hope that other tradespeople, by following so good an example, of helping in their own line of things, will save the Orphanage much expense.

A friend, J. R., a draper, has sent a fine collection of dress materials, which have become unsaleable by change of fashion. Our worthy sister, Mrs. Evans, will be right glad to make them up for the daughters of our poor Baptist ministers. All sorts of material for garments will be turned to good account by her Home and Foreign Mission Working Society at the Tabernacle.

A friend who asks for information is informed that warm socks, shirts, collars, etc., are always acceptable at the Orphanage, whether in large or small quantities. We thank those who have it in their hearts to aid us by their own work.

Grand news comes from Reading of the bazaar to be held there for the Orphanage. The stalls will be many, and the supply of goods promises to be abundant. We cannot tell how grateful we are for this. May every worker, donor, and helper have as much joy in it as we have. To help poor helpless widows and orphans is a work which angels might envy us.

We are very grieved to hear of the death of our friend Mr. Edward Webb, for twenty-five years the beloved pastor of the Baptist church, Tiverton. Very ill can the churches afford to lose such a man. "O thou sword of the Lord, how long shall it be ere thou be quiet." Our ranks are thinning sadly, and as yet we see not the men arising to fill the vacancies. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest.

Since writing this we find that Mr. Joseph Wilshire, of Derby, has also fallen asleep and left a family of seven children totally unprovided for. He also was one of our active brethren, and will be greatly missed. The death of that noble old man, and ripe scholar, Dr. Davies, of Regent's Park College, is yet another irreparable loss. What repeated crashes are heard in the forest! Our cedars fall. How long will it be ere the fir-trees shall follow?

The noble Duke of Westminster has generously given some houses for the enlargement of the Baptist Chapel, Chester, where our friend Mr. Durban preaches. He has also opened his bazaar. May he receive the reward of those who help the servants for their Master's sake. Our denomination ought, after this, to carry Mr. Durban through his effort on the crest of the wave.

Mr. Oldring, who is labouring so hard at Burnley, we commend to the liberal aid of all our friends in that region.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth:—July 22nd, nineteen; July 29th, sixteen. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—August 16th, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. M. Platt	0	10	0
Mr. D. Gill	5	0	0
Mr. Davidson	3	3	0
G. R. M. W.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	5	0	0
Mr. R. Vernon	1	0	0
Miss Barnes	1	1	0
The late Mr. Frost	0	10	0
Mr Mounsey	2	10	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
R. F.	0	10	0
Miss Spliedt	5	0	0
Mrs. Jack	5	0	6
Mrs. McKenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. Calam	5	0	0
T. R. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Hetherton	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	2	0	0
Mr. Yeatman	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
Mr. James Staff	10	0	0
J. L.	1	1	0
J. S. Parr	10	0	0
Mr. Gooding	0	5	0
Mr. Frowd	1	0	0
M. A. D.	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard	0	3	0
Miss B.	10	0	0
Miss Winslow	5	0	0
Collection at Grosvenor Street, Manchester	5	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., July 25	36	2	10
" " " Aug. 1	33	14	0
" " " " 8	23	11	1
" " " " 15	40	0	3
	£231	0	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. Robinson	1	0	0
Mr. Round	0	10	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Mrs. Baber	0	10	0
Collection at Minster Lovel after Sermons by V. J. Charlesworth	24	0	0
Mr. R. Ryman	5	0	0
The Misses Ryman	5	0	0
Mr. M. Platt	0	10	0
Mrs. Gatward	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Grimes	1	5	0
M. Orders	0	19	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. T. T. Marks	1	1	0
Chidlington Village School	0	5	0
Miss Mann	2	15	0
E. B. I.	0	5	0
Mr. Kelly, per Mr. Wigney	0	5	0
A Sinner, Nantwich	0	5	0
The late Mr. Frost	0	10	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Metropolitan Store	1	15	4
Juvenile Society, Myrtle Street, Liverpool	10	0	0
Weekly Offering Boxes, Myrtle Street	1	0	0
Mr. Mounsey	2	10	0
Mr. W. Whitmee	1	1	0
Mr. G. Dean	0	10	0
Mr. H. Young	2	0	0
Elizabeth Gordon	0	2	6
R. F.	0	10	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
G. J.	1	0	0
F. S.	1	0	0
A Dying Boy, per Rev. F. B. Meyer	3	3	0
Per Rev. F. Matthews:—			
Mr. J. Heelas, Senior	1	1	0
Mr. J. Heelas, Junior	1	0	0
Mr. J. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. H. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. R. Brigginshaw	1	1	0
Mr. T. Dunning	1	0	0
Mrs. Skerratt	1	1	0
Mrs. Wright	0	10	0
Mrs. Clare	0	5	0
Mrs. Cooke	0	10	6
Mrs. Rogers	0	10	6
Miss Sargett	0	2	6
Proceeds of Centenary Meeting	10	19	6
	23	3	6
Mrs. McKenzie	1	0	0
Mr. Beilby	0	11	0
Mr. Miller	0	2	0
A. B. F.	0	1	0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0	10	0
Per Mrs. Legge—			
Mr. H. Legge	1	0	0
Mrs. Legge	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker	0	2	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	2	6
Dora Rhodes	0	5	0
Found in the Street	0	0	7
	2	0	1
Mr. G. Robertson	0	5	0
Independent	5	0	0
Mr. P. Bambridge	0	14	0
Mr. T. S. Child	10	0	0
S. B. P.	2	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	20	0	0
Mrs. Holsworth	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Mr. H. Villacott	2	0	0
Miss Couch	0	5	0
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0
E. W.	0	5	0
T. R. M.	0	10	0
J. S. W.	0	10	6
Collected by Miss S. Buxton	2	11	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	0	10	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Elsey	1	0	0
Mrs. McLeod	2	0	0
J. C. K.	5	0	0
Readers of the "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
Mr. C. Clark...	0	10	0
Mr. Yeatman	1	0	0
Mrs. Labee	1	1	0
Mr. J. Smalley	0	5	0
T. W. and M. S. P.	5	0	0
Trinity Chapel Sunday School	0	11	6
Miss Parker's Bible Class, Cornwall Road, Brixton	1	0	0
Mrs. Hunt	0	10	0
Miss Mee	1	0	0
Miss. Groves	0	17	0
Mr. J. Pool	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Salsbury, Mrs. Phillips, and Miss Walker, from friends at Brockley Road, New Cross... ...	2	1	6
W. J. B.	3	7	0
Court Prince Consort	1	6	0
Mr. Reading...	1	0	0
Mr. Frowd	1	0	0
Mrs. Davis	1	1	0
Miss Watts	2	2	0
Market Drayton	0	10	0
Headmore	0	2	0
Mrs. Hetherton	0	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
M. A. D.	25	0	0
Mrs. Willingham	0	10	0
J. N.	0	2	6
Mr. G. More...	50	0	0
A Friend	0	1	0
A Friend in the North	1	0	0
Miss B.	10	0	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	0	0
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	2	2	0
	£267	15	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS: Sack of Flour, Mr. Nutter; Sundry Vegetables, by Mr. W. C. Murrell, Mr. Bath, and Mr. Parker.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Sale of Croquet, £2; Mrs. Renshaw, £1; Miss McLaren, £5; 27 Stamps, Anon, 2s. 3d.; Collecting Box, Harry and Frank Nye, 6s. 6d.; Proceeds of Weighing Machine, per Mr. Nye, 6s. 2d.; P. O. Order, S. Herris, 4s.; Ditto, H. Pratt, 8s.; Collections after Sermons at Accrington by Mr. Charlesworth, £21; 159 Coins in Pillar Box at Orphanage Gate, £2 2s. 10d.—Total, £32 9s. 9d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Leamington District, per Rev. F. S. Attenborough	10	0	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mrs. Blair	50	0	0
Sheppey District	5	0	0
Kington, per Rev. A. E. Seddon:			
Miss Humphreys 0 5 0			
Mrs. Baynham 0 10 0			
Miss Baynham 0 3 0			
Mr. Richard Evans... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Robert Evans 0 10 0			
Mrs. Bromage 0 10 0			
Miss Evans 0 10 0			
Mr. Richard Walker ... 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Hatton 0 10 6			
Mr. Purchase 1 1 0			
Mr. Douglas 0 10 0			
Mrs. C. Evans 0 10 0			
Mrs. B. Davies 0 2 6			
Mrs. G. Evans 0 10 6			
Mrs. E. Morris 0 2 6			
Mrs. Phillips 0 2 0			
Mr. Froysell 0 5 0			
	6	16	0
Offord District, per Mr. Giddings ...	10	0	0
Burslem District, etc.	10	0	0
Bedford District, per Mrs. Grace Angus	10	0	0
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
J. R.	50	0	0
Mr. Reid	2	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Page	0	5	0
J. H. B. R.	0	10	0
From Wilts	0	10	0
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	10	0
Mr. Crosber	5	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
Grateful Offerings of Farm Laborers, per Mr. Hockey	2	10	0
Mr. S. Walton	0	5	0
Miss Newman	2	0	0
Dr. Habersham	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Russell	1	0	0
Mrs. C. P., Wellingborough	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Cameron	0	1	6
Mr. J. G. Priestley...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Beckly	5	0	0
Sunday School, Sion, Alnwick	0	4	7
A. L. K.	0	5	0
W. G. Robertson	0	4	9
W. S. W.	0	5	0
W. G. Osborn	5	0	0
A Wellwisher	0	5	0
W. D. Heelas	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	3	3	0
Mr. Chapman	1	1	0
E. B. I.	0	5	0
A. S. W.	3	3	0
	£353	0	4

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1875.

Vice-President's Address at the Conference of the Pastors' College, 1875.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

BRETHREN, I greet you heartily at this our eleventh conference. Let the eleventh commandment be your motto, "Love one another"; which also ye do. We muster some three hundred in number, suggestive of the little band of Gideon's champions, the picked men of an army whom God at the water's brink sifted out of the hosts of Israel, as a man winnoweth wheat on his threshing-floor. Ye are gathered with the old war cry of "the sword of the Lord," which is the word of God, unto the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

I would propound at your feast of love to-day no riddle upon which changes of garments may depend, as when Samson puzzled his foes, but I have a question which, with God's help, I would alike suggest and answer. It is this. In remembrance of former mercies, in the enjoyment of present privileges, and elated with high hopes of future favours, I would ask of you, brethren beloved, *What manner of men ought ye to be?* The question is not, you will perceive, about the having, nor about the doing, but about the *being*. I do not propound this enquiry—what ought we to possess, important as that is, and much as may depend upon it. We certainly need to possess talent for our work, and the more the better. A cultivated intellect, a well stored memory, an eloquent delivery, a genial and attractive manner, all would desire. Brethren, seek

them, and covet earnestly the best gifts, but I would show you a more excellent way.

Nor do I enquire, What ought we to do? though that apostolic question we regard as one of highest moment. Our hearts are set, I trust, on great deeds, and our hands should be ever busy with the instruments of toil and contest. We would do exploits and be first in the race, longing to say, if possible, with one who has gone before, "In labours more abundant than they all." Spiritual Samsons, we would rend many a lion, and leave its carcase for a bee-hive to yield its sweets in after days; and heaps on heaps would we pile our foes, till it should be seen that greater is he that is for us than all they that are against us.

Brethren, I wish to draw your thoughts to the being, not to the having or the doing. Here we may find a common ground, which we cannnot hope for elsewhere.

What ought we to be? *Look back and see,* and that sight will teach you that you should be—

I. *Very humble.* The slave's position in the horrible pit and miry clay was once occupied by us, and the darkness and degradation are, I hope, still recorded on our memory, and often recalled by recollection. Dr. Barnardo has made a series of pictures of the poor waifs of London whom he has rescued, giving first their ragged, filthy, and always wretched appearance on their arrival, and then the change, when after a few months the rags and filth, the disease and wretchedness pass away, and the lad is seen smiling, the picture of health and happiness. Such a change in spiritual things has passed over us.

In one of the German orphanages, when a lad thus received starts out in life they give him a box containing his clothes, and inside the lid they insert the picture of his early days and the date of his entrance, and a few words to remind him of what he was, by recalling his former lot. Should prosperity ever unduly elate him, surely a voice from that box-lid would speak to him, and tell him to remember the gutter from whence he was rescued; and if adversity should surround him, it would at least prevent repining, as he remembered that he was not, and could not be, poorer than he had been. Such voices speak to us. It becomes us not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, especially as humility is one element of success. To that man God looks, and with him he dwells, "even with him who is of a humble and contrite heart." "He that humbles himself shall be exalted." "When we are weak then are we strong." We are never more qualified to go and tell what great things he has done for us than when clothed and in our right minds we have still fresh upon us the memory of the wild, reckless mania of sin, which aforetime held us in nakedness as wanderers amongst the tombs. David put in the house of the Lord the sword of Goliath which reminded him of the victory over the giant; it would have been as well if he had put there the sling, and scrip, and stones, to remind him of his shepherd days, and had looked at them before he went to take the one ewe lamb from another's bosom. Side by side with the emblems of our conquests ever let us guard the tokens of our weakness, and thus in effect say, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the praise."

II. *Be holy.* There are sad memories which stand connected with the sins of our youth and our former transgressions, and if our hearts are duly sensible of divine love and forgiveness we shall loathe our former ill deeds and ill feelings towards God. Paul the aged preached of a saying worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and he so preached as under a sense that of sinners he was the chief. This I deem to have been a genuine expression of self-depreciation, arising out of highest attainments and brightest light. A lower, darker position would have toned down his sense of personal sin into a neutral tint, or it may be he would even have found it a colourless thing which had no perceptible existence, and left him perfect, possessed of a higher life and sinless perfection. Dear brethren, holiness gives such brightness, keenness, and minuteness to the spiritual faculties that in the divine presence we veil our faces. The cherubic wings, which can fly to loftiest heights, cover the feet which have pressed earth's cleanest pathway, and hide the fairest features before the infinite effulgence of the thrice Holy God.

Holiness leads thus to the right appreciation of self, nor less so to the apprehension of things divine. We best know God when likest to him. The nearer we approach, the nearer the view. Outside the circle of obedience and faith we can never know God, who is the centre around which all spiritual life revolves. He is the sun, and all enlightened ones are satellites of him, our orbit being graciously adjusted for a perpetual approximation to himself. Nearer to him every day, nor less so, it seems to me, when days shall be no more.

Our national poet has spoken of "That fierce light which beats upo a throne;" but the seat of the Universal Monarch is in light whereunt no man can approach, and there is no finding out the Almighty to pei fection. Yet there are manifestations of Deity which, if they be not al that God can give, are certainly all that we can receive. The ocean is not put into the cup because the cup is so small, and not because the ocean cannot be bestowed. The camel cannot go through the eye of the needle, not because the camel has no power for transit, but because the needle has no capacity to welcome and receive. The glory of noontide sunlight darkens the exposed eye which bears for long its unchecked rays, not because there is a gloom in the sunshine but a blindness born of weakness in the eye. Holiness is expansion of the soul Godward ; godliness, or godlikeness, is that faculty which turns towards its origin, as the magnetized needle to the magnetic pole, and enables the Christian to find out the presence of God and enjoy communion with him. The tinted papers which detect the ozone in the atmosphere are not more sensitive to its influence than the heart of a holy man to appreciate and rejoice in the Spirit of God. It is not intellect, education, age, or even study, which searches out and realises the Deity around and within, but a heart which, renewed by grace, lives under the power of the gospel in the exercise of a Christlike life.

No unimportant part of our work as pastors consists in the trying of spirits, and the proving of all things, that we may discern between the precious and the vile. For this it is essential that we be ourselves holy. A frost-bitten hand and a numbed finger cannot detect the pulsations of life, because they are themselves dead. A jaundiced eye can

never rightly scan the features of another to see if there be there the traces of health or disease. An ear deaf to sound or filled with the humming and buzzing of a discordant nerve cannot apply the stethoscope to trace out the indications of weakness and irregularity in another. If our measure be inaccurate, how can our decision be correct? We may blame the viands of a feast because our own palate is out of order. Truth may be rejected because error has been practised, and the false may elude our detection because it has found a friendly traitor in the judgment-seat of our own breasts. That testing mirror which is to receive the impressions cast upon it by one whose likeness to Jesus we wish to trace, must be as sensitive and clean as the collodion-covered glass of the photographer. Earthliness, like a coating of dust, will hinder our spiritual powers in the right appreciation of the handiworks of God in providence and nature, in revelation and in grace. Be righteous if you would judge righteous judgment.

Nor less is holiness an active power for good; it is as penetrating as salt or fire. Godliness is weight and momentum; it is keenness of edge to the warrior's weapons and swiftness of speed to his foot. The fiercer the flame the more it consumes, and the more we are like God the more are we as the consuming fire in energy for the maintenance of the good and the resistance of the ill. Of all qualifications for a long and useful ministerial career I place holiness in the forefront. It must tell on men. I would rather base my hopes of a blessing on the utterances of a holy ploughman than on the oratory of an unsanctified Demosthenes. The roughest rod of iron will convey the electric fluid, heaven's own fire, when the beautiful and precious china vase hinders its flow. We must have a nature to correspond to our work, for God uses the most suited instrument. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty," God shines. The nearer we correspond to that description the brighter will he gleam through us to succour and save a debased and darkened world.

III. We will look back again and ask what manner of men ought ye to be? Most certainly *grateful*. Where are we if not in the Canaan which flows with milk and honey, with the brick-field and the Red Sea, the wilderness of wasting and wandering, behind us, past for ever? Our God has chosen the bounds of our habitation for us, and the lot has been cast, and the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. As I look at you, brethren, I say as did Zeba and Zalmunna to Gideon when he asked of them what manner of men were they whom they slew, and they answered, "each one resembled the children of a king." So are ye "kings and priests unto God," and ye shall reign with him for ever. "We who believe do enter into rest." "We are come unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Brethren, possessed of such privileges let us rejoice and be glad all our days.

I would have you joyfully remember that there is more blossom than

even fruit in God's universe. The beauty at least equals the utility of the flowers and trees, as if God desired as much to gladden as to satisfy his children. Not only is there raiment of the best and food of the fattest, there is also a ring and music and dancing for the welcomed prodigals. Brethren, let us eat and be merry. It is as much a duty to "rejoice evermore" as to "pray without ceasing." In everything give thanks to God our Father through the Lord Jesus Christ. We are in no danger, I trust, of forgetting prayer. I therefore do not call your attention to it to-day, but we may, perhaps overlook the equal duty of praise. "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him." At this time we are gladdened with a most gracious revival, and it is identified with three instruments, two vocal and living to preach and sing, and the third dead, but helpful to lead and accompany the praising of Jehovah. Truly "the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Now, I believe it is all acceptable to God, and is most certainly blessed of him, therefore "praise him all ye people."

The prophet Isaiah draws a sad picture of a harvest-field where the corn ripened and reaped has been deluged with rain before it could be gathered in, and the farmer, with wailing, looks upon the rotten and decayed heaps of rubbish which ought to have yielded him food, but will only avail for manure. The secret of this bitter disappointment the prophet declares to be forgetfulness of favours and ingratitude towards God. "Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength, therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips. In the day shalt thou make thy plant to grow, and in the morning shalt thou make thy seed to flourish: but the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow."

IV. We add again, be ye very *pitiful*. Look around. What a sad, because a sinful, world is this. Ruled by the devil, whose deeds are evil, and his wages death, what are his subjects likely to be? If you had passed through Egypt at the hour when Miriam's timbrel was sounding high praises to God, your heart would have grieved over the ill-fate of that righteously smitten land. The plagues so many and terrible which had destroyed the cattle, the corn, the children, and the crowned head of the country, all these heaped upon each other would have rent your heart with anguish, and made you long to bring some comfort and relief. But a denser darkness than that of Egypt rests on men's souls, a murrain and consuming fire are engendered of their crimes, the angel of wrath smites them for his prey, and a pit deeper than the abyss of the Red Sea yawns to engulf them. Brethren, our eye must pity and our arm must be outstretched to save, in imitation of our Leader's. We must be labourers together with God, and suffer none around to say, "No man careth for my soul."

This age boasts of its mechanisms and inventions, but you will never find lost sheep by machinery, nor give the welcome kiss to a prodigal by steam. There are words of comfort which can only thaw their way to the ice-bound breast, when they fall warm from living, loving lips,

which have been touched with a live coal from off the altar of a Redeemer's grace.

I have read of dying ones with life-blood almost drained away by accident or disease, whose veins have been refilled from another's arm, so that the red tide of health and strength has flowed from the stronger to the weaker, and brought life and safety. Such blood has flowed into us from Jesus, and by his death we live. The lesson of our duty is not far to seek. On the highway of life men lie wounded and half dead: neighbours to us are they, and we must spare neither wine nor oil, beast nor money, no, nor our own lives, if so be the dying ones may by us be rescued from death. No angel was sent to Paradise to call a fallen Adam to the presence of mercy, there to hear words of hope through the woman's seed. No creature hand was employed to make the coats to cover our first parents' nakedness and hide their shame; this was work worthy of a God, and we are likest him when we call men from their hiding places to the mercy seat, when with our own hands we lift up the downcast, feed the hungry soul, clothe the naked spirit, and personally testify of life, through Jesus, for the dead. Now, for this a Christ-like gentleness and pitifulness are required. We deal with reeds which are bruised, and lamps which smoke in the socket rather than burn, and we need to learn of him whose gentleness has made us great, how to touch these tender ones so as to benefit and not to destroy. As dew to the tender herb and rain on the mown grass is Jesus to his people. Imitators of him as dear children, let the mind which was in him dwell in us, for if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his. What the world wants is a living testimony for Jesus, a flesh and blood gospel, to be grasped by a hand which is not made of cork and springs, but which is alive, and throbbing in unison with the heart of Christ.

We want no metallic preachers, we want prophets who, though they may have like passions with ourselves, shall have at least hearts also to feel like ours. We have no desire to come in between the sinner and Jesus to hide the view of his cross, our business is to bring the sinner immediately to Christ himself. We must carry in our arms of faith the palsied ones right up every stair of difficulty, and we must rend away every roof which intervenes, and let them down with the cords of love and the bands of a man right into the sphere of the Master's infinite grace, that he may heal them.

V. Dear brethren, furthermore let us be *hopeful*. We have solid ground for being so. It is said that to this day the Moors in Algiers, whose ancestors for a while held some part of Spain in their possession, still guard with care the old rusty keys of the castles which they claim as their own, and to which they fondly hope to return. It is with them a proverb of scepticism, for the French rendering of our "castle in the air" is "a castle in Spain." It is but an airy hope of which they might well be ashamed. But, brethren, our hopes are not as the baseless fabric of a dream, which passes away and leaves not a wreck behind. We are not as those who write upon the waters, or twist ropes of sand. We plant no palm trees whose fruit can only gladden coming generations. In the ark we help to build we have found a shelter from the deluge ourselves, and we preach that we do know, and testify that

we have seen of the salvation of our God. God's husbandmen are first partakers of the fruit of the field they cultivate, and of the river of the water of life to which we direct the thirsty we ourselves drink evermore, and by it we are refreshed. Well may *we* speak to others, who personally enjoy the good we proclaim; and right confidently may we trust the future when the present yields so much.

If ever any could ask the watchman "What of the night?" with hope of an answer of joy, surely we are they. The morning is coming apace, the golden hue is spread upon the mountain summits all around, it creeps along the ridge of hill tops, and paints the lesser peaks. The heavens and the earth are bathed in its splendour, and more clearly revealed by its beams; the life around begins to move and twitter ere it leaps and sings in fullest power. The day breaks, and the noontide glory marches to meet an awakened church. The Sun of Righteousness shall rise over all lands, the valleys' depths shall lose their gloom in the brightness of his beams, deep oceans shall be lit up in their profoundest caverns by his sacred glow, broadest continents shall be resplendent with his beauty, the gospel fields shall laugh back in golden harvests responsive to his smile, and "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Our eyes see around the city the invisible hosts which beleaguer those who besiege us. We mark the serried ranks which array themselves on our side to fight against those who fight against us; their weapons are like ours, not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan. We carry, to the blast of the trumpets of the priests of God, the ark of a new and better covenant, whose brightness, falling on the battlements and turrets of defiant Jericho, melts it to the earth, as a snow-wreath dissolves in the breath of spring.

VI. I shall close when I add, *be intense*, for nothing short of the best and bravest champions will be victors here, and they must put forth all their might.

One of the mysteries of the universe is a devil and his angels. Six thousand years at least have ripened their experience of human hearts and ways, and it is with no untutored hosts that we have to contend. The tide of evil rises with the centuries, and the swimmers against its fierce current must breast the wave with arms whose sinews shall have a giant's strength. Nothing but a white heat will suffice for the furnace work where the dross is to be severed, and the gold and silver refined. We have to cry to men through fogs and ocean's roar, across many a wild league of stormy waters, and if our voice is to be heard it must be intense in its tones. No whispers will reach the mariner's drowning ear, to thrill him with reviving hopes of life and home.

To consecrate anything short of the whole of our concentrated powers, strung to the fullest tension, is to act the sin of Ananias by keeping back part of the inheritance which we profess to give unto the Lord. Under a less glorious dispensation God's portion of love was all the heart, and soul, and strength; we must not lay upon the altar to-day less than was required of old.

Our driving must be as that of Jehu, who drove furiously; for as the fire-engine rattles through the streets on its way to battle with the flames, so must we press forward with a zeal which may be called fanaticism; but which, though it may be charged with madness, will only be our "reasonable service."

God's ministers are to be a flame of fire—oh to be as a conflagration for Christ—no mere spark or glowing coal, but a furnace with a seven times heated brilliance for his service. Would that one could speak in thunder claps, or with a voice like that of ocean's many waters, and yet this would not be the voice we need. To strike with the resistlessness of an avalanche, or whirl forward like the rush of a cyclone, we might well desire for Jesus' sake, but these are not our forms of strength. A subtler, keener weapon we must wield. Swifter than lightning, and more penetrating than its bolt, is that secret power for good which responds from heaven to the up-sent appeal of the heart of a holy man to that God who on Carmel's height answered a prophet's prayer by fire.

There are unknown forces in the universe, which at present perplex, but will one day subserve the welfare of man. There is much apparent fulness which runs to waste: rivers flowing with devastating torrents over fertile lands, while deserts are parched and barren for want of these wasted treasures. Wood is rotting in torrid jungles, while there are men freezing at the poles. The monarchs of tropical forests decay where they fall, while many a wretched pauper shivers in the cold for want of a stick to put upon his blackened, desolate hearth. One longs for a power to set right the apparent inequalities of God's natural kingdom, and to give to every want the prepared supply: but there are, in God's kingdom of grace, like demands upon our strength and energy which will tax them to the uttermost, and to these it is our life's work to respond.

Men are perishing for lack of the knowledge which we possess. Dry bones await in myriads the prophesying which shall, with breath divine, make them leap into an army of living men. Compel them to come in that our Bridegroom's wedding may be furnished with guests. Brethren, cry unto the dwellers in the highways and hedges! Spare not, lift up your voice with strength, and constrain men to hear the invitation of love. If it were possible, I would bid you borrow the archangel's trump and blow a blast that should bring from the dead, out of the north, south, east, and west, the unnumbered hosts of the sons of God.

Oh, happy day, thrice happy day, when we shall together sing—

"They come, they come, thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

"Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy."

A Soldier of Two Armies.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

AS the sun was setting on the field of Waterloo, a dashing young officer, who had passed through the terrible ordeal of the fight unhurt, received a bullet from the retreating foe which shattered his leg and rendered amputation necessary. During his illness in the Château of Mont Saint-Jean, which was used as a hospital, he found a Bible, and in it found a Saviour. "I was carried away by the love of glory" he remarked to a friend, "but a good God said to me, 'Stop rascal!' and he cut off my leg; and now I think I shall be the happier for it." No less than four horses were killed under him during the engagement, and for his heroic service he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Had the bullet missed its billet the proud young officer might have pursued a brilliant military career, and risen to the highest rank, but God willed otherwise. The Lord had need of him for another campaign, and Colonel Beckwith received the summons by a voice he could neither mistake nor resist.

After visiting America, where he spent several years in studying the institutions of the country, he returned to England, as yet uncertain of his future, and while waiting in the library of Apsley House, for his late General, the Duke of Wellington, he was attracted by a volume on the table entitled, "Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, and Researches among the Vaudois or Waldenses, Protestant Inhabitants of the Alps." The few pages that he was able to read so interested him that he ordered a copy for himself, and having read it through, he set out the following autumn "most anxious," he says, "to see the country which I imagined to be peopled by angels, yet where," he adds, "I found also some devils"

The author of the life of Beckwith* gives the following account of the condition of the inhabitants of the Vaudois Valleys in 1827:— "All Vaudois, simply because they were such, were forbidden to possess or even to farm any property, or to practise any industry whatever beyond the narrow limits of their valleys. The liberal professions also were equally prohibited, as soon as they required the degree of doctor for their exercise. It was required by law that the common council should be composed of Catholics, who were either servants or beggars. The observance of public worship was subjected to the most arbitrary restraints; as also the introduction into the kingdom of Bibles, catechisms and hymn books. There were two other equally barbarous laws; the one, compelling the young woman whom wrong had made a mother, either to part from her child by casting it into the street, or to promise before a magistrate that she would bring it up in the Roman Catholic faith; the other authorizing any boy of twelve, and any girl of ten years of age, to abandon the

* General Beckwith: his Life and Labours among the Waldenses of Piedmont. By J. P. Meille, Pastor of the Waldensian Church at Turin. With an Introductory Notice by the Rev. William Arnot. T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row, London. Price 3s. 6d.

parental roof; without the parents or guardians having any right to bring them back, provided the motive of flight were to obtain salvation by joining the Romish Church." These and other atrocities were perpetrated in the name of religion, and when we think of them we challenge the right of the Romish Church to call itself Christian. Persecution is foreign to the spirit of Christ, and is only resorted to by those who have thrown off the yoke of obedience to his law of love.

As the storms of winter strengthen the oak, so the fierce gales of persecution serve to intensify the fidelity and arouse the heroism of those whose faith is rooted in the soil of God's covenant love. "The pastors," says the author, "with some trifling exceptions, were faithful to the old evangelical orthodoxy. A comparatively pure morality, respect for religion, diligent attendance at public worship, a profound attachment to the faith of their fathers, a readiness to suffer anything rather than renounce their profession, affection and respect for their pastors, —all these formed distinctive features in the character of the Vaudois." By the preaching of Felix Neff the seed of conversion had been sown in many hearts, and the fruit was manifesting itself, giving promise of a rich harvest. The Church of these lovely valleys, repressed by cruel edicts and crushed by unsparing tyranny, had begun to awake and shake herself from the dust, and, under the inspiration of her divine commission, to assert her rights to life, liberty, and worship.

A visit to the valleys is thus described:—"We walked up the slope of a hill and seated ourselves on what my friend called a velvet grass carpet. It was a most charming afternoon, Nature seemed to be adorned like a bride; the sun, which had already considerably advanced on its declining course, touched the scenery round about with all the riches of light and shadow. While the valleys below were wrapped in the dark uncertain shades which the mountains cast upon them, the hill tops were bathed in an ocean of gold and purple, and in the midst of this enchanting play of colour the colossal pyramid of Monte Viso lifted its snowy crown up to the clouds, leaving all the surrounding peaks and crests far below, and inspiring awe and reverence from the majesty of its gigantic form. Muston, the Waldensian historian, rightly calls it the virgin Alp, since no human foot has ever trod its everlasting snows. 'It is,' he says, 'the *Jungfrau* of the south, the powerful genius which watches over our valleys, for under the shadow of its granite wings the torch of the gospel has often sheltered its inspiring light.'"

Beckwith having visited the Vaudois, resolved to consecrate his life to their service. The spirit with which he did so may be gathered from the following extracts from his letters:—"Let us carry the torch which God has confided to us, and if he thinks right to lay his cross upon us, let us bear it likewise with joy and gratitude. Events proceed with rapid steps, and will soon speak loudly. Let us gird up our loins, Christ is at the door. Let us be prepared to open, for he shall come at an hour when he is not expected." To a minister he writes, "The God of Israel marches before you; let there be no delay, no indifference. Do not lose courage. Sure of your path, you shall go from strength to strength; in vain will formidable adversaries try to stop your way; in vain will clouds of darkness surround you. The star of the gospel,

with its gentle splendour, will go before you, lighten your tottering steps, and never stop until it shines on the abode inhabited by Jesus." "All that regards religion which is not written in the Bible," he wrote to a young lady, "is more or less uncertain. You can trust no other guide but the Bible, as a rule of faith. There you have positive truth. It is God who speaks there, and God who dictates what is there. You will be told that you cannot arrive at the true sense of the Scriptures, and it is certain that you cannot understand the whole of them; but we are not saved by our knowledge, but by faith in Jesus Christ." "Never lose sight," he said to another, "of the end you ought always to have in view; that is, to lead souls to Christ." Nothing could be more opposed to the teaching of the Church of Rome than the sentiments expressed above, and they show that Beckwith was a fit man to consort with the suffering Protestants of Piedmont.

Beckwith found the education of the children grossly neglected; they were huddled together in ill-lighted stables for instruction, the lessons often being interrupted by the intrusion of sheep and goats. His first business was to remedy this state of things by providing suitable buildings and apparatus, chiefly at his own expense. He did this so zealously that, "within a very few years, the hundred and twenty dismal dens, which had hitherto served as schools, were replaced by as many neat buildings, which were called the Colonel's Schools." His great desire was to secure for the children a religious education, and he soon succeeded in providing suitable teachers from the normal school at Lausanne. Writing to the Moderator of the Vaudois church, he says, "Turn your attention more particularly to your quarter schools, for on them, in great measure, depends the welfare of your children. Into these nursery gardens are cast the first seeds of great truths unknown to either Socrates or Plato. It is there that on these tender shoots is grafted the immutable word which declares Jesus Christ crucified to be the sole mediator between God and men—the word of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life—of Him without whom no man cometh to the Father, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and who has declared that he that confesseth with his mouth and believeth in his heart that Jesus is the Son of God shall be saved—*theology capable of saving a world.*" The efforts of the Colonel were much appreciated by the peasantry, and he was hailed by them as the champion of their rights and liberties. Had he yielded to the policy of expediency, and advocated a secular education to conciliate the bigoted partisans, his work would have been a failure, but he insisted upon a religious training, and his work was established of the Lord. "A good education," he very truly observes, "does not consist in variety of information, but in the development of solid qualities of heart and mind."

The church buildings were almost as bad as the schools, and the services were most unattractive. While we condemn an excess of ornament in places of worship we also protest against spirituality being estimated in the inverse ratio of decency and order. Beckwith set to work to erect suitable buildings in which the worship of God could be conducted, and was ably seconded by the pastors and the wealthy few amongst their flocks. The poor also contributed of their poverty.

One day a little boy approached him, holding a penny in his hand, and said, "Sir, do you think this could help you to build your church?" "Yes, my little friend, I will build my church with what you have given me, and your penny, enchased with your name, set in the corner-stone, shall tell every one that you were the founder of it.' While residing at Turin he conceived the design of providing a church which should be an ornament to the city, and in which the gospel of Jesus Christ should be faithfully preached. Through the influence of Count Cavour, the desire of whose life was to see a free church in a free State, a concession was granted by the Government, but the Jesuits were up in arms to frustrate the scheme. The last effort towards this unhallowed end was made by Count Solaro della Margherita. Unable to walk, he was carried into the presence of the king, and falling on his knees before him he said, "Sire, I pray you, do not refuse to one of the most faithful servants of your dynasty the last favour which he will have the power to ask of you before leaving this world. Do not permit your good and loyal city of Turin to have the sorrow and shame of seeing arise within her walls an edifice consecrated to the preaching of heresy." The king resisted the demand, and the work of the Lord triumphed. Help came from England and Scotland, and the edifice was completed, to the joy and rejoicing of the faithful. In the course of the dedication prayer, composed by Beckwith, the following appropriate passage occurs:—"May there always be preached in it thy pure word, and nothing but thy word. Let it never be profaned by human doctrine, or by superstitious practices." Thus the capital of Savoy beheld the fugitives of the valleys planting their standard in one of its best streets. Beckwith was not afraid to unfurl his colours before the face of the foe, and his bravery helped to inspirit the modest Vaudois. The courage he had gained on the field of battle was of great service to him in waging a righteous warfare with apostate Rome.

The author of his memoir tells a very good story illustrative of his benevolence. Meeting a poor man who was weeping very bitterly, he said to him, "What is the matter, my friend?"

"Ah, sir," was his reply, "they are going to take away my ass, and without it my family and I must die of hunger." And here he related his misfortunes. "Well, my friend," said Beckwith, "would you object to sell me your ass, and pay your creditor with the money?" The man assented, and brought the animal to the colonel, who counted out the money. When, with a heavy heart, he was preparing to go and leave the ass behind, judge of his joy when his benefactor said, "You may take your ass with you for the present, and make use of it until I claim it; only you must understand that the ass is mine, and that I can allow no one to seize it under any pretext whatever." "His commerce with God," as he used to call his almsgiving, was carried on without degrading the recipients of his bounty into paupers. When applied to for the erection of schools and churches, his reply was, "I agree to your request on one condition, viz., that we work together, each doing what is in his power. You, my friends, will provide the site and the building materials, and I the money to pay the workmen." Shall we commend the example of Beckwith as one worthy of imitation to those of our readers who have wealth at their command? There are

hundreds of chapels in our villages which need renovation or enlargement; hundreds of sites where places of worship should be erected. We admire the heroism which led the soldier-Christian to devote his time, talents, and substance to a work so noble, and we cannot but urge the exhortation, "Go thou and do likewise." In the gratitude of a pious peasantry, the satisfaction of having contributed to the spread of evangelical doctrine, and the anticipated encomium of the righteous judge, "Well done, good and faithful servant," Beckwith reaped a reward which amply compensated him for the sacrifices he made.

In his attempts to alter the government of the Waldensian church he assumed a task for which he was scarcely qualified, and we are not surprised at his failure. Deep as were the obligations of the Vaudois to him, it was not likely that they would allow him to become their spiritual dictator. They had too long resisted a Pope at Rome to yield to one among themselves. As an episcopalian, Beckwith wished to introduce a liturgy, based upon the Anglican, and to appoint a moderator or bishop for life. The reply which was forwarded by the theological students expressed the views of the pastors and members of the Vaudois church. "First," they said, "we do not think it can be proved that the proposed organization is more in harmony with the Bible than that for which it would be substituted; secondly, it does not appear to us more useful, but, on the contrary, much more dangerous in its possible consequences; lastly, we trust to the integrity of a state of things which has been transmitted to us by our ancestors, and which, by its existence for more than six centuries, in the midst of the most adverse circumstances, has become to us the object of unbounded respect." This very proper reply the good colonel received with great pain. Beckwith's military training had led him to the conclusion that obedience to a central authority was essential to unity and order, and as an intense member of the Anglican establishment he could not see a basis of fellowship with any church differing from its terms of communion. He wrote to the Vaudois brethren in 1840, "Who are we, and who are you? We are members of a monarchical church, based on the principle of authority, and with an organization which you repudiate. You, on the contrary, belong to a republican church, founded on the will of the people, with an ecclesiastical organization which we should call illegal. How can two such societies enter into mutual relations without producing dissension, distrust, hatred, animosity, etc." Alas! for poor fallen humanity that even in a gracious man it should reveal its presence by such bitterness.

The refusal of the Vaudois to accept a liturgy, based on that of the Anglican church, in the judgment of Beckwith, rendered fellowship impossible, and hatred and dissension inevitable. Were we not convinced that the Colonel gave expression to the views of very many Anglicans we should dismiss it as the petulant dictum of a disappointed man, because he could not have his own way. Let us look, however, at his logic, and test it by facts in the history of his own church. For three hundred years the Anglicans have prayed, in their liturgy, to be "delivered from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," and the fact is notorious that the prayer remains unanswered, for these are the most characteristic features of the establishment at the present time.

How, then, we ask, could the adoption of the liturgy prevent "dissension, distrust, hatred, and animosity"? His biographer says, "Beckwith had only pursued this project from the wish to do good; the guardians of the Vaudois church had only resisted it because they feared to compromise their principles." We honour the Vaudois for their manly resistance to the proposal of their esteemed benefactor, and their allegiance to the principles which they held as a sacred trust.

For twenty years Beckwith had, in communion with the Vaudois church, suppressed his Anglican predilections to accomplish the work upon which he had set his heart, but when his reforms were rejected, he performed the long journey from Turin to Genoa, in order to partake of the Lord's Supper, administered in conformity with the English church. "Everything," he writes in 1854, "in this world must draw to a close. As long as your church had no liberty of action, I was happy in being able to help it in the unequal struggle it had to maintain; but being now emancipated from the trammels which impeded its progress, and being in a position to make the best of its principles and its efforts, it is no longer necessary for me in any way to interpose." The good he had accomplished was a source of satisfaction to him, though his failure to crown it with the top stone he desired, could not but cause him a deep feeling of regret. His name lives in the memories of the Waldenses, and his work abides. A tourist, visiting the valleys some ten years ago, fell in with a peasant who bore the following testimony: "But for his noble assistance and support, our children would be without schools, our parishes without churches, and our ministers without education. During the twenty-five years which that good man passed among us, our valleys were refreshed as a dry, parched land by a summer shower. England has given us many good gifts, from the days of Cromwell down to the present time, but the greatest of them was undoubtedly the gallant officer who, after having fought the common enemy of Europe at Waterloo, came down to our valleys to help us to fight the common foe of God and man." He died among the people he had loved and served so long and so well, and they erected a monument in the cemetery of Torre Pellice, where he was buried, which bears the following inscription in his own words:—"I have laboured in my generation; it is for those who shall come after me to carry on the work I have begun, and to transmit it in a still more advanced state to their successors." In concluding a letter which he wrote in acknowledgment of an album presented by the Vaudois church, he wrote "I pray for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all the Vaudois population, and I append to this a signature which, I am sure, will not be forgotten by them long after I have descended to the tomb.—JOHN CHARLES BECKWITH."

On the Road with a Colporteur.*

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

PART II.

OUR generous host, Mr. Hardick, was of opinion that our general programme should include a drive through Longleat, the princely domain of the Marquis of Bath, and as Samuel had made arrangements for a meeting in the evening at Whitburne, we started upon our pleasant excursion early in the afternoon. Passing out of Warminster, and through Crockerton, we soon arrived at a picturesque lodge, through the gateway of which we were at once admitted. The landscape is strikingly pretty, its general beauty being increased by a lake nearly a mile in length, called Shier-water, or in the more familiar local dialect, Crockerton-pond. As we drive onward, the water being on one side, the scene is one of delightful variety. We pass by sweetly verdant slopes, see shaggy hill-tops in the distance, and then peer into the sombre shade of plantations of pines, among which a great abundance of game, especially pheasants and partridges, flourish as in a world of their own. Longleat Hall is a famous historical site. The park is twenty-one miles in circumference, and Macaulay tells us that the mansion is, "perhaps, the most magnificent country house in England." Though the foundations of the present palatial pile date from the middle of the sixteenth century, a monastery occupied the same ground hundreds of years before. The spacious park is exceedingly rich in those "tall ancestral trees" which impart an exquisite additional charm to spots already rich in historic memories. Here among deer and game the health-seeking tourist may ramble at will, and jaded minds may take holiday upon ground the air of which is bracing, while its nooks and corners are replete with natural charms. The old hall itself has been enlivened by many scenes which still live in history. During a short-lived prosperity, Monmouth was here royally entertained by a patriotic Thynne, who thereby protested against the tyranny of James the Second. George the Third was a guest here in 1789, and, after viewing the scene from the roof of the hall, the king intimated that the beauty of the prospect exceeded any possible description. Early in the last century Elizabeth Singer—afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Rowe—was a regular visitor, the Mr. Thynne of those days having been her instructor in classic lore. Longleat is specially pointed out as the last home of the eccentric but high-principled nonjuring bishop Ken, who was entertained by the Thynnes much after the manner in which Dr. Watts was treated by the Abneys. The good old man's books are still preserved in the apartments he occupied in the upper story of the house. Ken died in 1710, about thirteen years after he had written his celebrated Evening Hymn, a

* Mr. Pike has no very stirring incidents to relate, but we have given him ample space for these "simple annals of the poor," because, however commonplace they may be, they very truthfully set forth the actual work of a Colporteur, and so will prove interesting to the friends who aid us in this enterprise.

piece he composed at a spot called Heaven's Gate, about a mile from the hall. If we recline on the green-sward of the hill which overlooks the park, the great house half hidden among the trees in the distance, and note how the magnificent expanse of country is illumined by the sun of the calm summer evening, we shall understand why such a spot is called Heaven's Gate; for by a casual visitor to earth it might easily be mistaken for the entrance to Paradise. The aged Ken doubtless drew inspiration from the natural surroundings while writing his much-prized lines. We seem to see him sitting here after he had taken leave of earthly vanities, the emotions of his heart swelling upward and venting themselves in tears of joy—

> "O when shall I in endless day,
> For ever chase dark sleep away,
> And hymns with the supernal choir
> Incessant sing and never tire."

Taking leave of Longleat Park, we soon after arrive at Whitburne, an exceedingly pretty Wiltshire village, the cottagers showing a fine taste for choice roses. Nonconformity first planted its standard here in 1772, the original meeting-place having been at a private house. The church was formed and the chapel erected early in the present century.

At Whitburne we are exceedingly well received, and a number of friends who follow on foot as visitors in common with ourselves, greatly aid in enlivening the occasion as well as in stimulating the general expectancy of the villagers. Our visit appears to have been anticipated for some days past, and Samuel King's orders to make due preparation have preceded us. Although there is no public tea-meeting, the vestry is furnished with a large table covered with the viands necessary for a substantial meal, and our welcome is reflected in the beaming faces of the matrons in charge. Refreshments may be of the best, and even then their quality may be improved by the manner in which they are offered; and impressions of the beauties of any romantic locality will remain all the longer upon the memory when associated with genuine hospitality. Hence we shall long remember Whitburne and its hearty Christian peasantry.

In one respect these quiet village folk differ from their London contemporaries; if the meeting commences half an hour sooner or later, and is extended or shortened, they are not at all inconvenienced, but they prefer long speeches and plenty of them. As it happens to be the height of the hay-making season our farming friends cannot be as punctual as they desire, but after seven o'clock they begin to assemble in force, and we have a house full. The solo singing of Mr. Sankey's hymns is as usual a leading attraction; and Mr. Hardick again occupies the chair, for whether in strict accordance with his will or not we persistently carry him, as he declares, "here, there, and everywhere," as a leading friend and patron of the colporteur. In speech our chairman is a man of considerable boldness; he says what he means, and means what he says; and hence, while showing that his field of labour promises the colporteur a rich harvest, he denounces in trenchant style, "the horrible nuisance of the railway bookstalls." The

speaker carries the audience with him, though the majority may not know much about the institution which is condemned. We who are better informed are well aware that our modern institution, the bookstall, has a considerable share in the work of disseminating pernicious trash; for the dull succession of sensational tales in flash covers, of diverse colours, are not worthy to be called literature. With the Whitburne chairman, and his peasant audience, we may fairly regard this part of the bookstall traffic as an abomination, perhaps impossible to cure and certainly hard to counteract. "If you ask the keeper of a bookstall for a Christian work he cannot find it," says Mr. Hardick with a stroke of grim humour. We fear that the trade done in sterling works of any sort at the bookstalls is next to nothing. On this and other accounts the labours of the travelling Christian bookseller are cordially approved, and the daily work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association is said to represent one of the most blessed boons ever conferred on the county of Wiltshire.

Our chairman keeps to the subject in hand, and illustrates the good or evil influence of books on the minds of young persons by a reminiscence of early days. When our friend was a very young lad there flourished near his father's house an eccentric worthy, who combined the two businesses of bookseller and druggist, having separate shops adjoining each other for the two departments. Thinking he should enjoy the reading of a certain sensational story-book which he had lately heard about, young Thomas Hardick called on the old bookseller, to whom he was well-known, and requested to be supplied with the work. Instead of walking straight to the shelf like a man "with an eye to business," the eccentric old man assumed his gravest air, and with fatherly solicitude for the would-be purchaser, said in measured tones, "My young friend, I sell poison in *that* shop," pointing to the drugs through a doorway, "and I sell poison *here*," referring to works of a questionable tendency, "but I would advise you to think again before you read the book you have asked for." Confused and ashamed, young Thomas left the shop with his money still in his pocket. Instead of taking offence, however, he had the good sense even as a lad to profit by the rebuke, and from that day to this he has never read a novel.

Of course the people would not have gone home satisfied had they not listened to a speech from Mr. Secretary Jones, including some accounts of the general work in progress at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Mr. Secretary stood in a favoured position; for, with such a theme, and with three hundred faces before him looking as happy as the smiling summer landscape without, his task was quite an easy one. The work of the College and the Orphanage were fruitful themes. In regard to the operations of the colporteurs, the broad rule was laid down, that young persons will not relinquish bad books unless good ones are supplied in their places. After the local magnates and "the gentleman from London" had had their say, Samuel King himself stood forth, and, in the manner of his reception, it was easy to see that he was the popular favourite. He understands the people thoroughly, they understand him, and, never being at a loss for something to say, he never fails to interest them. Though the six days of the working week are fully occupied in a laborious calling, leaving no time for

literary studies, a prolific mind enables him to find matter for three sermons on the Sabbath without much labour in special preparation. Why is such a man so generally successful both in speech and work? Because he is in earnest; earnestness triumphs where mere ability fails. He likens the little books in his knapsack to live coals, and just now his face is aglow with enthusiasm, because there are several young persons in the chapel who have recently been awakened. Samuel rejoices over these "wounded birds" as over great spoil. For months past the converts in this one village have averaged one per week. There are larger churches meeting in pretentious chapels that might rejoice to give forth as good a report as that presented by the little company at Whitburne.

The quietness and refreshment of our temporary home at Warminster were exceedingly welcome after the fatigue of this most pleasurable day, and rest was the more needful as, according to our programme, the round of pleasure and business would have to be repeated on the morrow in the outlying district of Chapmanslade.

Leaving Warminster by the old Bath road, we pass through a highly cultivated country, the farms being extensive, and thus of a kind which only persons of large property can stock and manage. To make a start in one of these enviable holdings a sum of at least £20,000 is indispensable, and, consequently, only few of the wealthy agricultural class are found in the ranks of Nonconformity. Our route to-day takes us past that historical puzzle, the White Horse of Westbury, which one authority will have us believe is as old as Alfred the Great's final defeat of the Danes, while another only values it as a modern toy. Our destination is a place where Wiltshire and Somerset unite, and on a fine day in June the scene which there appears before us is one of enchanting luxuriance. Before we alight, however, it will be well to say something more about the colporteur's experience, all of which we gather from his own descriptions.

Our Lord said, "Preach the gospel to every creature," and the colporteur knows something about the difficulties of executing the great command. The travelling bookseller pursues his way in spite of opposition, persecution, and the general disinclination of the unregenerate to listen to the gospel. The faithful colporteur considers that he is to carry the truth to those who will not go to hear for themselves. He effects the sale of Bibles and religious works where such books would never go but for his enterprising intrusion. We are glad to find Samuel building his work on this sure foundation of the Bible. He loves the cottagers sincerely; for their sake he loves his work, and he moves about with the energy of a man to whom the inspired word is the magna charta of eternal freedom. If he can only get the people to make the Book their daily companion he is satisfied. He tells us of a Romish priest who once detected a sinner in the very act of reading a chapter while sitting under a hedge. What bad book had the man there in his hand —a Bible? Yes, a Bible! "And don't you know that I am here for the purpose of reading the Bible for you, and whatever you want to know you must come to me for it? and by so doing you will get the sincere milk of the word." "Thank you, sir," replied the other, "I prefer reading it myself, because then I get the cream as well!"

Samuel is delighted to think that Mr. Spurgeon has embarked in colportage work, for he is sure that the scattering of the Bible and good books is the readiest way to strike at the roots of error and superstition.

Our friend began work as a colporteur eight years ago, and, in spite of difficulties and discouragements, he is yet able to bless his heavenly Father for no mean success, and no small sum of pleasure. He perforce suffers a good deal from fatigue; he frequently becomes footsore on the road, and sometimes through disappointment or non-success he enters his cot at eventide with an aching heart as well as aching shoulders.



It may not be amiss to allow Samuel to tell his own story as nearly as necessary in his own words.

"There is great variety in the life of a colporteur, at least I have

found it so. Sometimes I am kindly greeted and well entertained, and then I go into a place where neither bed nor board is to be had, even for money. It was hard work for the flesh to bear up when I undertook my first journey among strange people, far scattered, and when I had to find a fresh bed every night. Sometimes it has seemed as though I should not be able to find a lodging after finishing my day's work, and late at night I have had to walk several miles before I could find any one willing to take me in. Then, sir, please to remember that the colporteur has to battle with all weathers, and may be inconvenienced in turn by cold, heat, rain, wind, and snow. I can assure you it is no play-game to travel with my three-wheeled Philistine under some conditions. He is not so bad on the level, and will rattle down an incline in the best of tempers, but then he will insist upon being dragged up the hills, of which there are not a few in Wiltshire."

The "Philistine" is no favourite of ours, and it will be seen that the unfavourable opinion we have pronounced is supported by actual experience. What about night adventures in the fall of the year or in the dark winter time? Let our informant proceed.

"Some time ago I was leaving a village rather late in the evening to turn my face homewards, and as there had been some heavy storms during the day, the roads were heavy. I was weary and unwell, so that, with eleven miles between me and home, I was far from being in high spirits. Presently a vivid flash of lightning startled me, and I saw another dense thunder-cloud coming up from the west. Preparing for the worst I pulled away, nerved by thought of home, if not by the rolling thunder and the brilliant flashes which lit up the road. It was no trifle, I can tell you. At last I reached home, saved from the storm, but wet through with perspiration. Rest was sweet that night, you may be sure."

It is comparatively smooth work when a dark night's adventure has this kind of comfortable finale, but real break-downs are less pleasant.

"Sometimes I get a break-down," says Samuel. "One night, between Devizes and Bromham, off came the crank, and what to do I knew not, until a kind-hearted man with an empty cart took both me and the "Philistine" to the blacksmith's at Bromham. I had another break-down at Chittern, a village on Salisbury Plain, and nine miles from home, when late at night I had to drag my three-wheeler all the way to Warminster."

Samuel's adventures with the knapsack are no less diversified. The pack entails a good deal of exhausting toil.

"I once," he says, "walked from Warminster to Great Cheverel with a load weighing sixty pounds, a distance of twelve miles, and after resting for ten minutes, preached a sermon. I was then thoroughly footsore. The next day or two I walked on through the neighbouring villages, preaching at this place and the other besides distributing the books. It's not all pleasure, this business of carrying the knapsack. One night, after I had passed through a village in Somerset, a site near the scene of one of Alfred the Great's most famous victories, I was on my way to a farm-house, three miles off, where I had a lodging. It was very dark, but to save going round about I struck across the fields, and

was there fairly entrapped in a sort of slough, sinking in with my burden at my back like a weary pilgrim."

When Christian and Pliable sank deep among the mire of the Slough of Despond, the latter was glad to come out on the side "next to his own house," and to hasten back to the City of Destruction. After sundry flounderings and splashings, Samuel was so far fortunate that he came out on "the nearest side to the farm house," as he tells us, soon to be cheered by sight of his resting-place, where supper was spread and the fire in primitive style, blazed on the hearth. But let us come to other adventures.

One night he was in the neighbourhood of Devizes, trudging along with the pack on his shoulder, a parcel in one hand and an umbrella in the other. He had engaged to preach that night at Coulston, and turning into a field in a meditative mood, he failed to notice a savage bull, which, having marked its victim, was rushing forward at full speed! Had Samuel given way to his feelings, he would have been paralysed with terror, but after breathing a momentary prayer for deliverance, he ran for life, and he was not aware until then how fast he could travel.

"Fortunately I had not far to go," he continues, "and I took the service at the chapel with a thankful heart. I saw fresh faces, and finding they were servants in a gentleman's family I sold them nine shillings' worth of books. I find that one part of the work leads to another, and I often make new acquaintances among high and low, plodding on through rough and smooth, joy and sorrow. I visit all classes, selling Bibles and Testaments from twopence to fifty shillings, speaking a word of warning here, of comfort or encouragement there. At times I kneel in prayer upon the carpets of the rich, and at other times on the red bricks of cottage floors."

We will now alight at Chapmanslade, a village where Ritualism in one direction, and hyper-Calvinism in another, have hindered the progress of the gospel. There is a neat chapel with a school attached, presided over by an intelligent looking young woman, who spoke as though she loved her work and was succeeding in it. The people of Chapmanslade very cordially greet their friend the colporteur.

In the cottage we first enter, an elderly dame and a very young girl are sitting at table. The poor woman is a rheumatic invalid, who has not been able to attend the house of God for years, and at times she is entirely confined to her bed. The shy little girl vacates her place as we enter, but the woman is delighted to see a friend, though she seems literally to writhe with pain. Samuel greets her with a few comforting words, and hopes she is still "holding on."

Yes, she can speak of a good hope; but at times, when upstairs ill in bed, dark clouds roll up from the valley, which threaten to overwhelm the soul.

Ah, to be sure, Samuel quite understands; those that Satan cannot kill he will worry.

The old lady was a great sufferer, but there she sat, however, an example to many who are more lightly afflicted. One had only to look around the cleanly cot to see that all was turned to the best advantage, and a dark lot viewed from the brightest side. The young girl just coming on the scene of life, and the weary pilgrim who was

anticipating her removal to eternal rest, looked like emblems of May and December. There she sat through the balmy days of summer, and while the warmly thatched cottage proved impervious to the winter cold, reading the Word of Life and such religious pieces as she could procure. A verse lately quoted in *The Sword and the Trowel* had come like a sunbeam across her path—

> "Thy way, not mine, O Lord.
> However dark it be;
> O lead me by thine own right hand,
> Choose thou the path for me."

Had she not met with those words the invalid would not have supposed that any lines could have so completely expressed her own aspirations. In such a cottage as this the colporteur is more than welcome; the inmates could ill spare either his little books or Christian sympathy.

Leaving her and entering another cottage we find a man and his wife both at home, the man being afflicted with rheumatism of a most distressing kind. "Well, my friend, so you're still here," says Samuel in a cheery voice. "Yes, sir," replied the sufferer, his eyes rolling in a peculiar manner, as he looked stolidly on to the floor, apparently making a strong effort to move his limbs, which are immoveable in the grasp of the disease. He sits at the door, as he has now done for eight summers, drinking in the pure, bracing air which comes from Salisbury Plain. As he is placed in his seat so he must remain through the day, without ability to move hand or foot.

The poor fellow receives what is said about a better land in a different manner from that of the old lady we have just left. He listens as though Samuel were speaking in a foreign dialect, and seems more disposed to dwell on present suffering than to anticipate release. The weather tries him considerably. He said, "Its terrible bad; yes, its terrible bad," again looking round the floor, and making another attempt to move his fast-locked hands. It is a scene which makes the heart sad. It is "terrible bad" in another sense than that intended by the sufferer. Untaught to read, and, as it would seem, unblessed by the Christian's hope, the man sits there watching the seasons come and go, fondly remembering when he, too, could handle the sickle or join in a "harvest home;" now, alas, a sufferer without hope of release on earth, his best mortal friend the thin worn woman who is now both wife and nurse. If such are too poor to buy even a penny book the colporteur leaves them a tract, gives them his blessing, and passes on his way.

In another cottage we meet with a Christian dame and her husband. The man, who is as yet without the fold, is winnowing seed on a tray. Samuel says something about good and bad seed. What we sow we shall also reap. We cannot gather without sowing.

"Yes, we must sow seed, if we expect a crop," the man remarked. He was just going to sow that bit of seed in his garden, and was afraid he should not be able to come to the meeting.

The good-tempered matron, whose face is all aglow with smiles, meanwhile keeps up a running fire of words, evidently anxious to clinch some of the good things spoken to her husband, so that they

should stick fast in his heart.' We shall not sell any books here, and it only remains to leave one piece of parting advice—the seed sown must be good, and it must be sown to the Spirit, for they who sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.

Stepping across the roadway, we enter a very clean, light cottage, of which a youthful maiden appears to have sole charge. That little girl's heart was lately touched at a meeting, and she is a child of promise, both as regards this world and the next. Traces of her tact and industry are everywhere seen—the floor is well swept, the fireplace is bright, and the high chest of drawers, with its little glasses, and china nic-nacs in blue and gold is the ornament of the room.

"Well, my dear," says Samuel, taking the child's hand, and looking into her face like a shepherd who is solicitous about the lambs of his flock, "Well, my dear, you're still pressing on?"

"Yes, sir," is the decisive reply.

"You feel that you love Christ?"

"Yes, sir." This little girl has started on the Christian pilgrimage, may grace be given her to persevere.

Many others were visited, and what was especially striking was that the cottagers were not only Samuel's customers, but his friends. To him the people speak without restraint. In the road we encountered a young mother, who spoke very feelingly about the difficulties of her way, herself and her husband not being of the same mind as to divine things. What misery is constantly produced as the fruit of unequal marriages; both parties have their tempers ruffled, and worldliness commonly comes off victorious in the fray.

What, another subject of acute rheumatism, and the third in one village? The old dame cannot rise to greet us, but her genial smile is the best welcome. There she sits in the large, cool house-place, vainly longing to appear in the public assembly of the saints, but still joyful in possessing the Christian's hope. As she referred to our meeting at the chapel in the evening, we saw in her a repetition of the hart panting after the water brooks. She was also one of the few who seemed really to appreciate the beauties of the country. She spoke of God's goodness in everything, being especially delighted that, when the "taters" were just going to fail, the rain came and saved them. This elderly pilgrim was one of Samuel's most grateful customers, though she could not read sufficiently well to make the exercise a pleasure.

We have now seen something of Samuel's operations, and of the good fruits which spring from his endeavours. The district as originally mapped out by a predecessor was more extensive than at present, but Samuel has discovered that a colporteur may have more zeal than knowledge, and hastily run over a wide surface without leaving any lasting impression. To worthily fulfil his mission he finds it necessary to stay awhile at each place, so that five times as much time is now occupied in calling at twenty houses as was formerly the case, before the work became properly understood. Before acquiring the tact which comes from experience, he has knocked at a hundred doors without taking a penny. To "work" a smaller district thoroughly pays best in all respects, though at times the wheels of Samuel's velocipede rattle along the high-street of some distant village, and he has done as much

as thirty miles in a day while perched on his "Philistine." In far-away places, where our friend is less known than nearer Warminster, the surprise of the peasantry is extreme when a bookseller in a three-wheeled machine invades the district; and the wonder grows apace when the good people learn to associate him with the Metropolitan Tabernacle. "We never saw it on this fashion," said one good man, who was delighted with the innovation. The feelings of her elders was more correctly interpreted by a farmer's little daughter, who, on descrying the "Philistine" in the distance, hastened into the house, and, in an ecstasy of admiration, cried out, "Mother! *mother!* here's Mr. Spurgeon a-coming!" The farmer's wife walked into the road, and, while unable to identify the pastor, she purchased some of his sermons and was glad.

An Appeal from the Church of Chaldea.

FOUR Nestorians have arrived in London from the distant hills of Kurdistan and plains of Oroomiah to seek spiritual and temporal aid from their more powerful, wealthy, and enlightened brethren in this western island. But the locality in which they live, their struggles to preserve and diffuse the word of life, their bitter oppression, and the spiritual darkness into which they have relapsed, are subjects little known among us. The church which in modern times is known as Nestorian (a name of reproach put on them by their enemies) is more properly called the Chaldean church, and they bore that name from their earliest history, until they opposed the Mary worship of the west. On account of that opposition they bear their present name. The church of Chaldea (for such we will call it still) is said to have been planted by the apostles Thomas and Bartholomew, and the church so long sustained by them on the coast of Malabar is still called "the Christians of St. Thomas."

The chief converts which composed this early church are, with much reason, supposed to have been gathered from among the captivity carried away to Babylon. Any one acquainted with their names, customs, &c., would have little doubt of their Hebrew origin. The church had a rapid growth, and its martyr history, written in the blood of good men through the reign of successive Persian kings, attests their faithfulness to the sacred truths they have received. The word grew and multiplied, and not only the plains of Persia, but Tartary, India, and China, for more than a century, received the sacred light from the missionaries of this evangelising church. The Persian kings were succeeded by the Khalifs, the successors of Mahommed; but the pastors of the church of Chaldea, being men of learning, were favoured by those fierce conquerors, and many of them were esteemed essential helpers at the Khalifs' court. It is singular that when the hordes of Tartary broke forth from their mountains, and came westward with the rush of a tornado, a Chaldean Christian was the first to announce to the court of the Khalif the approach of the enemy. These Tartars

had a thirst for blood, and on the plains of Persia the Christian, Mahommedan, and fire-worshipper fell by their hands in a general carnage. We in the west thought the Chaldean church had been obliterated in blood, but it was not so.

In the north-west of Persia and the south-east of Turkey are lofty mountains with narrow defiles, and sombre passes, with deep valleys hidden by the towering rocks. These mountains are called inaccessible, and they are such except to people in circumstances as desperate as those of the Chaldean church during the invasion of Timourlain. The brethren, in jeopardy of their lives, forced their way along these narrow passes, climbed the rugged rocks, and took possession of the mountain valleys, where the enemy either lost them or dared not pursue them. Isolated from the world, ignorance and poverty became their inheritance; even the Scriptures they had carried with them to these lofty homes after a few generations they were almost unable to read, and the faith to which they had clung with such tenacity and at such a cost, was now perpetuated from father to son, or by an ignorant priesthood, more by oral tradition than by the written word of God. In more peaceful times, and as they increased in numbers, they again spread themselves over the plains, and now they form many towns and villages, spreading from Lake Van in Turkey to Lake Oroomiah in Persia, numbering, including the mountain tribes, about twenty thousand. These struggling Christians were again brought to notice by Dr. Dwight, who travelled among them something more than thirty years ago, and for about that period American missionaries have settled in Oroomiah, and have endeavoured with much success to inspire them with spiritual life. They have sent native agency into the mountains to rekindle the fire of Christian life among the inhabitants, and God has blessed their efforts.

The rule of Turkey is misrule and oppression, under which Christians and Mahommedans alike groan, but the Mahommedans among whom these Christians live inflict grievances upon them for which there is little or no redress. In our memory churches have been seized to be destroyed, or to be used for Mahommedan worship, while others have been converted into dwelling-places for Mussulmen. Christian girls are not unfrequently carried off, and, under the pretext that they have accepted the faith of the false prophet, are compelled to marry Mahommedan husbands. Ancient vineyards have been seized without regard to justice, and taxes already paid demanded again with the use of the bastinado. Poverty, ignorance, and oppression now hold in bondage the remnant of the once flourishing Chaldean church.

It is no wonder if, suffering from such oppression and poverty, they should seize hold of any hand which promises them aid, hence many about Mosul have joined the Romish church, excited by the flattering hopes held out by her priests of help from France. More honest invitations press them from Russia and many have emigrated there to enjoy civil and religious liberty under the rule of the Czar; while others have made a fearful sacrifice of faith and escaped the persecutions of their oppressors by exchanging Christianity for Mahommedanism. From all these sources the ancient church is now on the wane, and many of her faithful followers fear her extinction. It is not surprising under these

circumstances, that with anxious hearts and longing eyes they look to England.

For the last fifteen years deputations and appeals have reached us from that oppressed people, seeking temporal and spiritual help. The temporal aid they want is the residence of an Englishman in their midst, the presence of whom (they say) would awe their oppressors into an approximation to justice; and the spiritual aid they ask is a missionary to preach the gospel to the benighted ones in Kurdistan. We have now in our midst another deputation repeating the same request. They bring a letter from the Patriarch Mar Shemon, dated from his mountain home in Julermerk, the object of which is to recommend the deputation as faithful men, and commend them "to the faithful brethren in England." They also bear a petition numerously signed for his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The men who bear these and other documents are Khamis, a Presbyter or priest from Memikan, in Gawar; Khanan Eshoo ben Markus, from Thoma in the mountains; Khanan Eshoo ben Abraham; and Yosef, from Oroomiah. Khamis is dressed in the attire of a presbyter of his church. He has been engaged as missionary among the Kurds, and seems to have been successful in his rough work. He for many years sustained himself by his school in Memikan, and was also engaged for some years by the American missionaries, one of whom but a few days past, passing through London to his scene of labour, hoped that Christians would help the aged priest on his perilous journey home. This missionary was once a guest in the house of Khamis when the Mahommedan oppressor levied taxes on Khamis which were not due, to the amount of £25, and because he could not meet the unjust demand his home was sold up for the debt. Eshoo ben Markus has also been engaged as an evangelist. His father was carried off by force, and was made to profess Mahommedanism. These men say, "We want schools and missionaries in Kurdistan. The American missionaries are working in Oroomiah and other parts of Persia, but Kurdistan is without missionaries and schools. Who will come over and help us?" To this appeal one society says, We send missionaries to the heathen, not to Christians, and other societies reply in no more favourable terms. These men have spent their all in reaching London, having faith in their laudable enterprise, and have now no means to support themselves, or to return home. Not a few friends think it is time that England did something for the ancient suffering church, and if there be no society in London that can help them, some means should be devised for that purpose, but men and money are needed. Should friends wish to help, or make farther enquiry, they can do so by writing to Mr. Grattan Guinness, East End Training Institute, Harley House, Bow Road, E., or to Mr. J. Salter, Asiatic Home, Limehouse, E.

How a Puritan Lived.

[We have been of late greatly struck with the placid, heavenly lives of some of the Puritans. In these days piety is frequently superficial, and meditation and religious exercises are much neglected. We thought it would be one of the best rebukes of this evil, and one of the surest ways of stirring up our brethren to better things, if we gave them a specimen of how a believer has lived, and how he thought and spoke. The person whose way of life is here described was Mr. John Row, of Crediton, a county magistrate, who died in 1660. Reader, look at his life, and then at your own, and see wherein to amend.]

IN his accounts, which he made up every day, the method that he used in his meditation was to consider what God had done for him, and what his carriage had been towards God; and he said, when he considered what God's carriage towards him had been, he saw that God had been doing him good in a constant tenor, but when he reflected upon himself he saw many failings; whereupon he said there was no action done by him that was ever so good but that he could see and lament some circumstance or other in which it was defective; and he said, *I have accounted it a great pitch when the Lord hath shewed me some defects in my best actions, that I may go clean out of myself unto Jesus Christ.* By this constant practice of reviewing his life and actions he kept much inward peace of conscience, and usually at the close of the day, after the casting up his accounts and fervent prayer, the Lord made it out to him that all was pardoned, and by this means he attained to such an habitual persuasion of the love of God, so that he for the most part walked in the light of God's countenance from day to day. Much of his prayers were that his faith might be so strengthened as to see and behold the love of God in all the passages of his life, that (with Abraham) he might give the Lord glory by believing.

He was very jealous of losing this blessed privilege, namely, the sense that he had of the love of God and the light of his countenance that he walked in. He said there were two things that he mainly desired of God—first, that having been a professor of religion so long, he might be kept from scandalous sins. Secondly, that God would not hide his face from him, saying that he was a man of low spirit, and that without God's presence he could not subsist. And, therefore, said he, I saw it necessary to be kept under affliction, that I might be humble, knowing that God would not reveal himself to proud persons.

He was much in prayer, and had a singular ability in meditation, and this made him a wise man and a wise Christian. He would seldom answer any serious matter but he would first pause awhile. He was much delighted in a saying of Dr. Prestons that the greatest musers are the best artists. He was so much taken up in meditation that he found himself much spent by it, and would say that meditation was a spending thing. Sometimes in a morning, before he rose, he would be meditating an hour or two together. When he was riding or walking abroad (if he was alone) he would still be in meditation. When he went about his worldly affairs he would contrive them before hand,

and spend what spare time he had in heavenly contemplation. He seldom prayed in secret without preparing himself for it by meditation, saying he preferred a short prayer after long meditation before a long prayer without meditation. Whenever he heard a sermon he spent a considerable time in meditating upon what he had heard.

He used to say, "That if he were in a place wherein he might have opportunity of hearing more than two sermons a day he should not like it so well to hear much, unless he could have liberty to digest it by meditation." In meditating upon the things he heard he would diligently look into all the texts that were quoted, often speaking of that famous instance of the Bereans, of whom the Holy Ghost testifies that they were more noble than those of Thessalonica, because they searched the Scriptures whether those things were so. This meditation helped him greatly, insomuch that by a diligent enquiry into the Scriptures, and musing upon what he had heard, he was sometimes carried much further than what the minister had touched upon: and when he came to repeat those sermons in his family (as his constant practice was), having meditated upon them beforehand, he would clear up those passages which had most difficulty in them, or that had been delivered more darkly. And if the preacher was of meaner parts and gifts, and what he had delivered might not seem so useful, he would so explain and illustrate what he heard that the sermon was always rendered profitable in his repetition of it.

After his repetition on the Lord's days, he used to call his children and servants to an account of what they had learned of that which had been taught. If any had been careless, he would admonish and reprove them for their negligence, and show them the danger they were in, by reason of their unprofitableness under the means of grace. Such as were apt and forward to remember he would commend and encourage them, often mentioning that speech of our Saviour, "To him that hath shall more be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath." And, though where there was occasion, he would speak with great authority, yet when he came to discourse with his children and servants he would speak with much familiarity and condescension to the meanest of their capacities, thereby insinuating himself into their affections, begetting a love in them to the Word, and taking opportunity thereby to make things more plain and easy to their understandings.

He was much and frequent in prayer; he often prayed with his wife alone; and when any great occasion fell out in the day he would retire into his closet to ask counsel and a blessing from the Lord. Every month he kept a private fast by himself, besides what he did upon emergent occasions, to seek the Lord; and the better to prepare himself for the Lord's Supper, at which time also he had much upon his heart the concernments of the church. Whenever any affliction befel him, or any in his family, or of his relations, his constant course was to seek the Lord in an extraordinary way. And if there were any great business that he was to undertake, or any great strait wherein he needed divine counsel, or protection, he still set time apart in a more than ordinary manner, so as to obtain a special blessing from the Lord, or render special thanksgiving.

Besides his set time of prayer, he was frequent in holy ejaculations, which proceeded from the spiritual frame of his heart; he was very punctual in keeping his times and seasons for prayer, reading, and meditation. Though his worldly businesses were sometimes very urgent, yet was he always very loth to abridge himself in his wonted enjoyment of holy exercises; and if at any time he was deprived of his full time, he would redeem the next opportunity to regain what time he had lost. He used to say, that when he did hasten over holy duties out of an eager desire to follow his worldly business, he did many times meet with a cross in them, but when he spent his ordinary time in devotion God did make his other business to prosper the better; or, if not, his mind was brought to submit to the will of God.

In all his prayers, whether alone or with others, his heart was greatly affected, and carried out with much holy zeal and fervency. In his old age his heart would often melt and be dissolved into tears, and his affections seemed to be as vigorous as the affections of young converts. When he joined with others in holy duties he was far from a remiss and careless carriage. His deportment was so reverent, and mixed with such affections, that the minister under whom he lived would profess that he found himself much quickened by observing his lively affections. If at any time he found a deadness coming upon him, it grieved him more than any outward affliction. In a letter wherein he had spoken of a bodily distemper, he adds this: "That which troubles me now is the distemper of my spirit, because I find myself less lively in holy things, and more inactive than formerly; yesterday, blessed be God, I found some reviving."

If he awoke in a morning before his ordinary time, yet he would get up; and his manner was to spend some time in meditation, for the most part about the great work of our redemption, and on the eternal sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, which he offered up to his Father for the taking away of his people's sins; and he used to counsel his children every morning to take a turn at the cross of Christ, and to think of his sufferings, which, said he, will be a means to make you love Christ the more. As he dressed himself in a morning he would drop some holy instructions or other among those that were about him; and when he was ready his first work was to retire into his closet, where he spent a considerable time in reading, meditation, and prayer.

Every morning he read in some part of the Scriptures, with some commentary upon the same, especially with "Calvin's Exposition," which he much delighted in for the spirituality and solidness thereof.

Having ended his private devotions he used to call his family together to whom he communicated what he had learned by his own meditation, and what he had learned from the authors which he read; and whatsoever his worldly business were, he would rarely omit this exercise in his family: and such was his modesty and humility in managing this business, that he would tell them that he would not take upon him to interpret the Scripture, but only would communicate to them what he had learned from judicious divines. By this constant course of reading and meditation he became expert and mighty in the Scriptures, so that in his family duties he would open the Scriptures with much clearness of judgment, the Lord enduing him with a more

than ordinary ability to make things plain and familiar to the meanest capacity; and when he came to apply things to those of his own family he would carefully consider every one's condition, and to those whom he feared to be still in the state of nature he would lay open the danger of their present condition, and what a sad thing it was for them to remain out of Christ; and whatever the matter was that he had been speaking of, his exhortation still was to press them to look after Christ, in whom the Father had laid up all grace, and from whom they must expect to receive all grace. His exhortations were attended with great authority: and there was so great a presence of God with him, that many, besides his own family, who occasionally came to his house, and heard him, will have cause to bless God for him to all eternity.

Having spent a quarter of an hour, or a little more, in these exhortations, he would close up the duties with prayer, wherein he would not be long; but his prayer was so substantial that he would comprehend the whole of religion in a short prayer. His prayer seemed to be nothing but a digested meditation acted by the Spirit of God; every passage in it had its weight, and not one sentence could well be spared. Though he varied in his form, yet the substance and materials of his prayers were for the most part the same, yet still he took in the other necessities of his family as the various providences of God gave occasion. The main scope at which his prayers were levelled was the glory of God. He was still carried above himself to eye and aim at that, and still he would thus be expressing it: "Lord, glorify thyself in our salvation; glorify thyself in bestowing this or that grace upon us." The matter of his prayer was still commensurate to the word of God; what Scripture required of us as a duty, either in our general or particular callings, or in relation to the various providences of God, that was still the matter of his prayers; he was most eminent in this, for having a very large and comprehensive charity he would still take in the concernment of the church Catholic, and would constantly pray for that election wherever they were.

In the evening, before supper, if he could get liberty, he would spend some time in reading the works of some eminent divine; and he took most delight in Dr. Preston's books, wherein he was so conversant that most of the choicest passages in his writings became very familiar with him. Then he betook himself to his constant course of prayer and meditation. After supper he caused his children, and the young scholars that were in his house (which for many years was never empty of such, who were sent to the grammar school, and by their parents were placed in his family, to enjoy the benefit of his instructions and holy example), each of them to read a chapter; which, being done, he would call together his whole family, and would spend the rest of the evening in catechising, or in repeating some sermon that had been preached in the week day.

When the Sabbath was approaching he would endeavour so to order his affairs that he might dispatch his worldly business in due season, and so have the more liberty in the evening to set his heart in order for the duties of the Lord's-day; when it was come he would spend most of the morning in secret prayer and meditation, and he

used to be shorter in his family duties on that day than on others, that so they might not be hindered from attending upon the public ordinances: and his care was to be there at the beginning; and he used to say that it was fitter for them to wait for the minister than that the minister should wait for them; and he would often mention the example and speech of Cornelius, Acts x. 33: "We are all here present before God, to hear all things which are commanded thee of God." The morning service being ended he would spend the little time he had before dinner in looking over his notes, and in meditating upon what he had heard.

Dinner being ended, he used to repeat the sermon to his family, and so hasten to the congregation. After the sermon he used to spend a considerable time in secret, and the rest of the evening was spent in repetition of the sermon, and in calling his family to give an account of the things which they had learned.

He highly esteemed and reverenced godly ministers: even though they were mean and of low parts and gifts he would show much respect to them, and according to his own practice he would often exhort his children and those about him to have a high esteem of the gospel ministry, often pressing upon them those words of our Saviour Christ, "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me." He would remind them, also, of what St. Paul said, that "Faith came by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

He would say that it was lawful for us to covet the best gifts if we might enjoy them, but we must not despise the meanest. He said. "When you come to hear the word the business is between God and you, and whether the instrument be of meaner or greater parts, yet this is the portion that God allots you." And he said, "That there was not the weakest sermon that he ever heard but the Lord did him good by it. When I meet with a sermon that doth not like me, I first look into myself to see if there was nothing amiss there; and if there were no fault there I would then scan it over again. For we many times blame the minister when as the fault is our own that we have not prayed for him as we should have done." His love to the word was such that, though there were two ministers in the place where he lived, and a weekly lecture, yet even in his old age he would ride six or seven miles to enjoy the benefit of a weekly lecture at Exeter.

His desires were much carried out for the conversion of souls. He seldom prayed but he would pray with great affection for all in his family, and for all others that belonged to God's election, that were yet uncalled; and in his family exercises he would still be speaking somewhat that might make them see their need of Christ; and that which he pressed most was that they would labour to get into Christ, and to make sure of Christ.

He was full of bowels of compassion to those that were under temptations and distress of conscience, several of which did resort to him, and some did abide in his family for a season, the better to enjoy the benefit of his counsel and prayers; and God was pleased to bless his endeavours, that they went away with peace and satisfaction.

His afflictions made him pray much: and that was his constant

course when any trial befel him, to set time apart to seek the Lord in an extraordinary manner, and in all his afflictions his great request to the Lord was that he might be partaker of his holiness thereby. When his family was visited with the smallpox he was mightily stirred up to pray that this visitation might end in the reformation of it, and that they might set to the work of God with all their might; and this was usually the fruit of all his afflictions, to make him more active in the ways of God.

He was eminent in resigning himself and all he had to the will of God. It was his constant practice to pray his will into a oneness with the will of God. He observed that it was very incident to our natures to desire to bring down God's will to ours, but it was much better to pray up our wills into his. When any difficulty did occur, and his natural affections and inclination would have carried him in a particular way, his first work was not to pray that he might obtain that which nature would desire, but that his will might be brought up to the will of God, and that his spirit might be brought to a holy indifference as to all else. The Lord eminently answered him therein.

One of his most eminent graces was his faith and living upon Christ, which was the true root from whence his other great attainments in Christianity did arise. It was the great work of his life to go wholly out of himself and to live wholly upon Christ for all. These were some of his frequent expressions in prayer: "Take us wholly out of self, and let our whole dependence be upon Christ. Make us one spirit with Christ, and let us be actuated by his Spirit, that so we may not live so much as Christ may live in us. It hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell: out of his fulness let us receive grace for grace. Thou hast appointed him to be wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, even all in all to thy people: Lord, make him so to us."

This was his constant and most familiar kind of language, and as the bent of his spirit lay most this way so he counted it his greatest perfection. To some that highly esteemed him for his great measure of holiness he said, "The highest thing that I have attained is to go quite and clean out of myself and to roll myself wholly upon the grace of God in Christ." Herein he imitated the holy apostle St. Paul, who after the great measure of holiness that he had attained, yet was it his great desire to be found in Christ. This holy man was so careful in this point, of living entirely upon Christ, that he never suspected himself more, or thought worse of himself, than when he found a secret inclination to look to somewhat in himself. He once said, "I have been apt to question my condition much of late, because when I have found things amiss in me, and have found out any salve, I would be quiet, and did not utterly turn from myself fully to rest on the grace of God in Christ."

He was never known to boast of his own excellencies, but he would often speak of his own infirmities, that so (as he used to say) God might have the more glory and himself shame. When he spake of God or in the cause of God he would speak with great authority, but when he spake of anything relating to himself he would still abase himself, and manifest the greatest lowliness of mind and self-denial. He liked not that others should think too highly of him. Writing to one

whom he feared to esteem him too much, he said, "Think of me no otherwise than you see me, only I hope I have obtained mercy to be faithful."

He was a man of a sound judgment and most stable in the faith, insomuch that though he had been a professor of religion for many years, and lived in such a time wherein so many opinions and errors sprung up, yet he never took up, much less was fond of, any private, particular, or novel opinion; but he always preferred the old divinity, and liked that doctrine best which he knew to be held and maintained by the generality of godly, sober, and orthodox divines. When he perceived that any were led aside into unsound and corrupt principles, by Satan's subtilty and their own weak judgment, he would pray with great compassion and tenderness for their reduction and recovery.

Indeed, herein he was very eminent; instead of censuring others or quarrelling with them about their opinions, he did conscientiously set himself to pray for them; and as he had opportunity he would, in the spirit of meekness, endeavour, by setting before them in the clearest manner the plain texts of Scripture that opposed their opinions, so that they might know the truth. And being sensible how much the work of Christ was hindered by the falling away of many that had newly taken up the profession of religion, to vain opinions, his prayers ran much that way, that the Lord would please to bring back wandering souls, and he used to exhort others to do the like. "O," said he, "let us be earnest with our God to establish us and ours, and all his people, in the truth of the gospel."

His charity towards others was very exemplary. Where he saw anything of Christ or sincerity, though mixed with some errors in judgment, and accompanied with other infirmities, his charity would pass over those defects, and embrace the grace of God that he apprehended to be in them. He loved to make the best constructions of the conduct of others; and if it could possibly admit of a candid interpretation he would be sure to construe it in that sense. It was a rule with him never to speak of the faults and failings of others behind their backs, except it were in two cases; either that it might in some way or other tend to the person's reformation, or else to prevent mischief to others. Neither could he patiently endure to hear an evil report; and it was the most unpleasing discourse to him to hear the infirmities of others blazoned without a cause.

He was ready to distribute to the necessities of others to his power, yea, many times beyond his power. His house was free and open at all times for the entertainment of godly ministers and other good persons that came to visit him. He was a lover of hospitality, and spent a great part of his estate that way. Few weeks passed wherein his house was not a receptacle to entertain and lodge some godly person or other; and none could be freer, and more hearty in the entertainment and respect that he gave unto others, than he was. His love was truly according to the apostle's rule—"Let love be without dissimulation." All the entertainment he gave to friends or strangers might easily be discerned to be done with all his heart, and he rejoiced that he had an opportunity to express his kindness to them. He did conscientiously set apart some portion of his estate yearly for pious uses;

some part whereof he gave to godly ministers, another part in a yearly allowance to young students at the university, and the other part to poor and necessitous people, as providence gave occasion. Besides, his doors ministered a constant relief to the poor of the place where he lived, who were very numerous.

As was his manner of life, so at his death he was much in the acknowledgment of his own nothingness and vileness, and much in magnifying the free grace and mercy of God to him. The minister that preached at his funeral had this passage concerning him: "He was much," said he, "in self-denial even to the last; looking on all that he had done as nothing, as dross and dung in comparison with Christ." Once, when his wife came to him and said she prayed that she might follow his steps, he replied, "Follow Christ, follow Christ; he hath given you an example. Blessed be God for friends, but blessed be God for Jesus Christ, who hath saved us from wrath to come."

Two or three days before he died he had a sore fit, and thought he should then have died; but reviving a little he called for his wife and children, to whom he said, "This is the true grace of God, wherein I stand; that I expect salvation by Jesus Christ and by him alone." And this he repeated again, and withal exhorted them, that they should give themselves up to Christ and live upon him. A day or two before he died, when he saw his children weeping about him he said, "Weep for your sins;" and when his wife was lamenting, saying what should she do when God took him away? he said, "You must repent for that word. Did Joseph say, without me God shall provide for the life of Pharaoh, and shall not God provide for you? Yes, he will; only cast yourself upon him."

The day wherein he died fell out to be on the lecture day in that town, and a near relation coming to see him he would not suffer him to stay with him, but seemed to put him off with his hand, saying, "Away, away; you will come too late." For he would not have him lose the sermon, though it were the last time he was like to be with him.

The Gospel in Santhalistan.*

WE fear that India is still comparatively little understood by our own countrymen, and perhaps not a few of our readers will hear for the first time of Santhalistan—an upland province lying some hundred-and-fifty miles north-west of Calcutta. Besides the Hindoos proper, and the Mahometans, India contains about seventy millions of what are known as the hill races or aborigines; and these accept the gospel far more readily than do the more subtle and philosophic inhabitants of the lowlands and great cities. At least two hundred and fifty thousand are already converted to Christianity, and nowhere does the missionary prosecute his work of mercy with more encouraging results than in the little province of Santhalistan. Dr. Bonar tells us that—

"The Santhals are a section of the real aborigines of India. The dispersion of Babel, that broke up the post-diluvian family, threw portions of the human race down to the far south; and though encroached upon and persecuted by

* The Gospel in Santhalistan. By an Old Indian. With Preface by Horatius Bonar, D.D. James Nisbet and Co. 1875.

the successive invaders of the land, specially by the Hindus and Mahommedans, they still exist in large numbers on the uplands north of Calcutta, a primitive people—the Highlanders of Hindostan—that have resisted for ages the false religions that have been thrust upon them, and are now ready to receive the Word of the living God, and to hear the message of life from the ambassadors of the cross."

Macaulay somewhere remarks that India is one of the poorest countries in the world, and hence it appears that the vast fortunes formerly amassed by foreigners and Government officials were the iniquitous fruits of oppression. Santhalistan tasted its share of this kind of British rule in the old days of injustice and of the *dis*-Honourable East India Company, until the people struck a blow for life and freedom; and we are happy to know they did not fight in vain, for a more hopeful order of things now prevails:—

"It ought not to be a matter of surprise that this confiding, impulsive, and unthinking Santhal race should strike a blow for their freedom. It was the custom of the mahaguns to lend out small sums at exorbitant compound interest, and upon presenting a fee, to get the aid of the police to plunder and give him the debtor's property. The poor Santhal, sick at heart, would return to his cottage, emptied by the money-lender, to find his wife and children starving, his homestead in ruins, and his cattle and ploughs sold for some paltry debt which, in many cases, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest for years. When for oppression such as this no remedy was to be found; when they saw the proceeds of their labour annihilated, and the destroyers assisted by men wearing Government badges; when many a weary mile had been trudged, and their last *pice* spent to enable them to seek a remedy at the foot of the Hakim; and when their claims were either ignored or dismissed,—it is not to be wondered at that they should seek in arms a remedy for their misery. When the *Sal* branch, their signal for war, like the old fiery cross of the Scots, was passed by willing hands from village to village, the whole of this peaceful industrious race rose as one man, to contend not only for their rights, for they had long since given up all hope of getting these, but *for bare existence;* as they had no faith in a Government which, seen only through the police, and in their quarrels with the mahaguns, they had every reason to consider tyrannical, unjust, and extortionate. Thus the torch was lighted which flamed over all the Santhalian country, caused the death of some Europeans, both male and female, and thousands of Santhals, and was only extinguished when our troops had burnt and destroyed many Santhal villages, all the crops accessible, and had starved the people into a surrender."

The Santhals have some interesting traditions, and in one of these they trace their origin to a worthy couple who were saved from the Deluge. Their later troubles they do not hesitate to ascribe to the strong-armed, selfish Hindoo, from whose rapacity they have fled, leaving their rich ancestral possessions to find at last a poor inheritance in their present territory. The race is thus generally described by our friend, Mr. Skrefsrud, the renowned evangelist of the district:—

"They are divided into twelve tribes, each of which again is sub-divided into twelve families. They live in villages, presided over by a chief, and four other officers, besides two priests; and these have a piece of land, rent free, for their services. The business of the headman is to take care of the whole village. The second man is his deputy, the third man has a curious office,—he has to look after the morals and etiquette of the young people, and sometimes of the old people too. If two young people should make love without his knowing it, he has them brought before the council, and punished. If he should happen to catch a young man and a young lady talking to one another, the first thing he asks them is, Whether he will marry her or not? If he says, 'Yes,' all well and good; he brings him before the court, and the only punishment is that his father must give a drink, because the Santhals are very fond of drinking and being drunk; but if he does not agree to marry her, this third

officer takes a stick and gives him a regular good thrashing! and he says, 'You have no business to talk to that young girl, if you do not want to marry her.'"

In regard to marriage another says—"For three afternoons in succession, before a *marriage ceremony*, the Jag Manghi, or third officer of the village, calls the villagers together to confer on the subject. *Handi* (the home drink of the country) is then served out to enliven the proceedings, and on the third day the marriage ceremony is celebrated. The Santhals make it a rule not to intermarry into the same tribe. When the elder brother dies, the next younger inherits the widow, children, and all the property; so, should a Santhal be the younger son of ten, and the nine die, leaving widows, he may be saddled with nine old women, and a large family of children in his old age—an awful prospect! Amongst the Santhals, should a man remain a bachelor, he is at once despised by both sexes, and is classed next to a thief or a witch; they term the unhappy wretch 'No man.'"

We are not surprised to learn that the introduction of Government-licensed drinking dens is a terrible curse to large numbers who rather pitifully confess, "We would not drink if there were no liquor-shops." Yet in their wigwams "their general arrangements for decency far exceed those of the poorer classes in England." The maidens are described as being pretty, ox-eyed, generally chaste, lovers of flowers, and especially happy if able to ornament each ankle with a ring of brass, weighing five pounds! The matrons are not addicted to quarrelling among themselves and in domestic affairs manifest considerable thrift. In their superstitions they entirely differ from the Hindoo proper. "They worship the sun as a good god, and many ghosts as malevolent beings, and they offer up all sorts of sacrifices in order to appease their gods. They believe that if they neglect to honour these *Bonghas* (or malignant spirits), all manner of evil will befall them."

In 1867 two Christian ministers—Mr. H. P. Boerresen, a Lutheran of Denmark, and Mr. Skrefsrud, a Baptist, of Norway—resolved on devoting their lives to the work of promoting the religious welfare of the Santhals, and before they set foot in the country Mr. Skrefsrud characteristically remarks, "they prayed day and night." The first night he slept in Santhalistan his coat was eaten by white ants, so that he had to proceed on the following morning more lightly clothed than was convenient. After this mishap more serious difficulties remained to be conquered.

"The first thing we did was to *learn the language*, and it was no easy task, as it is one of the most difficult languages under the sun. When I tell you it has only twenty-seven tenses I suppose you will understand what it is like. The sounds are so outlandish that it is very difficult to pronounce them. The first thing we did was to take a looking-glass; I put a Santhal and myself before the looking-glass, and I looked into his mouth, and saw how its muscles and sinews formed themselves, and on what part the tongue would strike. I tried again and again. I looked into his mouth, then into my own mouth, and tried to get it out; and then, having got out the sounds, we classified them. We had small books and pencils, and whenever a Santhal said anything we would write it down."

In time the language was mastered, and the hearts of the missionaries "leaped for joy" when the first converts were gathered in and were in turn found praying day and night for the conversion of near relatives. The following gives an insight into the nature of the work:—

"About this time a most remarkable thing took place in the case of a man about forty years of age. He visited a village about six miles away from our place, and at twelve o'clock at night he dreamed he saw a man who said, 'Arise, go outside the village to a place where I will show you, and you will find something which you will take to the missionaries, and they will explain it to you. By it you will get life. Having got that, you will take it to others.' He told his dream to his friends, who advised him not to take to the dream, but he said,

'I must go.' He accordingly went to the spot, and sat for four long hours at night, and having done that he saw a paper lying on the ground, written on one side. He brought it to us. I found it was a Santhal hymn, in which sinners are exhorted to go to Jesus Christ. I took the Bible, and read out of the Acts about Cornelius and Peter; and when I read the Holy Ghost fell upon him while he listened. He jumped up and said, 'I have found the truth.' I took him into my room, knelt down and prayed with him, and asked him to pour out his heart. And it was a pouring out! He went away quietly, and after three or four days he came back. I asked him what he wanted. He said that the village people all wanted to become Christians. 'Why, we have not preached to them,' I said. 'I have preached to them,' he said, and his face beamed with joy. The man had gone home to his own village, and had *not left man or woman any peace before they had listened to the word of God;* and it spoke to their hearts, and many of them came with weeping eyes and said, 'Yes, Sir, we want to become Christians, because these excellent things this man has told us never reached our ears before.' He brought about five and a-half villages within a month. That day we baptised eighty-five of them, and it was a glorious sight when man after man, and woman after woman went into the water, and was baptised in the name of Jesus Christ."

One old man declared that he on reaching heaven should be ashamed to look the Saviour in the face without having been instrumental in the salvation of somebody. The converts very generally become working agents in the cause of religion. They are astonished at the good news of the gospel, the story of God's redeeming love sounding too good to be true. The newspapers, the "Saturday Reviewers" of India, laugh at the mission, just as if such "ignorant savages" could master "the deep mysteries of religion;" yet, as one says, "it is not the deep mysteries that save, but Jesus himself."

The correspondent of *The Times*, who some time ago passed through the district, describes the houses as being well built and clean, the poorest village presenting a more creditable appearance than is done by many settlements in our own Emerald Isle. He then refers particularly to "Ebenezer," the headquarters of the indefatigable missionaries:—

"Some time in the afternoon we arrived at a village which I at once knew to have European headship. Two good houses stand at the centre of very nicely laid out grounds. Pigs, cows, geese, ducks, turkeys, fowls, goats, all in excellent condition, spoke of care, forethought, and practical skill. This is 'Ebenezer,' not in existence seven years ago, now a thriving village, with affiliated churches throughout the Santalia Pergunnahs. The two missionaries who founded it, and carry on the work, are Mr. Boerresen and Mr. Skrefsrud. Having secured the land, they built, planted, preached, taught the children, stood between the people and the zeminders and money-lenders, till in the end Mr. Boerresen became 'father,' and his wife 'mother,' to villages far and wide. They disown the close Christian village system. The place seems to have no boundaries; Christian and heathen mix together; churches have sprung up under *native* teachers in hosts of villages around, as far away as the extreme west of the Santhal Mountains. The missionaries grow their own grain, Indian corn, &c. They had some little time ago a church which held six hundred people, the erection of which cost six shillings, materials and all. They are now venturing on a more pretentious building—Mr. Boerresen calls it a cathedral. It is to hold a thousand people, and will cost fully fourteen shillings, he thinks, by the time it is finished. The walls are formed of branches of trees, which cost nothing, with posts driven into the ground at intervals of ten feet. The roof, also of twigs and leaves, is about seven feet high. The material is had for the cutting, and the labour is free. This is the new cathedral that is rising at Ebenezer. I visited the schools—training institutions, in fact, for teachers. The missionary is the villagers' doctor, lawyer, architect—everything but geologist. To this man the Government committed the famine operations in this part of Santhal Pergunnahs, and he agreed to perform the work gratuitously

on condition that he should be allowed to preach daily to the people whom he employed."

Nine village churches have been founded in the surrounding country, each with a native pastor, who supports himself, and besides these there are travelling paid catechists. Mr. Boerresen was appointed famine agent over a wide district in the time of trial last year, and he turned the opportunity to good account in preaching the gospel, and thus a ruining calamity has resulted in blessing. Says he to a friend at Edinburgh, "It would make you twenty years younger to see what our dear Lord is doing amongst us. I can only compare it to the events in the early Christian church in the days of the apostles. During the last three weeks I have baptised two hundred persons, and find it quite impossible to say how many more are now under instruction and preparing themselves for baptism." This abounding prosperity of the native church is, humanly speaking, accounted for by the activity of those who are converted, and this zeal is shown in spite of opposition from fanatical men, who still retain their ancient superstitions. The simple faith of the people is both striking and instructive. A man is bitten by a serpent, alarming symptoms set in, but prayer on his behalf is sustained throughout the night, one party relieving another; and when in the morning he recovers, there is more joy than surprise at the result. The mission is certainly one of the most successful and promising we have ever read about, and the achievements of the Danish engineer and the Norwegian Baptist are none the less real because they have been won without any red-tape routine or aid from committees and secretaries. The climate of the high land region inhabited by the Santhals is far more pleasant and healthy than the lowland plains of Bengal, well suiting European constitutions.

The Free Church of Scotland has recently opened a station at Pachumba. Others therefore are entering the field. Sir George Campbell says, the reclamation of the Santhals, "would be (higher considerations apart) a very great source of strength and comfort to the English in India." Truth to say, to evangelise a province like Santhalistan would be to set a Christian agency in motion before which the ancient surrounding idolatries must ultimately crumble and fall.

A Homily on Prayer.

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

THAT prayer may be good indeed, and may also be heard, we must first consider that two things are necessary thereunto: one, that we first meditate upon the promise of God, and do as it were advertise God thereof, and trusting unto it be emboldened and made cheerful to pray, for unless God had commanded us to pray, and had promised also that he will hear us, even all creatures could not obtain so much as a grain of their petitions. Whereupon it followeth, that no man doth obtain anything of God for his own worthiness or the worthiness of his prayer, but by the only goodness of God, who, preventing all our petitions and desires, provoketh us to pray and desire of him, by his gentle and bounteous promise and commandment, that we may learn how great care he hath over us, and is ready to give us more things than we durst enterprise to ask; and that we may also learn to pray boldly, inasmuch as he giveth us all things, even in a more ample manner than we do ask them. It is necessary that we do no whit doubt of the promise of the true and faithful God, for therefore he hath promised that he will hear us, yea, and hath commanded us to pray, that we might have a sure and strong faith that our prayer should be so heard, as he saith, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive," and "And I say unto you, Ask and it shall be given you:

seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth: and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

We must boldly trust to these and such like promises and commandments, and pray with true confidence. If one so prayeth, that he doubt whether God hear him, and maketh his prayer only at a venture, caring not greatly whether he be heard or not heard, he committeth a double offence—one, for that he himself maketh his prayer frustrate, and laboureth in vain; for so James saith, "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering: for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." Such a man's heart is not quiet and settled, wherefore God can give him nothing; but faith maketh the heart quiet, and capable of the gifts of God. The other offence is, that he counteth the most faithful and true God as a lying, vain, and inconsistent man, as he which neither is able, neither will fulfil his promises, so by his doubtings he robbeth God of his honour and name of faithfulness and truth. Whereby it is so grievously offended that, even that offence being committed, a Christian is plainly changed into a heathen, and denieth and loseth his true God, so that if he continue therein he is damned for ever without all comfort; and if anything be given unto him, which he asketh, it is given him not to good but to evil, as well temporal as eternal, not for his prayer's sake, but from the wrath of God, that he may recompense those goodly words which are uttered in sins, unbelief, and to the dishonour of God.

Some say, I would trust indeed that my prayers should be heard if I were worthy, or if I could pray well. Then, say I, if thou wilt not pray, before thou shalt know and find thyself fit to pray, thou shalt never pray. For, as it is before said, our prayer must not rest upon our worthiness, or the worthiness of itself or be grounded thereon, but upon the immutable truth of the promise of God. If so be that it trust to itself or any other thing, and ground itself thereon, it is false and deceiveth thee, although thy heart should even burst by reason of the ardent affection of godliness, and thou shouldest weep nothing but drops of blood. For therefore we pray because we are unworthy to pray, and hereby surely we are made worthy to pray and fit to be heard, inasmuch as we think that we are worthy, and do boldly and cheerfully trust to the faithfulness and truth of God. Although thou be unworthy, yet have regard hereunto, and mark most diligently, that a thousand times more consisteth in this, that thou honour the truth of God, and not with thy doubtfulness accuse his faithful promise of falsehood. For thine own worthiness doth not further thee, neither thy unworthiness hinder thee; but infidelity doth contemn thee, trust and confidence maketh thee worthy and preserveth thee; wherefore so behave thyself all thy life long that thou do not at any time esteem thyself either worthy or fit to pray or receive, unless thou find thyself to be such a one as dareth enterprise the matter freely, trusting to the true and certain promise of thy merciful God, which will so show both his mercy and goodness unto thee that, as he promised to hear thee being unworthy, and having not deserved it, of his mere grace, moved with no prayers, so he will hear thee being an unworthy asker of his only grace, to the honour of his truth and promise, and to his mercy, whereby he hath made and set forth his promise. And this, the 25th Psalm confirmeth, where David saith, "Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach sinners in the way. The meek will he guide in judgment; and the meek will he teach his way. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." Grace and mercy are in his promise, faithfulness or truth in fulfilling and hearing. And in the 85th Psalm, he saith, mercy and truth are

met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other, that is, they come together in every work and gift which we obtain of the Lord by praying.

In this truth and confidence thou must so behave thyself, that thou do not limit to the Lord any bound or end, day or place, neither appoint any manner or measure of hearing, but that thou do commit all those things to his divine will, wisdom, and omnipotence, that thou boldly and cheerfully look to be heard, and yet not desire to know how and where, how soon and how long and by what means. For his divine wisdom shall find a better manner and measure, time and place than we can think, even although that should be done by miracles. Even as in the Old Testament, when the children of Israel trusted that God would deliver them, and yet no possible means were before their eyes, or in all their thoughts, then the Red Sea opened itself and gave them passage, drowning all their enemies at once. So Paul also saith that the power of God is such and so great, that it doth far greater and better things than we either ask or think. Wherefore we ought to think ourselves more vile than we may name, appoint, nor prescribe the time, place, manner, measure, and other circumstances of that we ask of God, but we must leave all things wholly unto him, constantly and boldly believing that he will hear us.

The Testimonial to Mr. Spurgeon.*

IN January last the church members at the Tabernacle presented the senior pastor with a beautiful caligraphic testimonial, the words of which are as follows:—

"Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. The Baptised Church of Jesus Christ meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, assembled in its Annual Church Meeting on Friday, January 8th, 1875, resolved unanimously,—

"That we desire as a church to record our devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father that he has sustained our dear Pastor C. H. SPURGEON through twenty-one years of faithful, loving, and eminently successful ministry in our midst. Beyond all precedent in the history of the Lord's people has been the result of the preaching of the word of God, as manifested in the gathering in of the saints, and the maintenance of Christian fellowship and ordinances among us. For this the Lord's name be praised.

"To you our dearly beloved Pastor we desire to express our growing attachment and increasing love and esteem. With you we rejoice over the issue of the twenty volumes of sermons, in the hearing and perusal of which so many of us have found salvation, and all of us instruction, stimulus, and comfort. Fervently do we pray that many thousands of readers may be by them refreshed, quickened, and guided into all truth.

"Our hearts share your joy because the good hand of God has enabled you to erect and open free from debt the New Buildings for the Pastors' College. Our desire for you is that for many years you may be permitted to train up there a goodly band of preachers, who shall faithfully maintain those truths which you have so eloquently preached to us. The conjunction of these three striking events in your life has led us thus to address you in this testimonial.

"We commend you and your many works of faith to the great Head of the Church, and assure you that we esteem it a priceless privilege to follow in your steps, to listen to your ministrations, and co-operate with you in all your services for God.

"May all grace be yours to sustain you in your afflictions, to prosper you in all your labours, and bless you in your person and in your family.

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* We insert this notice, which has been sent to us by a contributor, simply because we would serve Mr. Marshall. He has made copies of the Testimonial at his own risk, and we should be sorry that he should be a loser.

"Praying that in the years to come we may see yet greater things than these, we are your loving people in the fellowship of the Gospel.

"JAMES A. SPURGEON, Co-Pastor.
"Signed on behalf of the Deacons, WILLIAM OLNEY.
"Signed on behalf of the Elders, JOHN WARD."

Our friends at home and readers generally may be glad to learn that the above has been copied in *fac simile* by the Woodbury process of photography, and may be had of Mr. E. Marshall, 1, Crown-buildings, Queen Victoria-street, London, and of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings. When framed this work of art is quite suitable for any drawing-room, and its execution has already called forth the highest encomiums of the press. There are three sizes, the smallest corresponding with the ordinary cabinet album portraits, whilst the middle and the largest sizes make tolerably large pictures. The prices are one shilling, half-a-crown, and four shillings. It should be added that portraits of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, taken expressly for the purpose, embellish the border of the Testimonial. These are not in the original, but they add interest to the copies.

Notices of Books.

The Best Things. By Rev. Richard Newton, D.D. Partridge and Co.

And this book is one of *the best things.* Happy must the children be who listen to addresses like these; they are our beau ideal of sermons to little ones. Dr. Newton excels our old friend Dr. Fletcher, and we always thought him a master of the art of preaching to juveniles. Here are some extracts to whet the appetites of teachers and children:

"Conquered by Love.—In a certain town in France there is a school for the instruction and improvement of poor boys, who are found wandering about the streets of Paris without paternal care. It is supported by voluntary contributions. The boys are taught all sorts of outdoor and indoor work, and have regular seasons for play and recreation. When any one commits a fault requiring serious punishment, all the boys are assembled as a sort of council, to deliberate and decide on the kind of punishment to be inflicted; which generally consists of imprisonment in a dungeon for a number of days, without, of course, having any part in the recreations of the school. There are more than a hundred boys in the institution; and there is one thing very singular in the discipline there used. After sentence is passed by the boys on any offender, under the approval of the director, the question is put, 'Will any of you consent to become the patron of this offender—that is, to take his place now, and suffer in his room and stead, while he goes free?' And it seldom happens but that some one is found to step forward and ransom the offender by undergoing his punishment for him. In this case the offender is required to act as porter to his substitute and carry his bread and water to him, in his dungeon, during all the time of his captivity. The effect of this is generally found to be that the most hard-hearted boy is softened and subdued by seeing another actually and willingly enduring what he deserved to suffer. A remarkable case occurred there not long ago. A boy whose violent temper and bad conduct had caused him to be turned out of several schools in Paris, and who was likely to become an outlaw and a terror to all good people, was received into this institution. For a time the new scenes and society about him, and the constant variety of pleasant occupation, seemed to have subdued his temper; but at length his evil disposition showed itself, and in a fit of anger he drew a knife on a boy with whom he had quarrelled, and stabbed him in the breast. The wound was severe, but not mortal, and while the bleeding boy was carried to the hospital, the rest of the inmates were summoned to decide on what was to be done with the offender. The boys agreed at once that he should instantly be dismissed from

the school, and never allowed to enter it again. The director opposed this. He said this would certainly ruin the boy, and bring him in a little while to the penitentiary or the gallows. He asked them to think of some other punishment. They fixed upon a long imprisonment. The usual question was asked, but no one offered to take the place of the wicked boy, and he was marched off to prison. After some days the director reminded the boys of this case, and asked, 'Will no one become the patron of this unhappy youth?' After a short silence a voice was heard saying, 'I will.' The astonished boys looked round, and saw the very youth coming forward who had been wounded, and who was just discharged from the sick ward. He went to the dungeon and took the place of the would-be murderer (for had the boy's strength been equal to his passion, the blow would have been fatal, both boys being only nine or ten years old). At first the hardened offender seemed unmoved by the strange kindness shown to him; but after he had carried the food to his generous patron for some time, and had seen him suffering for *his* sake the loss of light, liberty, and enjoyment, his stout heart began to melt. He struggled against it for awhile, but it was no use, and at last he gave up, and casting himself at the feet of the director, he confessed and bewailed with bitter tears the wickedness of his heart, and expressed his determination to lead a different life for the time to come. Now no force or power in the world could have produced such an effect upon this boy as this kindness did. He might have been locked up in dungeons, or loaded with chains, and yet have had a murderer's heart all the time. But when the '*evil*' in his nature was 'overcome with good,' it was effectually overcome. To 'overcome evil with good' is the best warfare, because it is *the most effectual*."

"Happy Nancy.—There once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary woman. She tended her little garden, and earned a very plain, simple living by knitting and spinning. She was known all round the country by the name of 'Happy Nancy.' She had no money, no family, and no relations—she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. To look at her you would think there was nothing about her for anybody to love; and yet in that deformed and ugly-looking body was a soul greatly beloved by that God whom the angels worship. 'Well, Nancy, singing again?' said a gentleman who stopped at her door one day. 'La! yes, I'm for ever at it. I don't know what people will think,' she said, with a sunny smile. 'Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy.' 'La! well, that's a fact; I'm just as happy as the day is long.' 'I wish you would tell me your secret, Nancy; you live here alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant about you—what *is* the reason you're so happy?' 'Perhaps it's because I havn't got anybody but God,' replied the good creature, looking up. 'You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families, and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they are always afraid of mighty troubles ahead. I hain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think—Well, if He can keep this great world in order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night—if he can make the garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me.' 'Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants are out; suppose——' 'But I *don't* suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy; you're all the time supposing and supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose *comes*, as I do, and then make the best of it?' 'Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom will have to stay out.' 'There, now, you're at it again,' said Nancy—'always looking out for black clouds. Why, if I was you, I'd keep Satan at arm's length, instead of taking

him right into my heart: he'll do you a desperate deal of mischief.'"

"JESUS ALWAYS WILLING.—There was once a ship that took fire at sea. Fire is a fearful thing to encounter anywhere, but it is never so fearful as at sea; for, although in the very midst of water, there are no means of using it to put the fire out. There were about two hundred people on board this ship; and as the flames increased and roared among the masts and rigging, they all crowded to one end of the vessel, screaming and running to and fro in dreadful distress. As night came on, a vessel hove in sight. It came nearer and nearer, until it was close enough to hear the shrieks of the people calling for help, and to see them wringing their hands in despair. The sailors on board the approaching ship were ready to go to the assistance of those distressed people, waiting only for their captain's order—but no order was given. At last the mate said to him, 'Sir, had we not better lower the boat?' But all the answer he received from the inhuman captain was, 'Mind your own business, sir.' He had a rich cargo of goods to sell, and he was in great haste to reach the port for which he was bound. He saw the burning ship, and two hundred people threatened with an awful death; yet he steeled his heart against every feeling of pity, and would not allow the man at the helm to alter his course. He turned from his fellow-creatures, and left them to perish by water or by fire. This wretched man was near enough to help, and able enough to help; but, ah, he was *not willing*. Now Jesus is always willing. He may not send the help just in the way we wish, but in one way or other he is sure to send it. He tells us in the Bible that he is more willing to help those who come to him, than parents are to give bread to their children. When you are hungry, and go to your father or mother for something to eat, you know how readily they give it to you; yet Jesus is more ready to help us than earthly parents are to feed their children."

Foundation Stones. By the Rev. HELY SMITH, Rector of Tansley, Matlock. Wm. Hunt and Co.

IT is refreshing to find such sentiments uttered by a clergyman of the Church of England: the book is not merely Calvinistic but a good deal more, so that the schools represented by the *Earthen Vessel* and the *Gospel Standard* would find it up to their mark. We really do not care to differ from such a man as Mr. Smith, we are glad that he has so much gospel light, and even if he prefers to wear blue spectacles we shall not quarrel with him. The doctrine of restricted invitations we cannot but reject as unscriptural, but we rejoice in our author's clear statements on substitution and its logical sequence, particular redemption. Would to God that all the clergy were as this rector, and better.

Samuel Thorne, Printer. By S. L. THORNE, Bodmin. Elliot Stock.

INTERESTING to the brethren called Bible Christians. Samuel Thorne led an active, consistent, consecrated life; but the events in it are not of that stirring and remarkable character which make a biography interesting.

Notes.

MRS. SPURGEON has been able to distribute a large number of parcels of books to ministers whom she knew to be in need. Several friends have sent sums of money, to these she tenders her sincere thanks. We trust that from time to time others will do the same. One gentleman has sent a number of exceedingly good books for the same object. We have on several occasions in days past received parcels consisting of old magazines and the sweepings of libraries, and we have concluded that the donors thought we kept a butter shop; but this friend sent really standard volumes which will, we trust, be a boon to some poor preacher. This good work of providing mental food for poor preachers ought never to cease till the incomes of all ministers are doubled. May "*Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund*" become a permanent source of blessing to ministers and churches. Mrs. Spurgeon is still able to

give a copy of "Lectures to my Students" to all poor ministers who apply to her.

We are now working the College upon an enlarged scale. We have some ninety-two men, and the weekly payments cause our cash in hand to melt like snow in the sun. Having received a large sum, and finding that the dearth of ministers increases, we resolved to refuse none who were suitable, however great our expenditure might be. We have, however, now gone very nearly to the end of our tether, for the present expenditure is very large. Our students are continually going forth to fill vacant pulpits; in fact, from the camp at the College a line of warriors never ceases to march forth. Friends, do not forget us in your prayers, for the work is a very responsible and anxious one. Who is sufficient for these things?

Mr. Gammon, of our College, has been accepted by the Baptist Mission for Turk's Island. Mr. Martin, who has long led the College as its secretary, has settled over the church which he has gathered in Erith, Kent. We believe that with God's blessing Mr. Martin has a life of great usefulness before him. Mr. A. E. Johnson has also accepted the pastorate of the church at Mount Zion, Swansea.

We need an assistant schoolmaster at the Orphanage. A young man who loves the Lord Jesus, and feels at home in teaching children, might here find a suitable sphere.

Our friend, Mr. Toller, at Waterbeech, Cambridgeshire, who always sets aside an acre of ground for the Orphanage, reports—"Wheat threshed; yield poor. Potatoes now being taken up, quality good, but crop light. All shall be sent in a day or two. This is a bad year, the worst I have ever known; next year may be the best." Mr. John Saunders has done the same as Mr. Toller, but we hope his crop is better. If we had an acre in every county the yield would probably be an average all round. Cambridgeshire is well represented, who will see to another county for next year? To support poor orphans is the business of all true Christians, and not ours alone. We trust that without needing to beg our treasury will not be suffered to fail.

The Collectors for the Orphanage are invited to meet Mr. Spurgeon to tea, at Stockwell, on Friday evening, October 22nd. Views of the Thames will be exhibited.

Friends in Berkshire and vicinity will please note that through the noble exertions of the friends of the orphans at Reading a grand bazaar will be held there, October 12th, 13th, and 14th. Mr. Spurgeon will open the bazaar at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, and preach on the Wednesday. Very earnestly do we thank those who have made the effort, and we trust the result will be such as to gratify them. Reading is the town which beyond every other, except perhaps Liverpool, has always helped the Stockwell Orphanage.

Our orphan boys would gladly give a Service of Song for the Orphanage in any London chapel which may be lent to us. This way of helping us would burden no one, and yet promote our object greatly. The season for such things is now beginning, and arrangements should now be made. Mr. Charlesworth also is ready to lecture for the same object any Tuesday evening, *and he can do it.*

August 20.—A most interesting meeting was held at the Tabernacle of the friends who work with Mr. William Olney, Junior, in Bermondsey. This earnest company of workers carry on missionary operations in a very destitute district with very remarkable success. Mr. William Olney, our beloved deacon, was present, but we regret to add that his health is not improved, and he is not fitted for any public service. O that the Lord would restore him to us. Meanwhile we rejoice that his son follows so diligently in his father's footsteps.

September 16.—Our beloved brother, Mr. Orsman, baptised at the Tabernacle twenty-one persons, whom the Lord has lately called by grace, out of the region of Golden Lane. These are only a part of a larger band who are yet to come. Our readers know something of this mission among the costermongers and the poorest of the poor. Glory be to God, it is not in vain.

Sept. 17.—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon presided at a meeting of the Tabernacle Evangelists' Society, and was delighted to hear of the zealous efforts of the brethren and sisters in street preaching and the holding of cottage meetings. Our people are alive, and the neighbourhood is made to hear the gospel of Jesus.

The meeting of the Baptist Union commences at Plymouth October 4th. The prayers of believers should ascend to heaven that the gatherings may be a great means of blessing to the denomination and the town.

Mr. Hampton's work among the blind goes on admirably in all aspects but the pecuniary one. The funds have run out, and we have had to make him an advance. Yet these poor blind people must have the gospel, we are persuaded it is the Lord's

will, and we are confident he will send the means for getting them together to hear the word.

The Colportage Association also drags somewhat heavily in money matters. The Lord has been very gracious to relieve us from all anxiety upon some parts of our work, but he somewhat tries us as to other portions of it. Nevertheless, we are sure he will not suffer his own work to want. God only knows what we have to do, and how tempted we are at times, but our faith is firm that he will not fail us nor forsake us.

"John Ploughman's Talk" has now reached to the surprising number of 230,000, *and still it goes.* John begs us to say that his Sheet Almanack for 1876 is almost ready.

Our usual Penny Illustrated Almanack will be issued in a few days.

Friends making wedding or birthday presents would find our "Interpreter" in its best dress a suitable gift. It would be a very plain suggestion to a newly married couple of the desirableness of having family prayer, and also a grand help to them in carrying it on.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: August 25th, 22; Sept. 2, 22. By Mr. W. J. Orsman: Sept. 16th, 21.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering, Kilmarnock	0	9	6
Romans viii. 28	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Martin	0	2	6
I. Innocent	0	1	0
Mr. Willson...	1	1	0
M. D.	0	15	0
Help	2	0	0
Two Friends in Ceylon	5	0	0
Mr. J. Morton	0	2	6
Barhampore	2	0	0
Miss Gough	1	0	0
Mrs. Forrest	1	0	0
Mr. J. Edwards	25	0	0
Sermon Reader, Wine Harbour, Nova Scotia	1	10	9
Mrs. Moore	1	0	0
A Widow, per Mrs. Barclay	1	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	1	10	0
A Sailor	7	0	0
A Country Friend	1	0	0
Mr. J. Scott	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Mr. T. Heath	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cook	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Dick	1	0	0
Mr. N. G. Read	0	5	0
Mrs. Hinton...	0	10	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. Goldston	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
E. D.	0	10	0
M. T.	0	10	0
Miss A. Harris	0	16	3
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Aug. 22	36	0	6
" " " " 29	33	14	0
" " " Sept. 5	38	1	6
" " " " 12	40	0	3
" " " " 19	20	11	1
	£237	9	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Miller	0	2	0
Mrs. Carruthers	5	0	0
Mrs. McGuffog	0	2	0
Rev. James Cavan...	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite	0	2	6
A. C.	2	0	0
A Thankoffering	0	5	0
W.	0	2	6
A. H. W.	0	2	6
Romans viii. 28	0	5	0
M. H. B.	1	0	0
Miss Fyfe	0	10	0
Mr. Willson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Baker	1	10	0
The Little Mahons	0	6	0
Janet Mortion	1	0	0
A. B. C. D.	0	7	6
Dickleborough Odd Fellows, Norwich Unity	0	5	0
J. W.	0	10	0
Help	2	0	0
Mr. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. J. Morton	0	2	6
Mr. S. P. Yates	1	0	0
Mr. J. Leeson	2	0	0
G. C. B.	0	5	0
Miss Gough	1	0	0
Agnes McCombie	1	0	0
In Memory of Willie	0	5	0
Lizzie and Nellie	2	2	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	2	10
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. Cole	1	0	0
Mrs. T.	0	10	0
Sermon Reader, Wine Harbour, Nova Scotia	0	10	0
Mrs. R. J. Rosewarne	1	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	1	10	0
Mr. D. Taylor	0	15	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Lofthouse	2	0	0
A Country Friend	1	0	0
A Yorkshireman	0	2	6
Mr. J. Scott	5	0	0
Mr. Swinburn	2	0	0
Miss Walbeau	5	0	0
Mudgekeewis	0	1	0
Weaver	0	1	5
Mrs. Tyrer	5	0	0
Mrs. Jennet Simpson	1	1	0
Mrs. Agnes Dick	1	0	0
Mr. J. Samuel	0	19	0
Emma Walcraft	0	5	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Graham	1	0	0
Infant Baptist Sunday School, per Mr. E. Burbidge	1	2	0
Mr. J. Patterson	0	10	0
Miss A. Benham	0	10	0
Mr. Benham	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, of Downs, Clapton, per Mr. Rickett	1	11	6
Mr. Goldston	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	2	0	0
Mrs. Davis	1	7	6
Mrs. Drayson	0	11	6
Annual Subscriptions— Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Mr. W. J. Palmer	2	2	0
Mr. Long	1	0	0
Mr. J. Withers	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1
	3	8	1
The Baroness de Rothschild	2	2	0
Mr. J. Lawrence, Senior	1	0	0
A Friend	0	13	0
Mr. Mattick, per Mr. Davies	0	6	6
The late D. Bourne	0	6	1
Master Blake	0	5	7
Miss Bingham	0	0	8
Miss Rodwell	0	1	9
E. D.	0	10	0
	£32	15	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth. Provisions:—Sundry Fruit, Mr. R. May, Mrs. Hill, Mr. Beeson, Mr. Bath, Mrs. Buckland, Mr. Mills, and Friends at Upton; 50 Stone of Flour, 70 Bushels Potatoes, Mr. James Foller; 60lbs. Gooseberry Jam, Mrs. Scorey.

Clothing, &c.:—Seven Pocket-handkerchiefs, Anon.; 50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 6 pairs Boys' Boots, J. Pearce; 3 Quilts, Mr. Davies.

Donations, &c.:—Mr. A. Clarke, £1; Proceeds of Sale, £1 1s; E. Ellis, 8s; Collected by Girls of Stockwell Practising School, per Miss Potter, 13s. 10d; 49 Coins in Orphanage Pillar Box, 11s 2d.—Total, £3 11 0.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Hawkhurst, per Mrs. Brine	10	0	0
Cloughfold	10	0	0
Ryde, per Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mrs. Dix, for Maldon	30	0	0
Mr. S. Spurgeon, for ditto	2	10	0
Ross, per Rev. W. H. Tetley	7	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. J. Beckley	5	0	0
Mr. J. Sands	10	0	0
Mr. G. Osborn	5	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas	3	0	0
A. S. W.	3	3	0
Sion Sunday School, Alnwick	0	4	7
A. L. K.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Robertson	0	4	9
W. S. W.	0	5	0
A Wellwisher	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	3	3	0
Mr. Chapman	1	1	0
E. B. T.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Edwards, for Croydon	1	0	0
M. D.	0	15	0
S. D. K.	0	2	6
Help	1	0	0
Miss Gough	1	0	0
Mrs. Legg	0	10	0
A Country Friend	1	0	0
Mr. J. Scott	5	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
	£118	6	4

Erratum.—Bedford District £10 in September number should be *Beeford*, near Hull.

Mr. Hampton's Mission to the Blind.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Cleft	1	0	0
Lancaster	1	0	0
Mr. Scivwright	1	5	0
A Country Friend	1	0	0
Mr. J. Scott	5	0	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	0	0
Mr. Hampton	1	4	0
	£11	9	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

In Court.

A SERMON BY MR. C. H. SPURGEON.

(Suggested by his being summoned to attend the police court as a witness.)

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."—Isaiah xliii. 10.

IT is some time since I have known what it is to be at leisure. One's time from morning to night is occupied in different departments of the Master's service, and it has been peculiarly troublesome to me during the last week to be compelled to spend many hours in a police court. While sitting on the bench my text has again and again occurred to me. "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

A great trial is going on, of which all worlds constitute the jury—a great trial between the powers of evil and the one perfect Lord of good. Slanders have been vented against the name and majesty of heaven, and plots have been invented with the intent to overthrow holiness and truth. The whole fraternity of hell have stirred up their malicious craftiness to defame the God of heaven and earth. We know which way the suit will be decided, for we know where the truth lies; but, lo, these many centuries the matter has been hanging in the balances. Sometimes it has seemed that truth had gained the day, but at other times the powers of evil have come to the front. This trial is still proceeding. Satan brings up his witnesses, ready enough to lie and to establish the teachings of the father of lies; and, on the other hand, the Lord brings up his witnesses to bear testimony for truth and righteousness. There are many in this place of whom the text speaketh.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." We are summoned in this great trial of the ages to stand forward as witnesses for God.

Very simply, indeed, let us talk of this matter.

At the outset we will take the simple assertion that WE ARE WITNESSES, and enquire what sort of witnesses we ought to be? I count it no small honour for the good Lord to call me as a witness in his case. Hence I, for one, am a willing witness. I need no subpœna to compel me to come forward and bear such witness as I can for the glory of his great name. Such of you as can cheerfully come forward for the Lord should attend to the duty of witnesses well. Let us see what are the main points of that duty.

First, *let us be present to witness, in our proper place, at the proper time.* I know some Christians who are of a very "retiring" disposition —I believe that is their favourite word. I fear truth would say they are cowardly, and hence they are silent when their witness should be borne. They are willing enough to bear testimony when thousands are doing the same, and they can shout "Hosanna" when all the streets are ringing with it; but not so many are prepared to witness for Christ when the hoarse cry of "Crucify him! crucify him!" is heard on every side. If we are witnesses for God we are bound to be witnesses to all that we know, but flesh and blood will suggest to us to be out of the way when unpopular truths are in question. Certain brethren find it convenient to insist upon quiet portions of the word of God, and not on truths which might cause them trouble and provoke discussion. That doctrine which is received already they will affirm, because all men agree with them, but the very portion of truth which most needs witnessing is shirked, and even looked down upon with disfavour. Let us be always in the way when there is a witness wanted to be browbeaten and abused because he states unpalatable truth. Never pick and choose in truth, or in your witness to it; or if you must make a choice, vindicate that truth most which is most despised. If you happen to be where men are blaspheming, witness against that blasphemy, calmly but firmly. If you dwell where error is taught, wait till you have a fair opportunity, and then stand up for Jesus. I do not say that you are to rush about like a knight-errant, fighting with everybody; but when there is a demand for a witness upon any point of truth, be you the man, and witness a good confession for Jesus your Lord.

Next, if we are witnesses for God, we should not only be in our place, but *we should be willing to speak up when the time comes.* No redeemed man must be in any degree an unwilling witness for his Lord. It is a pity when truth has to be extracted from us with as much difficulty as a decayed tooth. That is the best wine which flows most freely from the grape, and that is the best testimony which a man bears with cheerful spirit because he values the truth in his own soul, and would have others prize it too. The thought that our Lord Jesus was silent for us should prevent our ever being silent towards him. One word from his mouth in Pilate's hall would have broken the spell which bound him to death, but he would not speak it; and now, if one word from our lip would sign our death-warrant, if it be a word for truth and Christ, let us speak it, and joyfully accept the consequences

God's true children are never born dumb; therefore speak out like a true man. What thou knowest, tell. What God has taught thee, teach. What thou hast learned in the closet, proclaim on the housetop; and what was whispered in thine ear in communion with thy God, blaze it abroad before all men. Speak up, speak up for Jesus.

It is required of the Lord's witnesses that they speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Every witness in the court is sworn to do that, and every child of God is bound by the most solemn obligations to his Lord to do the same. Our God never requires a man to tell a lie for him. The Jesuits have held the theory that the end sanctifies the means; and so those—I was going to say diabolical—beings suppose they are glorifying God when they heap falsehoods pile on pile. One of the chief qualifications for a priest is to be able to tell a lie without the slightest sign of blushing; and I must give some of them credit for great proficiency in the art. Our Lord would not have us speak falsely for him, or even suppress the truth, to serve his cause. Occasions may sometimes arise when you feel—"Well, I don't know: my friend will be annoyed if I confess that truth. I will not exactly deny my belief in it, but I will depreciate it as a small matter of very slender importance." Thus you will do evil that good may come. Some say to themselves "I am in a false position, but had I not better remain in it, for it gives me great opportunities for usefulness. It is true I do not believe in the teaching of my church, but may I not still belong to it? Her catechism and ritual do not represent my views, and there are many persons of an opposite way of thinking who are very glad to use the very language which I profess to believe in, and express thereby the most abominable of dogmas: all this is deplorable, but had I not better put up with it and go on as I am?" My dear friend, I do not believe that God ever desires any of his people to occupy a position in which they cannot be strictly truthful; and I do not believe that he will justify them in retaining such a position. Whether I am useful or not is not one half so much my business as whether I am faithful and true. Equivocation and suppression of truth cannot serve the cause of God. You are to speak *the truth* for God. He does not want you in one syllable or word to speak anything but the truth. And you are to bring out *all the truth* as far as the Lord has taught it to you. Do not conceal anything on the ground of policy. At the same time do not exalt any one truth out of its fair proportion. If a man's portrait had to be drawn it would be a mistake to paint his nose and nothing else, or to make that organ so large that you could not see his eyes. Never distort truth. Some doctrines fill up the background of a picture, but were never meant to stand in the front; still, background, foreground, and every part must be truthful. My Lord will not call liars to witness for him, for they are detestable in his sight.

Remember, also, that *we must be personal witnesses.* A witness the other day got as far as, "And he says to me, says he"—but he was immediately stopped with the sharp rebuke that it was not evidence, and could not be listened to. In our courts of law we do not allow of second-hand evidence. "No," says the judge, "what did you see yourself, my good man? We want to know that." It is so with regard to

your witness for God. You must testify what you have seen and felt for yourselves. It is very easy to read biographies of good men, and then come forward and talk experience; but it is a very wicked thing to do. Let your experience be your own, and your testimony for God be what you have tasted and handled of his good word. There is a vast difference between second-hand spiritual, gossiping experience and the first-hand personal testing and trying of the promise and the word of God. You cannot tell what power you will have with children if you tell them how the Lord dealt with you when you were a child; and upon the unconverted, if you tell them what you have discovered of the folly of sinful pleasures, and the emptiness of the world. Nothing is more useful to a young convert than to tell him how *you* found the Saviour, and what the Saviour has been to you. In dealing with those who are doubting and desponding, your own trials and your own deliverances will be the most helpful subjects. Personal experience must furnish you with personal testimony, and this you must never withhold.

In the matter of witnesses there are great differences between one and another. Both witnesses may speak the truth, but you would far sooner believe one than the other, because of the previous character of the witness. Good lawyers do not count heads, but they weigh them, and if they have one man of known position and honesty, and he will assert such a thing, they scarcely need to support his evidence; whereas, half-a-dozen witnesses of rather a shady description will scarcely be able to prove a fact. *In witnessing for God the holier your character the better.* It does not do to say one thing with your mouth and another thing with your hand. Your witness for Jesus Christ in the school will be spoiled if at home there is no piety, if in business there is a want of honesty. If your character is doubtful, you will rather damage than help the good cause. The devil once wanted to be a witness for Christ; and some of us would have thought it would be a fine stroke of policy to put the devil into the box, and make him speak the truth; but the Lord Jesus Christ would not have it. He said, "Hold thy peace and come out of him." Truth did not want any assistance from the father of lies. I do not invite the ungodly man to be a witness for Jesus Christ. Unto the wicked God saith, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes?" Still, if you are a child of God, the weight of your evidence will be considerably lessened if your character be not pure. For your Lord's sake, then, I beseech you, watch your lives and walk according to his commands. Oh, never let it be said that Christ was wounded by us—by us for whom he died—by us who have leaned our heads upon his bosom. God grant that from first to last we may be mighty witnesses, because our character is known and read of all men. May the Holy Spirit, who sanctifieth us, help us in this matter.

One thing more. *Every witness should be ready to bear cross-examination.* Oh, how some Christians dislike this. Even as to joining a church, I frequently hear my brother ministers say that we should make the way into the church as easy as possible, that we should not question the "dear young friends," and a lot of rubbish of that kind. I, on the other hand, believe that if they cannot give a reason for the hope that is in them, it is time they should learn; and if they cannot face

their own Christian brethren and relate their experience, it is more their minister's fault than theirs. I am not going to gather together a horde of cowardly members, nor excuse any from declaring what the Lord has done for their souls. There are plenty of churches where young ladies and gentlemen are taken in because they write a very pretty little letter, and some friend hopes they are all right, and so they are received, and thus we are inundated with people who never speak for Christ, and tremble to call their souls their own. We have too much of this kid-gloved, lavender-watered religion, and for my part I would not care to march through the world with such a regiment of feather-bed soldiers. Give me the men who can bear persecution, who are ready to go into the streets and preach Christ at the corners, and are bold to speak a word for Jesus to anybody they shall meet. We need a race of heroes, of cowards we have plenty. Dear friends, we must bear to be cross-examined, for the world *will* cross-examine us with harsh words, sneers, insinuations, misrepresentations, and falsehoods. The more outspoken we are the more of running of the gauntlet we shall have to undergo; but we must be prepared for it. If our sires, not without blood, passed to their thrones, and we have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin, shall we speak of Christ with bated breath, or dastardly consent to hold our tongues? "I had as lief not be as live to be in awe of such a thing as I, myself." Is a Christian man to be afraid of man, and conceal his principles for fear he should be ridiculed? God forbid. Leave shame for those who have no religion, or have a religion which is of no value. Let us be true witnesses for Christ in life and death, worthy of the ancestors that went before us, and mindful of the eyes which rest upon us.

We will now change the strain, and dwell upon the fact that WE HAVE EVIDENCE TO GIVE. Let us enquire to what matters of fact we are able to bear witness?

Let us think a little. Supposing us all to be Christians, we cannot all bear witness to precisely the same facts, because there is a growth of experience; but yet there are some facts to which all of us who know the Lord can bear most positive testimony.

First, we can bear witness to many of the attributes of God, as for instance, that *he is true*. We find him stating in his Word that man is fallen—that his heart is deceitful. Is it so, brethren? What is your witness about yourselves? If you cannot speak of other people, how do you find it in yourselves? Truly I must bear painfully decided witness to the depravity of my heart! When I saw, or thought I saw, the evil of my nature, I was driven to despair by the sight, and though a sight of Jesus Christ has given me peace, yet I never can forget how vile my nature is. It only needs that God should withdraw his grace, and as the floods drowned all the world, so would the deeps of our depravity drown everything gracious within us. We know that God has spoken the truth there, because facts in our own case prove it. The Lord has promised that whoso believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall have eternal life. We have believed in Jesus Christ; have we found that new life has been bestowed upon us? Let us speak out. Are we conscious of possessing a heavenly life? If there is anything true in the world, we are sure that this is so. Grace has changed us. Eyes have

we with which we see the invisible, ears have we with which we hear the eternal. We have learned to realise the things not seen as yet, our faith is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." There is a spirit-life within us. We cannot describe it. We could not make another man who is unconscious of such a life know what it is; but that we have it is a certain fact, and we bear willing witness to it. There are some who ridicule religion altogether, and have ridiculed this fact among the rest; yet they have no right to do so. There are many of us who are as honest and trustworthy as other people, and almost as sensible. If we were to enter a witness-box our evidence would not be questioned: even those who ridicule us would believe us there, why do they not believe us now? Why they should think it proven that there is no such thing as a new life, because they have not felt it, I cannot see. Negative evidence is worthless in such a case. If we bear testimony that we have felt it, it is fair that they should accept the testimony, whether they personally know the truth of it or not. At any rate, let us be very, very plain about it, and say, "Yes, our God was true in what he said about our fallen state, and God is true in what he says about the renewal of the soul by the Holy Ghost through faith in Jesus Christ."

That God is true will also appear in his answering our prayers, his delivering us in time of trial, his fulfilling his promises, and in divers other ways. Whenever any of these occur to us let us stand forth as witnesses and say, "Surely the Lord is true."

We ought, also, to bear witness, beloved, to *the love of God*. We have an old proverb that everybody should speak as he finds. Speak of the Lord as you have found him. I am sure that this is more than I shall ever be able to do to my own satisfaction. My blessed God! Was there ever any like unto thee! If the gods of the heathen were gods, yet were they not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with our blessed God. What love he has lavished upon some of us! I doubt not that all of you who know the Lord will echo my words, but I must say that the Lord surprises me every day with his lovingkindness and his tender mercies. He melts me down by the fires of his grace. I cannot understand why he is so good to me. If he had only pardoned his rebellious child, and allowed him to be a scullion in the royal kitchen, I would have kissed his feet with gratitude; but, behold, he has said unto me "Thou art no more a servant, but a son, and if a son then an heir, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ." If he had only permitted me to have one glimpse of his love, so as to let my soul know that I was not utterly lost, I would have praised him to all eternity; instead of which, he has made all his goodness pass before me, and proclaimed his glorious name. As to his tenderness to me in providence, his goodness in chastening, his gentleness in restoring me, I am overwhelmed with it. Blessed be his name! You may have what master you like, but he is mine for ever; and you may worship what God you please, but I will have none but the Lord. You may praise up your beauties as you please, but my Beloved is altogether lovely.

Again, brethren, we can testify to our Lord's *wisdom*, can we not? We younger folk cannot do it so well as our elders; but my veteran friends here who are getting into their sixties and seventies delight us

when they speak of the wisdom of the Lord. You are living proofs that all the ways of the Lord are wise, for he has overruled all things for your good, and here you are to praise his name. By-and-by, when life's journey is more nearly over, we shall be able to tell to others yet more of that wisdom and prudence wherein the Lord has abounded towards us. For the present let us testify what we know.

Beloved friends, we can also bear witness to *the immutability of God.* Of course, our span of life is so little at the longest that we cannot bear much witness to the eternal unchangeableness of Jehovah. Still, take our five-and-twenty years of Christian experience ; or some of you can take your fifty, has there been any change in your God ? We are fickle as the winds that blow ; but there certainly has been no change in him. He loved us, and he loves us still ; he forgave us, and he forgives us still ; he chastened us, and he chasteneth us still ; but he sustained us, and he sustains us still.

"Immutable his will;
Tho' dark may be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same.
My soul thro' many changes goes,
His love no variation knows."

We have proved this by actual trial. Perhaps in the time of trouble we thought that his love was failing us ; but in looking back we confess how wrong we were. There was as much love in the Lord's chastenings as in his caresses, we were as much loved when we were hiding under the shadow of his wings as when we were revelling in the light of his countenance. Blessed be his name, he changes not.

Now, brethren, besides the things which have a manifest respect to God, in which we are witnesses to the character of the Most High, there are other facts to which we testify, and one is this : we can witness to *the power of prayer.* As I uttered that last word, my eye caught the glance of a sister below me whom I will not indicate. She and I know how we wrestled together in prayer for a certain sick daughter, and how the Lord heard us, so that I rose from my knees and said to her, "Go your way : you will find your daughter recovering when you reach the house." She knows that she found it so, and how, since then, in many other ways, God has heard her prayers. I speak to some with whom prayer is an every-day matter ; a commerce with God which they do not carry on at certain seasons, but all the year round ; and, if you do that, answers to prayer become so usual that you forget a large proportion of them, and only the more singular abide upon your memory. If a man tells me that God does not hear prayer, I laugh in his face. He might as well tell me that the sun does not shine, or that twice two do not make four. God hears prayer every day, and every hour of the day, and I know it, and a man might sooner beat me out of the belief that I exist than out of this knowledge that God listens to my requests. Upon this point I do not stand alone, for there are thousands who will unite in declaring "Verily there is a God that heareth prayer." When I hear brethren say how wonderful it is that God has heard prayer, I think it far more wonderful that they should talk so, for surely it is not surprising that God should keep his word. No, these are the common

places of genuine Christianity—a prayer-giving God working in the heart, and a prayer-answering God working both in providence and in grace. Brethren, never be slow to bear your testimony to a prayer-hearing God.

We are also quite clear upon *the efficacy of the gospel*. Where the gospel is truly preached there will be results; and where the gospel is believed it is the power of God unto salvation. Some here present are witnesses to that. You have taught a class in the school, and you have seen the boys or girls converted to God. There are brethren in connection with this church who have evangelised the lowest parts of London, and they have seen those regions abound in precious fruit unto God. Others have introduced the gospel to the utterly fallen, and they have seen them reclaimed. The manhood which appeared extinct has become bright; the womanhood which seemed to be crushed out has shone like a precious jewel. God's gospel has done wonders. It is not remarkable that a minister gets sceptical if he never sees conversions. The proof of the gospel lies in what it does. If it does not save men from sinning, if it does not lift up the fallen, if it does not give light and joy to the despairing, then, surely, it lacks the evidences of its divine mission; for even Jesus Christ himself gave to his own mission this as the proof—"The deaf hear, the blind see, the lepers are cleansed, the poor have the gospel preached to them." If these things be not true now, we may doubt whether the gospel which we preach be the gospel of Jesus Christ. But we can bear witness—and, oh, how joyfully we do it!—that the gospel has not lost its power.

Another point, as God's witness, we can speak to is *the sweetness of near communion with himself*—a theme upon which I hardly dare to trust my wandering tongue. Oh, brethren, there is nothing like the joy which comes of high fellowship with God. Mr. Aitken told us the other afternoon that he would give us a recipe for being miserable; I think his words were—"Be half-and-half Christians." He said, "If you are a worldling you will get some sort of pleasure: you will get the painted bubble, though it will soon burst, but you *will* get that; and if you are a genuine, thorough-going Christian you will get the joy of the Lord; but if you are a sort of neither-this-nor-the-other you will get nothing." Have you never seen little boys, when they go to bathe in the morning, stand up to their knees shivering? Of course they shiver. The way to get warm is to plunge in head first. Some professors stand in very shallow water, and they shiver and cry—

> "'Tis a point I long to know,
> Oft it causes anxious thought"—

and so on. Oh, my brother, give yourself up wholly to Christ, and the joy of the Lord will be yours as it is ours. These are some of the things we can speak of.

Very briefly, in the third place. When a witness is called for one side he is against the other side: so we also must remember that OUR EVIDENCE CONDEMNS THE OTHER SIDE.

We are witnesses *against sin*. Sin comes with a painted face like Jezebel; but we witness that she is a destroyer and must die. The

pleasures of sin are but a masquerade of misery. Happy they who never drink of the cup which this siren presents. My God, grant that none of our young friends may try the pleasures of vice, for they are as deadly hemlock. Those who have been converted in later life bear very sorrowful witness that sin is misery, and that the wages of sin is death.

We bear witness also *against self.* Many say with the proverb, "Self is the man"—self will save—self is righteous; but our witness is that self has no strength to perform his own resolutions, that self is a ragged beggar when he thinks himself a king—that self is emptiness and vanity, deceit and death. We bear that witness now, and we always shall have to bear it.

We bear our witness *against unbelief.* Is there any Christian here who has ever gained anything by being unbelieving? Has any child of God ever escaped from trouble by mistrusting the faithfulness of the Lord? No; we have been losers all round by our unbelief, but never gainers. Unbelief is a sorry cheat. Mr. Bunyan says that Incredulity was taken and condemned to be hanged, but he very rightly says that he broke out of prison, "for he was a nimble-jack." The only part of "Pilgrim's Progress" that I felt inclined to find fault with was where Mr. Greatheart cut Giant Despair's head off, for to my knowledge he is still alive. But Bunyan sets that right by saying in his rhyme—

> "Sin can rebuild his castle, make't remain,
> And make Despair, the giant, live again."

Oh, that wretched unbelief. Brethren, let your witness against it be clear and distinct.

Moreover, we bear testimony *against Satan,* whom we know to be a deceiver, a liar, and a murderer. Evil is never good, nor dare we give place to it in order to turn it to useful ends. We must resist the evil one, steadfast in the faith, and ever witness that he is the deadly foe of the soul, whatever disguise he may assume.

In closing, let me say that there are times when our witness is peculiarly valuable. Do you ask—and when is that? I reply, Your witness will be precious when others are sinfully silent. If you live in a place where there are few earnest Christians, and error abounds, be faithful, my brother. Your light is needed where lamps are few. You need not find fault with others, for that will not help the matter. If the place is dark, shine the more, if error prevails hold forth the truth. There is no argument against error equal to truth, advocated, delighted in, and practised. Testimony becomes more precious as it becomes more scarce. You might have held your tongue, perhaps, had advocates been plentiful; but now that they are so few be doubly earnest, like your divine Lord, to bear witness to the truth.

Witnesses become valuable, again, in times of persecution. Have you been made to suffer for Christ's sake? Brother, be glad, for "so persecuted they the prophets that were before you." If you can be patient, if you can bear ridicule without resentment, if, being reviled, you do not revile again, you have a grand opportunity. The world looks on a man under scoffing and ridicule to observe how he behaves; and if he conducts himself like a Christian it feels his power, and respects his

consistency. Give way a little, and you will have to give way more, and be despised; but adherence to principle commands respect. Put your foot down; stand firmly where God would have you stand, and your testimony will gather value from the very ridicule which is poured upon it.

My brethren and sisters, your testimony will be none the less valuable because you are poor. Nothing does the gospel more honour than the godly lives of humble Christians. It honours the gospel when a man both wears a coronet and prays, but how few have done so! The poor man who is happy, contented, thankful, and trustful is one of God's nobility, and the church of God honours him. We rejoice to see such men standing in the witness-box to declare the lovingkindness of the Lord.

Testimony becomes all the weightier as we grow older. People pay more attention to the words of experienced men; it is natural and right that they should do so. As years creep upon us, we ought to be all the more earnest that our testimony for God should be clear, solid, and frequent. An aged Christian who has little or nothing to say for his Master is a sad drawback to young beginners. I very greatly deprecate the example of some who have been long professors, but who still remain babes in Christ, if they be in Christ at all. It is a great pity to see the head white with the sunlight of heaven, and yet so little of heaven in the daily conversation. Rise up, ye grave and reverend sires, and declare the faithfulness of our God.

Very choice, too, are the testimonies of the sick. It is a great trial when those whom we love are continually suffering, we wish we could bear their pains awhile and give them respite: yet no greater blessing can come to a man's house than an afflicted child of God. The tried ones go so deep, they speak so sincerely and so touchingly. There is no nonsense about their religion. Racking pain very soon drives away illusions; and pretences and shams do not stand before the solemn reality of continued sickness. Witnesses in the furnace of affliction are powerful indeed. We hear no songs in the night till breasts are pierced with the thorn. If there were not some who, like the Arab divers, plunge deep into the depths of sorrow, we should have fewer pearls; but there are such, and their testimonies are precious. When your turn and mine come to go upstairs awhile, and preach from our beds, God grant that we may deliver gracious sermons.

Lastly, there is something peculiarly valuable about the testimony of the dying saint. The Lord might well say to these, "Ye are my witnesses." Some of us remember testimonies that we were privileged to gather up from dying men's lips, and they have been great strengtheners to our faith. I remember a brother who used to walk out to preach in the villages, a man of very little talent, but with a great heart. I hardly know any word of witness more powerful than the utterances of his last hours. He was blinded by disease, and when he heard a friend's voice he addressed him thus—

> "And when ye see my eyestrings break,
> How sweet my minutes roll!
> A mortal paleness on my cheek,
> But glory in my soul."

His tones of joy added deep solemnity to his words.

Oh, those sweet testimonies of the dying, how we store them up! Children talk of Jesus in their last hours as wisely as old men. Mothers and fathers leave witnesses behind them precious as gems. But I refrain: you and I will go soon; may grace enable us to expire with a glad witness on our tongues.

Alas, I recollect as I finish that some of you are not witnesses for God, for you know nothing about him. Remember, if you are not witnesses for God, you will be prisoners at his bar; and you must either occupy the witness-box for God, or else take the prisoner's place, to be tried, cast, and found guilty. Oh, sinners, I wish you would try our God, whose witnesses we are. If we had found him untrue, we would tell you. If we had found that Christ could not save, we would tell you. If we had found that God could not pardon, we would tell you. If religion made us miserable, we would tell you, or you would find it out. If God could not be trusted in providence, and did not hear prayer, we would tell you, for we hope we would not maintain a lie. But we have no such disclosures to make; we bear our willing testimony for God. Remember, it is written, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." Go and test the veracity of that promise, and God bless you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Mite or Spirit—Which?

A WITTY writer, in describing a thoroughly business man, says, "He knows the world as a mite knows cheese. The mite is born in cheese, lives in cheese, beholds cheese. If he thinks at all, his thoughts (which of course are *miley* thoughts) are of cheese. The cheese press, curds, and whey, the frothy pail, the milkmaid, cow, and pasture, enter not the mite's imagination at all. If any one were to ask him, 'Why cheese?' he would certainly answer, '*Because* cheese;' and when he is eaten by mistake, he tastes so thoroughly of the cheese that the event remains unnoticed, and his infinitesimal identity becomes absorbed in the general digestion of caseine matter, without comment of consumer."

Truly this is a photograph of the mere worldling; he is of the earth earthy, he feeds upon earth like the serpent who was doomed to have dust for his meat, he accumulates earth, he adds field to field, he thinks and dreams of the earth, and when he dies, though his body is buried in earth, his all is gone because he is removed from the only sphere of his joys. We must not expect wise judgments from him as to heavenly things, for they are far above and out of his sight. Is he an infidel, or a philosopher of the Tyndall school, we need not wonder, what more can he be? Alas, poor mite! What can he know beyond his cheese?

How different is the regenerate man! He lives with a heavenly life, and his conversation is in heaven. He has borne the image of the earthy, but the image of the heavenly is now stamped upon him. His nature grows into the character of his spiritual meat, and his thoughts, desires, and aspirations are for the things eternal and divine. His whole mind is seasoned and flavoured by that Holy Spirit which dwells in him, and is preparing him to dwell for ever above. Reader, which are you, the earth-worm, or the new-born spirit? Search well your heart and see.

Testimonial to Mr. W. Olney.

THE history of the Olney family forms an interesting chapter in the records of the church at the Tabernacle. Mr. Thomas Olney, senior, was one of our earliest and truest friends, and was spared to us until the Tabernacle had been erected, and the institutions of it set in going order. He was always ready to render the moral and material aid at his command, and, in a thousand ways, proved himself a deacon worthy of the name; indeed he was a deacon of deacons, as evidently made for it as Moses was made to lead the children of Israel. He was universally beloved and esteemed, and Father Olney's name is still a household word among us. Out of his four sons, all members of the Tabernacle, one has suddenly fallen asleep since we commenced this month's magazine. He was a warm friend of the Lord's cause, and was about to have become deacon of the new chapel at Balham. The surviving members of the family have been true and devoted, like their father, and Mr. Thomas is the treasurer of the church, but Mr. William has been the most prominent in spiritual work. At the time we undertook the pastorate he had been a member of the church for twenty years, and had proved his worth in connection with the various offices he had filled, but we believe that the last twenty-two years have outstripped their predecessors.

His piety being of the most pronounced and ardent type, he has been the pastor's right-hand man in all things pertaining to the spiritual work of the church. He has a passion for souls, and when warm in the work of addressing them, he is one of the most fluent speakers we have ever met with. In the conduct of evangelistic services and prayer meetings he has displayed an ability which, had he entered the ministry, would have placed him in the foremost rank of successful pastors. During the pastor's absences on the Continent, he has worked with double energy, and many have been gathered into the church by special services. Other officers of the church toil for it with great self-sacrifice, and deserve our warmest love, but the peculiar gifts of this brother have made him one by himself. Few men are more widely known or more justly esteemed. The students of the College have found in him one of their truest friends, and, when settled in their various spheres, they have been only too glad to secure his services as chairman or preacher. For some years past he has been impatient of the restraints of business, and has longed to be set free, to devote his whole time and talents to the Master's cause, but the way was not quite clear. A painful and distressing disease, alas! betrayed itself some months ago, and for the present his more public labours are suspended, and the chamber of affliction has become his place for glorifying God. The Lord has the sovereign disposal of his servants, and he doeth all things well, else we should be utterly cast down by this most grievous loss. As it is, we pray that it may long be postponed. Should our beloved brother be called away after his forty years' service he will leave a blank which few can fill, but the record of his life-work will form a history for which the church will be abundantly grateful.

It was most appropriate that the church should desire an opportunity

for presenting him with a testimonial expressive of their love and esteem, and should be glad to record their indebtedness to his life and labours. An address, beautifully engrossed and framed and glazed, was presented on Monday, September 27th, at a large meeting of the church and congregation, and is worded as follows:—

To our beloved brother, WILLIAM OLNEY, Senior Deacon of the Church worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Dear Friend,—We have all of us thanked God for many years for the gifts and graces with which he has seen fit to endow you, and for that spirit of love and burning zeal for which you have been distinguished. We are all sensible of the debt of gratitude which we owe to the Great Head of the church for raising you up among us, to be the friend and helper of us all, from the pastor to the youngest member. We all love you heartily and esteem you very highly for your works' sake. Therefore we have watched with deepest sorrow your declining health and severe afflictions, and we have not ceased to pray for your complete restoration to health, if the Lord will.

We have groaned in spirit at the very thought of your being taken from us, and viewed your sickness as a chastisement upon us all. We have not failed to see that your illness has by no means damped your ardour, but has been sanctified to the maturing of your piety; and for this very reason we are the more solicitous that you may recover strength.

Dear Brother, your partial recovery has filled us all with hopeful joy, and we have made it the opportunity for presenting you with this token of our pure and fervent affection. You are very precious to us, for we see the spirit of your Master in you, and we long to have you among us for many years to come. Long may it be ere our Lord and Master will say to you, as he will do, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Peace be to you and to your beloved household, to which the church has so many ties. May you live to a green old age, as your honoured father did before you, and, with your beloved brothers, see the good of Zion all your days. In the name of our Lord Jesus we wish you every blessing.

Signed on behalf of the whole church at our meeting,

PASTORS.

C. H. Spurgeon. J. A. Spurgeon.

DEACONS.

William Higgs.	Joseph Passmore.	W. C. Murrell.
T. R. Phillips.	Th. H. Olney.	William Mills.

ELDERS.

John Ward.	Wm. Payne.	Thos. E. Davis.
George Court.	G. J. Marshall.	A. Nisbet.
W. Perkins.	George Croker.	Wm. Bowker.
H. White.	John Pope.	P. Hellier.

August, 1875.

In presenting the testimonial the Pastor paid a hearty tribute to the value of his beloved friend and coadjutor, but he felt that he dared not attempt to express a thousandth part of what he felt.

When Mr. Olney rose to reply many in the audience were moved to tears. The scene was most impressive, and will not soon be forgotten. The stillness was solemn in the extreme as he proceeded to speak in tremulous tones. Had he come from the other world to deliver a last message to the people among whom he had lived and laboured, it could not have been more effective. His reply was as follows:—

I most cordially accept your very handsome present with great gratitude, and warm and earnest thanks. It is all the more welcome to me as it comes as a testimonial of your Christian love and affection, and not in any measure as a matter of merit or reward. In the latter sense it would have been incongruous and out of place, as my forty years' connection with this church has left me every year deeper and deeper in debt to the church—in fact, under obligations which I shall never be able to repay.

The day of my baptism and joining the church was truly the happiest and best day of my life, and here I have found ever since then my choicest companions and dearest friends. In your worship and service I have spent the happiest hours of my life. Here I have learned the most important lessons which have been taught me from my youth up, and in the service of this church I have found the noblest sphere of Christian work, and have frequently been brought into such close fellowship with another world that heaven has begun on earth, and my soul has been filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

In giving myself to the church at fifteen years of age, I was enabled to do so fully, and became at once from that time a regular attendant on the Sabbath and week-day services, which I have never ceased to attend regularly from that time till now. To this I owe much of the joy and peace I have had in the service of the Lord, and I feel confident there is no means of sanctification and growth in grace so effectual as an earnest interest in the welfare of the church to which you belong, and a regular attendance at all its services. The week-day services have frequently been blessed to my soul's good, even more than I realised on the Sabbath-day, and there is nothing I more strongly recommend to the younger members of this church than a regular attendance at the prayer-meetings and week-evening lectures. My first post of service for the church was in its Sabbath-school, and there I laboured for twenty years as teacher, secretary, and superintendent; afterwards I worked for the Lord in leading the singing at the week-evening services, and since then in the distribution of tracts, the visitation of the sick, addressing the different classes, and in attending to the duties of elder and deacon.

It has been my privilege to secure the esteem of the five successive pastors who have presided over the church during my membership, though to none of them have I been so indebted as to our present honoured and beloved pastor, whose ministry has been to me, as to many hundreds of thousands, a constant source of instruction and joy. I might say much more, but I feel in the present state of my health it is not advisable. I will therefore close by again thanking you for the testimonial you have given me, by expressing the earnest wish that this church may greatly prosper in every respect. Peace be with you, brethren. "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

When he had concluded the reading he added a few words expressive of the peace he had enjoyed during his most painful affliction. Not for one moment had his confidence in God been shaken, nor had a single cloud eclipsed the face of his Saviour; then, with an emphasis which only such circumstances could impart, he urged the unconverted to seek the Lord. A wave of emotion broke over the entire audience, and every soul was thrilled. In the closing hymn the congregation sang of the confidence which had been expressed by the beloved friend whom they had met to honour and commend to the grace of God.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er shadowed,
Sweetly his soul shall rest."

In the death of Mrs. Bartlett and the illness of Mr. W. Olney the

church and its pastors have sustained two of the heaviest losses which could possibly have happened to them, but the divine Head of the Church will no doubt overrule all for good, and out of our midst there will arise others who will bear the ark of the Lord. After two-and-twenty years of the Lord's abounding lovingkindness, it would be shameful to doubt him, and therefore we are not afraid. Still there is grave cause for constant prayer, and we ask it of all our friends.

Conclusion of our Visit to the Wiltshire Colporteur.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

DURING one of our excursions we passed through the village of Horningsham on the Longleat estate, and famous on account of containing a great ecclesiastical curiosity—the oldest Nonconformist chapel in England. The sanctuary is certainly a very quaint structure, its stout walls having resisted the decaying influences of three centuries. The inscription over the entrance points to the year 1566, and though the interior has been improved or made more commodious, there can be no doubt that the building is identical with the one reared by the Presbyterians in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The origin of the church is easily explained; for it is reasonably supposed that the chapel was provided for the accommodation of the Scotch artizans who were brought into the west to assist in the erection of Longleat Hall, and who, being of the school of Knox, were unable to join in the Episcopal worship. In the first instance it is not likely that there was any regular pastor, or any preaching beyond exhortation; but, with men fresh from the battle-ground of the Northern Reformation, exhortation was no tame form. Before possessing a home of their own, these hardy Protestants so far avoided "the steeple-houses" of prelacy that they worshipped in the wood near "Heaven's-gate," at length procuring from Sir John Thynne a convenient site for a building, a site which has been leased to the Nonconformists ever since, but subject to the wise restriction that the picturesque old house shall not be "improved" away, nor have its thatch substituted by tiles or slates. The church established under these interesting circumstances continued to flourish until the times of trouble engendered by the civil wars and the tyranny of Laud, when the district of the Westbury White Horse aided in swelling the train of the pilgrim fathers, who called their settlement in the New World Warminster, in fond remembrance of former days. During the reign of Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, and Queen Anne, the pastor was Dr. Cotton, a celebrated physician at Warminster, who preached with great acceptance for forty years. A successor of this good man was Libbeus Driver, of whom Mr. Gunn told some interesting things at the tricentenary festival nine years ago, *e. g.*—

A complaint was presented by the incumbent of the parish of Horningsham to the Earl of Weymouth, when he returned to his mansion from his official

duties as Secretary of State to George the Third, against Mr. Driver, for drawing some of the people away from the parish church to the Meeting, and the complaint was accompanied by a hint for Mr. Driver's ejection. Inquiry was promised, and on being made, the steward justified his retaining such a tenant by the reformation produced in some of the worst characters and most troublesome poachers in the village. Finding in the course of his survey of his property that this account of the real good being done was confirmed, the earl determined on continuing a peaceful and worthy Christian man in his work of turning tares into wheat, weeds into flowers, and a wild plot of ferns and briars into a nursery of plants for the garden of the Lord. For extending the shield of his protection over a humble and pious man he could point to the motto on his family arms, "*J'ai bonne cause.*" In accordance with his decision he directed his steward to prepare a renewal of the lease of the meeting, with the addition of the house and garden adjoining for Mr. Driver's residence. An order for the village pastor to attend at the house was obeyed, when he was affably received by the earl, who had lunch provided, and said, "I suppose, Driver, you say grace when you dine." "Yes, my Lord," he replied, "I desire to acknowledge the divine goodness." "Well, then, say grace now;" when a blessing was implored both on the food and on the noble host. A satisfactory conversation followed, at the close of which the earl called for the deed, signed it, and presented it with a donation, adding, "Go on, Driver, as you have done; do all the good you can, and no one shall drive you out of the parish." Thus was usefulness defended and encouraged by noble deeds, which ennoble the doer beyond the honour of his subsequent elevation to the marquisate by George the Third, on his visit to Longleat in 1789.

Libbeus Driver was a faithful shepherd in the treacherous, slothful times of the eighteenth century, and, after a faithful ministry through forty years, he died in 1782. Several other useful men laboured at Horningsham, and in 1866 a festival was held to commemorate the struggles and triumphs of three centuries. The building is a quaint ornament by the roadside, as an architectural curiosity; but the thatch is a fruitful source of trouble to the present occupiers. One can never forget the expressive look of the good pastor now in possession when he referred to this standing grievance. Though it may be picturesque to passing tourists who know nothing about it, thatch does not wear like tiles, and when the straw needs reparation, the expense ruins the slender exchequer. Yes, Horningsham has many illustrious memories, and, if the marquess would only yield in the matter of the thatch, Nonconformity in the village would have a tolerably fair time. As regards ourselves, we felt that we were standing on hallowed ground. Planted in the Reformation era, the old place retains its youthful strength for good, joined to the best attributes of old age.

As we pass on our way we are enabled to gather many reminiscences directly associated with the neighbourhood, and two of these may be given before we proceed to describe Samuel King's Sabbath-day labours.

While it is unadvisable, because likely to result in failure, to copy the eccentricities of good men, it were folly to deny that eccentric methods of doing noble things have been blessed in numberless instances. Many years ago a certain young gentlemen's school situated on the borders of Salisbury Plain was conducted by a quaint old gentleman whose tastes and bearing were entirely puritanical. One peculiar custom which he never failed to observe was that of praying for and with his boys before they left for home at the half-yearly vacations. On one

occasion a father called to take away a couple of scholars, and by some inadvertence the party were left unobserved by the tutor, and were already some hundreds of yards away before the tutor knew of their departure. Perceiving what had occurred, however, the old man darted after the carriage, his long white locks floating in the air, and on coming within earshot, he called out, "Hi! hi! you must come back! You must come back! You've gone off without prayer! You *must* come back!" Stopping the horse, the astonished parent, in mere politeness, did as he was desired and went back to the house. The best part of the story is that the prayer was made instrumental in the conversion of all three of the party.

Another narrative relates to the trials of the Dissenters in past years. Near Crockerton there lived a certain poor woman who, on being converted and desiring to join the church, found her heaviest cross in a dreadfully profligate husband, who declared he would murder his wife if she dared to be baptised and to cast in her lot with the gospellers. On the Saturday evening preceding the Sabbath that the ordinance was to be administered the man placed a carving-knife beneath his pillow, for the avowed purpose of cutting the woman's throat should she persevere in her purpose on the morrow. Not knowing how she should be able to proceed, but yet determined to go on, the woman retired to rest with some misgivings, though in the morning her husband slept soundly and was thus unconscious of what was going on. The woman rose, left the house, and while walking towards the chapel she sang joyfully, resolving to trust in that faithful God who never fails those who place their confidence in him. She was baptised according to her desire, and after experiencing a very happy and profitable Sabbath, her neighbours, remembering the ferocious character of the husband, wished to accompany the convert to her home. "No," said she, not wishing to inconvenience others, "Let me go alone." Accordingly she went home unattended, believing that all would be ordered aright, and praying for a change in her husband's heart and life. On reaching the cottage she had left but a few hours previously under such trying circumstances the devoted wife was not disappointed in her hopes, though the spectacle she beheld was a strange one. The threatening savage of the night before was melted down, and sat bewailing his folly with tears. Soon the arrow of conviction was followed by pardon and peace.

To return to Mr. Samuel King, the colporteur, we were surprised to find that he voluntarily undertakes the duties of an extensive pastorate in connection with those of his every-day calling. He preaches on week nights and Sundays, presides at the Lord's Supper, addresses different Sabbath-schools, and attends funerals, apparently insensible to wear and tear, and in consequence of plenty of practice knowing nothing of "minister's sore throat." During the year which ended on May Day of the present year he preached one hundred and ninety-eight times, presided at the Lord's Table twenty-one times, spoke a number of times at Sunday-schools and tea festivals, attended seven funerals, united three couples in marriage, and baptised seventeen. Samuel says that he looks back on that year with joy, and he has the more reason for doing so because signs of greater things to come are not wanting in

the villages. It appears to be his special delight to bring the young into the fold, but he is frequently found conversing with staid Christians and building them up in the faith. Sitting on one occasion with a very aged deacon of the church at Chapmanslade, Samuel enquired, "My dear old friend, do you ever get an attack from the enemy, in your state of weakness and loneliness?" "Stop! stop a bit, don't I though!" cried the old man, "sins committed twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, even sixty years ago come before me on the bed." The pilgrim did not expect to be out of reach of the enemy's arrows until he had crossed the river and landed in Canaan.

Having seen what we did of Samuel's operations, and being especially pleased with the manner in which he has won the confidence of all classes, we supposed our survey was finished and that our pleasure trip was over. We were sitting at the breakfast table speaking of the enjoyment we had experienced, when our kind host, Mr. Hardick, remarked that our researches would not be complete unless we witnessed the baptism of a number of candidates at Whitburne on the following morning, which was Sunday, and therefore we resolved to stay, for the purpose of witnessing what Samuel calls one of his "high days."

It was arranged that the baptism should take place in the open air, and in an artificial baptistery cut in the turf of the chapel yard. The entire surroundings of this retired spot imparted additional interest to the spectacle, at least they did so to a townsman unaccustomed to rural scenes. The village is not only highly favoured by nature, but the love of horticulture shown by the peasantry gives additional charms to its winding lanes. The chapel, with its schoolroom in the rear, occupies ground which was formerly a garden, and the "tall ancestral" firs stand round like guardian watchers. About a century ago the Nonconformists commenced service in a cottage hard by, when it was the custom for those who had heard a sermon in the former part of the day at Horningsham to recite what they could remember of the preacher's words. In course of time the present neat chapel was provided, and Samuel King is now one of the regular "supplies."

The scene is both pleasing and striking, the young people showing that fresh, healthy appearance never observed in a London crowd, and the autumnal faces of their elders carrying many a sunny smile of holy joy. While the trees of the little grave-yard wave gracefully in the summer breeze, nature on all sides seems to have assumed her Sabbath dress, and to be rejoicing with her animate creatures. All sounds of industry have given place to a calm in unison with the day and the occasion. The bracing air of Salisbury Plain comes fresh across the hills; the songs of birds above our heads mingle with the voices of children in the school who are singing their morning hymn. The little chapel yard of Whitburne was in very truth to us God's acre.

The morning service is full of heart, and is conducted much after the usual manner of Dissenters, till, after sermon, another hymn is sung, and the entire congregation leaves the chapel to occupy the space around the baptistery in the adjoining grounds. They form a ring around the water, and the young, of whom there are a large number, as well as their elders, appear to be deeply impressed with the scene. One young man was heard to remark that the ordinance was a very joyful

ordinance, and he thought it was a pity that Christians could not taste of its pleasures more than once. Meanwhile a good brother gives out "the 422nd hem, common meter," which is sung with much animation, and when this is finished all preliminaries are concluded.

At a Baptist meeting-house situated not far from this secluded Whitburne, and where the ordinance was also administered in the open air, there flourished in the days of "the Old Dissent" an elderly gentleman who never felt quite satisfied either with himself or other people, unless he took some share in the business of the day. As his services were never urgently in demand, no office being specially allotted to him, the old man derived some satisfaction, and afforded spectators some amusement, by standing at the vestry door until all things were ready, when in herald-like fashion he would stride forth to announce with an official air, "Frens, the candidates is comin'!" We have no ceremony of this kind at Whitburne. The seven young persons who are to be immersed take their places by the water side looking very happy and free from excitement. The perfect quiet strikes one as being very remarkable when it is considered that about three hundred persons are on the ground. The majority appear to properly appreciate the solemnity of the occasion, and Samuel himself is moved almost to tears. In his prayer he thanks God for allowing them once more to assemble at that liquid tomb. He asks that the Lord's presence may be with them in the water, and that the young men and maidens now about to be buried with the Lord may rise again in him, and may henceforth keep their eye on Christ as on their guiding star. In his address to the spectators Samuel pictures Jesus coming to the Baptist on the banks of the Jordan. The duty of believers' baptism is proved and urged upon believers. Many tender questions are broached. Some of the candidates are motherless, and it is thought possible that the departed may from their seats in glory be looking down approvingly on the scene; this reflection went to the hearts of many. Even more affecting were the prayers of the fathers whose children were there and then confessing Christ.

Before baptising the young people, Samuel had a good word for each, which they will doubtless carry with them through life. "O, my dear sister, you are the joy of your father's heart this morning," he said to the first. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," was a portion for the second; while "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels," was the motto given to the third. Two of the young men addressed the crowd before entering the water. One of these had been a fast liver and a ridiculer of sacred things; but now all was changed, and he wished to be regarded as a miracle of grace. "You all know what *I* was!" he cried with a solemn emphasis which might well send a thrill of astonishment through the assembly, and which it is hoped may also have awakened some to a sense of their danger, so that they in turn may find the appointed way of escape from the wrath to come.

Thus ended this village baptism, which, as an illustration of the Sabbath-day or pastoral work of Samuel King, the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteur, may, perhaps, prove acceptable to our readers, irrespective of any denominational bias. Many of the Wiltshire churches, though meeting in really good chapels, have no pastors; they

are too poor to maintain a settled ministry, so that, were it not for such volunteer preachers as our indefatigable colporteur, the sheep would probably be scattered, and the old landmarks removed in many a rural district.

The Friend of the Poor in Golden Lane.

GOLDEN Lane is a name familiar to thousands of people, not so much on account of its ancient classic associations as of its mission to the costermongers founded some years ago by Mr. W. J. Orsman. This chosen home of costerdom was selected by the amateur missionary as the base of evangelistic operation at a time when he had little notion about the extent to which his work would grow, nor of the strong bonds of affection which would unite him to the poor people. Why Golden Lane was chosen in preference to any other site, perhaps even Mr. Orsman himself could not explain, further than that he was providentially directed thither as to one of the most destitute districts of the metropolis. We may be excused for regarding with peculiar affection this poor man's church and its devoted pastor, because both are in a manner connected with the church at the Tabernacle.

As one of the tried friends of the poor man in London, the personal history of William James Orsman is interesting. He was born at Cambridge, August 13, 1838, and was educated at the Grammar School in that favoured university town. Soon after leaving school he obtained a government appointment in connection with the commissariat department of the army, and while serving in this office at the seat of war in the Crimea he was frequently brought into direct association with Miss Florence Nightingale. At the conclusion of the campaign, in 1856, Mr. Orsman obtained an appointment in the General Post Office, London, where he has continued until the present time. Immediately on his return to England he was led to attend the ministry of Mr. Spurgeon at the Music Hall, Royal Surrey Gardens, and he was thus brought to a saving knowledge of the gospel. He at once devoted his energies to the evangelisation of Southern London, but in 1861 he commenced some evangelistic services in the neighbourhood of Golden Lane, which ultimately led to the formation of his now justly celebrated and eminently successful Mission to the Costermongers.

Admirable as are the aims and work of an organised society like the London City Mission, the private volunteer worker enjoys advantages which a servant answerable to a committee can never hope to command. He is at least free to act as bishop of his own diocese, he is restricted by no set of rules, nor by the too-exactly drawn lines of unsectarianism, which hamper a man's action when a number of conflicting opinions have to be observed. The city missionary may be a successful plodder, but under the circumstances it will hardly be expected that he should be a man of enterprise like Mr. Orsman, nor will the work be likely to grow upon his hands, though he may discharge the duties of his office with admirable efficiency.

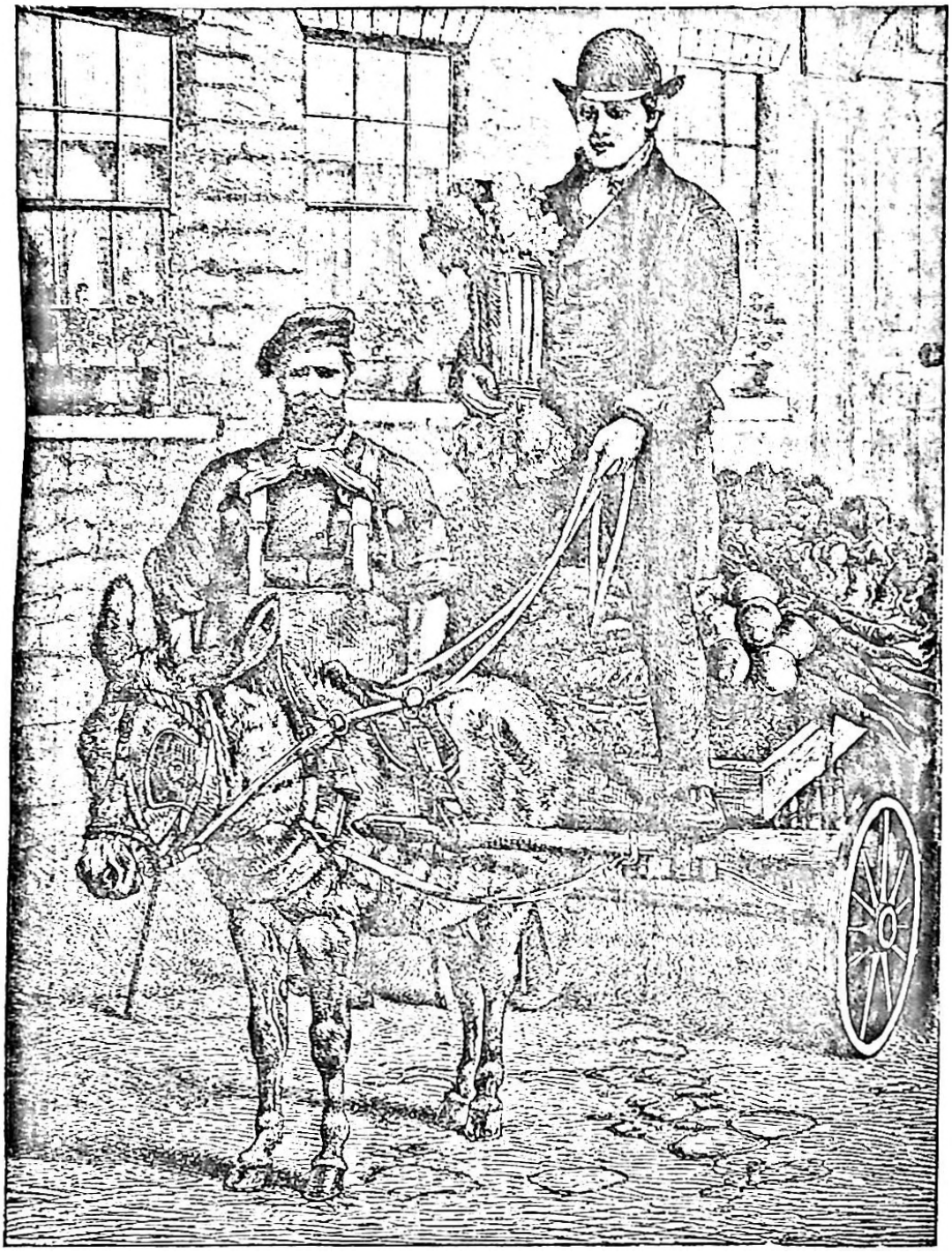
In order that our readers may clearly understand the nature of the work in progress we will describe a Sabbath-day's work in Golden

Lane. The day begins with an early prayer-meeting, and sometimes those actively engaged breakfast together, when they compare notes, and hold a kind of council of war. After this, two separate services are held, one for children and one for adults, and at both of these the gospel is preached in its simplicity. In the afternoon the tract distributors and the Sunday-school teachers carry on their tasks simultaneously, and with gratifying results. Many of the young, at any rate, have been lastingly benefited in soul through attending the school. In the afternoon there are held separate Bible-classes for the youth of both sexes, a young converts' class, and also occasional Bible readings, conducted by Mr. Orsman himself, who also preaches at the Foresters' Hall in the evening, when about seven hundred persons attend. The children's service is repeated in the evening, and during the summer months the gospel is proclaimed in the open street. Long before either Philip Phillips or Mr. Sankey came prominently before the public as masters in their avocation, our friends in Golden Lane drew open-air congregations together by the sweet attractions of sacred song. They wisely endeavour to make these out-door services as attractive as possible. "The Earl" barrow, preceded and followed by about a hundred singers, carries the mission harmonium on to the scene of action, and instead of trying the people's patience by a wearisome harangue by one person, sermonettes, five minutes in length, are given by a number of speakers. By this means variety is ensured, and the crowd, who do not conceal their abhorrence of what they call "tub-thumpers" and "spouters," give evidence of enjoying the service.

But the mission-house is not a mere preaching-station, nor is the work confined to the Sabbath. Prayer-meetings are held on Mondays and Fridays, and on Wednesdays successful experiments have been tried of giving illustrated gospel addresses by means of a lime-light lantern. With rare delight the poor people feast their eyes on the brilliant pictures, and meanwhile listen to "the old, old story."

When Mr. Orsman began work in this remarkable locality one might have walked through its complicated network of alleys to come away with the impression that speculative builders, improvers, and gentlemen in general who lead the van of city Vandalism had overlooked the district, or had passed it by as unworthy of notice, leaving the inhabitants to riot unchecked in their moral night and dens of squalor. One generation after another came and passed away unnoticed and unknown; but of late years the ground has actually been invaded by those who find some satisfaction in demolishing the ancient landmarks, or rather the old rookeries of the city, to rear on their sites huge factories, whose tall chimneys do considerable service in blackening with an intenser dye the surrounding neighbourhood. In this way the population actually decreases, those who are driven away going elsewhere to add so many more to some other overcrowded haunt. To describe the place quite fairly, without overcolouring on the one hand, and without holding back the truth on the other, if not really impossible, would be a task from which one would shrink in dismay. In its hidden depths lie concealed many whose practices will not bear the searching daylight; but there are other poverty-stricken natives whose sufferings are never really known to the outside world. One who casually looked in at a few of the

tenements says, "A family of five persons, with four dogs and a cat, live and sleep in a small room; in another is an old woman with eight cats; close by is a room where a family of seven live and sleep together, besides cooking and selling fried fish in the same apartment during the day. Another room is occupied by a jobbing tailor, his wife, and nine children; in another, a cobbler with eight in family; and in two other small rooms, having only one outer door, are three men, four women, and four children, who carry on their trades and live and sleep together."



If we were to ask of any Londoner, What is a coster? the answer would probably be coloured by some kind of personal prejudice. To some he appears as an itinerant trading interloper, whose noise the streets could do well without; to others he is an eyesore, being always in the way; to the retail trader he is a petty competitor, who bags his profits without paying a due share of taxes; and to the police he is a constant source of trouble, a man who yields to authority with a stubborn gracelessness, besides interpreting the law for himself in a provokingly inconvenient manner. Happily, Mr. Orsman can tell a different story. He is a most efficient coster schoolmaster, who knows the value of the rough material committed to his care; and, after undergoing a little necessary discipline, his much-abused scholars are found to be not altogether wanting in the attributes of geniality. After he has been befriended as a brother mortal, helped by that best kind of charity which teaches him to help himself, schooled in self-respect, and, in a word, Christianised, the coster becomes a valuable citizen, as different from his former self as unwrought clay is different from a brilliant piece of china. In his daily trade the poor value him and have reason to do so, for he distributes the overflow of glutted markets in a manner which no other agency can rival; and, as he is satisfied with small profits, his practice is no small boon to the people. In a sense he is even a purveyor of luxuries; for without him the very poor would not often be able to purchase those English and foreign fruits which are now temptingly paraded up and down the streets. The evangelist in Golden Lane knows well that the reformed coster is an indispensable public servant, whose hardships are greater than his earnings, and who is often wronged and misrepresented by those who understand little about either the man or his calling. Still, we would not have it inferred that there are not two sides to the picture. Many are still left of the lowest type; ignorant, profane men, who care little how the money comes, so that it does come—the hereditary foes of policemen, and a standing terror to wandering arabs. Who will not rejoice when many of these have undergone that great and mysterious change which makes them living miracles to those who are able to contrast their former state with what they have become through grace?

If the vast sum of seven millions sterling which is annually raised in London for charitable purposes could be properly dispensed, it is supposed that every real case of distress would be effectively relieved, and that misery should exist while the gifts of charity miscarry may be profoundly regretted. We are quite aware, however, that it is far easier to find fault than to suggest remedies; for too frequently the out-door relief doled out by parish guardians is carried straight to the public-house. Yet while it is not always easy to detect the really deserving, let us remember how loud, urgent, and persevering have been the protests of all true friends of the poor against indiscriminate almsgiving. We believe Mr. Orsman to be a really wise dispenser of charity; he gives cautiously, and prefers a loan to a gratuitous dole if that will as well effect the purpose he has in view. He has done much in helping the poor by instructing them in provident habits, the penny bank now in active operation being a valued auxiliary of the mission. Many rough and ready costers in Golden Lane have had some sense of honour

drilled into them since the time of their first coming into contact with Mr. Orsman. They have learned self-respect, and this will not allow them to squander the ample earnings of one season when they know that they may need the money to alleviate the scarcity of hard times, which may come suddenly and unexpectedly.

In a place like Golden Lane it is easy to pauperise if a man allows himself to be carried away by mere feeling, without exercising due circumspection; and from what we have heard, we have reason to fear that something of this kind has been done by persons who are not connected with Mr. Orsman's Mission, and who collect funds to distribute them again without due care and enquiry. It is lamentable this should be the case, and that the well-meaning should so often miss their mark. Such persons unquestionably do infinite harm. The poor may mistake them for friends, but they are not so. They hinder the work of others who have more wisdom than themselves, and further blunt the already too dull perceptions of the people they gather around them. If we cannot reclaim old hands hardened in sin, do not let them conquer us. If the crooked bough cannot be made straight there is good reason why we should not encourage its further growth. Depend on the prevailing power of God's word, and do not allow the fatal impression to gain currency that money may be made by turning Christian. It is, indeed, a noble thing to reclaim the aged sinner or to lay hands on the street arab, and to drill him in right courses; but it is ignoble to win a standing in any other way than in that which God appoints.

Mr. Orsman deserves to be called the friend of the poor, and it is no matter for wonder that the good Earl of Shaftesbury has become the patron and the president of this very efficient mission. If we judge the tree by its fruits we shall find those fruits to be both genuine and abundant. Numbers on their dying beds have left behind them "evidences" of far more worth to believers than any ever penned by Paley or Butler. Those who are best acquainted with Golden Lane know that it is just the very place where one may see genuine religion tried and tried again by every kind of crucial test. What must that consolation be which remains unshaken amid storms of suffering, and which thrives in the soil of indigence? The purest joy of which mortals are capable has been found in the humblest rooms; features pale with pain have reflected light from the better country, and hearts which might have been reasonably anxious on behalf of dear ones have cast their burden on the Lord, while they themselves stood on the threshold of heaven.

On the last night of December, some years ago, a certain man was converted at the watch-night service in Golden Lane; and meeting with an accident some years after, he last Christmas-eve lay upon his death-bed. In what looked like the last dark, sad stage of an unsuccessful life the joy which springs from faith in Christ never left him. "My dear," said he to his wife, who stood by his bed, "I am going to spend my Christmas in heaven." He kissed and bade adieu to his child, realising, as simple faith only can realise, that the parting was only for a time. A number of friends, who were gathered round, sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and, as the man passed away to the

heavenly mansions the songs of earth mingled with the triumphant strains above.

In another house was found a man who soon after conversion was laid low by affliction, but was so far from uttering a murmur that those who visited him declared him to be living in joyous communion with God. He found his chief delight in speaking about Christ, while over his bed he hung the motto for the year—*I will trust and not be afraid.* Those words were a continual comfort to him. Even when his voice failed he still had grace given to point triumphantly to the words—I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID.

In this almost unknown land to the outer world, in one of its hidden corners, there was once an infidel who became a trophy of divine grace. The man was passing the last stage of life's journey; but notwithstanding his awful condition he manifested the defiance of desperation, saying he was not afraid, and throwing out most blasphemous insinuations against God's dealings with men. What kind of a retrospect the man looked back upon we cannot say; but he declared that he had enjoyed himself in the world, and would do so again if he had the chance. He was warned that his trouble was the fruit of his own folly—drink and late hours. After a few visits his obduracy gave way, and he knelt beside the Christian visitor, shedding tears of repentance. His scepticism was dispelled, and he embraced the gospel, joyfully clung to Christ as his Saviour, the only spectres haunting his bed being vain regrets that he could not undo the evil effects of his infidel teaching and example.

Take the case of another sceptic, who also possessed a bitter spirit, and spoke very defiantly. He seemed literally to be a man who needed everything; the room was bare, the grate was empty, and the only companions of his misery were a number of starving dogs. He was spoken to gently, but he answered angrily: "Look here, I don't believe there is a God, but if there is He's dealing very hard with me. Don't you trouble to come here any more, I'll take my chance; I'm not afraid." The man was visited again and again, however, and as his was a necessitous case food was carried to him from time to time. In due time this man also confessed himself a sinner in God's sight, and embraced Christ as his Saviour. "Bless you, God bless you," he said, "I am going fast, but I don't fear to die. I lay here and think over the past, and wonder. The words you've said, and the book you gave me, have brought me to my senses and to Jesus."

It is not surprising that the worst type of infidelity should pollute the neighbourhood with its pestiferous breath; for here divers fanatics of the stump-orator school vent their "philosophy" in the Hall of Science. The converted wife of one of these dupes who are led astray by the self-styled "leaders" of working men thus writes to Mr. Orsman—

"I hope you will not think me neglectful in not writing to you before, but I have not had time to sit down to write, for I have had so much to do, and such a dirty house to clean, and my husband does lead me such a tiresome life, for he does not like a country life, but I like it. It is a very nice place, the house stands by itself in the fields, and it is so beautiful to look at the glorious works of our dear Lord and Saviour. Many years I've loved him, but now I see so

much of his wonderful works I feel I never, never can love him enough, nor do enough for him. Dear sir, I cannot tell you how much I wish I could induce everybody to love the Lord that I talk to about our heavenly Father, but very few will try to give their hearts to him. Sir, there is a school-room here where I go on Sunday evenings to worship. I like the preacher very much, but my heart clings to Golden Lane, and my sisters and brothers in Christ there. Dear sir, please give my respects to all and kind love to yourself, and I hope you are quite well."

A Bible-class convert, who subsequently became a teacher, accidentally injured himself through lifting a heavy weight, and his sufferings in consequence were very severe. Yet, notwithstanding his pain and poverty, he was extremely happy, and he clung to Christ with a triumphant faith. This poor fellow's dying testimony was very striking, and one of his last desires has never been forgotten. When just about crossing the river of death, he broke out into this expression, "Oh, Mr. Orsman, I would like to get well again, if only for one day, just to go round to my old companions, and tell them IT'S ALL REAL." Suppose that emaciated sufferer could have acted according to his desires, would sin-hardened hearts still have called true religion a farce?

To be quite fair we must glance at the darker side of the picture, for, though much has been done to reclaim Golden Lane from the dominion of sin, none must suppose that the enemy is entirely dislodged. While meaning well, the people retain many manners and customs which are questionable, or even of decidedly immoral, tendency. Of the immoral kind are the "friendly leads," or drinking parties, which are usually got up after the death of a friend, avowedly to benefit survivors, but really to enrich the publican. An awe-inspiring example of sudden death recently occurred in Golden Lane in connection with one of these funereal convivial parties. A woman and her daughter-in-law had for some time lived on unfriendly terms, regarding each other with bitter animosity. When the younger woman died, and arrangements were made for holding the usual "friendly lead," the mother-in-law declared, with dreadful oaths, that she would never join the party, calling upon the Lord to strike her dead if she ever set foot within the room. People of the poorest ranks think little of this kind of wild profane talk, and soon forget the horrible expressions they have used. It may have been so with this woman. Friends reasoned her out of her determination, and finally she determined to join the company. The "friendly lead" night arrived, the guests were assembled, but when this woman entered the assembly-room, it befell her according to the words of her prayer—*she fell down and died on the floor* before a crowd of witnesses.

In such a retreat as Golden Lane, the unsuccessful in life, or those who have been ruined by criminal indulgences, will at times be found hiding their heads from the gaze of an unsympathising world. In this condition was once discovered a tradesman who had ruined himself and family by gambling. "When dying, the daughter sent for the missionary," says Mr. Orsman, "He was told of God's mercy to the dying thief. '*Not for me, it is too late now.*' He refused to die. In his paroxysms it took six persons to hold him. When the visitor knelt by his side to pray, he said, 'Don't pray, my destiny is fixed.' With

tremendous energy he fought against grim death ; but at last he succumbed, and he died—without hope! The doctor, who was present, declared it to be an awful scene. All is not yet told. Within a year the wife (an ungodly woman) died ; one son about six years old was burnt to death, and the eldest daughter died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the same dark state as her father died. The nurse said she hoped never again to witness such a death-bed."

We believe that better days are coming for Golden Lane, though much, very much, remains to banish hope, did we trust in an arm of flesh. The sanitary reformer will certainly do something to pioneer a way for the gospel: though workers among the poor can testify that when religion invades a squalid home it carries with it those very social reforms which the most degraded need. The denizens of thickly populated districts are often their own worst enemies, and having been reared in a kind of social chaos, they are not acquainted with anything different. The landlords of tumble-down tenements are not always the best of friends to their humble tenants; they rigidly collect their rents, and cultivate harsh, uncompromising manners, to save themselves from ruinous loss. Worse still is the callousness of some of these men in regard to necessary repairs. They draw a large percentage from capital invested in property, the bad sanitary condition of which generates infectious diseases. Perhaps the drains are stopped, damp oozes through the walls, while the passages are close and dark It will not pay to make any alteration or improve away abuses, and hence, unless the law interferes, things remain as they were.

"Will it pay?" may or may not be an unfeeling question ; but in this intensely commercial age, when the money market is the pendulum of City life, philanthropy will best succeed when it can be made to pay its own way. With his usual penetration, Mr. Ruskin long since perceived this truth ; and when advancing £3,000 for the purpose of buying and improving a certain West-end court, he charged Miss Octavia Hill, to whom the money was entrusted, to make the enterprise "pay" if possible. Now while we may be appalled at the amount of squalid misery in Golden Lane, one fact comes home to the mind with cheering force—there is not a pestiferous court in the whole area but what would return a fair amount of interest on the outlay if it were purchased and renovated. Thanks to Miss Octavia Hill for having tried the experiment in another part of the town.* Difficulties present themselves as they will in every good work, but these are found to vanish before kindness and perseverance. People who are at first gruff and distrustful gradually come round to confide in their new friends, and at last their gratitude becomes unbounded. They do not at first understand the crusade against dirty passages, stopped drains, and general dilapidations; but when the comforts of cleanliness are once tasted they are heartily approved, and the people aid the efforts which are made for their benefit.

In the meantime, Golden Lane, and its admirably conducted mission, possess a perennial interest. Our friend Mr. Orsman as a really judicious, discriminating friend of the poor, and as one of the most successful

* See "Homes of the London Poor." (Macmillan & Co.)

volunteer evangelists of our crowded metropolis, will continue to command the prayers, the sympathy and the pecuniary support of those who long for the extension of Christ's glorious kingdom.



Our first engraving portrays a coster and his donkey-barrow as they appear in the streets of London. The other represents the distribution of clothes to poor children on Christmas morning last, with separate figures drawn from real life, and a portrait of Mr. Orsman himself. Both pictures are reduced copies of much larger ones which were published in *The Graphic* and *The British Workman*.

The Apostle of the Scottish Fishermen.*

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

IN the life of James Turner we find very much to which we might take exception, but this is more than counterbalanced by the good he accomplished amongst the villagers of the Scottish coast. Whole-hearted consecration to Christ commands our unqualified admiration, and success in soul winning disarms adverse criticism. The adoption of novel methods may be condemned by those who worship rigid propriety, but, after all, the men who have achieved the most brilliant successes in the cause of God have been those who have cast aside the trammels of etiquette and have dared to be singular. "As it was not in the beginning, is now, and shall not long be," is the watchword of the true hero; the more orthodox formula may do for the dandies in lavender gloves.

The first recorded prayer in James Turner's diary was the key-note to his ministry—"Lord, make me holy, and make me the means of saving other sinners such as myself." Having found the Lord at a Wesleyan chapel, he joined the Wesleyans, and "found amongst them that of which his soul was in great need, viz., help to heaven." When a young man is conscious of his spiritual need, and strives to satisfy it, he is not likely to remain a babe in grace. In his diary, Feb. 27, 1854, he writes, "This day I feel a longing desire in my heart after perfect love. I know that thy blood, Jesus, can make me clean. Holy Spirit, apply this mighty faith to my soul, and then my pride, temper, self, everything shall be put under thy feet." "I ask no higher state. Indulge me but in this." On March the 6th he writes: "In getting into perfect love, the Lord made use of two dear sisters, full of God indeed, and dear to my heart. They had to lift poor me into God. How he gave them power to bear me up on the arms of faith, and when the power of God came down on me, it sunk me to the floor speechless, and there I lay for some time, full of the glory of God, and I feel it unto this hour. Satan has done what he can to take the blessing from me, but I am sweetly resting on Jesus. All is well. He is mine and I am his." When he speaks of "getting into perfect love," it is only another way of expressing the pious rapture which God's people have experienced in all ages, and when he says he was "lifted into God" he only realised the full persuasion of his safety in Christ which the Holy Spirit produces by his sweet ministry. The claim to sinless perfection is entirely absent from James Turner's testimony; self-satisfaction was altogether foreign to his spirit. The use of terms, ambiguous and misleading is a serious fault, of which many need to purge themselves in the present day. When the elect disciple of the favoured three, who leaned on the Master's bosom at the last supper, declared, "If *we* say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves," it becomes those, who fall far below his attainments, to hesitate before they

* This article is based on a very interesting book, just published, "James Turner; or, How to Reach the Masses." London: Morgan and Scott. Aberdeen: Brown and Co.

indulge the Pharisaic gratulation, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." We deeply sympathise with those who, through ignorance or false teaching, employ equivocal language, but we have no other feeling than that of contempt for those who deliberately make a profession which has no corresponding reality.

As a class-leader James Turner was eminently successful, for most of the members of his class were converted under his leadership. He was terribly in earnest, and enthusiastic for souls. In dealing with individuals, especially with the sick, his zeal sometimes exceeded his discretion, and yet, as the sequel proves, his faithful warnings were blessed to their conversion. Visiting a young woman, dying of consumption, he said to her, "Woman, I am here again to trouble you, and *will* trouble you as long as soul and body hold together. Your unpardoned sins will sink you to the bottomless pit. Woman, you are asleep in the devil, and I must try and get you out of the arms of that murderer." On which she cried out, "I have nothing to do with the devil." "Oh woman, did you only know how near you are to the pit of woe, you would not sleep another hour until you were out of danger," He then adds. "So I got to my knees and cried to the Lord, and he heard my cry, and laid hold of her soul: then I pointed her to Jesus and left her." Harsh as such treatment of a poor, frail, dying creature appears to the reader, it was, perhaps, the only one likely to break the spell of that terrible delusion under which many glide into eternity, and are lost for ever. His efforts for the salvation of his father were successful, and he writes, "When the Lord saved him I came home to tell my wife, and up all the street I cried, '*Glory to a good Saviour!*' at the top of my voice."

The failure of a herring-curing venture, in partnership with his brother, by which he lost several hundred pounds, determined his future course, and he resolved to visit the coast towns and villages to preach the gospel to the people. He found no difficulty in commanding an audience wherever he went. If the statistics are to be relied on, he often had more people at a single service than the village contained, but this may be explained by the flocking in of crowds from surrounding districts. "It was not that which he spoke," says one, "which impressed you so much as the loving earnestness with which he spoke it, and the deep sympathy he made you feel, both with himself and the things he was saying. *He* made you feel that *he* was in earnest."

Such entries as these are frequent :—

"Had a very crowded meeting; and the Holy Ghost came with great power on man, woman, and child, and many found the Saviour."

"About three hundred met again in the evening, and when I was speaking a woman cried out for mercy. In a short time nearly all present were doing the same. My voice was completely drowned. It was heart-rending to hear the cries of the great numbers who felt that their souls were lost."

"The people have almost to be forced away from the meetings. It is often two o'clock in the morning before all the anxious can be prevailed on to leave."

"When some sinner is brought to see his lost condition in such a

light that he is constrained to cry aloud for mercy his cry is more eloquent than a hundred sermons; for many, feeling that they are in the same condition, are brought to cry aloud, so that at times, from these meetings, has gone up one great cry for mercy from all present, succeeded by a general prayer for the Holy Ghost to be poured out."

During the three or four years of his public ministry he laboured with an unwearied consecration, and the results of his work may be traced at the present time. The author of his biography appears to have traversed the whole of his mission field, twelve years after his decease, and by far the larger part of the volume consists of the testimony she elicited respecting his labours. A work which stands the test of years must be regarded as genuine. True, the excitement has died away, but what of that? A state of chronic revivalism cannot, in the nature of the case, be healthy. The writer says, "The religion which I was privileged to see was a joyous, gladsome one—one that made its possessors happy, some marvellously so. Except in a very few cases, I found very little of the sighing and moaning, the weeping and groaning, which some consider to be an integral part of religious character. The genuine psalmist type prevailed—'Praise the Lord,' 'Bless his name.' The religion here—lovely, joyful, social—gets expression, like little birds, whose varied and mellow voices are heard all the day long." "During a few days' visit to Banff," she adds, "I never went out accompanied by any one acquainted with the people without being every now and again stopped, with, 'This is one of James Turner's converts.' 'That's the beauty of James Turner's work,' said one of these people, '*its stability*.' Take up thy cross and follow me was aye his direction, and the secret of their stability was, that so many of his converts did so." As a specimen of the testimony borne to the work we give the following, which, of course, is full of blunders and inaccuracies, but then it is

"A LITTLE BOY'S STORY.

"When the news came to Portgordon of what James Turner was doing along the coast, many of the people were quite in a consternation. But my mother, who was a Christian woman, understood it, and sent the servant with us to Buckie to get the blessing. I was then a boy of twelve years, my sister and brother each two years younger.

"Well, we went to the U. P. Hall. Mr. Barras, the minister at the time, was preaching, and I was very well pleased with him for Mr. Turner. But he stopped and said, 'Mr. Turner will address the meeting.' Then came up that dear man of God. I was greatly disappointed, and said, 'Is *that* the great man? I think nothing of him at all.' Of course I was looking to the outward appearance.

"Well, he began to speak, gently as a lamb at first, but as he went on he seemed to open up as it were. More and more powerful he grew, until he had full command of the hearts of the people. In every one of them the word of God seemed to have free course and be glorified. The truths he spoke had taken effect. Just before us a girl fell prostrate. This startled us; but some of the workers came up to her, and we then had a sort of satisfied feeling as if all was right.

"Mr. Turner then began to go through the place, speaking to the anxious. At last he came up to us. He asked where we had come from. So the girl told him the whole story—how we had been sent down to be converted, &c. He seemed amused at our simplicity, and asked the Lord to bless the woman

who had such faith. After he had spoken to us about the Saviour, he asked me to pray, just in the seat where we were, but I would not. He then asked my sister to pray, and off at once she started with 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' then

'I lay my body down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
Take me to heaven for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

Then came

'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.'

Next came the Creed, which being rattled off in splendid style, the whole closed up with a most emphatic Amen. Then turning to me, with the air of one who was conscious of having done well, she said, 'Now say your prayers.' I began repeating the same thing as my sister. But while doing so, I will never forget how forcibly and suddenly the thought struck me, 'That is not right, it is to God you should pray'; so immediately I left off repeating my learned prayers, and cried to God to pardon my sins, and make me a good boy, and save my soul for Jesus' sake. Then I wept, from a deep consciousness of my own wickedness, and vowed in real earnest that I would be a 'revival.'

"While weeping and praying and vowing thus, Mr. Turner again came and pointed me to the Saviour, and I did then in a measure lay hold of him by faith. Some one then asked me to go into the anxious room among the other lads. A number of them were singing. 'Oh,' says one of them, coming up to me, 'are you come in to join our happy band?' Then, holding out his hand, he asked again, 'Have you found the Lord?' 'Yes,' said I, and at once he struck up with the hymn—

'By the grace I now receive,
I can, I will, I do believe!
I can, I will, I do believe!
That Jesus died for me,' &c.

And sang the hymn through, holding my hand all the time; then they prayed for me, and as they prayed, my faith grasped the Saviour more fully, then joy poured itself into my spirit, and I felt happy, really happy.

"When the meeting closed we went home, and mother questioned us pretty minutely about what had transpired. We both told her we had got the blessing, but, after a multitude of questions, she seemed much better pleased with my sister's statement than mine; and even I felt more confidence in her conversion as being the real thing than my own. But I went back in the evening, and kept going to the meetings in Buckie all the time he was there, by which means I got my heart established in grace, confirmed in the faith; and then, when Mr. Turner came over here to Portgordon, I was one of his witnesses, and by following him I got power to resist sin, and was enabled to witness for the Lord publicly.

"When he left this, we kept up meetings, and the work prospered, and the people grew strong in the Lord. I started a young men's meeting here, and good was done in the name of the holy child Jesus. And I thank God that I have never regretted the decision then taken; and to-day I rejoice in the liberty wherewith he makes his people free."

Cases of prostration under Mr. Turner's preaching were very numerous. "Some remained for hours, others for a shorter period, speechless and motionless. Some were conscious all the time, others were unconscious. Some underwent the great change during the time of prostration, they being conscious of the spiritual change taking place all the while; others have not given evidence of a new life,

although they had been struck down. In the great majority of cases the subject, however, gives indications of being renewed by grace. either at the time or subsequently." There seems to us to be more than a shade of fanaticism here, but we care not to criticise severely.

During the revival in the north of Ireland, when prostration was most alarming, a competent witness gave it as his firm conviction, that in all such cases there was the grossest ignorance of the way of salvation. This hypothesis may, perhaps, account for the extraordinary phenomena amongst the ignorant and demoralized fishermen of the north. As far as we have been able to learn, the recent revival movement under Messrs. Moody and Sankey has not been attended with the physical prostration which formed such a marked feature in the revival under James Turner, and we are very glad of it.

When we take into consideration his want of mental culture and the bodily infirmity from which he suffered, we are amazed at the amount of fatigue he was enabled to endure and the result he achieved. Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, in his commendatory preface, says of him, "He appeared to pass along the villages of that fishing coast like a flame of fire." His enthusiasm for souls glowed with unabated ardour to the last. When his wife said to him, "Were the Lord to give you back your strength again, what would you do?" he replied, "All that I have done for Christ *I would do over again, and much more.*" A consecrated life makes dying easy work. "Death," he said to a friend, "is no more to me than going out of this room into the next is to you." Taking his wife by the hand, he said, "Christ now, Betsey! Christ now, Betsey! Live to him, trust him, and he will look after you." The chapter of his "life of faith and labour of love," had a fitting conclusion in the last words he uttered upon earth, "*Christ is all!* CHRIST IS ALL!"

We may sum up the lessons of his life in the following verse of Charles Wesley's matchless hymn:

"Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure."

A Strange Tale concerning John Berridge.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I send you a good anecdote my late father used to tell of Berridge, when my early home was a house of consolation for ministers and other earnest and pious men. Berridge had undoubtedly a rare balance of humour and gravity in his character, as you have said in a late paper in your *Sword and Trowel*, and, when his spirit was roused, his power I should imagine was irresistible or thereabouts. But to proceed with my story.

"Berridge had commenced his sermon one Sunday morning when there strode into the church a coxcomb of a fellow, bedizened with rings and other ornaments. This gentleman stalked up the aisle, and, looking condescendingly at the people who filled the pews, he proceeded to take from his waistcoat pocket an exquisite eye-glass, through which, after placing it with due care, he fastened upon Berridge a regular tip-top glance, and was in the act of turning to leave the church, when Berridge, stopping short in his sermon, as though he had but that moment discovered his visitor, surprised him by saying in a commanding tone of voice, 'I say, Mister!' My gentleman, little knowing the stuff of which Berridge was made, faced about. 'Sir!' said Berridge, 'I have something to say to you, sir. Step this way, sir; up here. Step up, sir.' Attracted somehow by Berridge, the intruder ascended the pulpit stairs, and stood close to the pulpit in front of the congregation. 'Sir!' said Berridge, 'I have something to tell you, of importance to you, sir.' The man listened now, greatly awed: he alone with Berridge before the entire congregation. 'Now, sir,' said Berridge, 'there was once an island, and upon this island, sir, there was a man, and a cock, and a bull. Now, sir, when night came on they all wanted to get to the main land; and so, sir, the cock he took to his wings and flew over, and the bull he plunged into the water and swam over. But, sir, the man, he could neither fly nor swim, how was he to get over. Well, sir, he looked about him, and he found some osiers growing on the island, and of some of these osiers he made a raft, and by means of the raft he got to the main land. Now, sir, we've got the cock over, and we've got the bull over, and we've got the man over, but there are these osiers, what shall we do with them, sir? I'll tell you what we'll do with them, sir; we'll make a rod of them to flog your back with, sir, for stopping in the church to listen to a cock and a bull story, while you could turn your back on the gospel of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.' Berridge turned immediately to his congregation and resumed his discourse, leaving his unfortunate visitor to clear himself off as well as he could.

"Sir, this is only a cock and a bull, but yet a Berridge story, and a fact, and, if you think it suitable, it is at the service of your *Sword and Trowel*."

We are obliged to our friend. His story bears internal evidence of its origin. It is Berridge all over.

The Lady and the Sweep.

THERE is a story told of blessing humbly imparted and meekly received in what might be called the extremes of society. A chimney-sweep was sent for to sweep the chimneys of a stately west-end mansion. He left two tracts: one for the maid and another which he requested her to give to her mistress. The lady had friends with her when the tract was handed in on a silver salver. "Come," said she. "I must have some fun with this eccentric sweep!" He was sent for; but the fun consisted in his quiet, calm assertion that he was a saved sinner, full of joy in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had taken from him "all fear of death." He was lightly dismissed, but, seven years after, a liveried servant stood one day at the sweep's door: the lady was dying, and had sent for him. "Tell me," said she. "How the fear of death was taken from you." He took out his Bible, ever at hand, and read these words: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And it is related that the word of God did for that soul what it has done for millions more. Who can doubt that the soul of the lady will be a bright gem in the eternal crown of the sweep?

Fit for what?

IT is related of the distinguished Dr. Bellamy that he had seasons of deep despondency, when he was confident that he was going to hell. His brethren often laboured with him in vain.

One day, after all reasoning had failed, one of the ministers said: "Well, brother, you know more about yourself than we do. To us you appear very well; but, after all, you may be a whited sepulchre—beautiful outside, but inwardly full of corruption. If so, you will go to hell. I should like, however, to know what you will do when you get there?"

"Do?" cried the doctor, with great animation and emphasis; "what will I do? I will vindicate the law of God, and set up prayer-meetings."

"All right," said the brother; "but in that case the devil will not keep you there; he will soon turn you out as unfitted for his place and company."

The doctor came out of his gloom and was happy.

Men will go at last where they are fit to go; and those who spend their lives in the service of God would be poor company for the devil and his angels, while those who hate God and despise Christians here must have strange notions if they expect to be forever happy with them hereafter. The disciples "being let go, went to their own company." So all will go at last. Lord "gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men."

"Let me among thy saints be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace."

Encourage the Youthful Disciples.

IT is a long time now since a certain minister was conversing with a person of tender years. He asked the lad to state his religious feelings and hopes. With considerable timidity, and yet compactness of expression, the following reply was given:—"I believe God is my Father, Jesus my Saviour, the Holy Ghost my Comforter, and heaven my home." Such a statement, given with the modesty and ardour of youth, deserved generous recognition. But instead thereof, the minister answered, "It is easy *to say* these things, but very different *to feel* them in your heart." No doubt the good man was actuated by a worthy motive, and thought it necessary to restrain the confidence of youth. But it wrought harm instead of good. The lad thought, "He distrusts me, he thinks I profess to be other than I really am, he must regard me as a hypocrite." Retiring from the interview, he felt that an icicle had been placed upon his heart, instead of a live coal from the altar. But a pious father cheered him, and intimate friends proved helpers in the Christian life. Years passed; the youth became a man, and accepted a call to the ministry. Throughout the whole of his public course he never forgot that early rebuff. He remembered the hair of silvery whiteness, the fixity of expression of countenance, and the sternness of those ministerial tones, and determined that he would be more tender of the little children brought to Jesus. Christian friends, let this incident remind us of our duty, that our mode of action towards the young may lovingly appeal to them. May we be able like Paul to say, "but we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

W. Norris.

Letter from our Brethren in Spain.

PROBABLY our readers remember that two of our brethren from the College went forth in faith to labour in Spain, without having a guarantee from any society. Their labours have not been in vain, and they themselves have been supported to this hour. They are worthy of aid from all who feel an interest in unhappy Spain.

Casas Nuevas, 4, Fielato de Arriba, La Coruna, Oct. 25, 1875.

Dear President,—We wrote to you last of our visit to the North and North-West of Spain, and of our intention of residing a while, at least, in Corunna. In the whole province of Galicia, of which this is the principal town, we do not know of a single witness for Christ beside ourselves. This lack influenced us in our determination to pitch our tents in this desert place, and we came praying that through us the Lord might satisfy the multitudes with the bread of life.

There are few Englishmen who are not interested in Corunna, for in it the renowned Sir John Moore finds a resting place. In the hill behind our house it was, where, having been "buried darkly at the dead of night,"—

> "He lay like a warrior taking his rest
> With his martial cloak around him."

But we speak not of the battle of the warrior, which is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but of the war which our Captain, the leader of the armies of the Lord of hosts, wages against the archfiend of hell and his legions.

It is true that this is but one of the minor outposts of the battle-field, and as compared with the great victories of our leader, recently reported in the United Kingdom, our work has been but skirmishing amongst stragglers from the great lines of action. Yet we speak this according to the rule, that under

our Commander-in-Chief one shall chase a thousand; for on our course we are at present besieging the town from which we write, our battering rams being "all prayer," which daily we ply against its walls; and around these we walk with our Joshua's trumpet, which never makes an uncertain sound.

Our purpose at present is to say a few words on the outcries of the besieged, and to tell of the fact that amongst the sallies made against us we find that five soldiers have deserted the enemy's stronghold, and having come through a certain Baptismal Pool, situated immediately outside the walls, have declared themselves before all to be for us and for our Captain.

Leaving the figure, we would like to tell you a little of the opposition which we have encountered in connection with our work in the gospel here, and also of the encouragements with which we have met.

The opposition has principally been from the governor of the province, from the press, and from the priests.

Upon what the governor of a province is in Spain very much depends the liberty which one enjoys. As a person remarked the other day, "The governor is a little king." Of course all the liberal governors under the republic have been changed by the present government, and many of them are but a few shades removed from being Carlists. The one with whom we have had to deal bears the title of Count of St. John, is a strict Roman Catholic, has frequently borne the large cross at the head of the Romish processions here, and in every way is an obedient son of the church. From this man, according to Spanish law, we must get *license* to open a place for the preaching of the gospel. In this we anticipated difficulties, and we were not disappointed. On our first interview he admitted that there was tolerance of worship at least, but he was certain if we commenced we would be mobbed, and assured us that it would not be the mob with which he would deal, but on us his hand would be heavy. However, if we would persist, our passports must be testified by our consul to be genuine. These we brought as demanded.

"So you intend to proceed?"

"Yes, your excellency, we do."

"And how do you intend to carry on your work?"

"We propose opening a meeting-place at Highgate to the public, and to those who may assemble with us we hope to preach the doctrines of the Word of God; and—for we wanted to say a word for his special benefit—these consist mainly in, that every man by nature is condemned already, and that Jesus Christ is the only means of salvation."

"Indeed."

"Yes, your excellency."

"Well, I don't choose to permit you."

"You don't choose to permit us? How is that? for your excellency has admitted that there is at least tolerance of worship throughout the country."

"Yours are not *private* meetings for *worship*, which we allow, but *public* meetings for *teaching*, and for such you must give me a Spanish certificate of qualification."

"What we have described is what the Spanish law holds to be worship, and the Act of Parliament knows nothing of private worship. Besides, we have friends in Barcelona, and even in Madrid itself, with whom we have preached publicly without any certificate whatever; and we suppose that what is law in Madrid is so also in Corunna."

"You merely quote facts (!), and I don't permit you to open a place for public worship here."

"We wish to understand your excellency more thoroughly. Must we go away with the impression that you will not allow us to open a chapel for public worship, we being English ministers of the gospel?"

"I will not."

We consulted the worthy English consul stationed here, who told us to return and tell the governor of our intention to open an evangelical chapel,

stating the place and hour of the first public meeting. We did so, and the governor, trembling with rage and excitement, said—

"You may follow your course, and I will follow mine." He also muttered something of not being able to inflict *previous* punishment.

We saw plainly that if we would have liberty we must fight for it, even at the risk of being incarcerated. Our interview with the governor took place in the middle of the last week of April, and we fixed the first meeting with him for Lord's-day, July 4th. In the meantime we wrote to some friends in Madrid as to the fact of liberty; we rented a meeting-place, and waited for the 4th of July to carry out our plans. The day previous, however, the British consul sent us a letter advising us to wait until the religious question, then under discussion, should be settled in Madrid. About the same time a telegram and a letter reached us from brethren of different denominations in the capital, saying we could by no means proceed as we intended, the governor's permission being essential.

Thus we were brought to a stand; and were obliged to give up our purpose of publicly preaching the gospel for the present. All we could do was to appeal from all earthly powers, to the court of the skies, whose Monarch, we believed, had constituted us ambassadors to rebellious Spaniards. On Monday, the 6th of July, we again visited our consul, who bade us revisit the governor, after which the ambassador at Madrid should be consulted. This time we went with great confidence, for we had been informed that the governor in his rage, after we left him, had telegraphed against us to Madrid, and had received an answer commanding him not to hinder us; and holding him responsible should we be molested by the mob.

"Good afternoon, your excellency."

"Good afternoon," he said, in a humble tone; and added, "what might you want?"

"Only a written refusal of permission, signed by your excellency."

"*I have never refused you anything*, I have never refused permission for public worship. You have perfect liberty to carry out your plans."

"Oh, indeed! good afternoon."

Upon such conduct on the part of a count, of a governor of a province, of a true son of the church, comment is needless; but we cannot help extolling our helping God, who interfered, when the assistance of friends and governments seemed in vain. So ended our difficulty with the Governor of Corunna.

But Satan has also used the *Press* as an instrument of opposition. By this we do not wish anyone to infer that all the newspaper editors are against us. On the contrary, the principal liberal paper, believing our Lord Jesus Christ and his doctrines pure republicanism, declared itself in our favour; but this did not suit the governor, and as the press is entirely under his control, he condemned the whole edition of the paper which spake well of us; and ordered them not even to insert an advertisement for us in their columns. But while he thus spiked the guns in favour of us, he encouraged the other "engines of the press" to give us as many broadsiders as they deemed prudent. Of these we only care to translate the following:—

"THE ANNOYANCES OF THE WEEK."

"I don't know whether I or the weather am mistaken; but without doubt it is the weather, for we are already in the month of July, which is as if we said the height of summer, and notwithstanding we see ourselves carried back to the month of January. Tell me if the severe weather of the past week did not make itself felt, and if Sunday especially, with its rain, its cold, and its mist, did not really appear like a winter's day.

"But this is not the worst, for with such weather the wine goes bad, the potatoes rot, the corn falls, the maize becomes rickety, and the fruits half lost.

"The ills that oppressed us were few. There was lacking yet another; and this unfortunately now threatens to come down upon us. May God prevent it!

"It appears that in Corunna are two evangelical pastors, or better said, two Protestant priests, with the object of propagating their views. According to what I have been told, they had determined to preach last Sunday in the field of Carballo; but as the day was so rainy, their plans fell through. However, they have only postponed their *labour*, for one of these days when the weather may be fine, I anticipate to augur for them in the future the same result which they met with on Sunday; for if on the day named the weather had the blame, then the lack of hearers will receive it; and if any one should attend, it will be merely *to hear what they have to say*, as very often one listens to that in which he has but little interest.

"I am also told that the Protestant priests just mentioned have at their command fourteen thousand dollars* to erect in Corunna a temple of their religion."

We may have to refer again to this paragraph; but to make our situation as hot as possible, the governor and the press found warm coadjutors in the priests. This last class have not a gun left that has not been tried against our walls, and were it not that the Lord of hosts has been with us, we might have had serious matters to report.

Their first effort was to obtain a private interview with our landlord, from whom we have rented our two dwelling-houses and the *locale* for preaching. They offered to pay him the rent themselves if he would only cast us out. The landlord replied that, from what he has seen of us, we were likely to be good tenants, and refused to listen to their entreaties. For his stubbornness, however, these successors of the apostles have cursed and excommunicated him and his posterity up to the seventh generation!

We thank God for the determination of the landlord in this affair, for everybody has not fared so well as we. Immediately after the occurrence, we received a letter from a brother sent out by an American society, who has laboured over three years in Santander (Spain), saying, "We have been deprived of all *locales* through the machinations of our enemies the priests," adding that he had no hope of getting another until the middle of October.

In addition to this, the ministers of Rome have excommunicated with the greater excommunications all who attended our meetings, and that in the most public way. Yesterday afternoon we were informed by eye and ear witnesses that on Sunday last the sermon from beginning to end was about us; and of course the lowest hell would be too great exaltation for such heretics as ourselves.

One thing more about them, and then we shall be glad to leave them, commending them into the hands of God, that he may deal mercifully with them. A lady came yesterday morning, warning us to take great care, for they have hired men to come to the *locale* some meeting-night at unawares, and either assassinate us or any other, so that the government may have excuse to shut up our chapel.

It is a faithful saying, "History repeats itself." In the time of Christ professed ministers of Jehovah could seek to kill the Master, and excommunicate those few sheep that heard his voice and confessed him, and to-day, others professing to occupy a similar position, were it possible, would most willingly cast out, excommunicate, and slay us. But although governors, editors, and priests oppose, we fear not. We pillow our heads on the words of the psalmist, and sing confidently, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

So much for the opposition; and now we gratefully acknowledge that we are not without our encouragements.

Every missionary knows that *a good congregation* is not a little encouragement amid such circumstances as we have mentioned. Our friend the news-

* We ourselves know nothing about such a sum of money, and are at a loss to know how the editor of the paper became apprised of the fact, unless the brethren at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, or the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, or both, have given him a hint of their intention of forwarding some such amount from time to time by instalments.

paper editor augured for us a lack of hearers, but, on the occasion of our first meeting, our chapel was crammed. On the second Sunday, July 18, so many had gathered round the door, that we were obliged to begin half-an-hour before the specified time, and hold two meetings, and both times the place was filled out to the door. Since then we have held six meetings weekly, two of them being for ladies only, and are presided over by Mrs. Blanire. The interest is still kept up, and though the *curiosity* has almost vanished, a congregation of anxious listeners regularly attends.

It makes our heart glow to think that in a large district, containing according to statistics two millions of souls, where the gospel has not been preached at least for two centuries, we have been allowed thus to hold forth the word of life. The gospel, the power of God unto salvation, is preached; souls have an opportunity to be saved, Christ is a sweet savour to God in them that are saved and in them that perish, and in this we do rejoice and will rejoice.

But contemplating the Spanish work as a whole, it is a saddening fact that there is but a very small proportion of real converts. As to appearance, at least, the rule seems to be much work and small results. Over this our hearts have groaned, and in conjunction with other brethren we have pleaded with God, in connection with their work in Barcelona and Madrid, that converts might be multiplied. In this place we are glad to say that already we have been *encouraged with five clear cases of conversion*—two men and three women. Of each of these we may say a word.

The first, on reading the newspaper paragraph quoted above, sought us out, told us he had read the Bible since 1868, and was persuaded of the foolishness of the doctrines of Rome and of the truth of the Bible; but ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish his own righteousness, he had not submitted himself to the righteousness of God. We spoke a few words to him of the work of Jesus, of the new birth, that axe which God has placed at the roots of the trees, and advised him to meditate on the law of the Lord by day and by night. He was in earnest, and did as we advised him. Again and again he came in trouble of soul to consult with us over his difficulties. We delighted to see that the Holy Spirit of God was working with him, and often, looking to himself instead of to Christ, he would say, "I'm all wrong together." At last the appointed time came for the Son of God to make him free. We preached one evening from 1 John i. 7; and the next time he came he was reposing in Jesus, whose blood had cleansed him from all sin. We give you a short extract from a letter of his which we believe he intended for publication in an evangelical Spanish periodical. It is as follows:—"For the glory of God I say it; the reading of the Bible did me much good, but that which gave me most light was the presence of two evangelical pastors in this city, and the having gone to some meetings over which they presided. May God bless them, and grant that his word through them may be efficacious to the conversion of many, as it has been to me."

This man's wife is another of the converts. Her husband brought her to the meetings. She became anxious for the salvation of her soul, and one Lord's Day morning she found peace as we preached from, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you."

The third is a lady with a small yearly income. Long had she seen that many of the teachings of the church of Rome were but the commandments of men; and but two things were left on which she was not satisfied. These were the mass and the intercession of the saints. On the way from mass she stepped into the meeting, and returned to hear the preaching in the evening. The service ended, she desired a private conversation for the following day. The hour was fixed, she came and was shown that the mass was but the invention of men; and that Jesus was the only mediator between God and man. After hearing the next sermon she confessed, "Now I am happy. Before I was taken up with the virgin and the saints, now Christ is my theme."

The remaining two are husband and wife, who have a business in Corunna.

The latter up till a few weeks ago has been a sincere Romanist. In one room we counted fourteen pictures of saints, and in a prominent position in the same apartment stood a glass case, containing a large crucifix, a costly figure of the virgin, saints without end, and numerous scapularies with other such abominations of the harlot of the seven hills. When on a rare occasion this dupe of priestcraft was absent from mass on the Lord's Day morning, her custom was to prostrate herself before these her gods, to maintain the false peace of an uneducated conscience. This had continued for over twenty-five years, when a voice came from the most excellent glory to her benighted soul, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear *him*." It has been delightful to see this woman pointing to her former gods and declaring, "these to me are but potsherds now," and referring to her works, crying out, "only filthy rags." Then in the next breath she would say, "None but Jesus"! Truly this has the ring of gold about it; and we know it came from a sincere heart.

Her husband seemed not to care so much for Rome. He "believed in God," and might now sing with McCheyne,—

> "But knew not my sins had nailed Christ to the tree
> Jehovah Tzidkenu—'twas nothing to me."

But now the cross is dear to him as telling of a substitute, and he is confident that his heart has been changed, and can say with confidence, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The *boldness and proofs of sincerity* of these five have cheered us. Spanish converts are generally cowardly; these have given proofs to a contrary effect; and such have been given in the fear of God. The first-named has taken to work in his own sphere for the Lord, giving tracts as he did to-day in our company from house to house, without any hope of remuneration from us. He has also assisted us in finding purchasers for sixty of the Bible Society's Bibles. The tradesman referred to is under a Roman Catholic landlord, who lives in the story above his tenant's shop. This man is "afraid to pass by the door of these *Jews*," for fear of being contaminated; and has added an extra dollar a month to the rent because they come to the "Protestant chapel." This, after consulting the Lord by prayer, the tenant has agreed to pay. At the hands of his wife the pictures of saints have found no mercy, neither have the images. She, and rightly we think, deemed them an abomination to the Lord; and has committed them wholesale to the flames. Moreover, all these, on reading their Lord's command about immersion in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. before their assembled townspeople, confessed their faith by obedience in this matter also, and went joyfully to their homes.

On Sunday next we hope to meet them as their pastors, to partake with them of the Lord's supper; and then, indeed, will we be able to sing with the sweet singer of Israel—"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,"

We set up our Ebenezer now, and look out for the "morn to follow," for we expect greater things than these.

It may be that some of the Lord's stewards might wish to know *our position as to funds*. We inform them—

1. That we are entirely dependent upon God for our own private support.
2. From our own private purse we pay the rent and expenses connected with the chapel.
3. That we intend, when funds are forthcoming, to commence a similar work in Ferrol, a town distant from Corunna an hour-and-a-half by sea.

J. P. WIGSTON.
T. BLAMIRE.

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

The many thousands who use our Penny Almanack will, we trust, find it as useful as aforetime. We have spared no pains in producing it.

The Priest Dispensed with. This sermon may be had in paper cover as a penny book, and should be scattered broadcast. *There go the Ships* may be had in the same form, and is specially adapted for sailors. Both may be had by any bookseller from Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Friends are requested not to send orders for books to Mr. Spurgeon, as he does not sell any, and the sending of letters to him about them causes unnecessary trouble and expense.

Pioneer Question Book for the Children's Services. By Rev. D. Macrae. Paisley: J. and R. Parlane.

These questions appear to have been used in children's services at Gourock, and in that connection, uttered by an earnest minister, we have no doubt they were deeply interesting, but as we find them printed they are not so striking. Nevertheless, this little book would suggest to an intelligent teacher several novel ways of getting and retaining attention, and therefore it was well to print it. Why has it not a London publisher?

Homiletical Aids for the Christian Year; a series of outlines of Sermons for the Sundays, &c., of the Church Calendar. By a Clergyman. Dickinson.

Thoroughly sound in doctrine, after the orthodoxy of the Low Church School. Having said this we have said all. This clergyman must have formed a very low estimate of the abilities of his brethren if he thinks these outlines can be of any possible use to them. He who could not divide a discourse off-hand better than is done in these "outlines" had better remain perpetual curate of Dolton-in-the-Marsh. Even those epitomes which we suppose to be taken from great preachers are so ill digested that the outline does not suggest the original discourse.

Disestablishment from a Church Point of View. By W. Gilbert. Tinsley Brothers.

A capital book. It is a somewhat novel thing for a churchman to break through all his natural prejudices, and plead for religious equality with a view to the benefit of the church itself. We cannot properly review this admirable volume in a short notice, but hope to devote several pages to its dissection. Meanwhile, every Liberation Society man should purchase this book and push it among his church friends. We trust that the course of justice and right will yet find its ablest defenders within the church herself, and then reform will become possible.

Good Works; or, "Things that accompany Salvation:" being a series of chapters on the Methodist Rules. By W. S. Caldecott. Elliot Stock.

Methodists have here a commentary upon the rules of their great founder; and as they ought to be well acquainted with his wise precepts we recommend them to read Mr. Caldecott's chapters. Our subscribers who are not Methodists, but are curious to know what the Methodist rules are, will find abundance of information here.

Angelic Beings: their Nature and Ministry. By the Rev. Charles D. Bell, Rector of Cheltenham. Religious Tract Society.

Exceedingly good, but not distinguished for depth or originality. The headings of the chapters may suggest themes to some of our preaching readers —Angels called to Worship, Angels Praising, Angels Rejoicing, Angels Enquiring, Angels Taught, Angels Ministering, &c. We doubt not that these discourses were both popular and edifying when delivered, and we are quite sure that they gave nobody the headache through excessive profundity, nor did they cause palpitations to any persons of diseased heart through the striking nature of the language or the thought; we can, therefore, safely recommend them. The spirit of the work is devout and earnest.

Twenty Sermons Preached in Brighton. By Rev. W. H. M. H. Aitken, M.A. Dickinson and Higham.

We have often heard Mr. Aitken spoken of as High Church, but we do not see in these sermons one-half as much *church* as we have met with in many low church discourses: in fact, Mr. Aitken gives us far more of Christ than of any church whatever. We like these sermons. Here and there the theology is not exactly ours, but they have a grand Whitefieldian ring, they arouse, they demand submission, they extol the Lord Jesus, they lay the sinner low. At times Mr. Aitken seems to knit his brows and speak as sternly as John the Baptist; indeed, there are frequent touches of the terrible, but gospel assurances prevail, and these are all the sweeter because of the bitter herbs. We cannot believe that such warnings and entreaties were uttered in vain. Whatever may be the ecclesiastical surroundings of such a "mission preacher," these sermons give no quarter to outward religiousness, or ceremonialism, but bear testimony to the need of a divine change, and the all-importance of faith in Christ. They are colloquial, sufficiently full of illustrations, simple, earnest, and, indeed, *they are application from beginning to end.* We rejoice that in Brighton, where the votaries of fashion and the dupes of superstition are so plentiful, a voice has been heard pleading for Jesus in tones which will not lull to slumber; tones which startle, alarm, and impress. Brighton needs a hundred of such voices, and even then there would be a bottomless deep of frivolity in its ever shifting population of visitors.

Pain Quotidien Illustré. Avec versets, quatrains, et gravures. Londres: Société des Traites Religieux.

The Tract Society does well to issue this daily text book in England, as well as in France. It is for children, and therefore is bountifully illustrated. So many of our little ones learn the French language, or what is mistaken for it, that this little book will make a very suitable and encouraging present to them. For every day there is a picture, a Scripture, and a piece of poetry, quite sufficient for a daily exercise in the French tongue.

Men of Mark in British Church History. By Wm. Marshall, D.D. Wm. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

These sketches of Thomas A'Becket, Wycliffe, Wolsey, George Buchanan, Cranmer, &c., are written with a great deal of candour, and are not twisted either one way or the other. If the history be correct, and we have no reason to raise a question upon that point, it is a great advantage to read an author who is altogether dispassionate. Cranmer, a man whom we can never respect, comes out very badly in the sketch here given. Like the church which he founded, he was far too accommodating, lacked backbone of definite principle, and yet could, when occasion required, persecute others. Of all men who have founded sects, Thomas Cranmer had least of those qualities which entitle a man to become a leader of his fellows in religious thought, and the church of which he was the principal fashioner now stands in a position of the most anomalous kind. It is the patroness of Popish error, and yet a Protestant church. Whether she does more harm or good it is not hard to say.

The American Pulpit of the Day. Forty-two Sermons by the most distinguished living American Preachers. First Series. Dickinson, 27, Farringdon Street.

For a first series this is all very well, or we should have asked—where are Talmage and a host of others? We cannot, of course, have everybody in one selection, and this is a valuable one, which many will be glad to purchase. The Americans have a noble pulpit, but as a rule they seem to labour too much, even to straining, and are everlastingly trying to do fine or sensational things. Their sermons must be brilliant and startling, or they are nowhere. We often ask—did our Lord mean us to to preach great sermons? Is preaching really bound to make slaves of ministers by taxing their ingenuity, and wearing out their brains? A quieter and less laboured testimony might be more spiritually powerful, and perhaps fuller of the plain gospel. We don't say this altogether in reference to our Transatlantic brethren, for the same remark applies to ourselves also.

More Light; and other Sunday School Addresses. By J. S. Fleet. Sunday School Union.

Twenty short Sunday School addresses. Not the very best we have seen, but still exceedingly good, and very suggestive to other teachers. We commend Mr. Fleet for giving these sermonettes to his brethren, and we wish that all superintendents could discourse as ably as he can. Though not believing in the plagiarism of a whole speech, we yet think that some who give addresses would be very wise if they were to borrow one of these, cut it into their own shape, and deliver it in their own style. There can be no monopoly of ideas, and when moulded by a man's own mind, and uttered in his own language, it is not dishonest for a man to deliver the substance of what he has read. We hope this sentence will be balm to those wounds which we inflicted in a former number when we denounced purloiners of other men's outlines.

"*Delivery:*" *or, Lecture-room Hints on Public Speaking in its Relation to the Duties of the Christian Pulpit.* By Samuel McAll, Principal of Hackney College. Hodder and Stoughton.

If the ministers of the next generation do not speak well it will not be from want of lectures and hints. Just now there is a plethora of works on homiletics, and we count it a good sign. There is evidently much interest felt in the rising ministry: their tutors are using their best endeavours to develope their gifts by lecturing them, and the general public are so anxious about them that they willingly purchase these lectures to see how the tutors do it. Dr. McAll is our ideal of the head of a college; mature, kind, fatherly, sound, and cheerful. This half-crown volume contains rather little for the money, and is too much padded out with extracts; indeed these make up one-half of the 136 pages. The good Doctor's own matter is so good that we feel inclined to quarrel with him for putting us off with so little of it, and filling up with scraps from a variety of authors, for which there really was no need except to make up a book. We do not venture to criticise the learned doctor's "Hints" themselves, for we are both in the same business, and have both ventured into print upon our favourite subject. We will only say that the students at Hackney may count themselves happy to be instructed by a principal whose mere "Hints" are so weighty. What must his full deliverances be? We are lost in wondering! If "hints" at all, these are certainly very broad hints, and drive at the centre of the subject; and though delivered at Hackney they are by no means hackneyed, but are all fresh and new, and undoubtedly the doctor's own. We do not like this manual so well as the same author's "*Pastoral Care*," but this is only because there is so much less of it.

Invitation and Promise: being Short Readings in Simple Language. By G. S. William Macintosh.

A little book in large type, full of undisguised and unadulterated gospel truth. Just such a book as one would wish to read at the bedside of a poor sinner, or in a cottage meeting. It ought to have a large sale, and we doubt not it will.

The Mother of Jesus not the Papal Mary. By Edward Jewitt Robinson. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

A book of great importance, which we cannot dismiss with a brief notice. It must form the theme of an article in our next issue. It is one of the ablest exposures of Mariolatry we have ever seen. The worship of the virgin is becoming common in the English church, and in more than one High Church Vade-mecum we find such prayers as these: "Let Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of death." "Holy Mary, virgin mother of God, intercede for us." Is it not time that these abominations came to an end? How can they end while the motley crew who man our Established Church find themselves able to eat the bread of a Protestant nation and teach as much of Popish idolatry as they please? If they must have their Maries, let them pay for them with their own money, but to tax us for this abomination is tyranny.

Notes.

In answer to many inquiries, we are happy to state that Mrs. Spurgeon is out of immediate danger, and, although appearances are not implicitly to be relied upon, she appears to us to be decidedly better, and is certainly freer from pain. Her physicians believe her to be so much better that we may safely take our needed holiday in the south. She herself earnestly wishes us to go, fearing lest there should be two invalids in the house at the same time. She has ever thought more of her husband's welfare than her own, looking at the matter from the highest of all points of view, namely, the needs of the church of God.

During her extreme illness, the work of distributing books to ministers has been delayed, but Mrs. Spurgeon has now resumed it. The delight with which the volumes sent out have been received is a great joy to the poor invalid, and to us it is a matter of supreme satisfaction. We have met with brethren who have only four books, and others who have a few more, all of a worthless character, for hardly one out of the number would be worth buying for sixpence at a bookstall. There is an absolute famine of books among poor Baptist ministers, and the work of supplying them is one of the most needful which Christian charity can undertake. We are feeding the church when we feed the minister's mind. God the Holy Spirit must teach him to profit, but by supplying instructive books we have at least used the means. So long as funds last Mrs. Spurgeon will continue the distribution, and it is not supposable that she will be left without the needful money, while so many of our Master's stewards are increasing in wealth. She has still a number of copies of "Lectures to my Students" to give to any poor minister who may apply, whether a Baptist or not. Letters to her at Nightingale Lane, Clapham, Surrey, will be speedily attended to.

Baptist Union.

The meetings of the Baptist Union at Plymouth were, we trust, really profitable all through. We felt ashamed to be so very prominent, for it is the last thing in our thoughts to wish to be placed in the front; but the friends would have it so, and we yielded. It is, however, contrary to our own idea of things wise and proper for one person to occupy so much space in these meetings, and hence we have frequently staid away altogether, and propose to do so next time. Let the younger men have opportunities of coming forward, and let the preachers and speakers be selected from as wide a range as possible, consistently with efficiency. We feel very anxious that the proposed *Annuity Fund for Aged Ministers and their Widows* should not fall through. It is a sin and a shame that we, as Baptists, have not had such a fund long ago, and we ought not now to permit an hour's unnecessary delay. We propose that our wealthier friends should give £100 a year each for five years, or less sums if these are too large, so as to raise a capital sum of from £20,000 to £50,000. Then if upon a certain Sabbath all the churches would make a desperate effort, and put their ministers upon the fund, with all the premiums paid up for life, this would be a grand commencement. The principle of each minister's insuring his own life for an amount which he will receive as a matter of right is a sound one. To add as much as possible to the amount which will come to him should be the ambition of all who love the Lord, and desire to roll away reproach from that portion of the church to which we belong. Infirm ministers and widows of the Lord's servants have a claim upon us, and our Baptist friends must not allow the present project to end in talking and planning. We can do the work if we only resolve to do it. Wanted — a first-class secretary, and a liberal public. Let the watchword be for all Baptists throughout the kingdom "ALL AT IT," for one of the grandest causes conceivable.

Orphanage.

This month we have had many generous helps, but one of them, for magnitude, exceeds all others. The good friends at Reading have held a Bazaar for our Orphanage, and the net result is £1,158!! We never dreamed of such a thing, and can hardly realise it now. This is royal munificence, surpassing anything done for us by any town in England. We are overwhelmed by the loving respect which we received personally, and yet more by this token of interest in our work. We can never sufficiently thank these noble helpers. Everybody in the town, of every sect, seemed to have a hand in the work, from the mayor down to the artisan. Specially are we grateful to our beloved friend, Mr. W. Anderson, of King's Road Chapel, and certain ladies of his congre-

gation, whom we should like to mention, but we fear we should grieve rather than please them if we did. We bless the name of the Lord and take courage. We can now go away to our short rest without the slightest anxiety on the score of the Orphans.

Among the contributions of the month some are very pleasant as being given out of the Lord's purse by those who regularly devote a portion of their substance to the Lord, and one is peculiarly so as being part of the first wages of one of the Orphans.

Colportage.

Additional Colporteurs have been appointed to the following new districts:—

Bacup, Lancashire, a large, densely populated, and manufacturing district.

Countesthorpe, in the neighbourhood of Leicester, an agricultural district, partly supported by the Leicestershire Baptist Association.

Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, being the second district partly supported by the Oxfordshire Baptist Association.

Hawkhurst, Kent, supported by local subscriptions, forwarded by Mrs. J. Brine.

We hope that other county associations, in addition to those now mentioned, and several others affiliated with our Society, will soon take up this valuable, important, and economical work of Christian colportage. Wherever fairly tried it gives growing satisfaction; and while mainly aiming at the counteraction of the perils of pernicious literature, our system of Colportage blends true missionary work with its book-hawking enterprise; and has been blessed by God to the conversion of many souls. If only the necessary funds were forthcoming there are many needy districts which might be worked with good results at once.

Applications for the appointment of men in districts where £40 a year can be guaranteed may be sent to Mr. W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, S.E.

College.

The venerable Thomas Cooper, without fee or reward, has delivered three lectures on the Christian Evidences to the students. He was heard with great enthusiasm. In addition to the good which he accomplishes, it is a great intellectual treat to listen to "the old man eloquent."

Mr. Paxton Hood has commenced a course of lectures to the College upon "The Defences of the Old House of Faith." After their delivery they will probably see the world in print.

Our friend Mr. Chown has engaged to lecture at the College during our absence.

Mr. Sankey, of our College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Ramsey, Hunts. Mr. Ensoll also goes to Attercliff, near Sheffield, with most hearty welcomes from all concerned.

Missions.

On Monday, Oct. 11, a very happy and hearty meeting was held at the Tabernacle to bid farewell and God speed to four members of the church who are going forth among the heathen, and to one brother of another church who sails with them. Miss Bertha Thorne goes to undertake Zenana work, and Miss Burnett goes to be married to our brother Mr. Charles Brown, who is already in the field. Mr. Gammon goes to Turk's Island, and was unavoidably absent. These friends go forth in connection with the Baptist Mission, and there was a grand muster of friends of that society. The other two missionaries elect were brethren who go forth under the superintendence of the apostolic Hudson Taylor, to labour among China's millions; one of these, as we have said, is from our church. Our Sabbath School has of late been very fruitful of missionaries, and the College also. May all this be but as the first gleams of the morning. Four at a time is hopeful. When shall we see the young warriors go forth by forties for the Lord Jesus?

Monday, Oct. 17.—The prayer-meeting was rendered doubly interesting by an address from Mr. Thomas Ness, once our assistant minister, but for a long time laid aside by ill health. We were all glad to hear his clear and loud utterance of most suitable exhortation, creating the hope in every heart that he may long be spared, and may sufficiently recover strength to be able to preach the gospel frequently, if not constantly.

Our friends at Charles Street, Kennington, have taken down their old chapel to save it the trouble of tumbling down. Their minister, Mr. Griffin, is a worthy brother, and they are an earnest people. We commend them just now to the kindly aid of our friends. The late Mr. Thomas Attwood, their former pastor, was a choice spirit, but the church could never grow in the confined and dilapidated structure in which it worshipped; we are rejoiced to see the new house in actual course of erection.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle; By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: September 23rd, twenty-three; September 30th, twenty-two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bydawell	0	4	3
An Old Presbyterian	1	0	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Per G. J.	1	0	0
J. E. C.	0	1	0
Miss Annie Williams	0	4	6
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0
Mr. T. Hamilton	10	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. A. Fowler	1	0	0
J. M.	10	6	0
Mrs. Allam	5	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
G. M. P.	0	5	0
A Welsh Minister's Thankoffering ...	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Deal	2	0	0
Mr. G. Marsh	20	0	0
One who never hears a Sermon	0	5	0
Stychbrook	0	5	0
Mrs. Corrie	0	12	0
Shamrock	0	10	0
Miss Way	2	10	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	1	0	0
A Widow's Thankoffering, A. K ...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Morley, M.P.	200	0	0
Mrs. Stockbridge	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Jephs	1	5	0
R. K. J.	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	5	0
Mr M. Tutton	5	0	0
Mr. M. Hall	1	0	0
Love's Offering	1	0	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Graham	25	0	0
A Scotch Girl	1	0	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	10	0
Mr. A. Darby	5	0	0
Mrs. Howell	1	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Sept. 26	40	0	3
" " " Oct. 3	30	2	9
" " " " 10	32	2	3
" " " " 17	36	2	10
	£432	12	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
A Orders	0	12	0
Sermon Reader, Selkirk	3	0	0
Mrs. Warwick	2	10	0
Mr. Pinkstone's Class	1	1	0
An Old Presbyterian	1	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Mr. J. Colville	0	5	0
A Thursday night Hearer	5	0	0
J. E. C.	0	1	0
Orphanage Box at Metropolitan Store	1	0	8
Found in the Shop...	0	5	0
Miss Annie Williams	0	4	6
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
A. H.	2	2	0
J. L. L.	5	0	0
Miss Wyatt (Sale of Goods)	2	0	0
Mrs. Allen	1	0	0
H. E.	0	2	0
E. B. J.	0	5	0
J. A.	5	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies	1	5	0
J. A. C. (New Zealand)	5	0	0
Miss Camps	1	9	6
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel" (Dumfries)	1	0	0
Box on Sellindge Counter	0	11	6
Mr. J. McKenzie	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Moir	0	10	0
Mr. Chessher	0	5	0
Services at Newport Pagnell	0	10	0
Mr. O. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hammond	0	9	0
Collected by Miss Jesson :—			
Mr. Scarborough 1 0 0			
Mr. Pickard 0 10 0			
Mr. R. Carryer 0 10 0			
Mr. Stanyon... ... ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Nunnerly 0 10 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hill 0 10 0			
Misses Bennett 0 5 0			
Mr. Smith 0 5 0			
Mrs. Eames 0 3 0			
Miss Eames 0 2 6			
Miss Cooper 0 2 6			
Miss Raynes... ... ... 0 2 6			
Mr. Barrow 2 0 0			
Miss Jesson and Friends...	6	15	6
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
R. E. S.	0	3	1
Mr. T. Brown	1	1	0
Mrs. Goosey...	1	1	0
A. W. (Fife)...	100	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. Wilks, part proceeds of Lecture ...	1	2	8
A. K.	0	2	6
G. M. P.	0	5	0
T. F. C.	0	12	0
W. A. M.	0	3	6
A Widow's Thankoffering, A. K. ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. Cook	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0
Harvest Thanksgiving Offering (Blaenavon)	1	0	0
Shamrock	0	10	0
Miss Way	2	10	0
Martham Baptist Sunday School ...	1	15	0
Mr. W. McEwing	2	0	0
K. A.	5	0	0
Mr. F. Bateman	1	10	0
G. H. Bateman	1	10	0
Mrs. Bateman	0	10	0
Miss Bateman	0	10	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
From Little Alfred and his Nurse from Scotch Collection	1	0	0
S. and N.	8	15	0

	£	s.	d.
A Day in the Hop Gardens (L. T.) ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Stockbridge	0	5	0
Collection at Highbury Hill Chapel, per Mr. J. Sands	41	4	6
Mrs. Norman	0	10	0
Miss Ann Angus	0	10	0
Mr. H. Williams	5	0	0
Miss F. Maitland	2	2	0
Mr. Chew	5	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. W. Knight	2	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Wadland	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Heaton	0	10	6
Miss Taylor	1	0	10
John Ploughman's Horse Shoes ...	0	3	9
Mr. North	0	3	10
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Master Warne	0	1	6
Rev. J. Smith, Haddenham	1	2	0
Miss Merritt	1	13	0
Mr. Hobson	10	0	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	13	6
Mrs. Butler	1	4	7
Master W. Morse	0	1	3
Messrs. R. and W. Salmond	20	0	0
Mrs. Cachet	5	0	0
Rev. F. Smith	2	2	0
Part Collection Brockley Road Chapel	13	0	0
Z. Z.	0	10	0
Mrs. Whittaker	0	2	6
Y., Norfolk	2	4	0
Mr. H. W. Duncan	0	5	0
Mr. M. Tutton	5	0	0
V. S.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Smith	0	13	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
Miss M. Brockie	0	10	0
Mr. A. Darby	5	0	0
Proceeds of Bazaar at Reading	1138	0	0
Annual Subscriptions—			
Mr. Park	1	1	0
Mr. J. Lamont	2	0	0
Mr. J. Skinner	1	1	0
Mrs. Winter	2	2	0
Mrs. Herschell	2	2	0
Mrs. Gibbs	1	0	0
Mr. W. Stiff	2	2	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			
Mr. Gibson 0 5 0			
Mr. Underwood 0 5 0			
Mr. Charlier 0 5 0			
Mr. C. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Mrs. C. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Miss Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Master Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
	2	0	0
	£1529	5	2

Mr. Chilvers has given £10, of which £5 is allotted to Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund, with thanks. Mrs. Smith, received and sent as directed. Mrs. Evans desires to acknowledge receipt of Fur Jacket from Sheffield.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth. Provisions:—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hillyard; Leg of Mutton, a ham, a large Loaf, and some Apples, the Reading Bazaar; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; Sundry Fruit and Vegetables from the following Friends:—Mr. Mills, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Parker, Mr. Bath, Mr. Arnold, Miss Elwood, and "Lillie," Bristol; Parcel of articles for Sale Room, Friends at Gravesend.

Clothing, &c.:—Twelve Flannel Shirts, Miss Foley; 2 Cotton ditto, the Reading Bazaar; 30 Wash-hand Bowls and 36 Soap Dishes, Mr. Vickery.

Donations, &c.:—American Visitors, £2 10s.; 31 Coins in Orphanage Pillar Box, 15s. 6d.; Collected by the Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, 16s. 8d.; by Sale of Boots, 7s. 6d.; A. Doggett, £10.—Total, £14 9s. 8d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Southern Baptist Association	20	0	0
Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
R. Cory, Esq., Cardiff	10	0	0
Kilmorton, per R. V. Masters, Esq. ...	10	0	0
Wrexham, per Mr. S. Jones	10	0	0
Offord, per Mr. W. R. Giddings	3	6	8
Worcestershire Evangelistic and Colportage Association	30	0	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
E. B., quarterly	25	0	0
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. T. Wilkinson ...	7	10	0
Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0
Mr. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier	0	10	6
J. E. C.	0	1	0
E. W.	0	2	6
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Harry H.	0	10	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	2	6
E. B. J.	0	5	0
Mr. G. A. Cubbers	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pledge	2	10	0
Shamrock	0	10	0
Mr. G. Marsh	10	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Gibbs	0	5	0
Mr. McGregor	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davies	2	2	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	10	0
	£174	17	8

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Sham Spirituality.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE most precious things are the most often counterfeited. It would not remunerate the forger to imitate farthings, but he drives a profitable business if he can succeed in issuing bad sovereigns. Spirituality of mind is one of the golden coins of religious currency, rarely seen by some people, despised only by those who do not possess it, and valued highly by all right minded persons. It is not easily attained, but it is very readily imitated: some have counterfeited it with remarkable success, and others have done so in a manner too slovenly to deceive any but the most foolish. A certain order of mimic spirituality which has come in our way we should like to drive out of circulation, and therefore we will nail down a couple of specimens upon our counter.

The first is "*the citizen of heaven*" *who proves his heavenliness by shirking the duties of his social position, while he takes to himself all its privileges.*

"You really are very hard to deal with, Mr. Brotherton, I cannot meet you at all to-day. That last farthing in the pound will about pay my commission, and, as I don't want to have your name off of the books of our firm, I shall forfeit my commission on the transaction, and you shall have the goods. At the same time, I must say, you are the toughest customer in the circle of my acquaintance."

"Times are so hard now that, if I did not reduce my expenditure in all directions, I could not manufacture our class of goods without loss. I will take enough of you to run on with for the next few weeks, and then perhaps your terms will be more reasonable, and I shall be a buyer."

Some such words as these closed a very long business conversation between two Christian men, the one a representative of a London house which supplied certain articles necessary to manufacturers, and the other the wealthy owner of an immense factory, who was well known for his sharpness in driving a bargain. They knew each other very well, and therefore when the transaction was so far finished the London traveller observed, "Your town seems very lively just now with this election." "*Yes, the men of this world are very eager about such matters.*" "And don't you take an interest in the present contest? One of the candidates is a temperance man, and the other is the nominee of the beer interest. I believe W— to be a thoroughly conscientious man, a friend of religious equality, a lover of peace, and in all respects on the side of progress. As for his opponent, he is of the old school, and would not only conserve every abuse but create a few more if he could." "*All this is of no interest to me,*" said Mr. Brotherton, with that tone of sanctity which borders on the angelic, "*I am no longer a citizen of this world; my conversation is in heaven.*" This was too much for our London commercial; he was a genuine Christian, but he was not very familiar with the cant of certain modern schools, and therefore he would have been disgusted had it not been that he was too much tickled with a sense of the ridiculous. "Come, come," said he, "this is rather too good. What, Mr. Brotherton, you not a citizen of this world! Ha! Ha! Why, you beat me down to the very last farthing over that soap, and you are known to be about as sharp and shrewd a man as any in the country, and yet you are not a citizen of this world! Man alive, I wish you were not, for then perhaps there would be a chance of getting a fair profit out of you! I know what the Scriptures mean by the expression you have quoted, but the way in which you use it sounds to me very like a joke, or else a lazy excuse for neglecting your duty." The traveller had spoken the truth, though Mr. Brotherton did not care to admit it.

Here was a man of wealth and influence who never hesitated to accept the services of the police for maintaining order or checking pilfering in his mill, who owed his commercial prosperity to laws which have emancipated trade from unequal burdens, and who every day in many ways was indebted to the rule, order, and conveniences afforded by the Government under which he lived; and yet, when he was summoned to discharge one of the duties required of dwellers in a free state, he refused to obey. He was a citizen so long as it was for his own benefit, but no further. He was willing to reap, but not to sow. When travelling in foreign countries he claimed the rights of an Englishman with all the boldness of the Palmerstonian "Romanus sum"; but at home, when there was something to be done for the benefit of his countrymen, he turned tail, and said, "I am no longer a citizen of this world." To make money for himself was laudable even in a citizen of heaven, but to obtain enactments which would promote the public health and social well-being was inconsistent with his high calling. Does any man but a brother of the same clique believe that Jesus Christ would have countenanced such utter meanness as this? *Dirt* meanness a friend of mine calls it. If in a literal sense a man has no sort of citizenship here, let him renounce the privileges

of his position as well as forego its duties; let him decline the benefit of laws which he will not assist in making, and claim no further share in the liberty which he will not aid in preserving. In this country every man is not only under the law, but he is also a part of the law-making body—he is a member of the corporate Cæsar by whom our Government is carried on; and it is a blessing that it is so, a blessing well worth all the struggles which it cost our fathers in ages gone by. Now, as it is clear that a Christian governor would be wrong in neglecting his government and allowing bad laws to oppress his subjects, so every Christian Englishman sins if he neglects his own governing vocation, and allows his portion of the control to be ill used, or not used at all. Every vote withheld from the right side is virtually given to the wrong. Abstinence from voting for truth and righteousness involves the abstaining person in responsibility for all the wrong which his neglect has tacitly supported. Nor is this all. If the virtuous dwellers in a country leave its arrangements to the vicious—and this is what it will come to if this non-citizenship idea is to be carried out—then a great measure of the wrong done by the ruling vicious class will justly be laid at the door of the virtuous who placed them in power. Can the God of all grace have intended us to shoulder injustice into office by our spiritual-minded neglect, to aid and abet oppression by letting it alone, and to retard the advance of righteousness and truth by passing by on the other side? The conscience of every intelligent man is capable of deciding this question.

The fact is that a certain class of men love to be quiet, and are ready to sell their country to the evil one himself so that they may live at ease, and make no enemies. They have not the manliness to plead for the right, for it might cost them a customer or a friend, and so they pretend to superior holiness as a reason for skulking. The glorious truth of the believer's citizenship in heaven, which they use as a figleaf to cover the nakedness of their self-indulgence, does not in reality conceal their shame. Who but an idiot would plead that because he is a child of God he is no longer the son of his earthly father? What wife would urge that because she loves the heavenly Bridegroom she may, therefore, desert the husband of her youth? What lunatic would assert that because he wears a robe of righteousness he has no need to put on garments made by a tailor? Any one of the whole range of inferences from metaphors is equally as forcible as that which is drawn from the simile of citizenship, and might as fitly be carried into practice. The result would not, perhaps, be much worse in any of the cases suggested above than it would be in the present one if all Christian men were infatuated by it. Think a moment of England's past history and the monstrousness of the case is clear. Go back a few years. The negro is enslaved, and only the national will can break his fetters, yet no Christian man must be returned to Parliament to set him free, for that would be horrible. No Christian man may go to the hustings to record his vote, for that would be worldly. Slaves in Jamaica must be flogged to death, and bought and sold like chattels, till the unchristian and infidel portion of the population shall commence an agitation for setting them free, for those who believe in Jesus have nothing to do with it, they are citizens of another country.

Wilberforce and Clarkson are great sinners to meddle with politics, true saints leave negroes to bleed and die. Or take another case. Life is trifled with; men are hanged in batches every week; for petty thefts the gallows tree is loaded with hideous fruit. At Newgate men die by the score for minor crimes. Is this legal murder to be continued? Does not every Christian heart denounce it? Yet ye "citizens of heaven," ye must not vote for a humane member of parliament, much less must ye go to Westminster yourselves to plead for the precious life. No, let the wretches hang, and be sent to hell for the matter of that! Anything must be better than the worldliness which would be involved in the soft and sleek "citizen of heaven" giving his vote for humanity! These are not fancy cases, but passages of acknowledged history, and to-day, when vital questions are still mooted, and great wrongs still remain to be redressed, the principle which keeps a Christian from quietly exercising his judgment and voting for right, truth, sobriety, freedom, is a principle opposed to the spirit of Christ, and cometh not from him who bids every man love his brother. Nothing in the Scriptures with regard to the higher life may be interpreted to relieve us from the obligations of our natural existence; these last are not specifically mentioned in Scripture upon the principle quoted by Paul when he said, "Doth not nature itself teach you, etc.?" Since it is an apostolic injunction, "If thou mayest be free, choose it rather," it does not need inspiration to add, "but in choosing to be free you come under certain obligations which you will be bound to discharge. Attend to them with jealous conscientiousness." Nature, common sense, and our natural sense of justice teach us that.

Enough, however, upon this most egregious sham.

Another equally common and pernicious form of mock spirituality is *the superfinely heavenly-minded creature who never likes to hear about money or any secular work in connection with religion.*

"What a terrible waste of time we had this morning," said brother Spiritual to his friend Body. "To think of that number of Christian men spending pretty nearly two hours in talking about *finances!* I felt ashamed to be there and to hear about the poverty of ministers and the hundreds of pounds wanted for foreign missions, as if everything depended upon the pounds, shillings, and pence." "Well," said Body, "you surprise me. I thought the address we listened to was one of the best, wisest, and most timely I have heard for many a day. Like you, I felt ashamed as I heard of the want of liberality which has caused so much poverty, but I thought it was high time we were all brought to book, and stirred up to do better. For my part, I should like to put a good piece of ribs of beef on every poor minister's table next Sunday, and I should be glad to pop an extra £20 into his pocket to rig out his wife and children with new clothes." Good brother Spiritual smiled with benign compassion upon Body, who was evidently carnal, a mere babe in grace, and he mildly replied, "But the secret of all this mischief is the low state of grace in the churches, and we must begin by raising the spiritual tone. Once get our members to enjoy the higher life, and all will be well. Now, if that assembly had spent its time in prayer to God, instead of planning how to raise money, they would have drawn down the power from on high, and funds would

have come in rightly enough. I confess it grieves me to have so much precious time wasted with business."

Body nodded his head, for he very much agreed with his friend in theory, though he totally differed from him as to the present practical matter in hand. He saw that brother Spiritual would get no good from anything he had to say, and therefore, softly humming a tune, he trotted off, poor carnal man that he was, to relieve his feelings by giving a five pound note to a poor minister who, as far as Spiritual was concerned, would probably live upon vegetables for a quarter of a century if he waited for the spiritual tone of the churches to be raised to its proper point. "Ah," said Body to himself, "the good man is very right, if the churches were more Christlike the Lord's exchequer would be full to overflowing; but then, as they are not all they ought to be, what is to be done by those who see it and regret it? Suppose every one of us should just blame the churches and there let the matter rest, would that mend it? Who and what are the churches but a company of excellent brethren like Spiritual, and a lot of poor stupids like Body? Come, then, Body, old fellow, it is just you and Spiritual who want toning and tuning; what note can you run up to at this time? You are nothing like so good as you ought to be, and I am afraid even Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith, good souls as they are, will never make you perfect, but is that any reason why poor ministers should starve?"

There are many around us of the school represented by *Spiritual*. They are ethereal and sublime: some say unearthly and absurd, but that is a scandalous observation. They have listened to the music of the spheres, and the tinkling of a collection torments their tympanum. The Lord's work ought to be done by faith, and if people had faith there would be none of *these miserable appeals for money*. Pew rents they regard as abominable, every one ought to sit as free as his neighbour, and rather more so. We should trust in God to pay the charwoman, and the gas bill, and the repairs, and the other trifles. The minister—well, it is a question if there should be any, but there can be no question whatever that it would be very advisable for him to keep a school, or cut hair, or sell fried fish, or sweep chimneys, or practice as a herbalist, or follow some other respectable calling, so that he might not be a burden to his brethren. If he must be supported by the church, the proper way is, according to these superior people, to leave the matter to his faith, and let him be fed like a dog whenever the dear people choose to pitch him a bone. The Scripture says, "The labourer is worthy of *his hire;*" but as it would be degrading to a pastor to pay him regularly and fairly, like a hireling, let him be exalted into a more dependent condition, and live on as slender a diet as a poor relation.

We have known deeply spiritual persons apply to an Orphanage for the admission of a poor child, but when they have been asked whether they would subscribe to the institution, they have replied that they could not do it, for they would by so doing have "fellowship with system," whatever that may mean. To obtain the benefit of other people's charity it seems would be right, but to contribute yourself would be wrong. The same order of sublime beings denounce all total-abstinence societies because the world is doomed to go to the bad, and it is the duty of Christians to scramble through it and out of it as

speedily as possible: to reform it is no business of theirs. Societies for promoting education, thrifty habits, and social happiness, are very proper things to be conducted by unregenerate people, but saints must not touch them, nor do a hand's turn to improve or bless anybody. Even in the matter of Dorcas societies, or hospital collections, they are excused; the heavenly citizenship comes in again, and delivers them from lending their beast, or subscribing their twopences; Samaritans are good when they attend to such carnal matters, but the true seed of Israel, whose portion is on high, are bound to abstain from such worldliness.

We have known a very spiritual body so abstracted from all sublunary things, as to forget to drop in the threepenny bit which had been carefully selected for the collection, and somehow we have thought more highly of the poor dame who pinched herself all the week in little dainties that she might in her quiet way give her shilling to the offering. The "Be ye warmed, be ye filled" gentlemen and ladies are, as a rule, very heavenly-minded in their own esteem, but we question whether the angels are of the same opinion. They fuss about that wonderful point in the fourth verse of the fifteenth chapter of this and that, but no ragged school sees them toiling amidst the filthy and the depraved, no soup kitchen brings down upon them the blessings of the poor, no maternal society makes babe and mother happy in the hour of need. They see a starving man and give him—a tract! His consumptive wife, whose bones may be seen through her skin, receives—an orthodox leaflet. What more can they expect from those pure spirits whose fellowship with flesh and blood is over, and who only linger here to let admiring people learn what heaven must be, where such shining ones are to be seen in every street.

We do not like to be uncharitable, but we think our nose detects the faintest possible smell of hypocrisy in all this. Is it so? or are we mistaken? When a man's view of life is always taken from the penurious side, is he after all the model of a Christian? Is the most miserly mode of worship, the most beggarly method of supporting Christian ordinances, quite sure to be the Scriptural one? When a man's grace moves his tongue but never opens his hand it can hardly be a very real and powerful force. The truth is we do not believe in the gaseous state of mind which makes men soar aloft among the clouds, but leaves to others such practical duties as the helping of the poor, the support of the minister, the spread of missions, and the teaching of the arab children. We would remind all the superspiritual of the old story of the beggar who asked the priest for a sovereign, and being refused came down to a crown, a shilling, and a farthing, but obtained nothing whatever. "Ah, then, holy father," said he, "will you not in your charity give me your blessing." "That I will, my son," replied the reverend gentleman, "with pleasure; kneel down, and receive it." The beggar, however, declined the favour, and went on his way, remarking that if it had been worth one single farthing it was clear that his reverence would not have given it away. Never let it come to this, that we dream about heaven and forget to relieve the needs of earth. To sunder ourselves in sympathy from our fellow-men is certainly inhuman, and therefore it can hardly be divine.

We are men, and all that concerns men concerns us. We are Christian men, and therefore all the more pitiful and compassionate, and if in addition to all this we have any claim to rank among the highly spiritual let us prove it by the pre-eminent practicalness of our lives, the generosity of our gifts, in a word, by the reality of our profession.

The Difficulties of Public Prayer.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1875.

BY PASTOR E. J. EDWARDS, OF REDRUTH.

OUR Master, according to the evangelist Matthew, said to his disciples, "After this manner therefore pray ye," and added an example of prayer, now known all over the world. This command differs nothing in sense from the one recorded by Luke. Neither of them, we think, authorises the general use of set forms of prayer, but here we need not give our reasons, as our subject does not refer to prayer by form.

The readers of prayers may have difficulties: they who pray without forms confessedly have, by the wording of our title, yet the latter evince no desire to exchange their free method of prayer for its opposite, for though a canal may have nearly uniform width and depth and flow, and therefore present but few hindrances, a river, with its widenings and narrowings, its shallows and deeps, its falls and rapids, is richer in life and beauty. Whatever gain a form may be supposed to give, nothing can compensate for its deficiency in life, freshness, vigour, and variety, all of which may be had abundantly in extemporaneous prayer.

Convinced of the advantages of free prayer, we adopt it in private also. There our perplexities are slight, when compared with the difficulties encountered in public prayer. *The nature of public prayer accounts for this.* Persons, few or many, are gathered in the name of Jesus. One Spirit has drawn them together, and begotten in them a desire to worship God. Their souls are wishful to *adore* him as "The Lord, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders"—to *praise* him as the "God of all grace"—to *thank* him as the Giver of every good and perfect gift—to *confess* to him as the One who is faithful and just to forgive sin, and to cleanse from all unrighteousness—and to *supplicate* further favours at his hand, because he "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." There is no outburst of sounds in acclamation, no chorus of voices in praise, no confusion of tongues by each detailing his own wants in his own words; only one voice is heard, adoring, praising, thanking, confessing, and supplicating. This devotional act which adapts the language of one, speaking impromptu, to the worship of the many, we call "public prayer." Matthew Henry's comment upon a passage in the Acts of the Apostles very fitly describes such prayer, "One in the name of the rest lifted up his voice to God, and the rest joined with him with one mind; their hearts went along with him, and so, though but one spoke, they all prayed."

The one voice which is heard in prayer in our public meetings for

worship is usually that of the presiding pastor or minister. In the gatherings specially named "prayer-meetings," others, besides the minister, assist in the devotional exercises. It may be presumed, therefore, that the pastor is not alone in the experience of difficulty. We think, however, that in addition to special hindrances, the difficulties common to all who reject a form of prayer become greater in the experience of those who constantly conduct the devotions of the sanctuary in services arranged according to fixed order.

Very likely *this increase of difficulty arises in part from the difference in the character of the services.* Our prayer-meetings are not cast in one mould, but the other services for the most part are the repetitions of an arrangement of devotional acts, which follow one another with the regularity of the minutes of the hour. Strict conformity to regularity is expected; everything must be exceedingly proper; and thus we are affected by a restraint which imparts a tone to the whole service, the prayer included, whereby we cease to enjoy a homely freedom, and are conscious of a want of ease, the result of a painful carefulness. Those are happy who are never subjects of this bondage: perhaps their intensified spiritual life drives them out of the beaten track of a fixed rule into the untrodden paths of unusual arrangements; or perhaps their soul is strong enough to overcome the enervating influence of oft-recurring and never-varying services, and to deliver them from stiffness of act and feeling. One point is clear, namely, that entire freedom from a sense of restraint in all our services will greatly assist us in prayer, and will also aid in rooting up other difficulties, whose growth is fostered by it.

For there has arisen out of this strict adherence from year's end to year's end to a set order of service *a custom which produces uncomfortable feelings in both minister and people, whenever the fires of devotion are at all low.* Among attendants at our places of worship, and particularly among the initiated, this phrase is common,—"the long prayer." Probably it is so styled because it is the longest of the prayers offered in the service. Generally it does not belie its name—it is a *long* prayer, when the time it occupies is considered. A mind which by no means runs in a groove has written of the power of habit in the matter of preaching in these words, "Constant habit enables the preacher to give generally the same amount of matter on each occasion, the very slight variation almost surprises himself." A similar phenomenon presents itself to many minds in respect to public prayer. Without any indicator of the passage of time, the fifteen or twenty minutes usually allotted to the long prayer are occupied with a noticeable regularity. This precision of habit is no proof that he who has prayed audibly has enjoyed the exercise, or that the congregation's attention has been sustained: candid testimony on the part of pastor and people might often prove the opposite. In a prayer-meeting long prayers are regarded as a drawback, though their length does not nearly extend to that of the prayers in our other services. The subject is thus dealt with by Dr. Talmage, "In order to have a devotional meeting thoroughly interesting, we want the right kind of prayers. Let the first characteristic be brevity. We never hear a man pray over three minutes but we get tired. There may be occasions when, before God, in a public

assemblage, as on a Sabbath-day, when the wants and sorrows of a great congregation are to be presented as well as their joys, a man may pray seven or eight minutes; but it is a rare thing that any man is called upon to occupy the attention of the people so long." We may not approve of the limits named by this authority, but general observation and admitted facts suggest the following questions. If in one meeting a protracted prayer is out of place, why is it tolerated in another? Are we to suppose that its length is atoned for by its merit, or that it becomes bearable because in some meetings more than in others the grace of patience is in more lively exercise on the part of the people?

We know, and rejoice in the fact, that the spirit of prayer frequently rests upon persons so powerfully as to enable them to pray with acceptance, though at some length. The Spirit works upon the hearers so as to make the prayer theirs also, and in these cases the length is unnoticed; but at other seasons prayers of long duration are wearisome. Why should habit, like a taskmaster, refuse the minister and his people the right to turn to another form of worship? Why must they pray just so many minutes, and no less? The spirit of our Master's remarks on prayer should be allowed to have full weight here, as we recollect that his model prayer is exceedingly short: nor do the other prayers recorded in Scripture countenance length. If, then, the thanksgivings and the petitions to be presented in our public services are so numerous that much time is needed, but long and continuous prayers are in themselves irksome, and find no precedent in the Scriptures, might not the public prayer be divided into portions more nearly equal? Less true prayer is not our advice, and we might even pray more, if our words were fewer, if they were uttered, not to fill up time, but to unfold in concise and heartfelt terms our present needs. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few" (Ecclesiastes v. 2).

Another hindrance to the full enjoyment of public prayer is *a tendency which prevails at times to pay undue regard to the critical powers of the hearers.* The mind for the time loses sight of the solemn fact that prayer is an address to God, and it becomes engaged with the arrangement of words which shall gratify the intellectual tastes of the worshippers. In preaching, wherein men are addressed, it is held by most judges to be wrong to give more thought to the form of the expression than to the truth expressed; surely, then, to occupy the mind with an attempt to please men while speaking to God must be far worse. Dr. Dwight said, "Prayer is, of all kinds of discourse, that which least demands elegance of style. Every professed ornament it rejects with disdain. The simplest, plainest, and least artificial manner of uttering his thoughts alone becomes the character of a suppliant." And a living writer, Mr. Spencer Pearsall, is of opinion that "public prayer should be marked by severe simplicity," and that "a rhetorical passage or a fine word will interrupt the devotion of the people, and prove a stumbling-block in the ascent heavenward." He adds, "This simplicity is violated by those who are fond of pomposity and mouthing." These quotations in no way recommend carelessness of diction in prayer. Rather

be it the aim of all, upon whom the honour devolves, to attain by practice a style which shall neither offend nor dazzle the hearer. A truly graceful person is so without an effort, because education and practice have made becoming manners the habitual accompaniment of his movements: in like manner may we be masters of a style of speech simple and correct, in which our mind shall habitually clothe our utterances without effort. There will then be little fear of embarrassment in finding proper words. The love of admiration is, however, so great that nothing short of divine grace can completely deliver us from the temptation to please our friends by the language of our prayers.

A simple and dignified style in prayer is promoted by an intimate acquaintance with the devotional parts of Scripture. Frequent perusal of these is in itself a blessing to the believer, and a greater one still to him who prays in public, because it begets a familiarity with the noblest devotional expressions. Care must be taken not to fall into the error of some, who pray by stringing together quotations from the Bible, impressing us with the idea that their chief aim is to show their knowledge of it. A dish composed wholly of sauce would produce nausea, while another which is nutritious without sauce is rendered more palatable by its addition. So let Scriptural phraseology be judiciously used, and it will impart increased zest to what is already a feast of fat things.

Sometimes men have so far forgotten the nature of prayer, *that their sentences have been framed almost exclusively for the ears of their human auditors.* A prominent member of the congregation is referred to in terms evidently intended to make him comfortable. The spirit which prompts such a prayer is as vicious as that which allows a person so to speak of the conduct of one or more present, that they cannot fail to note how perfectly the prayer is adapted to their naughty ways. Prayer of this kind arises scarcely at all out of a desire that the culprits should be blessed, but from the wish to let them know that their offences have been marked. The law of sin in our members may be inclined to these displays of servility or spite, and Satan may help the old nature in the effort, but a really gracious spirit will check the advancing words, and earnestly seek grace to be delivered from the slightest tendency to debase prayer to so low a use. Concerning such prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips." (Psalm cxli. 3.)

The difficulties hitherto named are those connected chiefly with the *process*, and in part with the *spirit* in which we engage in public prayer. Those now to be considered range in a higher sphere.

When our mind dwells soberly upon what public prayer is, we discover the exalted position which it holds in the realm of our spiritual life. In preaching we speak to men; in prayer we speak to the Infinite One. Regarded in this light prayer is higher in its sphere than preaching, and is one of the most solemn and sublime duties in which men can engage. *Our difficulty here is to maintain in spirit this exalted but true estimate.* We are not in danger of being too reverential, but through frequent attendance in the holy place we are in danger of becoming less mindful that he whom we profess to worship is the Lord God Almighty. To lose our confidence of approach, as of children fully

and lovingly accepted, would be heart-breaking; to have it blended with holy awe in the presence of the Highest is our desire; and we believe that as the Lord manifests himself more fully to us we shall both draw nearer in love and bow more humbly in reverence.

> "Who know his power, his grace who prove
> Serve him with awe, with reverence love."

The indifference with which frequently the preliminaries of a public service (as the devotional parts are sometimes named) are treated is a painful evidence of this difficulty. It would appear that all the attention is concentrated on the sermon, for which talent of course is selected: the other portions of the service have to take their chance.

Forgetfulness of the high nature of prayer is manifested also by the striking contrast between the often exhaustive study for preaching, and the frequent utter disregard of preparation for public prayer. This neglect may be looked upon as the cause, in great measure, of the next difficulty.

What soul does not feel sometimes, and painfully too, its *inability at the time of prayer to give utterance to words which shall bring the hearers into communion with God*, either in adoration, confession, thanksgivings, or supplication. The way of access is open, our great High Priest is waiting to receive what we may intrust to his hands, and we know that we cannot fail of acceptance, when approaching the Father through the Son: yet our cry is, "We know not what we should pray for as we ought," and we seek encouragement in the assurance that "the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." At the conclusion of the prayer it appears to us, on reflection, to have been but a forced mental effort. At such seasons as these our mind is conscious of using time-worn expressions, and we lament that both heart and mind seem to have run dry. We cannot reach the fresh springs at such times: here lies a frequent difficulty.

Another of our cares springs from the desire that the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart may be acceptable with the Lord, and at the same time present to our hearers a proper variety of topics. *We find it difficult to avoid leaning too much to the human side.*

To cure these evils the remedy of a strengthened spiritual life must be applied. The lack of reverence, and the absence of the spirit of prayer, are ills which disappear when the soul is in a healthy and vigorous state. In view of our needs in public prayer, we need that the Lord should invigorate our spirits. *Communion with God is the best means to this end.* "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

While we thus remember the Lord we must also remember those for whom we plead. It is profitable *to turn the attention, before prayer, towards men, as well as towards God, in order to bring ourselves into fuller acquaintance and deeper sympathy with their wants.*

The advantages of a twofold course of this kind are so apparent that we need advocate its use with but few words.

A child at variance with a parent is not the proper person to be the mouthpiece of the rest of the family, in order to express their love, willingness to obey, and desire for favours. Neither are a cold heart, a

burdened conscience, and a weak faith the fit characteristics of one who is to help others to plead for love, and pardon, and fellowship. Our own speaking-terms with the great King must first be arranged. The way of access should be cleared of all personal impediments. The high priest of Israel offered his own sacrifice first, before the people's; he entered into the Holy of Holies with atoning blood for himself, before he took that in, which atoned for the people's sin; and he who has to lead others in public prayer to the throne of grace will best do so, if he has himself but recently returned thence, with his heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, his countenance beaming with glory, and his hands laden with blessings of grace and mercy, just received at the hand of his Father and Saviour. One so blessed will be ready again to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus, with the spiritual offerings of the people.

In drawing near to our Father in heaven to present our people's tribute of gratitude and love we shall be wise to let our utterance describe no more than we feel; but we shall be happy if our adoration and praise, truthfully expressed, not only equal the spiritual aspirations of our hearers, but surpass them. To restrain our soul's communion with our Lord to the lower flight of weaker spirits is not required of us. If by waiting on the Lord our strength has been renewed, and we can mount up with wings as eagles, piercing the clouds of guilt and gloom, until we enjoy the fulness of glory of our Sun of Righteousness, let us do so. Let our heart present its treasures of spiritual gold and frankincense and myrrh at the feet of our incarnate God, and if our gift exceed our people's it is not likely that jealousy will take hold of them, but rather a laudable desire to be able to offer such gifts also to their Redeemer. As the greater includes the less, so will it come to pass that prayers which express the hearts of the most mature Christians will not be unsuitable even for the babes in grace.

In adoration and praise we may go in advance of the congregation as far as our heart will allow, and beckon them onward; but in presenting their confessions and petitions at the throne of grace we must remain with them, and get as near to them by sympathy as possible. This nearness is to be attained by previous meditation upon their need. We may as well expect to preach profitably as to pray profitably, without consideration beforehand of a congregation's requirements. In our contemplations individual cases should be carefully remembered. The limits of public prayer preclude the mention of individuals, except occasionally by request, or under special circumstances, as of bereavement, but *general utterances based upon the need of a particular case will very closely touch many experiences*. Our range of observation in selecting these typical cases should be wide enough to include the varied phases of life which come under our notice, lest we concentrate upon one that intercession which belongs to many. Nor should the eye of the mind rest upon our own sphere only. It is right that our hearers should, through our prayers, be led to take an interest in other parts of the one true church, and to sympathise with the wants of the nation, of all nations, and of the world. We hear the echo of a voice long silent saying, "I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men" (1 Tim. ii. 1).

With such a field for intercession, so crowded with the subjects of distress, and need, and sorrow, can it ever be that prayer degenerates into the utterance of oft-repeated sentences, or becomes the pointless effusion of religious jargon? It is possible, when antecedent preparation by meditation is habitually neglected. To say that previous thought is unnecessary, because dependence is placed upon the aid of the Holy Spirit, is but an idle excuse. If a person is called upon suddenly to lead in public prayer, he may cast himself on God, and expect to have given him in the same hour what he shall say. When, however, he knows that in a coming service he will have to speak for a certain congregation at the mercy-seat, and gives no previous thought to the states of the people, and their possible requirements, expecting to receive inspiration at the moment of prayer, he must not be disappointed if he find that the chariot wheels of devotion drag heavily, and that it is painful work to urge the laggard steeds heavenward.

It is not suggested that the prayer should be precomposed, for then it would cease to be extemporary; nor do we even wish it to be unalterably prearranged. The right plan, we conceive, is to bring ourselves beforehand into sympathy with the congregation's wants and desires, by thinking upon their condition, and then to rely implicitly on God the Spirit to help us to bring those wants before the Lord in prayer.

This twofold preparation by communion with God and meditation upon the need of the people will surely give the devotional spirit becoming the act of leading others in prayer, and will suggest suitable topics drawn from their present circumstances. It will likewise lead to point and variety in prayer, for, by the Spirit's teaching, it must of necessity be eminently adapted to the requirements of the worshippers.

If after preparing in this way it should appear that the spirit of prayer has not rested upon us, the appearance may be but a false one. Have not sermons, which cost much pain in delivery and seemed to be devoid of all unction, afterwards been known to have been channels of much blessing? So may our broken and laboured utterances in prayer, when their faults are not the result of neglect of thought, or hardness of heart, be at times the fittest expositions of our hearers' feelings.

More often than not, however, when the time of prayer arrives, the way Godward is clear, and, as the Holy Spirit leads, the sentences come forth as a band of servants, not to attract by their livery, but by their suitability to convey the desires of the people heavenwards. The hearers' sympathies are enlisted; the prayer becomes theirs, and the end of your public effort is answered.

Prayers which proceed from hearts enjoying the uninterrupted light of Jehovah's countenance, which are the result of the Holy Spirit's teaching, which lift up the aspirations and desires of the people into the presence of God, while they follow in thought until they see their petitions spread before the throne of grace—these are the prayers which bring blessing, and which we desire to offer. There is One who gives such hearts, such teaching, such ability to pray, and to him we cry,

> "O Thou by whom we come to God,
> The Life, the Truth, the Way,
> The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
> Lord, teach us how to pray."

Lying Wonders and how to deal with them.

AFTER all we have heard of Turkish roguery just lately, will any one read the following story? Soon after the accession to power of the late Sultan of Turkey, he entered on a career of reform, opposed to the pride and the prejudice of the Turks. To arrest him in this dangerous course was the object of the Ulemas (Turkish Jesuits), who resolved, if possible, to work on the young despot's mind, by exciting his superstitious fears. One day, as he was on his knees, according to custom, in his father's tomb, he heard a low voice reiterating from beneath, "I burn, I burn!" The next time he prayed there the same terrible words were uttered in the earth, and none other. The Sultan applied to the chief of the Imauns for an interpretation of this strange phenomenon, and was told that his father had been a great reformer, and was now probably suffering the penalty of his imprudent course.

The young sovereign, scarcely crediting his own ears, then sent his brother-in-law to pray in the same spot, and afterwards several others of his household. They went, and each time the words "I burn!" sounded in their ears as though from the grave of the buried king.

At length the Sultan proclaimed his intention of going in a procession of state to his father's tomb. He went with a magnificent train, accompanied by the principal doctors of Mohammedan law, and again during his devotions, the words were heard, "I burn!" All trembled except the Sultan. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called his guards and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muftis interposed, reprobating so great a profanation, and uttered dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left in the stone work was found, not a burning sultan, but a dervish. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remarks, or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? You must cool in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more the dervish was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus; while the Sultan rode back to his palace, accompanied by his household and ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate, "Mashallah! Allah is great! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!"

If the Sultan could pay a visit to Rome, and certain other Popish shrines, and legislate over the winking pictures and weeping statues belonging to the so-called Catholic church, he would give a very short and clear explanation of modern miracles, and probably put all the images into a bag and throw them into the Tiber, or the nearest stream, and use the paintings for old sacking. However, Victor Emmanuel's presence has had an excellent effect in Rome, and ladies on canvas are now seldom guilty of the impropriety of winking at their admirers. We hear that what is almost ended in Rome has lately broken out in our own country, at a certain holy well. A little rough honesty might soon expose the tricks of monks and nuns, but we seem to be rather short of the article just now. O for an hour of John Knox.

The Olive.

ONE of the most common and striking objects along the Mediterranean shore is the olive tree. One rides through gardens, we had almost said forests of olives. In going southward through France the olive first appears in a smaller form, and reminds the traveller of a large laurel, or a Kentish filbert tree trained in the shape of a hollow cup; but as you near the sea coast and enter upon a warmer atmosphere, it becomes quite a forest tree for dimensions, and its form is more irregular because it is too large for training, and is left to its own sweet will. Some of our mountain ashes remind us of the olive; indeed, many writers place it in the same family as the ash, The silver grey, the sober green, the emerald drab,—we do not know what to call it—the faint hue, of the olive makes us sadly happy, and happily sad by turns. It is a comfort in winter to see the sun reflected from its silver leaves as they twinkle in the soft breeze; joy dances in the heart at the sight: but in other moods, especially when the sun is gone, the tree looks almost funereal and faded, as if it wished to be green and could not, and therefore in despair resolved that its leaves should wither, but they in their self-will sulkily refused to complete the process.

The tree has many charms for us, it enables us to imagine the scenery of the Holy Land, and makes us feel at least a little nearer the theatre of Bible history. We sat down at the foot of a conical hill, which was covered from base to summit with venerable olives, and we experienced a day-dream of Gethsemane, so vivid that memory renews it now. Those writhing, twisting, tortured stems looked to us like an embodied agony. There was scarce an olive among all we looked upon but what was contorted and snake-like as to its form; with its trunk divided, its heart laid bare, and its bark turned inside out, each tree looked as if it had been flayed alive. The group of trees looked like wrestlers condemned to stand for ever in attitudes strained and painful. We almost expected to hear some OLEA AGONISTES groan aloud in harmony with the terrible energy which its outward form revealed. Laocoon with the serpents about him was not more pressed and wrung than many a tree appeared to be. Musing on, we thought we saw what it cost a living thing to fetch oil out of the flinty rock. That marvel is wrought by the olive, but see what it costs! There are other rocks out of which the Lord of the olive garden hath fetched both wine and oil, and at what cost let us consider as best we may. A form more marred than that of any other of the sons of men reveals the labour of his soul in producing for us that oil which makes man's face to shine.

Ever green in all weathers, the olive is not afraid of the wintery blast; it has not the bright vivid green of deciduous trees, but it modestly wears a colour which it can retain. It is true it saddens the landscape in summer in comparison with the livelier greens, but then it gladdens it in winter with a verdure for which we are so grateful that we cannot criticise it. Its beauty, though not brilliant, is perennial. We remember one who rejoiced in spirit, but not with

the hilarity of earth; his joy, which no man took from him, was secret, solemn, mysterious, but also unspeakable and full of glory. Such joy he from amid the olive grove of Gethsemane offers to us if we will drink of his cup. With the oil of gladness will he anoint us, even as he is anointed above his fellows, if we also love righteousness and hate wickedness.

If I remember rightly, I think they told me that the only manure



they give the olive is filthy rags. Those worn out woollen rags, which are of no use for any other purpose, are buried near its roots, and it transmutes them into oil. I dare not push the parallel, but what I may not dwell upon in words lies gratefully in my heart.

The olive tree, when old, renews its youth by means of the branches which grow out of its roots and trunk. An old olive bears some

resemblance to a pollard willow, with many young shoots from the original stem. It lives by dying, and flourishes by its own decay. Fit memento of One who, except he had died, would have remained alone, but who being dead bringeth forth much fruit: prophecy also of that continuous succession by which the body of Christ shall live on in perpetual youth.

There is a capital summing up of nearly all our information about the olive in Maria Calcott's "Scriptural Herbal," and as, dear reader, we are resting now, we will let that fair lady speak to you instead of us.

"With reverence I write of the olive. The olive, symbol of peace and forgiveness, was the first green thing seen by that pure family, whom faith and hope had led into the ark, when the dread punishment of the everlasting God rushed in the floods of heaven, and from the broken up springs of the deep, upon all flesh.*

"So was the olive a type of that greater mercy and forgiveness, when, in the fulness of time, the law with all its ceremonial, its feasts under tabernacles shaded by the olive, and its ever-burning lamps fed with the consecrated oil of the olive, should have passed away, and the Saviour and Redeemer be born.

"While he condescended to remain on earth, where may we, on so many important occasions, trace his steps, as on the Mount of Olives? There he sat when he wept over Jerusalem. In a village of that Mount he condescended to human friendship, and proved his human nature by affection and by grief, being moved like as we are. Finally, the garden on the Mount of Olives witnessed his agony and resignation. There the inward sacrifice was completed by the words, 'Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' And from the Mount of Olives he visibly ascended to the Father, having gained the victory over death, and begun the reign of peace on earth, good will towards man.

"The olive branch brought to Noah by the dove was not only a sign of peace, but of the recovered fertility of the earth. The olive was to form a main part of the riches of the land promised to Abraham. Moses and Joshua tell the people of their inheritance of olive trees, which they had not planted.

"The beautiful fable of Jotham tells of the fatness of the olive, whereby 'they honour God and man.' The oil of the lamps of the temple, the anointing oil for the altar and the priests, and the oil of the first-fruits, were humble offerings in honour of God. The anointing of the kings, by command of God, was an especial honour to man; and hence one of the Oriental customs of hospitality was, and still is, to offer to a respected guest oil, generally perfumed, to anoint his head, after having refreshed him with water for his feet.

"The prodigious quantities of oil produced in ancient Judea may be estimated from the number of measures annually sent by Solomon to the King of Tyre, besides what was required for the home consumption of a people who used vegetable oil, instead of any animal fat, in cookery; who consumed little, if any, wax for candles in common domestic life;

* When we have seen doves amid the olive branches, the sight has brought the tears to our eyes. One must be present to feel the force of the realisation.

and, therefore, depended for artificial light upon the oils procured from seeds and fruits, of which the olive was the chief.

"It appears, from the epistle to the Romans,* that the Jews grafted their olives, using the stock of the wild olive as an improvement to the fruit.

"In Italy, where the Greek method was probably followed, the olives were only occasionally grafted; and the olive tree was generally propagated, as it still is, by removing the suckers, which spring up in abundance annually from the roots of the old trees, and planting them in fresh soil. Thus managed, the olive soon comes into bearing; and there are few trees which can compare with it for length of life, and a long succession of productive seasons.

"Some of the most ancient in the world still grow on the Mount of Olives, especially in the garden of Gethsemane. Travellers have doubted whether, as the poor monks who show them say, they are the same under which Jesus sat. First, they object the age of the trees, and then that Titus cut down every tree, in order to furnish himself with warlike machines, during the siege of Jerusalem.

"To the last objection might be answered, that olive wood is little fitted for such purposes, and that most probably the young trees at any rate would escape; besides, Titus would hardly have been at the pains to dig up the large spreading roots of the olives, whose nature it is to fix themselves to rocks and stones, and which must have had many a hold in the fissures and rents of the limestone rocks of the Mount of Olives. Though no other trees remained, the annual shoots which arose from those ancient roots may surely be considered as branches of the very trees, so precious to the imagination of the Christian pilgrim.

"As to the objection founded on the age of the trees in the garden of Gethsemane, there are other olive trees which claim an equal date. For instance, there is at Gericomio, on the mountain road between Tivoli and Palestrina, an ancient olive tree of large size, which, unless the documents are purposely falsified, stood as a boundary between two possessions even before the Christian era, and in the second century was looked upon as very ancient. That tree produced a large crop annually, even so late as 1820; and may perhaps be still, as it was then, the pride of the neighbourhood.

"Pliny says the Athenians of his time showed an olive tree, which they said was coeval with the city, and therefore sixteen centuries old; and he mentions an olive yard, planted by the first of the Scipios, about seven centuries before he wrote, which was then in vigorous bearing.

"Modern travellers tell us of aged olive trees, near the banks of the Ilyssus, which probably witnessed the discourses of

> 'Divine philosophy,
> From heav'n descended to the low-roof'd house
> Of Socrates.'

But a wiser than Socrates sat under the trees of Mount Olivet; and his precepts, dark at the moment of utterance, but made light by the one great and pure sacrifice, changed the condition of man, and placed

* Romans xi. 17.

him under the safeguard of a wisdom to which all human philosophy is but vanity,

'Loses discountenanced,
And like folly shows.'

"The oil of Jewry was, in ancient times, as much valued for its excellent properties in food and medicine, as for its purity and quantity. The leaves were also used by the ancient surgeons, in the composition of many plasters and liniments.

"The timber of the olive tree has been in all times esteemed excellent for furniture and ornamental carving. Homer says the nuptial bed of Ulysses was of olive wood. The club of Polyphemus was also of olive; and from that lofty poet, who was a keen observer of nature, whether in the great or the minute, we find that the handles of tools for domestic use, as well as those of warlike weapons, were of the same solid wood. In modern times the little town of Chiaveri, near Genoa, is famous for its light and elegant olive wood chairs; and the delicate closeness of the grain renders it fit for painters' palettes; the exceeding beauty of which, in the colour and veining of the wood, shows how judiciously it was applied in the temple of Solomon in the carvings and posts of the doors, as well as in the foundation for the gold work of the cherubims, within the Holy of Holies.

"At a distance, the olive tree resembles the gray willow in colour, though the hue may be a shade grayer.

"The stems of old trees appear like three or four pollard willows congregated together; and the grayish-brown bark, showing every here and there the very white and bleached wood beneath, wherever it has been exposed to the weather adds to the likeness, but there the resemblance stops. The olive is ever green; and, instead of catkins, produces bunches of whitish flowers, succeeded by a fruit about the size of the sloe, which is more or less abundant, and larger or smaller, according to the soil and the season. The crop seldom fails; when it does, it appears to be from some early blight, which makes it shed its flowers prematurely; and this it was subject to in ancient Judea, as well as in the comparatively neglected modern olive yard.

"The olive affords a double harvest. The first in or about August; when the fully ripe fruit drops from the tree upon sheets or mats, spread under it for the purpose of receiving the rich produce undamaged. The second harvest is about October, or later in hilly places; when the tree is beaten, and the fruit, as at the first, caught on sheets."

[We write these lines just as we are leaving for the Riviera. We hope to be in time to see the poor people still gathering the remnants of the last picking and gathering up the windfalls, which often lie quite thickly on the paths by the side of the high-road. The tree seems to devote itself alone to fruit bearing. Careless of its beauty, it finds its beauty in its fatness. Be it so with us.]

Influence of Bishops in the Past.*

SHOULD the reader desire to estimate the influence of the bishops, let him cast his eyes over the recorded ecclesiastical history of the first thirty years of the present century, and he will hardly find an unfortunate or objectionable policy of the minister for the time being that did not receive the support of the bishops. As long as the government opposed the abolition of *slavery*, they, with few but most honourable exceptions, voted with the Government. Lord Eldon once, when speaking to a friend in the House of Lords on the question of negro slavery, remarked, "that the consistent behaviour of so many of the bishops in defending it gave him great satisfaction, as he was now fully convinced that there was nothing in the institution of slavery contrary to the principles of Christianity."

Belsham, in his "History of Great Britain," remarks that—"It is not to the credit of the Established clergy that their names have been associated with some of the most *disastrous measures* in the history of the country. To the latest period of the war against America (the War of Independence) they were, next to George III., its most obstinate supporters. Out of the twenty-six English bishops, Shipley was the only prelate who voted against the war faction. To the commencement and during the protracted continuation of the French revolutionary war they were mainly instrumental in supporting the government. There was but little disposition on the part of the people to interfere in the politics of Europe, and it is more than probable that this country would have maintained peace had the clergy been instigated by the bishops to make it a pulpit question to avoid the war. It was only by the unfounded alarms they disseminated respecting the security of property and social institutions that the contest was made popular. Watson was the only bishop who ventured to raise his voice against the French crusade, and even he, finding his opposition to the court fixed him in the poorest see in the kingdom, in the latter part of his life appeared to waver in his integrity.†

Another example of the unholy alliance which then existed between Church and State was the support the bishops gave, either by their vote or silence, to the *iniquitous and cruel laws* then in vogue in England. As late as the early part of the reign of George IV. there were no fewer than one hundred and eighty-six crimes punishable by death. The older among our readers may probably remember seeing on their road to the City, on the morning after each sessions terminated, four, five, or six criminals hanging in front of Newgate, and considered it no uncommon sight. Many efforts were made by philanthropists to stop the frequency of these ghastly spectacles, if not by the abolition of the punishment of death, at least by mitigating the severity of the laws. How severe they were may be judged by the fact that, during the thirty years from 1790

* Disestablishment, from a Church Point of View. By W. Gilbert, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," "De Profundis," etc. London: Tinsley Brothers, 8, Catherine Street, Strand. 1875. A work containing much information with which all Dissenters should be familiar.

† Church, State, Law, and Representation. Effingham, Wilson and Co.

to 1820, no fewer than six hundred and twenty-six persons had been capitally convicted under the Bank of England Act, and more than two thousand transported. The efforts of the "humanitarians," as they were termed, were strenuously opposed by the majority of the judges, on whose shoulders the mantles of Scroggs and Jeffreys seemed to have descended; and all efforts to mitigate the severity of our criminal code for many years remained unabated.

It might have been imagined that, in virtue of the office they held, the Christian attribute, mercy, might have been developed in the breasts of the bishops, and that they would have used their influence in its behalf in the House of Lords. They, however, as a body, were either silent in the matter, or personally assisted the judges in their opposition to a more merciful code of criminal laws. This statement, from the far more humane administration of justice in the present day, may be considered by the reader as somewhat exaggerated, but such is not the case, as the following example will show, as well as the quality of the excuse sometimes offered for the reverend lords,—that they must have been taken by surprise, and had not been allowed time fully to consider the subject. So far from this being the fact, the agitation for a reform in our sanguinary criminal code was considered for more than thirty years before the question came fairly before the House of Lords. It may be held to have commenced after the execution of Mary Jones, who was convicted of having stolen a piece of cotton cloth, value eight shillings, from a shop door in Ludgate Hill in 1780. The poor creature's case appeared to have excited great commiseration at the time among the population generally, and among them many members of the peerage. There were, however, two notable exceptions—the law lords and the majority of the bishops.

Mary Jones was a native of Cornwall. Her husband, then an artisan, had formerly been a sailor, and as the Government was sorely in want of seamen at the time, he was pressed, and sent to sea. His wife, a woman of unblemished character, made, with an infant at her breast, the journey on foot to London, to find her husband, and if not successful, a relative she thought would give her shelter. She was disappointed in both cases; and after wandering about the streets for some days in a starving condition, she, driven to desperation, purloined from a shop door the piece of cloth mentioned above. The cry was raised, and the master of the shop rushed out of his house in pursuit of the thief, who it appeared had repented of her crime, and was returning to the shop with the cloth in her hand. At her trial she was found guilty, but the jury strongly recommended her to mercy on account of her previous good character. All, however, was of no avail. The judge, "one of the good old British school," would not endorse the recommendation of the jury; the "majesty of the law" had to be avenged; the poor woman was cast for death, and hung at Tyburn, the infant being taken from her breast at the foot of the gallows.

This execution was the cause of an agitation, having for its object a modification of the severity of our criminal code. They were no blind enthusiasts who headed the movement, asking for unreasonable alterations in the law, but men of standing, as well as honourable politicians. They commenced by applying for the abolition of the punishment of

death for stealing secretly to the value of five shillings. For many years, however, Romilly, who to his honour headed the movement, was unable to get it entertained by the House of Lords—the judges were against it. It was, of course, urged that the English were always "a law-abiding nation," and ought not to oppose the opinion of the judges. So powerful was the opposition in the House of Peers to this very slight concession to the opinion of men of common humanity, that it was not until May, 1810, thirty years after the commencement of the agitation, that the bill for the abolition of the punishment of death for secretly stealing to the amount of five shillings was brought up for second reading in the House of Lords. It was, however, most energetically opposed by Lord Ellenborough, who denounced it as an innovation in the laws of England, which, as they stood, might be considered as most just and merciful.

It might be imagined that in such a cause the bishops, as representatives of the Christian principle in the House of Peers, might have exerted themselves in the cause of mercy. Only eleven persons, however, voted in favour of the abolition of the punishment of death, and none of those on the Episcopal Bench. It may also be stated that during the thirty years' agitation the bishops as a body never assisted in the movement; nor, it is said, can a single instance be found in which a member of their bench openly encouraged those trying to effect a more humane administration of the law. In 1811 the same bill was again introduced into the House of Lords with no better success than before, that eminently Church and State judge, Lord Ellenborough, heading the party against it. On this occasion, as before, no bishop was present, nor did any member of that reverend body appear to take the slightest interest in the matter. Out of the House how little the bishops exerted themselves in favour of the bill may be judged from the fact that only thirty-seven peers voted on the occasion of the second introduction of the bill into the House, ten for the abolition, and twenty-seven against it; of these last, it is said, there were more than one bishop. The bill, however, in spite of the opposition of Lord Ellenborough and the majority of the judges, and (to speak in the most complimentary terms possible) the indifference of the bishops, ultimately became law, without any of the terrible effects predicted by several of the most eminent law authorities of the day arising from it. When the bill for the abolition of the punishment of death for stealing in a dwelling-house to the value of forty shillings was brought before the Lords, the opposition of the bishops was open and undisguised. On the second reading it was thrown out by their votes.

In the year 1804, in consequence of the *intense spiritual ignorance* which existed in Wales, and where, had it not been for the energy of the Nonconformists, Christianity might possibly have become extinct, a Dissenting minister, the Reverend Thomas Charles, shocked at the scarcity of Bibles in the Principality, took a journey to London in the hope of bringing the subject under the notice of some of the leading philanthropists of the day. After much difficulty he succeeded, through the agency of a friend, in obtaining an introduction to the Religious Tract Society, and various schemes were suggested to carry out Mr. Charles's wishes, when a Baptist minister, the Reverend T. Hughes,

remarked, that as Bibles were much wanted in other districts besides Wales, it would be better to form a society expressly for the purpose. The suggestion was adopted, and it was resolved that a *Bible Society* should be established, the working committee to be composed of an equal number of Churchmen and Nonconformists.

It might be imagined that so praiseworthy an institution—one so consistent with the soundest principles of Protestantism—would have been readily supported by the clergy of the Church of England. Such, however, was so far from being the case, that it would, perhaps, be impossible to name, since the commencement of the Reformation itself, a more uncompromising or rancorous opposition than was shown by the church clergy against the Bible Society, fraught as it was with every element of good. Every opprobrious stigma, every term of abuse which could be found in the vocabulary of the establishment—which those acquainted with the polemical literature of the day will know was very extensive—were hurled against it. And this was the more remarkable as the movement was not solely confined to Nonconformists, but large numbers of the Evangelical section of the Church of England laboured in the movement, shoulder to shoulder with Dissenters of all denominations. The abuse heaped by the heads or leaders of the State Church clergy on the Nonconformist members of the Society was insignificant when compared with that hurled at the Evangelicals, without, however, driving them from their partisanship in the cause of the dissemination of the Bible, unfettered by State control. It should also be stated that the Evangelical party were not the only members of the Church of England who supported the Bible Society. Great bodies of the laity also took an interest in the movement, and among them many of high social position and influence; of these may especially be named the Duke of Kent, the father of our Queen. He appears, possibly from his relationship to the king, George III., the supreme head of the Church, to have been considered particularly obnoxious. To such an extent was the feeling against his Royal Highness carried, that on one occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury positively censured him in the presence of the king, reminding him, "that he that is not with us is against us." The Archbishop, however, gained nothing, for the king took the part of his son in the matter, sorely to the annoyance of the primate. Mr. Skeats, when speaking of the opposition shown by the Establishment against the supporters of the Bible Society, says :—

"Reproach, however, was the mildest form in which the opposition to the Society was clothed. Denunciation followed denunciation. The Bishop of London opposed it because Dissenters of any sect could be admitted on the committee, 'and when,' he said, 'admitted into religious society with us, they will—and it is natural—endeavour to gain the ascendancy, and supplant us wherever they can find the opportunity.' The Bishop of Winchester denounced it because it was not formed with a sufficient security to the Church of England. Dr. Herbert Marsh, Margaret Professor of Divinity, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, addressed a memorial to the Senate at Cambridge, protesting against the constitution of a society where an equality of power and interest between Dissenters and Churchmen was admitted, in which there was an imminent danger that

the pre-eminence of the Established Church would be gradually forgotten and lost. 'That Churchmen,' he added, 'by their association with Dissenters in this modern Bible Society would increase both the political and religious importance of the latter is too obvious to require illustration.' Dr. Wordsworth said, 'that the Society would have only a baneful operation, calculated to interfere with, impede, and retard the inestimable interests of piety and peace, and true religion.' 'Supply these men with Bibles,' said a country clergyman '(I speak as a true Churchman), and you will supply them with arms against yourselves.' 'Dissenters,' said another, 'can now get Bibles more easily than ever.' By others it was gravely urged that without the liturgy men were left in doubt whether the principles of the Established Church should be embraced by them or not, that they wanted a guide to lead them into the church, and unless they were supplied with the Prayer-book, the Bible might be misapplied to doctrines and discipline most discordant to the Church. It was also especially urged by Mr. Marsh, that the political consequences of the Bible Society might be dangerous to the State."

The agitation of the Established Church as a body against the Bible Society lasted for no less than fifteen years, the two archbishops, nearly the whole of the bishops, and a vast majority of the Church clergy taking an active part against this most praiseworthy attempt to place the Scriptures within the reach of all classes of the population, so that all might profit by its teaching. Fortunately never has the proverb, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*" been more completely exemplified than in the working of the Bible Society, never an association of men that has rendered more benefit to mankind. But beyond the advantages which have accrued from it a moral may be drawn, bearing on this little work—That where Churchmen and Nonconformists work together in one common good cause, how vast is the amount of benefit which may accrue from their co-operation. And if so much good has been eliminated by a union of Churchmen and Dissenters, what may not be effected from a union of the kind when religion is released from State control, and all sections of Protestants can work cordially and energetically together?

The House of Simon.

AN order was recently issued by the Sultan for removing the old walls and dismantling the fortifications of Jaffa. In cutting a gate through a water battery at an angle of the sea-wall built by Vespasian, and directly in front of the reputed house of Simon the tanner, they came upon three oval-shaped tanners' vats hewn out of the natural rock and lined with Roman cement, down very near the sea, and similar in every respect to those in use eighteen centuries ago. The house on the rocky bluffs above, and from which steps lead down to the vats, may in all probability have been the identical spot where the house of Simon stood, with whom Peter was sojourning when he saw his wonderful vision, and received the servants of Cornelius, who came all the way from Cæsarea to have the apostle visit their master in that city.

Hannah Hewling, the Puritan Maiden.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

HANNAH Hewling was born in London about the time of the Restoration, her father, Benjamin Hewling, being an opulent merchant of high standing, while her maternal grandfather was the well-known Baptist preacher and wealthy trader, William Kiffen. Though lovers of peace, both Benjamin Hewling and his father-in-law had served as officers in the parliamentary army during the Civil War, so that they were able, in quieter times, to talk of their martial exploits before wondering juvenile listeners. These two gentlemen ranked among the merchant princes of their day; and so long as they held aloof from the tedious controversies, in which numbers delighted, they were able to lead a luxurious existence in their comfortable mansions which adorned secluded nooks of the old city. At one time the home of the Kiffens stood in Austin Friars, and, if not actually situated in the same ancient precincts, that of the Hewlings was not far away. Both families were uncompromising Puritans, and as their religious sympathies and political views were identical, they were naturally drawn together by the cords of sincere friendship. Though they were quiet-living people, content to thrive in the peaceful walks of commerce, they were suspected of sinister designs, and closely watched as persons hostile to the government. Hannah may have been old enough to remember how the family were cruelly frightened by King Charles's soldiers, who one night suddenly invaded her father's house in search of treasonable papers. As the maiden advanced to years of understanding, she would hear many interesting narratives taken from the family history. She would hear how her grandfather Kiffen rose to his present position from the humblest beginnings, the old man having in his youthful days laboured and suffered under the iron rule of that turbulent spirit, John Lilburne. She would also hear how her grandfather was brought close to the gates of death by the plague of 1625; how he was restored in a most providential manner, to become a successful merchant, and a traveller over England in the cause of the gospel. Hannah may have asked herself why such good men as her own father and her mother's father, should excite the mistrust, if not the hatred of the government; and the answer would appear in the fact that their lives and aims were too upright to be understood by the licentious courtiers. The times of Hannah's infancy were days of wild joy and of false glare, consequent on momentous national changes; and the years of her maidenhood brought a monotonous round of care and persecution to the God-fearing Puritan household.

Her parents being in affluent circumstances, Hannah was delicately nurtured, and the utmost care was bestowed upon her education. We can almost picture her in her daily walks, which would not be confined within the boundaries of the old city, but would extend to the gardens of Kingsland, the fields and hedgerows of Shoreditch, or the more distant rural attractions of Clerkenwell. While Hannah still remained quite a child she saw death several times enter her father's house—a

son was stricken down, a daughter followed, and the family sorrow culminated in the dismal tragedy of another son falling a victim to poison through a Romish priest.

Benjamin Hewling was blessed with several daughters, but he had only two sons, the elder being named after himself, while William was the youngest; and these, being younger than herself, Hannah's heart was knit to theirs by true sisterly affection. They were youths of high promise, of dauntless moral courage, and, like their sister, they were thoroughly schooled in the religious and patriotic tenets of Puritanism. Their educational training in London had been as liberal as the times would allow, and at the time of their father's death, in 1684, we find the young men pursuing their education in Holland in a manner betokening, as well as becoming, their quality. At this time their grandfather Kiffen was a widower, and their mother was an invalid.

The studies of the young men were interrupted by exciting news from England—Charles the Second was no more, and his brother James, of popish predilections, had succeeded to the throne. This intelligence was eagerly discussed, and divers earnest Protestants were already consulting with the Duke of Monmouth, who now cast longing glances towards his father's kingdom. Monmouth collected all his old friends and hunted about for new ones, while he succeeded in awakening the enthusiasm of outsiders by giving out that he was zealously anxious for the Protestant religion. The duke was totally unfit either to risk his head as a martyr, or to take the lead as a patriot; for by nature he was no hero, and neither his religious creed nor his daily practice would have borne examination. He won favour in certain circles, however, and drew around his standard many noble, unselfish men, ready to sacrifice their all for the liberties of England. Among the unselfish adventurers, who without first sitting down to count the cost, enrolled themselves among the duke's supporters, were the brothers Benjamin and William Hewling. Their father being dead, the young scholars probably considered themselves to be their own masters, and knowing more about the routine of a university than the chances of war, they plunged willingly into its perils. Benjamin was under twenty-one, and William was only nineteen; they were both sanguine patriots, hating Popery with the intensity of enlightened minds, and loyally attached to their race and country. They not only espoused the cause of Monmouth, but accepted commissions in his invading army, and did all this, we may suppose, before friends at home received any intimation of their intentions. The elder brother, who was something of a military genius, took charge of a company of cavalry, and William was appointed to the command of a foot regiment. Landing with the duke near Lyme, these inexperienced but true-hearted heroes cheerfully shared his fortunes and served him faithfully until the turn in the tide at the battle of Sedgmoor cruelly shattered his hopes. The events which immediately followed after that ill-fated day are familiar to every reader of history. The leadership of Monmouth had not always been of a kind to inspire confidence, and his somewhat ignominious flight before the battle was actually over, was not likely to win the admiration of either friends or foes. Forsaken by their chief, his

followers fled in all directions, scattering themselves over various counties, to be hunted down by the royal cavalry. The prisons were speedily crowded with captives, who were reserved to be dealt with by Jeffreys, the court murderer. Who can estimate the agonising despair of the Hewlings' household? Who shall judge what grief paralysed their only remaining defender, the aged merchant of Austin Friars, when this news reached London? In those days news of a battle did not come to hand in the clear, trustworthy narrative of able newspaper correspondents, but in confused, detached, conflicting reports, each one being concocted by some interested party. The thoughts of the invalid mother, concentrated wholly on her sons, would assume the shape of consuming anxiety; those of Hannah, the daughter, who probably exercised a mother's oversight over her younger sisters, would dwell upon her brothers' imminent danger. The nights would be seasons of sleepless unrest, while the days would be lengthened out by the wasting fever of hope deferred! Ill news came at length, confirmed by the arrival in the Thames of a vessel with the captured officers on board who were at once conveyed in ignominy to Newgate. It was known that William Hewling had actually been engaged in the battle of Sedgmoor; and it was whispered that the hard fought conflict would have ended in favour of Monmouth had not Benjamin been absent with the much needed artillery, while the raw Somerset recruits were being routed by the disciplined hosts of the king. All was lost. Flying for their lives, the unfortunate young heroes had reached the coast, and put to sea, but, being driven back by contrary winds, they had surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, were thrown into Exeter gaol, carried to London, and were finally taken back into the west.

The family in London was steeped in anguish: but merely to sit still and give expression to their emotions would avail nothing. Feeble in health, and with a heart still bleeding at every remembrance of her recent widowhood, Mrs. Hewling was helpless. The father of the prisoners was gone to the land of eternal rest; there was no other son; and if the grandfather, William Kiffen, were to raise his hand in the name of justice or mercy, or even to appear in the track of the vindictive Jeffreys, the savage judge would only show the more of his blood-hound nature. Hannah alone remained to undertake the melancholy business of making an effort to save the doomed brothers, and the brave maiden was equal to the crisis. She started westward at once upon her desperate errand.

Marvellously sustained by the grace of God, and showing that unyielding nerve which delicate women have before exemplified in the hour of severest trial, Hannah arrived in Dorset to find Jeffreys already there. She was at Dorchester while victims were consigned to the hangman by scores. The girl stood her ground while the lord chief justice bellowed at the prisoners, bullied the counsel, blasphemed God, and swore at everybody by way of relieving the monotony of his ravings. The judge was in high glee, and enjoyed the trials as a pastime, his murderous instincts being excited to frenzy by the scent of blood, and by the merry sight of one batch of culprits succeeding another. He hung the court with scarlet cloth, as if to betoken his sanguinary mood, and people took note of the grin that overspread his face when

mercy was mentioned in the assize sermon. When the work of blood had once commenced, the poor ignorant peasants were sent to their doom with unparalleled rapidity; they were warned that their only chance of finding mercy would be found in the plea of guilty, and on obeying these instructions they were at once handed over to the hangman. Though under twenty years of age, William Hewling, as he stood arraigned in the dock, faced his enemies with heroic firmness, and could not be cowed into cowardice by Jeffreys' abuse. He was condemned and hanged with many others, to the last maintaining that Monmouth's insurrection was a righteous one, and denouncing James as a popish usurper. Jeffreys hated both the Hewling and the Kiffen families as heartily as he hated everything else that was good, but when confronted by Hannah, and urged to throw his influence on the side of mercy and justice, some mysterious influence, unseen at the time, held the savage nature of the judge in check, and obliged him to accord to the young lady the civility due to her sex and quality. It seemed as though at last the Ethiopian could really change his skin, and the leopard his spots, until the naked truth transpired to shatter the theories of curious speculators. Jeffreys, the ally of the hangman, the drunkard, and the pardon-monger, expected to inherit a large sum from a relative, and it was plainly intimated that, unless he did what he could to save the Hewlings, this money would be diverted into a more worthy channel. This menace is said to have been perfectly successful, and we can quite believe that it was. Indeed, it is not improbable that Hannah acted on the judge's advice when she hastened from Dorchester to London to plead her cause in person at court. We see her in an ante-room at Whitehall, talking with Lord Churchill about her prospects of success; we see the pallor gather on the brave girl's cheeks, and the big tears of despair fill her eyes, as the future hero of Blenheim, laying his hand on the mantel-piece, declares that the king's heart is as hard as that cold, unfeeling marble. So, indeed, it proved; and, on leaving the royal presence, Hannah had no hopeful news to carry to her heart-broken mother, or such as would lighten the countenance of the aged merchant of Austin Friars.

The worst was now certain, but there was no time to lose, as the fatal 12th of September, the day on which William would suffer the extreme penalty of the law, was fast approaching, and Jeffreys was on the way to Taunton where Benjamin was imprisoned. Wearied and heart-sick, as well as overwhelmed by the appalling cruelty of the government, with the last spark of hope dying out in her heart, Hannah again travelled down the western road. The heroine's physical strength was mercifully preserved, and never, perhaps, did a young Christian, while passing through a fiery ordeal, more thoroughly realise the sweetness of the promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." She had the melancholy satisfaction of ministering to her brother in prison, and there is every reason for believing that, through acceptance in Christ, William was fully prepared for death. It is also supposed that the authorities were munificently bribed in order that the more revolting part of the penalty for treason might not be exacted. William Hewling was simply hanged, his remains were accorded Christian burial, while a long procession of maidens and others, by attending the funeral in the

old churchyard at Lyme, showed their admiration for his character, and their sympathy for the cause in which the young Protestant had laid down his life in its very dawn.

When this part of the dismal tragedy was over, Hannah bade farewell to Dorsetshire and to the many friends she had found there, clinging with fond desperation to the hope that Benjamin might possibly be saved. Benjamin Hewling took no actual part in the battle of Sedgmoor, but that was no extenuating circumstance when it could be easily proved that, though absent from the fight, he was actively engaged elsewhere in the service of the duke. While the Somersetshire peasants were falling back before the fire of regular troops, our young cavalry officer was on the high road between Minehead and Bridgewater, bringing up the artillery, which, had it been present at the battle, would have spread dismay among the king's veterans. It was soon seen that no mercy was to be expected, the only policy in favour with the government being that of bloody revenge. Benjamin was arraigned and condemned. Such was the young soldier's patriotic bearing, and the hope he expressed of soon being with his Saviour in a better world, that callous and hardened observers were moved to tears. He died as he had lived, persuaded that the government were popish plotters, and that the cause of Monmouth was the cause of truth and of freedom. In this instance, as in that of the younger brother, the authorities were not ashamed to accept a thousand pounds to allow the body to remain unmutilated after death, and to accord the privileges of Christian burial. Thus early and mournfully did these promising sons of a Puritan household fall victims to the cruelty of the reigning powers, William finding a grave at Lyme, and Benjamin an equally quiet resting place in the beautiful church of St. Mary Magdalene at Taunton, where great numbers assembled to celebrate the funeral rites; from whose bitter tears and repressed indignation a more discerning tyrant than James the Second would have learned to be wise in time, before a Revolution became inevitable.

The elder members of Hannah Hewling's family never recovered from the shock they sustained during those days of carnage. For the moment kingcraft of the worst kind was triumphant, and there was nothing for good men to do but to endure patiently and put their trust in Him who brings good out of evil. Some far-seeing people may even thus early have scented the storm which would clear the overcharged atmosphere. Better times were not long in coming, and when the king sought to heal the wrong he had done the Hewling family, by calling the grandfather Kiffen to court, with offers of place and honour, the ill-timed endeavour was vain.

Our criminal annals have often shown how one hardened offender will stoutly denounce an accomplice, in order to clear himself. It thus happened with King James and Judge Jeffreys when times changed, and both were threatened with the retribution due to their crimes. Each denounced the other as the author of the Bloody Assizes. If we heed James, we shall believe that Jeffreys was a sanguinary monster, who wilfully exceeded his orders. If, on the contrary, we listen to the testimony of the judge, we shall believe that the monarch was a merciless tyrant, who himself commanded the western

slaughter, and who was chagrined at having his orders but partially executed. Which of the two shall we believe? Reason and justice demand that we accept the testimony of both witnesses; for each was sufficiently well acquainted with the worst phases of human nature to be able to understand the motives and character of the other.

Hannah Hewling survived the Bloody Assizes forty-six years, and died in the year 1731. Soon after the death of her brothers she was married to Major-General Richard Cromwell, a grandson of the Lord Protector, with whom she appears to have lived happily, and to have retained to the last her Puritan sympathies. In the wife and mother her exemplary Christian character shone no less clearly than it had done in the daughter, and the sister. She is no prominent historical character. The fragile woman is only dimly seen in the far distance of nearly two centuries; but she shone among the minor morning stars of the Revolution with calm and holy light. The form we descry is that of a heroine whose meek spirit and uncomplaining endurance proved superior to the cruelty of tyrants, won the sympathy of companions in sorrow, and secured the admiration of posterity.

Nettie's Daily Bread.

A LITTLE girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said, slowly: "Give us this day our daily bread." Then she went into the street and began to wonder where God kept his bread. She turned round the corner and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop.

"This," thought Nettie, "is the place." So she entered confidently, and said to the stout baker, "I've come for it."

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," she said pointing to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two, if you please—one for my mother and one for me."

"All right," said the baker, putting them into a bag, and giving them to his little customer, who started at once into the street.

"Stop, you little rogue!" he said, roughly; "where is your money?"

"I haven't any," she said simply.

"Haven't any!" he repeated, angrily; "you little thief, what brought you here, then?"

The hard words frightened the little girl, who, bursting into tears, said: "Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and then I thought God meant me to fetch it, and so I came."

The rough, but kind-hearted baker was softened by the child's simple tale, and he sent her back to her mother with a well-filled basket.

Nettie had faith in God; she asked, and expected to receive. Perhaps if some older persons had more faith in their asking, they would have more joy in receiving. When we ask for daily bread it may be that, in some way, God may mean us to fetch it, or to put ourselves in the way of getting it. He is ready to fulfil all his promises, but we must be in the appointed attitude of trusting expectation.—*Selected.*

Life on the Deep.*

CHARLES MARCH was a Christian of a bold and manly type, and never sacrificed his principles to expediency. "His sunny piety, ripening through a happy, though chequered life of more than threescore years and ten, may be instructive to many Christians," for the study of the biography of a true man of God affords stimulus and help to those who have just commenced the warfare of life. "What man has done, man can do," is a proverb, the wisdom of which is breathed in every page of the memoir before us. It is impossible to read it without being conscious of a desire, if not a determination, to do likewise.

"Lives of *such* men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

True heroism is less likely to be enkindled by abstract laws of right than by their embodiment in a concrete form, hence the value of every true biography.

Born at Barnstaple in 1793, and being familiar from his earliest infancy with the exciting elements of a seaport town, it is not surprising that he became possessed of a longing desire for the novelties and adventures of a seafaring life. At the age of thirteen he left his home to serve as a volunteer of the first class on board H.M.S. *Hindostan*, under Captain Hole; the following year he entered another ship as midshipman; four years later he was promoted to act as master's mate on board the *Cornwall*, and, at the age of twenty, he was put in charge of a vessel, recaptured from the French, and took her safely into Dartmouth. He afterwards served in the Algerine expedition, under Lord Exmouth, and was wounded in the encounter. "Amidst all the tumult and danger of war, amidst the solemn strife of the elements, there came to this young man's soul no sense of God, no conviction of sin, no consciousness of a need of forgiveness. It was left for the ordinary means of grace, as enjoyed in the quiet of his own native land, to touch his heart and probe his conscience." The sovereignty of God receives another illustration in the conversion of a young man who remaineth insensible to his lost condition amidst scenes which should have awed him into penitence. We must regard the power of the human heart to resist the appeals of God as one of the most solemn proofs of the depravity of our nature. The Spirit must give the hearing ear and the receptive heart, or the responsive echo to the divine voice, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," will never tremble from the penitent's lips. Writing to a friend soon after his conversion, he says, "We are apt to think that God made us merely to enjoy his earthly blessings for a time, and then if we lead a moral life we shall reach heaven." This is, doubtless, the creed to which many subscribe, but it is altogether foreign to the spirit of Christ. "Faith only, or a steadfast, firm, immovable belief in

* Life on the Deep: Memorials of Charles March, Commander R.N. By his Nephew. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. A book which we can conscientiously recommend, especially to seafaring men.

Christ," he says in the same letter, "is the condition of our salvation; but let not our faith deceive us, it must be accompanied by good works or else it is dead." And then he adds, "we have no more reason to pride ourselves on our good works than the peacock on its beautiful plumage."

He resolved not to quit his old calling, but to serve God on the sea as opportunity should offer, and while waiting for an appointment in the merchant service he resided with his brother, a Congregational minister at Bungay, whose influence and help strengthened his faith and inflamed his zeal to do good. The owner of the vessel he was appointed to command wished him to sail on a Sunday, but he refused to do so, though at the risk of dismission. The first day on board he commenced worship with the crew, and maintained the practice with commendable consistency. His courage and presence of mind in the midst of danger were frequently taxed by the vicissitudes of a seafaring life. On one occasion his cabin boy fell overboard, and, just as he was sinking for the last time, he plunged into the water and rescued him. He then prayed that he might be "the instrument of saving his soul as well as his life." He put off in the jolly boat to rescue the crew of a dismasted and waterlogged brig, but they had all perished. On returning to his ship he gathered his crew and spoke of their dependence upon God and the gratitude they should feel to him for his preserving mercy. Losing a man in a storm, he prayed that "the solemn mysterious event might prove a warning and the best of blessings to us all." He then adds, "The wind has risen to a gale, but thank God for sea room and a tight ship." When in the Channel a gale, which drove an East Indiaman on the Goodwin Sands, caused his ship to run out the chain cable, whilst he was conducting evening worship with the crew. All hands were soon on deck, and when the vessel was once more secured they returned to conclude the service, the captain "remarking on the connection between praying and working."

He always had on board a good supply of Bibles and tracts in the language of the people where his ship plied, and in spite of opposition and ridicule he was fearless in their distribution. When his vessel was in port on Sundays he would hoist the Bethel flag and invite the attendance of the crews of other ships at the service. The unofficial efforts of Captain March were a means of blessing to many of his crew. Nor do we wonder, when we read such a prayer as this recorded in his diary: "O Lord, grant that I may not be weary in well doing. May I have more love to all the souls that are with me, and exercise more meekness, patience, and forbearance." His devotion to the good of his fellow men was not a service regulated by the rules of a society; it was the generous impulse of a soul fired with the love of God and his fellow men. The sphere in which he earned his daily bread was the sphere of his Christian activity. We are more than ever convinced that if the world is to be won for Christ it will be by men who, realising their individual responsibility, labour for souls as those who must give an account. When will our church members learn that they have not discharged their obligations when they have paid their pew-rent and subscribed the conventional guinea to the missionary society? Ministers may do much

when they prove true to their calling, but they cannot overtake the work unless their efforts are seconded by their people. The persecution which scattered the saints of the early church was the means of spreading the gospel, because every individual became a witness for Christ. Sincere profession of faith, and earnest service for Christ are two of the most important duties which a Christian is called upon to discharge.

In a most literal way Captain March "Cast his bread upon the waters." A number of empty bottles accumulating on board, he put a few tracts into each and, corking them tightly, committed them to the deep. When a man is really dead set upon serving Christ, his ingenuity in devising methods of usefulness is speedily developed. The scriptural injunction suggests novelty of procedure: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

In answer to the objection that he was not not an ordained minister, and had no business to trouble himself about men's souls, he charged the objectors with being inconsistent, for when they suffered from sickness they at once came to him for medicine, although he held no diploma.

The life of Captain March affords a striking illustration of the text, that "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." His escapes from peril were due to the interposition of a gracious providence. On a voyage to New York the ship was in the vicinity of Long Island, and thinking she ought to remain on the same tack for another hour he went below to read his favourite commentator, Matthew Henry. "Overcome by heat and fatigue, he fell asleep. Suddenly it seemed as if a hand touched him. There was no one near, no unusual sound on deck. Looking at his watch, he found that the hour was more than expired, and immediately hurried up the gangway and shouted 'Bout ship!' A thick fog had arisen so that no land was to be seen. As he was taking the helm from the man, and putting it a-lee a cry came from the bows 'Breakers ahead!' He strained his eyes and, though he saw nothing through the enveloping mist, he could distinctly hear the sound of the surf on the shore. All eyes were fixed on him, there was a dead silence, which he was enabled in another moment to break, by saying 'All's right, the ship's about!' A few minutes more and the vessel would have struck, and in all probability would have become a total wreck." In seeking a mooring in Broad Sound, in the Scilly Islands, the ship was in danger of being stranded upon the rocks. He writes, "The pilot was confused and called out to let go the anchor; but the anchor did not run, for God had stopped it. Seeing this, I thought I understood the voice; I ran aft and put the helm up, which soon brought the vessel round." How true it is, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." Deliverance from danger excites our gratitude to God, but are we not quite as much indebted to his grace when we journey so quietly that no danger threatens? To escape unhurt in a railway accident appears to us a great mercy, but is it not a greater mercy to travel safely to our destination without alarm?

After nearly twenty-five years of seafaring life Captain March resolved to spend the remainder of his days on shore. In seeking a

means of livelihood his temporal interests were always regarded as secondary to his sense of right. He ultimately entered into partnership with a gentleman at Gloucester, who carried on a general business with the shipping of the port, and afterwards the firm purchased several vessels. He very soon endeavoured to establish services in the docks for the benefit of seamen. The dock authorities opposed this, but he secured the nearest chapel and opened it on Sunday afternoons. He became the superintendent of the girls' division of the Sunday-School, and engaged himself in various philanthropic works. He found time also to visit the sick and needy and, as a deacon of the church, he proved himself ready for every good word and work. The loss of his wife and children was a heavy trial to him, but "precious lessons were learned beneath the solemn shadows that fell from the hand of the Almighty."

"He was not all unhappy. The resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

His wounds were partially healed by a second marriage, but were destined to bleed afresh when he followed his second wife to the grave. Five children in all were summoned to follow their departed mother, and as the ties in heaven grew stronger, there came heart yearnings for the blessed re-union. Who that has thought of the dear ones at rest "over there" has not found some solace for his sorrow in the thought,

"We shall meet on that beautiful shore!"

It now became evident that the old weather-beaten sailor was nearing port, for symptoms of heart disease grew more and more manifest. He writes, "As I have always told people during my life that my religion made me a happier man, and had taken away the sting of death, I trust God will not suffer me to falsify the assertion when I come to die. My sins appear immense, like the sands upon the sea-shore, but blessed be God, the blood of Christ can cleanse them all away." Nothing disturbed the serenity of his soul's peace or shook his confidence in the faithfulness of God. The most difficult lesson he had to learn was, that

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"

and yet had he not often waited for the flood tide or the favouring breeze? Why should he not now wait for his Master's appointed time? Faithful unto death, he passed away in the early part of the year 1865. It was with him as it is with all the voyagers to the better land, "Then are they glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1876. Passmore and Alabaster. Price One Penny.

This penny sheet costs us more pains than anything else which we do in the course of the year; for, after four or five years of publishing, the proverbs become scanty, and we have to labour hard to escape repetition. This year's Almanack for liveliness and attractiveness is, we think, the best we have issued. We wish large employers would give a copy to each one of their hands. They will be sure to read it with interest.

The New Testament, with Notes and Comments. By Rev. Lyman Abbott. Vol. 1. Matthew and Mark. Hodder and Stoughton.

We do not admire the American style of this book. The frontispiece is abominable, and the letterpress ugly. The notes themselves strike us as being likely to aid Christian workers who need popular remarks rather than scholarly expositions. We do not think Mr. Abbott adds much to what we have already, but he arranges his matter in a handy form for practical purposes.

Lyrics for the Heart: or, Songs of the Blessed Life. By Rev. W. Poole Balfern. Passmore and Alabaster. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Balfern sings with a soft sweet note, peculiarly his own; he loves the gospel and its Lord, and hence a deep love of truth and an earnest spirituality of mind are manifested in many of these poems. Here is a stimulating song,—

Work On.

Work on:—
Although the harvest tarry long,
Nor comes the spring or bird of song;
Work on.

Work on;—
God tries the faith he means to bless,
To patient toil he grants success;
Work on.

Work on;—
Faith's path is often edged by fears,
The cheek of love oft wet with tears;
Work on.

Work on;
The labourer's field is oft forlorn,
His crowning joy of winter born;
Work on, work on.

Illustrated Messenger: Glad tidings of the Kingdom of God. Religious Tract Society.

A series of most excellent tracts, grandly illustrated, and here bound into one very handsome volume. Just the book for a cottager.

The Boys of Springdale. Catherine's Peril. The Village Flower Show. George Leatrim. Little Nellie. The Little Ballet Girl. Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant.

Six little moral stories. Got up with illuminated side, and coloured frontispiece, for *ninepence*, they are the cheapest juvenile story books known to us. As Christmas is near it may be convenient to know where such things can be procured.

The Ministry of Reconciliation. By the Rev. John Brown Johnston, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Sermons by a preacher of more than ordinary power. They do not strike us as very greatly adapted for usefulness, for they seem to lack the popular element; it is, however, a source of much congratulation that the doctrine is clear and sound. Thirty years of ministry have not landed the preacher in a fog.

The Gospel of the Tabernacle. By Robert Edward Sears. Elliot Stock.

Good, plain people who love the gospel, and feed upon devout reflections therefrom, will much delight in this work. Mr. Sears is one of our thoroughly sound Suffolk Baptists, of the old school, of whom we should wish to see many more. Our old friends Collins and Cooper still survive, and long may they tarry among us; the world needs more of such staunch old Calvinists, firm in the faith, but without the gall which generally goes with high doctrine. Mr. Sears is like them, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile, full weight in doctrine, and of a loving, gentle spirit. His book deserves a large circulation, and we trust it will receive it. For the general run of readers it will be more suitable than if it were more learned and profound.

Imogen: a Story of the Mission of Augustine. By Emily Sarah Holt. J. F. Shaw and Co.

This authoress weaves facts into her narrative with much skill. She shows that there was an ancient British church in our land long before the Pope sent his priests to subdue it. We are gratified to see this point so well brought out. We dare say that the authoress did not observe that this early British church was a Baptist community, but such was certainly the case.

The Companion Concordance to the Scriptures, containing more than Twenty-five Thousand Scripture Words. Price One Shilling. Elliot Stock.

Specially prepared for carrying inside the pages of a pocket Bible, and no doubt of great service to men whose eyes are microscopic. We have always felt perfectly satisfied with our eyes, and have never needed glasses, but when we began to review this Concordance we were horrified to find that we could not read it. Having never had need of spectacles we feared that our eyes had suddenly given way, but we have been somewhat encouraged to find that optics younger than ours are almost as much troubled to make out the words. Why print things which will most assuredly injure the sight? Is Mr. Stock in league with the spectacle makers? The saving of a few pence in the cost of a book is a poor recompense for weakened eyes.

God's Word through Preaching. By John Hall, D.D., Brooklyn, New York.

Conditions of Success in Preaching without Notes. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D. of Brooklyn. R. D. Dickinson.

Our friend, Dr. John Hall, cannot speak without saying something worth hearing, and the same is true of Dr. Storrs; yet neither of these courses of lectures will command the attention which some others have done. The business is getting thoroughly done now, and where there are so many teachers, some of them will find it less easy to be heard. We heartily commend this book to all young preachers.

The Upward Path; or, Holiness unto the Lord. By A. M. James. Religious Tract Society.

The style of this work is so level and monotonous that it needs an effort to read on, but it is thoroughly good, and will be stimulating to those who are able to learn and inwardly digest it. The author enters into no controversies, but simply states his own views in a very devout spirit; and so far as we can detect, he says nothing in which evangelical believers would not heartily unite. He is evidently not of the new school,—although we scarcely know what that new school is. We begin to be utterly bewildered as to what Mr. Smith's disciples are publishing, since what they teach one day they appear to us to deny the next. The good brethren are aiming at a noble mark, and are to be commended for so doing; but their theology upon the subject seems to be in a mixed-up state, and wants some master mind to turn it over, arrange it, label it, and let the church know what is really meant by it. Whether it is fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring, we are at a loss to know. Do they know themselves?

The Bible Reader's Assistant; being a complete Index and concise Dictionary of the Holy Bible. By Rev. John Barr. Blackie.

This book has stood the test of public criticism for fifty years. It has passed through several editions, and has been carefully revised by competent scholars. Sunday School teachers, and preachers unable to command the larger works, will find it an invaluable help in the study of the Scriptures. It forms a tolerably complete index, as every name and subject of importance is alphabetically arranged, and the correct pronunciation of every difficult word is indicated.

The Morning of Life. Sunday School Union.

The Sunday School Union have taken time by the forelock and brought out the annual volume of a magazine for young people, which we hope has done something in the way of supplanting the vile literature which certain wretched publishers pepare for boys. We wish the

magazine success, as we do all publications which try to catch the eye of youth, in order to inculcate good morals. We would have the concoctors and vendors of poisonous trash for children treated as felons. A taste even of the wholesome cat might not be amiss for them. They are certainly more wicked than those who commit assaults upon the highway; garotters only inflict bodily injury, but these harpies poison the soul. The best way to meet them is to print cheaper and better things, and cut them out in their own market.

Notes.

On Monday afternoon, October 25th, the Pastors opened the New Schools in Richmond Street, East Street, Walworth, to accommodate a mission connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which has grown out of the work of Mr. Dunn. Several of the neighbouring ministers were kindly present, and uttered a cheering word. The two rooms, one above the other, are plain, well ventilated, lofty, and moderately spacious. £300 remained to be raised before the opening ceremony in Richmond Street; after it the sum needed was £150. The friends adjourned to the Tabernacle school-room to tea, a numerous and cheerful band, all delighted to be engaged in a good work, and to have a shake of the hand with the pastors. The prayer-meeting was a mighty one, *full of pleading* and prevailing: at the close the pastor quietly said that some £150 more was required to open the new schools free of debt, that he would give £50 of it, and *that he did not mean to leave the Tabernacle till the other* £100 *was paid, for he could not endure to have the Lord's work in debt.* Amid a little joyous excitement friends came up to the table with offerings large and small; and though the monied friends were most of them absent the sum was soon made up, and with the singing of the doxology, the host of believers moved on, "a day's march nearer home," joyfully ready for the next enterprise which the Lord may lay upon them.

Monday, November 1st, was another joyful missionary night, for another member of the church, who is also a student of the College, was publicly commended to God for work in China. That honoured servant of God, Mr. Hudson Taylor, was present, and gave a soul-stirring address, and then our young brother, Mr. Joshua Turner, and two sisters in the Lord, were made subjects of special prayer, all the people saying *Amen* as one by one they were brought before the throne of grace. May the missionary spirit continue and increase among us, and then the writing of these notes will be joyful work. It ought also to be said that the senior pastor was very lovingly prayed for by all, and the petition was expressed many times that his rest might be of great service to him. It ought also to be noted that in order to receive into fellowship the numbers coming forward to join the church it was needful, as of late on several former occasions, to hold a church-meeting simultaneously with the prayer-meeting, Mr. James Spurgeon presiding. Thus the sower and reaper are both at work at the same time. Let God be magnified.

On Friday, November 5, a great meeting was held at the Tabernacle to bid farewell to the Pastor, and to aid the College. Five of the students, Mr. Tooley, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Mackey, Mr. Fitch, and Mr. Josephs, addressed the meeting with remarkable power. The enthusiasm for the College which they stirred up among the friends was delightful to witness. The night was very cheerless out of doors, but within the Tabernacle the crowd was so great that no one could have supposed that the weather was bad. The Pastors were both greatly cheered by this loving meeting.

Sabbath, November 7.—Sixty-nine persons were received into Church fellowship, the gains of another fruitful month. The Lord be praised. Month by month our number has been increased, and perhaps never more rapidly than at present. Our care is great, and our examination of candidates very rigid, but they come none the less, perhaps all the more.

The Special Services, conducted at the Tabernacle by our brethren, Mayers, Stott, and Sawday, from November 12 to 17, were attended with such blessed results that it was resolved to continue them throughout the following week.

The general health of the orphans is remarkably good, and a gracious work is still bearing fruit. Thinking of our two hundred and forty boys, we are reminded that Christmas is coming. Will our friends help us to make their eyes bright and their hearts glad, as in former years?

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—October 21st, twenty-one; October 28th, twenty-five; November 4th, twenty-four.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 17th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Kennard	1	0	0
Miss Phillips...	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson...	1	0	0
M. C. T.	1	0	0
F. J. W.	1	0	0
E. and A. W.	0	12	0
Miss Powell	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. L. Eyres	0	10	0
Mr. G. A. Young	1	0	0
Mr. F. G. S. Morris	0	10	6
D. E.	0	10	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
D. W....	2	0	0
Read	0	10	0
Mr. Ives	2	10	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	50	0	0
Mr. G. Scivwright	0	5	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	0	10	0
Mr. A. W. Webb	0	10	0
Mr. F. Howard	1	1	0
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	5	0	0
Mrs. M. K. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Conder	3	3	0
Miss Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. Keevill...	2	10	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Brown, per Rev. G. W. Cross ...	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. H. R. Brown ...	0	10	0
W. A. B.	1	1	0
Mr. Read	0	10	0
Mr. Franklin	3	3	0
Mrs. Hinton...	0	10	0
Mrs. Allen	0	13	3
Mrs. Rothine	1	1	0
Collection at East Hill, Wandsworth, per Rev. F. G. Marchant	5	17	0
Collection at Trinity Chapel, John St., Edgware Rd., per Rev. J. O. Fellowes.	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Oct. 24	40	0	3
" " " " 31	35	16	6
" " " Nov. 7	36	0	6
" " " " 14	28	0	9
	£239	8	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 17th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Bromsgrove	0	5	0
Master F. Blake	0	10	0
Mr. Dowsett...	1	10	0
Mr. J. Lewis	0	12	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	0	10	0
Miss Wallington	0	8	4
Mrs. Oxenford	1	8	6
Mr. John Tanner	0	9	11
Miss Jones	0	10	0
Mr. Mills	0	10	5
Readers and Compositors at 170, Strand, per Mr. J. Pickering	0	14	9
Miss Clara Putt	0	2	10
Mrs. Whitehead	0	6	9
Mrs. Vernon	0	13	0
Mrs. Bunker..	0	13	6
Master Delacourt	0	5	9
Mrs. De Kavannagh	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Jones	1	1	0
A Birthday Offering, Phillis	0	6	0
A Birthday Offering, John	0	3	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Miss Fidge	1	6	10
Miss Phillips	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson...	1	0	0
Mrs. Balls	0	1	0
A 21st Birthday Offering	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hindle	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Proceeds of Lecture at Wynne Road, Brixton, per Rev. J. L. Edwards ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. J. C. Clover	1	5	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Mr. J. Waters	5	5	0
Mr. J. Hart	1	0	0
Mrs. Anne Cornis	1	0	0
Master Kemp	0	1	8
Mr. C. Gladish	0	6	0
J. A. M.	1	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	6
Mr. W. C. Little	1	1	0
A Friend, per L. Eyres	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Kirby	1	0	0
Miss Harmsworth	0	12	0
Mr. G. A. Young	1	0	0
A Working Man (Dumfries)	5	0	0
In College Box	1	0	0
D. W....	2	0	0
Mr. Ives	2	10	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	50	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Mr. G. Scivwright	0	5	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	0	10	0
Mrs. Mackrell	0	11	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	5	0
W. P. (Chicago)	5	6	5
Eizzil	0	10	0
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Stores ...	1	5	0
Mr. W. Lenton, per Mr. Farley ...	5	0	0
Mr. Thomsett	0	2	6
Chesterman	0	10	0
Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. Reading	1	2	6
Per Mrs. Mackness...	1	0	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	0	0
Matthew x. 42	0	1	0
James i. 27	0	1	0
Mrs. Keevill...	5	0	0
Mrs. Muhll	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown, per Rev. G. W. Cross ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Barlow	2	2	0
A Friend	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. H. R. Brown ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Stopford	4	0	3
W. J. B.	3	2	6
W. A. B.	1	1	0
Mr. Harden	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertshaw	0	19	6
Mrs. Bent	0	5	0
Miss Dixon	0	7	10

	£	s.	d.
Miss Cadman	0	5	9
Master Gobby	0	12	4
Mrs. Hardwick	0	4	8
Miss Jones	1	0	10
Employés at Messrs. Brown, Davis & Co.	2	14	6
Mrs. Legge	1	0	6
Mr. Graham	5	0	0
Margate	1	0	0
Mrs. Porter	1	0	0
Mr. R. Fergus	2	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. Howard	1	1	0
Mrs. Green	1	0	0
Per F. R. F.:—			
Mr. Airey	0	5	0
Mr. May	0	5	0
Mrs. Nelson	0	5	0
Mr. Pritchard	0	5	0
	1	0	0
Collecting Books and Boxes:—			
Miss Winslow	0	16	2
Miss Larkman	0	4	10
Mrs. Imbush	2	16	10
Miss Belcham	0	8	1
Miss Alice Gater	0	2	10
Miss Moon	0	13	7
Mrs. Clayton	1	1	0
Mrs. Smith	0	1	4
Miss Parker	1	3	10
Master E. Horton	0	15	7
Mrs. Farrar	1	0	0
Miss Carder	0	5	3
Miss Pedell	0	5	10
Mrs. Johnson	0	12	8
Master Webb	0	7	1
Mr. Burridge	0	3	8
Mrs. Day	0	3	4
Mr. Arden	0	6	4
Miss Johnson	0	5	6
Master B. Bennett	0	1	1
Master G. Johnson	0	4	10
Mrs. Wheatley	0	12	10
Miss Raybould	0	9	0
Miss Emma White	0	18	0
Miss Choat	1	1	0
Mrs. Mailison	0	2	0
Miss L. M. Baliff	0	8	6
Mr. James Lancashire	0	9	0
Miss Crowdon	0	2	6
No One's	0	1	3
Master A. Mitchell	0	2	11
W. Jago	0	3	2
Mrs. Hinton	0	11	0
Master Stone	0	2	11
Mr. Steel	0	10	0
Frederick Swan	0	2	7
Master A. Davis	0	5	9
Miss Somerrile	2	2	0
Mr. Glover	1	15	7
Miss Ada Mundy	0	2	6
Miss Kate Everett	0	5	9
A.	0	2	11
Mr. Romang	2	16	2
Master Romang	0	11	4
Mrs. Perkins	2	5	0
Master G. G. Haselden	0	4	3
Mr. Giles	0	6	3
Mr. Gooding	2	13	3
Mr. Larker	0	4	0
Miss Evans	0	1	2
Mr. E. Baker	0	3	9
Miss E. Hughes	0	13	9
E. Wheeler	0	1	11
Mrs. Ongar	0	7	0
B.	0	2	3
H. C. Hubbard	0	7	3
E. Field	0	5	6
Miss Descroix	0	12	6
Miss Louisa Mitchell	0	3	0
Miss Laura Mundy	0	4	0
Miss Wand	0	5	9
Miss Reed	0	7	7
Master W. Buegé	0	1	6
Miss Louisa Turner	0	4	10
Master C. Tate	0	4	10
Mr. Lucas Collins	0	17	1
Miss Higgs	0	17	6
Miss Shaw	0	5	9
Master Garden	0	3	2
Miss Phœbe Law	0	9	3
Mr. E. Johnson	1	10	3
Mrs. Dines	0	12	0
Miss Moulton	0	2	7
Mrs. Knapp	0	13	3
Miss Durham	0	9	6
Mr. Stanley	0	6	0
Miss E. Hughes	0	14	2
Miss E. Haybell	0	2	5
Master E. Marsh	0	7	8
Miss Argyle	0	2	0
Miss Boggis	0	1	11
Mr. Smith	0	1	10
Miss Law	0	9	3
Master H. Reeves	1	1	5
Robert Street Ragged School	0	7	9
Miss Blake	0	9	3
Master S. Lake	0	0	6
Mr. Harrington	0	4	9
Miss Wetherman	0	8	1
Miss C. Richardson	0	4	1
Mary Kierman	0	7	10
Master H. Bates	0	19	6
Master T. Westerman	0	6	10
Mrs. Mitchell	0	2	11
Mr. Doddington	0	19	9
Miss A. Conquest	6	6	9
Master W. Spencer	0	5	4
Master A. Stracey	0	2	5
Mrs. Prebble	0	19	10
Master Elmore	0	5	3
Miss A. Field	1	13	9
Miss A. Lines	0	3	10
Miss Stocks	0	5	0
Miss Richardson	0	4	9
Miss Olive Rook	0	5	4
Master R. Johnson	0	4	1
Miss Ada Patrick	0	5	3
Miss S. A. Petty	0	5	8
Master H. Edwards	0	2	5
Mrs. Hertzell	0	3	3
Mrs. Bushell	1	2	6
Mr. Hemmons	0	3	3
Miss Ross	3	2	8
Master Hanson	0	9	9
Miss Peters	0	3	6
Mrs. Allum	1	1	6
Mrs. Samuels	0	10	0
Miss Jephs	3	4	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	4	0
Mrs. Evans	1	10	0
Miss S. Muir	1	0	0
Mrs. Chater	0	6	0
Master Canning	0	4	6
Mrs. Welch	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Pope	1	1	0
Master Perkins	0	9	0
Master Conquest	0	5	0
Miss Buck	1	0	0
Miss Alderson	0	8	0
Miss Sargeant	1	5	6
Mr. Crofts	1	6	0
Mrs. Tutcher	0	12	9
Mrs. Ryan	0	6	0
Mr. G. Ely	1	3	0
Master Willoughby	0	2	0
Miss S. Harper	0	3	2
Mrs. Baker	0	12	6
Miss Richardson	0	7	1
Mr. C. Howes	0	8	6
Mrs. Fisher	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Master Brightwood	0	2	2
Master Semark	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	3	0
Mrs. Knight	0	15	0
Mrs. Woodland	2	3	0
Mr. Auden	1	0	0
Mrs. Duncomb	0	5	0
Mrs. Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. Bantick	2	0	0
Miss Powell	0	13	6
Master J. Everett	0	5	7
Mr. Round	0	8	8
Mr. Turner	0	13	6
Mrs. Mead	0	10	0
Miss Wells	0	4	2
Mr. T. Kennard	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Parker	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Parker	0	10	0
Miss E. M. Matthews	0	5	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	15	0
Miss Armstead	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Mrs. McLellegan	0	10	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	3	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mrs. Bonsor	0	8	7
Miss Narraway	0	12	0
Mrs. Archer	1	3	4
Miss L. Field	0	17	4
Miss Cunningham	0	11	6
Miss Avery	0	5	9
Miss Drew	0	10	1
Mr. Wingate	0	4	1
Mr. Evans	1	5	1
Master A. Tobitt	0	1	7
Miss Salter	0	7	2
Miss S. Moore	0	7	1
Miss A. Capon	0	1	0
Master F. Turner	0	11	1
Master Capon	0	0	9
Miss Skinner	0	4	8
Mrs. Kerridge	0	7	1
Mr. Montague's Class	1	1	3
Miss Thomas	0	3	2
Miss Legger	0	4	10
Miss A. Moulton	0	2	9
Miss Smith	1	0	7
Miss Hallett	0	15	0
Mrs. Parker	3	0	0
Miss Gobey	0	6	6
Miss Day	0	8	6
Miss J. A. Langton	0	8	0
Mrs. Boggis	0	5	7
Mr. Lutt	1	0	0
Miss Carden	0	5	0
Miss A. Woolacott	0	10	0
Mrs. Lequeux	0	12	0
Mrs. Sanderson	0	10	0
Master Stoares	0	12	0
Mrs. Craig	0	10	0
Miss Lizzie Craig	1	12	0
Miss Grainger	0	1	0
Master T. Charlesworth	0	12	5
Miss O. Charlesworth	0	9	8
Master A. Charlesworth	0	8	6
Mr. G. Franklin	0	6	0
Mrs. Bowles	1	5	0
Mr. W. Anderson	0	7	8
Mr. Youngs	2	12	0
Miss Keys	2	10	0
Miss E. Fryer	2	1	6
Mrs. Tiddy	1	1	6
Miss Hobbs	1	3	3
Mr. Saunders	2	10	0
	£305	10	8

Chesterman's parcel was received by Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon with thanks.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—A Case of Eggs, J. L. Potier; 120 ditto, Janet Ward; Half-box Valencias, Mrs. Marshall; 2 Sacks of Flour, Mr. Phillips; 2 Pigs, Mr. Thomas; Hamper of Apples, J. Evans; Some Apples, Mrs. Burwash.

Clothing, &c.:—50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 10 Cotton ditto, Mrs. Vinson; 12 Pairs of Knitted Socks, Anonymous; 2 Pairs ditto, J. Evans; 3 Cotton Shirts, J. O. Cooper; 30 Yards of Cloth, H. Fisher.

General—4 Oil Paintings, D. H.; 2 dozen Book-keeping Manuals, and 3 Sets of Exercise Books, the Author, G. Flint. Goods left at Reading Bazaar and forwarded for Sale Room, per Mrs. J. Withers—8 Articles, Mrs. Mackness; 22 ditto, Mrs. John Broad; 23 ditto, Mrs. Allright; 10 ditto, Mrs. Parfitt; 43 ditto, Mr. Anderson's Bible Class, per Mrs. Gooden; 4 ditto, Mrs. J. H. Fuller; 9 ditto, Mrs. Gloag; 26 ditto, Mrs. E. C. Targett.

Donations, &c.—Mrs. Platt, £5; Collected by the girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, 14s; Mrs. Mackness, Goods sold after Reading Bazaar, £1 18s 9d; 24 Coins in Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates, 3s 7d; Orphanage Sale Room, £1 7s 11d.—Total, £9 3s 3d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
T. Greenwood, Esq., for Brentford District	40	0	0
Coal and Leafield District, per Robert Abrahams, Esq.	10	0	0
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	15	0	0
R. Clark, Esq., for Cheddar District	10	0	0
Burslem District, on account	3	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup	10	0	0
Mrs. Blair, for Stafford District	20	0	0
G. H. Mason, Esq.	30	0	0
A Friend (Arnold)	0	2	0
Mr. Perkins	0	10	0
Per T. W. Stockwell, Esq., Croydon:—			
W. Bryan, Esq.	5	0	0
J. Alder, Esq.	1	1	0
W Harrison, Esq.	1	0	0
E. Sharpe, Esq.	0	10	0
A Friend	0	9	0
Thomas H. Olney, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	10	0
"Widow M."	0	5	0
Leicestershire Association of Baptist Churches	10	0	0
Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Association, Ross District	7	10	0
Minchinhampton District, per Rev. H. A. James	10	0	0
Mr. J. Swain	0	5	0
Miss Evans, for Haydock District	40	0	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
D. W.	2	0	0
I. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Gosling	0	5	0
Miss Gosling	0	10	0
Mrs. Keevil	2	10	0
Mr. Stockbridge	0	5	0
Mr. Willson	1	1	0
Miss Candler	0	2	6
Mr. G. Medley	5	0	0
	£238	18	0